

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1850.

ROBERT GILFILLAN was born, July 7, 1798, at Dunfermline, in the county of Fife. His parents were in humble circumstances, but were much respected in their neighbourhood. Robert, their second son, received the rudiments of his education at a Dunfermline school, and at the age of thirteen his parents removed to Leith, where he was bound apprentice to the trade of a cooper. To this handicraft, however, he seems never to have taken kindly; yet he faithfully served his employers the usual period of seven years, giving his earnings from week to week to his mother, and enlivening his leisure hours by reading every book he could borrow, composing verses, and playing on a one-keyed flute, which he purchased with a small sum of money found by him in the streets of Leith. It was at this time, and ever afterward, his practice to read to his mother and sister (he never married) his songs as he wrote them; and he was entirely guided by their judgment regarding them. This was an improvement on Molière and his housekeeper.

At the end of his apprenticeship he became an assistant to a grocer in his native town, with whom he remained for three years. He subsequently returned to Leith, and from his twenty-third till his thirty-ninth year acted as clerk for an extensive wine-merchant.

While thus engaged he found time for composing, and in 1831 published a volume of *Original Songs*, which was favourably received. Encouraged by his success, Gilfillan issued in 1835 another edition, containing fifty additional songs. Soon after the publication of this volume he was entertained at a public dinner in Edinburgh, when a splendid silver cup was presented to him. In 1837 he was appointed collector of police-rates at Leith—a highly respectable position, which he retained until his death. In 1839 he published a third and still larger edition of his original volume, sixty new songs and poems being added to the collection. Mr. Gilfillan died of apoplexy at Hermitage Place, Leith, Dec. 4, 1850, aged fifty-two. A handsome monument was erected by a few friends and admirers over his grave in the churchyard of South Leith, where also rest the remains of John Home, the eminent dramatic poet.

The year after his death a fourth edition of his poetical works was published in Edinburgh, with an interesting memoir of the gentle poet, who is frequently referred to in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* by the Ettrick Shepherd as the “fine chiel down at Leith.” His biographer says—“He fills a place in Scottish poetry altogether different and distinct from any of

the acknowledged masters of Scottish song. He is certainly not so universal as Burns, nor so broad and graphic a delineator of Scottish manners as Ramsay, Fergusson, or Hogg, nor is he so keenly alive to the beauties of external nature as Robert Tannahill; but in his own

peculiar walk, that of home and the domestic affections, he has shown a command of happy thought and imagery, in which it may be truly said that he has not excelled as a poet of nature by any of his predecessors, with the exception only of Burns himself."

THE AUTUMN WINDS ARE BLOWING.

The autumn winds are blowing, red leaves are fa'ing,

An' nature is mourning the simmer's decay;
The wee birdies singing, the wee flowerets spring-

ing,
Hae tint a' their sangs, an' wither'd away!
I, too, am mourning, for death has nae returning,
Where are my bairnies, the young an' the gay?
Why should they perish?—the blossoms we cherish—

The beautiful are sleeping cauld in the clay!

Fair was their morning, their beauty adorning,
The mavis sang sweet at the closing o' day;
Now the winds are raving, the green grass is waving,

O'er the buds o' innocence cauld in the clay!
Ilka night brings sorrow, grief comes ilk morrow—
Should gowden locks fade before the auld an' gray?

But still, still they're sleeping, wi' nae care nor weeping,

The robin sits chirping ower their cauld clay!

In loveliness smiling, ilka day beguiling,

In joy and in gladness, time murmured by;
What now were pleasure, wi' a' the world's treasure?

My heart's in the grave where my fair blossoms lie!

The autumn winds are blowing, red leaves are fa'ing,

Moaning is the gale as it rides on its way;
A wild music's sighing, it seems a voice crying,—
"Happy is that land that knows no decay!"

O! WHAT IS THIS WORLD?

O! what is this world, wi' its wealth and renown,
If content is awaiting ilk pleasure to crown?
And where that does dwell, be't in cot e'er sac low,
There's a joy and a gladness nae wealth can bestow.

There's mony a wee biggin', in forest and glen,
Wi' its clean sandit floor, an' its *but* and its *ben*,
Where there's mair o' that peace whilk contentment aye brings,
Than is found in the palace o' princes or kings.

We canna get fortune, we canna get fame,
We canna behind us a' leave a bit name;
But this we can a' hae, and O! 'tis na' sma',
A heart fu' o' kindness to ane and to a'!

They say that life's short, and they dinna say wrang,
For the langest that live can ne'er ca' it lang;
Then, since it is sae, make it pleasant the while;
If it gang by sac soon, let it gang wi' a smile.

Wha e'er climbs the mountain maun aye risk a fa',
While he that is lowly is safe frae it a',
The flower blooms unscathed in the valley sae deep,
While the storm rends the aik on its high rocky steep!

My highest ambition—if such be a crime—
Is quietly to glide down the swift stream o' time;
And when the brief voyage in safety is o'er,
To meet with loved friends on the far distant shore!

MANOR BRAES.

Where Manor stream rins blithe and clear,
And Castlehill's white wa's appear,
I spent ae day, aboon a' days,
By Manor stream, 'mang Manor braes.
The purple heath was just in bloom,
And bonnie waved the upland broom,
The flocks on flowery braes lay still,
Or, heedless, wander'd at their will.

'Twas there, 'mid Nature's calm repose,
Where Manor clearest, saftest flows,
I met a maiden, fair to see,
Wi' modest look and bashfu' e'e;
Her beauty to the mind did bring
A morn when summer blends wi' spring,

So bright, so pure, so calm, so fair,
'Twas bliss to look—to linger there!

Ilk word cam frae her bosom warm,
Wi' love to win and sense to charm,
So much of nature, nought of art,
She'll live enthroned within my heart!
Aboon her head the laverock sang,
And 'neath her feet the wild-flowers sprang.
Oh! let me dwell where beauty strays,
By Manor stream an' Manor braes.

I speir'd gif ane sae young an' fair
Knew aught of love, wi' a' its care?
She said her heart frae love was free,
But aye she blush'd wi' douncast e'e.
The parting cam, as partings come,
Wi' looks that speak, though tongues be dumb;
Yet I'll return, ere many days,
To live and love 'mang Manor braes!

JANET AN' ME.

O, wha are sae happy as me and my Janet?
O, wha are sae happy as Janet and me?
We're baith turning auld, and our walth is soon
tauld,
But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae
wee.
She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,
She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
And aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my
toil,
As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at a beuk she is mending the cleading,
She's darning the stockings when I sole the
shoon;
Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're
weary,
And syne we sup sowans when anee we are
done.
She's bakin a scone while I'm smoking my cutty,
While I'm i' the stable she's milking the kye;
I envy not kings when the gloaming time brings
The canty fireside to my Janet and I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay bigging,
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's
awa';
We've twa wabs o' linen, o' Janet's ain spinning,
As thick as dog hags, and as white as the snaw!
We've a kebbuck or twa, and some meal i' the
gimel;
Yon sow is our ain that plays grumph at the
door;
An' *something*, I've guess'd, 's in yon auld painted
kist,
That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doot, we have haen our ain sorrows and
troubles,

Aften times pouches toom, and hearts fu' o' care;
But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows and losses,
Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share!
I've an' auld rusty sword that was left by my father,
Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a
fae;
We ha'e friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when
we're wae.

The laird may ha'e gowd mair than schoolmen
can reckon,
An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e;
His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',
But are they mair happy than Janet an me?
A' ye wha ne'er kent the straight road to be happy,
Wha are nae content wi' the lot that ye dree,
Come down to the dwellin' of whilk I've been
telling,
Ye'se learn it by looking at Janet an' me!

THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

O! the happy days o' youth are fast gaun by,
And age is coming on, wi' its bleak winter sky;
An' whaur shall we shelter frae its storms when
they blaw,
When the glad some days o' youth are flown awa'?

They said that wisdom came wi' manhood's riper
years,
But naething did they tell o' its sorrows and tears;
O! I'd gie a' the wit, gif ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny morning o' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
For the blithe happy days that never can return;
When joy was in the heart, an' love was on the
tongue,
An' mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.

O! the bonnie waving broom, whaur aften we did
meet,
Wi' its yellow flowers that fell like gowd 'mang
our feet;
The bird would stop its sang, but only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest, 'neath its ain birk tree.

O! the sunny days o' youth, they couldna aye
remain,
There was ower meikle joy and ower little pain;
Sae fareweel happy days, an' fareweel youthful
glee,
The young may court your smiles, but ye're gane
frae me.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

Oh! why left I my hame?
 Why did I cross the deep?
 Oh! why left I the land
 Where my forefathers sleep?
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink
 O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
 And fair the myrtle springs;
 And, to the Indian maid,
 The bulbul sweetly sings.
 But I dinna see the broom
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,
 Nor hear the lintie's sang
 O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,
 Nor song of reapers heard
 Among the yellow corn;
 For the tyrant's voice is here,
 And the wail of slavery;
 But the sun o' freedom shines
 In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
 And a balm for every pain,
 But the first joys o' our heart
 Come never back again.
 There's a track upon the deep,
 And a path across the sea;
 But the weary ne'er return
 To their ain countrie!

FARE THEE WELL.¹

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
 But, oh! let not our parting grieve thee;
 Happier days may yet be mine,
 At least I wish them thine—believe me!

We part—but, by those dew-drops clear,
 My love for thee will last for ever;
 I leave thee—but thy imago dear,
 Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.
 Fare thee well, &c.

¹ Gilfillan used to say that the first idea of fame which he ever entertained was when his sister and a young lady, a cousin of his own, wept on hearing him read this pathetic song.—ED.

O! dry those pearly tears that flow—
 One farewell smile before we sever;
 The only balm for parting woe
 Is—fondly hope 'tis not for ever.
 Fare thee well, &c.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
 Calm and serene may be the morrow;
 The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright,
 Without some mingling drops of sorrow!
 Fare thee well, &c.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' SCOTLAND.

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland—my blessin'
 on them a',
 May love be found in ilka cot, an' joy in ilka
 ha'.

Whane'er a beild, however laigh, by burn or
 brae appears,
 Be there the gladsome smile o' youth, the dig-
 nity o' years!

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland, sae bloomin'
 and sae fair,
 There's mony a hame o' kindness, an' couthie
 dwellin' there;
 An' mair o' warldly happiness than folk wad
 seem to ken,
 For contentment in the heart maks the canty
 but and ben!

O! wha wad grasp at fame or power, or walth
 seek to obtain,
 Be't 'mang the busy scenes o' life, or on the
 stormy main?
 Whan the shepherd on his hill, or the peasant
 at his plough,
 Find sic a share o' happiness wi' unco sma'
 ado?

The wind may whistle loud an' cauld, and
 sleety blasts may blaw,
 Or swirlin' round, in whit'nin' wreaths, may
 drift the wintry snaw;
 But the gloamin' star comes blinkin', amaist
 afore he ken,
 An' his wife's cheerfu' smile maks a canty but
 and ben!

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland to my remem-
 brance bring
 The lang, lang simmer sunny day, whan life
 was in its spring;
 Whan 'mang the wild flowers wandering, the
 happy hours went by,
 The future wakening no a fear, nor yet the
 past a sigh!

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland, hame o' the
fair an' free,
An' hame it is a kindly word, whare'er that
hame may be;
My weary steps I'd fain retrace back to the
happy days,
When youthfu' hearts together joy'd 'mang
Scotland's bonnie braes!

To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were
kind,

An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted and sang
By the warm ingle-side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, and our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
O! where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne!

IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

In the days o' langsyne when we earles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, and brewed
our ain yill,

An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on
the hill;

O! the thoct o' thae days gars my auld heart
aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea!

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted along through the valley or plain;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again!

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting and
glee,

Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk e'e;
And the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed
to tyme,

It was your stoup the nicht, and the morn 'twas
mine;

O! the days o' langsyne—O! the days o' langsyne.

JAMES HYSLOP.

BORN 1793—DIED 1827.

JAMES HYSLOP¹ was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, near the burgh of Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, July 13, 1793. Under the care of a pious grandfather he was taught to read, and while yet a child was sent in summer to herd cows on the neighbouring farm of Dalblair, occasionally attending school during the winter months. He was next employed as a shepherd in the vicinity of Airmoss, in Ayrshire, the scene of a skirmish in July, 1680, between a party of soldiers and a small band of Covenanters, when their pastor Richard Cameron was slain. The traditions floating among the peasantry concerning this conflict arrested the attention of the young shepherd, and he afterwards turned them to good account in his well-known poem. When a lad he had received only a little education,

but so eager was his thirst to acquire more, that before he reached his twentieth year he had become an excellent scholar, mostly by his own exertions. After teaching for a time an evening school in his native district, he in 1819 removed to Greenock and opened a day-school, which proved unsuccessful, and he again returned to pastoral pursuits. In February, 1821, "The Cameronian's Dream" appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, by whom Hyslop was induced to open a school in Edinburgh. Through the influence of his literary friends he was soon after appointed schoolmaster on board the frigate *Doris*. During her cruise he contributed to the pages of the *Edinburgh Magazine* a series of "Letters from South America," describing the scenes he had visited in that country; also sending an occasional poem. The "Letters" were well written, but the masterly pen of Captain Hall had gone over the same

¹ This name is usually printed Hislop, but we have the poet's own authority in his manuscript for the spelling adopted.—ED.

ground before him, which left the poet or any person but little to glean for a long time.

In 1825 Hyslop visited London, carrying with him letters from Lord Jeffrey and the Rev. Archibald Alison to Joanna Baillie and her sister, John Gibson Lockhart, and Allan Cunningham, by all of whom he was kindly received, and through whose assistance he was appointed head-master of an academy near London, after having been for a time a reporter on the *Times* newspaper. At the end of a year Hyslop, on account of ill health, exchanged the academy for an appointment as school-master on board the *Tweed* man-of-war, bound for India, and commanded by Lord John Spence. Among several poems composed during this voyage that entitled "The Scottish Sacramental Sabbath," in the style of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," is perhaps the best. It is said to have been suggested by the commemoration of the ordinance in Sanquhar churchyard, and is valuable as a faithful picture of one of the customs of his native land. While the *Tweed* was cruising off the Cape de

Verd Islands Hyslop and a number of the officers landed on the island of St. Iago. They slept on shore in the open air, and were in consequence seized with a malignant fever, to which most of them fell victims, and poor Hyslop among the rest. After lingering for twelve days the young poet died, Dec. 4, 1827, in his twenty-ninth year, adding another to the bea-roll of Scottish poets who passed from the world before they had seen thirty summers.

John MacCall of Sunny Beach, Strone, writes to the Editor (Aug. 11, 1875): "Hyslop spent an evening with me in Glasgow, I think in 1825, shortly before setting out on his last voyage, and I may say it was one of the happiest I ever spent;" and Allan Cunningham describes Hyslop's poetic gifts as "elegant rather than vigorous, sweet and graceful rather than lofty, although he was occasionally lofty too." In MacDiarmid's *Sketches from Nature* there is an interesting memoir of this "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," several of whose hitherto unpublished poems we have pleasure in presenting to our readers.

THE SCOTTISH SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

The Sabbath morning gilds the eastern hills,
The swains its sunny dawn wi' gladness greet,
Frae heath-clad hamlets, 'mang the muirland rills,
The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet,
Skiffin' the daisies droukit i' the weat;
The bleating flocks come nibblin' doun the brae,
To shadowy pastures screen'd frae summer's heat;
In woods where tinklin' waters glide away,
'Mong holms o' clover red, and bright brown ryegrass hay.

His ewes and lambs brought carefu' frae the height,
The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn;
On green sward scented lawn, wi' gowans white,
Frae page o' pocket psalm-book, soil'd and torn,
The task prepar'd, assign'd for Sabbath morn,
The elder bairns their parents join in prayer;
One daughter dear, beneath the flowery thorn,
Kneels doun apart her spirit to prepare,
On this her first approach the sacred cup to share.

The social chat wi' solemn converse mix'd,
At early hour they finish their repast,
The pious sire repeats full many a text
Of sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.
To see her little family featly dress'd

The carefu' matron feels a mother's pride,
Gie's this a linen shirt, gie's that a vest;
The frugal father's frowns their finery chide,
He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding robes provide.

The sisters buskit, seek the garden walk,
To gather flowers, or watch the warning bell,
Sweet-william, danglin' dewy frae the stalk,
Is mix'd wi' mountain-daises, rich in smell,
Green sweet-briar sprigs, and daises frae the dell,
Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode,
An' Wanlock miners cross the muirland fell;
Then doun the sunny winding muirland road,
The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

Streams of my native mountains, oh! how oft
That Sabbath morning walk in youth was mine;
Yet fancy hears the kirk-bell, sweet and soft,
Ring o'er the darkling woods o' dewy pine;
How oft the wood-rose wild and scented thyme
I've stoop'd to pull while passing on my way;
But now in sunny regions south the line,
Nae birks nor broom-flow'rs shade the summer
brae,—
Alas! I can but dream of Scotland's Sabbath-day.

But dear that cherish'd dream I still behold:
The ancient kirk, the plane-trees o'er it spread,
And seated 'mong the graves, the old, the young,
As once in summer days, for ever fled.
To deck my dream the grave gives up its dead:
The pale precentor sings as then he sung,
The long-lost pastor wi' the hoary head
Pours forth his pious counsels to the young,
And dear ones from the dust again to life are
sprung.

Lost friends return from realms beyond the main,
And boyhood's best beloved ones all are there;
The blanks in family circles fill'd again;
No seat seems empty round the house of prayer.
The sound of psalms has vanish'd in the air,
Borne up to heaven upon the mountain breeze,
The patriarchal priest wi' silvery hair,
In tent erected 'neath the fresh green trees,
Spears forth the book of God with holy pride,
and sees

The eyes of circling thousands on him fix'd,
The kirkyard scarce contains the mingling mass
Of kindred congregations round him mix'd;
Close seated on the gravestones and the grass,
Some crowd the garden-walls, a wealthier class
On chairs and benches round the tent draw near:
The poor man prays far distant, and alas!
Some seated by the graves of parents dear,
Among the fresh green flow'rs let fall a silent tear.

Sublime the text he chooseth: "Who is this
From Edom comes? in garments dy'd in blood,
Travelling in greatness of His strength to bless,
Treading the wine-press of Almighty God."
Perchance the theme, that Mighty One who rode
Forth leader of the armies cloth'd in light,
Around whose fiery forehead rainbows glow'd,
Beneath whose head heav'n trembled, angels
bright
Their shining ranks arrang'd around his head of
white.

Behold the contrast, Christ, the King of kings,
A houseless wanderer in a world below;
Faint, fasting by the desert springs,
From youth a man of mourning and of woe,
The birds have nests on summer's blooming bough.
The foxes on the mountain find a bed;
But mankind's Friend found every man his foe,
His heart with anguish in the garden bled.
He, peaceful like a lamb, was to the slaughter led.

The action-sermon ended, tables fenc'd,
While elders forth the sacred symbols bring,
The day's more solemn service now commenc'd:
To heaven is wafted on devotion's wing,
The psalms these entering to the altar sing,
"I'll of salvation take the cup, I'll call
With trembling on the name of Zion's King;

His courts I'll enter, at His footstool fall,
And pay my early vows before His people all,

Behold the crowded tables clad in white,
Extending far above the flowery graves;
A blessing on the bread and wine-cup bright
With lifted hands the holy pastor craves,
The summer's sunny breeze his white hair waves,
His soul is with his Saviour in the skies;
The hallow'd loaf he breaks, and gives
The symbols to the elders seated nigh,
Take, eat the bread of life, sent down from heaven
on high.

He in like manner also lifted up
The flagon fill'd with consecrated wine,
Drink, drink ye all of it, salvation's cup,
Memorial mournful of his love divine.
Then solemn pauseth;—save the rustling pine
Or plane-tree boughs, no sounds salute mine ears;
In silence pass'd, the silver vessels shine,
Devotion's Sabbath dreams from bygone years
Return'd, till many an eye is moist with spring-
ing tears.

Again the preacher breaks the solemn pause,
Lift up your eyes to Calvary's mountain—see.
In mourning veil'd, the mid-day sun withdraws,
While dies the Saviour bleeding on the tree;
But hark! the stars again sing jubilee,
With anthems heaven's armies hail their King,
Ascend in glory from the grave set free;
Triumphant see Him soar on seraph's wing,
To meet His angel hosts around the clouds of
spring.

Behold His radiant robes of fleecy light,
Melt into sunny ether soft and blue;
Then in this gloomy world of tears and night,
Behold the table He hath spread for you.
What though you tread affliction's path—a few,
A few short years your toils will all be o'er,
From Pisgah's top the promis'd country view;
The happy land beyond Immanuel's shore,
Where Eden's blissful bower blooms green for
evermore.

Come here, ye houseless wanderers, soothe your
grief,
While faith presents your Father's lov'd abode:
And here, ye friendless mourners, find relief,
And dry your tears in drawing near to God;
The poor may here lay down oppression's load,
The rich forget his crosses and his care:
Youth enter on religion's narrow road,
The old for his eternal change prepare,
And whosoever will, life's waters freely share.

How blest are they who in thy courts abide,
Whose strength, whose trust, upon Jehovah stay;
For he in his pavilion shall them hide

In covert safe when comes the evil day;
 Though shadowy darkness compasseth his way,
 And thick clouds like a curtain hide his throne;
 Not even through a glass our eyes shall gaze,
 In brighter worlds his wisdom shall be shown,
 And all things work for good to those that are
 his own.

And blessed are the young to God who bring
 The morning of their days in sacrifice,
 The heart's young flowers yet fresh with spring
 Send forth an incense pleasing in his eyes.
 To me, ye children, hearken and be wise,
 The prophets died, our fathers where are they?
 Alas! this fleeting world's delusive joys,
 Like morning clouds and early dews, decay;
 Be yours that better part that fadeth not away.

Walk round these walls, and o'er the yet green
 graves
 Of friends whom you have lov'd let fall the tear;
 On many dresses dark deep mourning waves,
 For some in summers past who worshipp'd here
 Around these tables each revolving year.
 What fleeting generations I have seen,
 Where, where my youthful friends and comrades
 dear?
 Fled, fled away, as they had never been,
 All sleeping in the dust beneath those plane-trees
 green.

And some are seated here, mine aged friends,
 Who round this table never more shall meet;
 For him who bowed with age before you stands,
 The mourners soon shall go about the street;
 Below these green boughs, shadow'd from the
 heat,
 I've bless'd the Bread of Life for threescore years;
 And shall not many mould'ring 'neath my feet,
 And some who sit around me now in tears,
 To me be for a crown of joy when Christ appears?

Behold he comes with clouds, a kindling flood
 Of fiery flame before his chariot flees,
 The sun in sackcloth veil'd, the moon in blood,
 All kindreds of the earth dismay shall seize,
 Like figs untimely shaken by the breeze;
 The fix'd stars fall amid the thunder's roar;
 The buried spring to life beneath these trees,
 A mighty angel standing on the shore,
 With arms stretch'd forth to heaven, swears time
 shall be no more!

The hour is near, your robes unspotted keep,
 The vows you now have sworn are seal'd on high;
 Hark! hark! God's answering voice in thunders
 deep,
 'Midst waters dark and thick clouds of the sky;
 And what if now to judgment in your eye
 He burst, where yonder livid lightnings play,
 His chariot of salvation passing by;

The great white throne, the terrible array
 Of Him before whose frown the heavens shall flee
 away.

My friends, how dreadful is this holy place,
 Where rolls the thick'ning thunder, God is near,
 And though we cannot see Him face to face,
 Yet as from Horeb's mount His voice we hear;
 The angel armies of the upper sphere
 Down from these clouds on your communion
 gaze;
 The spirits of the dead, who once were dear,
 Are viewless witnesses of all your ways;
 Go from His table then, with trembling tune His
 praise.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
 To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
 Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
 Engraved on the stone where the heather grows
 green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and
 blood,
 When the minister's home was the mountain and
 wood;
 When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of
 Zion,
 All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from
 the east
 Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's
 breast;
 On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
 Glisten'd there 'mong the heath-bells and moun-
 tain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny
 cloud,
 The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
 And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and
 deep,
 Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of
 sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music
 and gladness,
 The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and
 redness;
 Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
 And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherish'd far other
 feelings,
 Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,

Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it
to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron
were lying
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl
was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were
hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin
misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were
unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was
unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were
ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they
were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and
unclouded,
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and
unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is
rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was
streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was
rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty
were falling.

When the righteous had fallen and the combat
was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud de-
scended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of
brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribu-
lation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation,

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen
are riding;

Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

THE CAMERONIAN'S VISION.¹

From the climes and the seas of the fair sunny
south,
I return'd to the gray hills and green glens of
youth.
By mountain graves musing on days long gone
past,
A dream-like illusion around me was cast.

In a vision, it seem'd that the chariot of time
Was roll'd back till I stood in the ages of crime,
When the king was a despot, who deem'd with
his nod
He would cancel the bond bound a nation to God.

The religion of Christ, like a lamb, took its flight.
As the horns of the mitre wax'd powerful in
might,
And prelates with priestcraft men's spirits en-
chain'd,
Till they fear'd to complain when their heart's
blood was drain'd.

Stern law made religion no longer a link
The soul to sustain on eternity's brink;
But the gold of the gospel was changed to a chain,
The spirit of Scotland to curb and restrain:

A political bridle the people to check,
When the priest or the prince chose to ride on
their neck;
For churchmen a chariot in splendour who roll'd,
At the poor man's expense, whose salvation they
sold.

From the court, over Scotland went forth a
decree—
"Let the kirk of the north to the king bend the
knee:
To the prince and his priesthood divine right is
given,
A sceptre to sway both in earth and in heaven.

"Let no one presume from the pulpit to read
The Scriptures, save curates by courtiers decreed;
At their peril let parents give precepts to youth,
Till prelates and prayer-books put words in their
mouth.

"And none 'mong the hills of the heather shall
dare
To meet in the moorlands for praises and prayer:
Nor to Heaven in private prefer their request,
Except as the prince should appoint by the
priest."

¹ Written on the banks of the Crawick, Sept. 30,
1825.—Ed.

The nation of Knox held the mandate accurs'd:
He the fetters of Popery and priestcraft had
burst,
With the stamp of his foot brought their towers
to the ground,
Till royalty trembling shrunk back when he
frown'd.

And Melville the fiery had fearlessly dared,
In a prince's own presence his priesthood to beard;
On the archbishop's head made his mitre to shake,
And the circle of courtiers around him to quake.

And Scotland's Assemblies in council sat down,
God's word well to weigh with decrees of the
crown:
A Covenant seal'd, as they swore by the Lord,
Their Bibles and birthrights to guard with the
sword.

These priests from their kirks by the prelates
were driven,
A shelter to seek with the fowls of the heaven;
The wet mist their covering, the heather their
bed,
By the springs of the desert in peril they fed.

At the risk of their lives with their flocks they
would meet,
In storm and in tempest, in rain and in sleet;
Where the mist on the moorglens lay darkest,
'twas there
In the thick cloud conceal'd, they assembled for
prayer.

At their wild mountain worship no warning bell
rung,
But the sentries were fix'd ere the psalm could
be sung;
When the preacher his Bible brought forth from
his plaid,
On the damp rock beside him his drawn sword
he laid.

The sleepless assemblies around him who met,
Were houseless and hungry, and weary and wet;
The wilderness wandering, through peril and
strife,
To be fill'd with the word and the waters of life.

For in cities the wells of salvation were seal'd,
More brightly to burst in the moor and the field;
And the Spirit, which fled from the dwellings of
men,
Like a manna-cloud rain'd round the camp of the
glen.—

I beheld in my vision a prince on his throne;
Around him in glory the mitred heads shone;
And the sovereign assembly said, "Who shall go
forth
In the moorlands to murder the priests of the
north?"

"Our horsemen now hunted the moor and the
wood,
But the soldiers shrunk back from the shedding
of blood;
And some we sent forth with commission to slay,
Have with Renwick remain'd in the mountains
to pray.

"Is there no one around us whose soul and whose
sword
Will hew down in the desert that priesthood
abhorr'd;
With their blood, on the people's minds print our
decrees?
The warrior's reward shall be Viscount Dundee."

'Twas a title of darkness, dishonour, and shame;
No warrior would wear it, save Claver'se the
Graham.

With the warrant of death, like a demon he flew,
In the blood of his brethren his hands to imbrue.

The mission of murder full well fitted him,
For his black heart with malice boil'd up to the
brim;
Remorse had his soul made like angels who fell,
And his breast was imbued with the spirit of hell.

A gleam of its flame in his bosom had glow'd,
Till his devilish delight was in cursing of God:
He felt him a foe, and his soul took a pride
Bride-deep through the blood of His sufferers to
ride.

His heart, hard as flint, was with cruelty mail'd;
No tear of the orphan with him e'er prevail'd;
In the blood of its sire while his sword was defil'd,
The red blade he wav'd o'er the widow, and
smiled.—

My vision was changed, and I stood in a glen
Of the moorlands, remote from the dwellings of
men,
'Mong Priesthill's black scenery, a pastoral abode,
Where the shepherds assembled to worship their
God.

A light-hearted maiden met there with her love,
Who had won her affections, and fix'd them above:
Conceal'd 'mong the mist on the dark mountain
side,
Stood Peden the prophet, with Brown and his
bride.

A silent assembly encircled the seer,
A breathless expectance bent forward to hear;
For the glance of his gray eye wax'd bright and
sublime,
As it fix'd on the far-flood of fast-coming time.

"O Scotland! the angel of darkness and death
One hour the Almighty hath staid on his path:
I see on yon bright cloud his chariot stand still;
But his red sword is naked, and lifted to kill.

“ In mosses, in mountains, in moor and in wood,
That sword must be bath'd yet in slaughter and
blood,

Till the number of saints who shall suffer be seal'd,
And the breaches of backsliding Scotland be
heal'd.

“ Then a prince of the south shall come over the
main,

Who in righteousness over the nations shall reign;
The race of the godless shall fade from the throne,
And the kingdom of Christ shall have kings of
its own.

“ But think not, ye righteous, your sufferings
are past;

In the midst of the furnace ye yet must be cast;
But the seed we have sown in affection and tears,
Shall be gather'd in gladness in far distant years.

“ On the scroll of the Covenant blood must be
spilt,

Till its red hues shall cancel the backslider's guilt.
Remember my warning. Around me are some
Who may watch, for they know not the hour He
shall come.

“ And thou, pretty maiden, rejoice in the truth
Of the lover I link for thy husband of youth.

Be kind while he lives; clasp him close to thy
heart;

For the time is not far when the fondest must
part.

“ The seal of the Saviour is printed too deep
On the brow of thy bridegroom for thee long to
keep.

The wolf round the sheepfold will prowl for his
prey,
And the lamb be led forth for the lion to slay.

“ His winding-sheet linen keep woven by thee;
It will soon be requir'd, and it bloody will be.

A morning of terror and tears is at hand,
But the Lord will give strength in thy trial to
stand.”—

My vision was changed: happy summers had
fled

O'er the heath-circled home where the lovers
were wed;

Affection's springs bursting from hearts in their
prime,

The stream of endearment grew deeper with time.

At the door of his home, in a glad summer's night,
With his children to play was the father's delight;

One dear little daughter he fondly caress'd,
For she look'd like the young bride who slept on
his breast.

Of her sweet smiling offspring the mother was
fain,

Each added a new link to love's wedded chain;

One clung to her bosom, one play'd round her
knee,

And one 'mong the heather ran chasing the bee.

In union of warm hearts, of wishes, of thought,
The prophet's prediction was almost forgot;

With wedded affection their hearts overflow'd,
And their lives pass'd in rearing their offspring
to God.

The mist of May morning lay dark on the moun-
tains;

The lambs crott the flowers springing fresh by
the fountains;

The waters, the woods, and the green holms of
hay, lay

In sunshine asleep down in Wellwood's wild valley.

In Priesthill at dawning the psalm had ascended,
The chapter been read, and the humble knee
bended;

Now in moors thick with mist, at his pastoral
employment,

The meek soul of Brown with his God found
enjoyment.

At home Isabella was busy preparing
The meal, with a husband so sweet aye in sharing;

On the floor, at her feet, in the cradle lay smiling
Her infant, as wild songs its fancies beguiling.

His daughter went forth in the dews of the
morning,

To meet on the footpath her father returning;
Alone 'mong the mist she expected to find him,
But horsemen in armour came riding behind him.

The mother, in trembling, in tears, and dismay,
Clasp'd her babe to her bosom, and hasted away;
She clung to her husband, distracted and dumb,
For she felt that the hour of her trial was come.

But vain her distraction, her tears, and her
prayer,

For Claver's command his horsemen come
there;

With his little ones weeping around him, he
brought

The fond father forth, in their sight to be shot.

“ Bid farewell thy family, and welcome thy death,
Since thou choosest so fondly to cherish thy faith;

Some minutes my mercy permits thee for prayer.
Let six of my horsemen their pistols prepare.”—

“ My widow, my orphan, O God! I resign
To thy care; and the babe yet unborn, too, is
thine:

Let thy blessing be round them, to guard and to
keep,

When over my green grave forsaken they weep.”—

At the door of his home, on the heather he knelt;
His prayer for his family the pitiless felt;

The rough soldiers listen'd with tears and with sighs,
Till Claver'se curs'd him, and caus'd him arise.

For the last time the lips of his young ones he kiss'd,

His dear little daughter he clasp'd to his breast;
"To thy mother be kind, read thy Bible, and pray;
The Lord will protect thee when I am away.

"Isabella, farewell! Thou shalt shortly behold
Thy love on the heather stretch'd bloody and cold.
The hour I've long look'd for hath come at the last—

Art thou willing to part?—all its anguish is past."

"Yes, willing," she said, and she sought his embrace,

While the tears trickled down on her little one's face.

"Tis the last time I ever shall cling to thy heart,
Yet with thee I am willing, yes, willing to part."

'Twas a scene would have soften'd a savage's ire;
But Claver'se commanded his horsemen to fire;
As they curs'd his command, turning round to retreat,
The demon himself shot him dead at his feet.

His temples, all shatter'd and bleeding, she bound,
While Claver'se with insult his cruelty crown'd:
"Well, what thinkest thou of thy heart's cherish'd pride?
It were justice to lay thee in blood by his side."

"I doubt not, if God gave permission to thee,
That thou gladly wouldst murder my offspring and me;

But thy mouth he hath muzzled, and doom'd thee, in vain,

Like a bloodhound to bay at the end of thy chain.

"Thou friendless, forsaken, hast left me and mine,
Yet my lot is a bless'd one, when balanc'd with thine,

With the viper remorse on thy vitals to prey,
And the blood on thy hands that will ne'er wash away.

"Thy fame shall be wafted to far future time,
A proverb for cruelty, cursing, and crime;
Thy dark picture, painted in blood, shall remain
While the heather waves green o'er the graves of the slain.

"Thy glory shall wither; its wreaths have been gain'd

By the slaughter of shepherds, thy sword who disdain'd:

That sword thou hast drawn on thy country for hire,

And the title it brings shall in blackness expire.

"Thy name shall be Claver'se, the bloodthirsty Scot,

The godly, the guiltless, the grayhair'd who shot.
Round my Brown's bloody brow glory's garlands shall wave,

When the muse marketh 'murder' over thy grave."

A LOVE SONG.

How sweet the dewy bell is spread,
Where Spango's mossy streams are lavin',
The heathery locks o' deepenin' red
Around the mountain brow aye wavin'!
Here, on the sumy mountain side,
Dear lassie, we'll lie down thegither,
Where nature spreads luve's crimson bed,
Among the bonnie bloomin' heather.

Lang hae I wish'd, my lovely maid,
Amang thae fragrant wilds to lead ye;
And now, aneath my tartan plaid,
How blest I lie wi' you aside me!
And art thou happy, dearest, speak,
Wi' me aneath the tartan plaidie?—
Yes: that dear glance, sae soft and meek,
Resigns thee to thy shepherd laddie.

The saftness o' the gentle dove,
Its eyes in dying sweetness closin',
Is like thae languid eyes o' love,
Sae fondly on my heart reposin'.
When simmer suns the flowers expand,
In a' their silken beauties shinin',
They're no sae soft as thy white hand,
Upon my love-warm cheek reclimin'.

While thus aneath my tartan plaid
Sae warnly to my lips I press ye,
That hinnied bloom o' dewy red
Is nocht like thy sweet lips, dear lassie!
Reclined on luve's soft crimson bed,
Our hearts sae fondly lock'd thegither,
Thus o'er my cheek thy ringlets spread,
How happy, happy 'mang the heather!

SONG—TO YOU.

The Woodland Queen in her bower of love,
Her gleaming tresses with wild-flowers wove,
But her breathing lips, as she sat in her bower,
Were richer far than the honey'd flower!

The waving folds of the Indian silk
Hung loose o'er her ringlets and white neck of milk;

And O! the bosom that sigh'd below
Was pure and soft as the winter snow!

A tear-drop bright in her dark eye shone,
To think that sweet summer would soon be gone;
How blest the hand of the lover who may
From an eye so bright wipe such tears away!

How blest is he in the moonlight hour
Who may linger with her in her woodland bower,
'Midst the gleaming ringlets and silk to sigh,
And share in the tear and the smile of her eye.

My heart was a stranger to love's young dream
Till I found her alone by the fairy stream;
But she glided away through the branches green,
And left me to sigh for the Woodland Queen!

LET ITALY BOAST.

Let Italy boast of her bloom-shaded waters,
Her bowers, and her vines, and her warm sunny skies,
Of her sons drinking love from the eyes of her daughters,
While freedom expires mid their softness and sighs.
 Scotland's bleak mountains wild,
 Where hoary cliffs are piled,
Towering in grandeur, are dearer to me!
 Land of the misty cloud—
 Land of the tempest loud—
Land of the brave and proud—land of the free!

Enthroned on the cliff of the dark Highland mountain,
The spirit of Scotland reigns fearless and free;
While her tartan-folds wave over blue lake and fountain,
Exulting she sings, looking over the sea:
 "Here on my mountains wild
 I have serenely smiled,
Where armies and empires against me were hurled;
 Throned on my native rocks,
 Calmly sustained the shocks
Of Cæsar, and Denmark, and Rome, and the world.

When kings of the nations in council assemble,
The frown of my brow makes their proud hearts to quake,
The flash of mine eye makes the bravest to tremble,
The sound of my war-song makes armies to shake.
 France long shall mind the strain
 Sung on her bloody plain,
While Europe's bold armies with terror did shiver;

Exulting 'midst fire and blood,
Then sang the pibroch loud,
'Dying, but unsubdued—Scotland for ever.'"

See at the war-note the proud horses prancing—
The thick groves of steel trodden down in their path,
The eyes of the brave like their bright swords are glancing,
Triumphantly riding through ruin and death.
 Proud heart and nodding plume
 Dance o'er the warrior's tomb,
Dyed with blood is the red tartan wave,
 Dire is the horseman's wheel,
 Shiv'ring the ranks of steel;
Victor in battle is Scotland the brave!

FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

I follow'd it on by the pale moonlight,
Through the deep and the darksome wood;
It tarried—I trembled—it pointed and fled!—
'Twas a grave where the spirit had stood:—

'Twas a grave—but 'twas mystery and terror to think
 How the bed of the dead could be here;
'Twas here I had met in the morning of life
 With one that was loving and dear:—

'Twas here we had wander'd while gathering flowers
 In the innocent days of our childhood,
And here we were screen'd from the warm sunny showers
 By the thickening green of the wildwood.

And here in the sweet summer morning of love
 Young affection first open'd its blossom,
When none were so innocent, loving, and kind
 As the maiden that lay in my bosom:—

I look'd on the woods; they were budding as green
 As the sorrowful night that we parted,—
When turning again to the grave I had seen,
 At the voice of a spirit I started!—

In terror I listen'd! No sound met mine ear
 Save the lone waters murmuring by;
But I saw o'er the woods, in the dead of the night,
 A dark mourning carriage draw nigh:—

By the green grave it hover'd, mine eye could perceive,
 Where a white covered coffin now lay—
It hover'd not long, but again through the woods
 It mournfully glided away!—

Where the kirk-yard elms shade the flat gray
stones

With the long green grass overgrown,
The carriage stood still o'er an opening grave,
And I saw a black coffin let down.

Upon its dark page were a name and an age—
'Twas my Lydia in death that lay sleeping;
All vanish'd away, but her spirit pass'd by,
As alone by the grave I stood weeping!

How death-like and dim was the gaze of that eye,
Where love's warmest fires once were glowing;

The pale linen shroud now enfauld'd the cheek
Where once beauty's ringlets were flowing!

O Lydia, why thus dost thou gaze upon me,
And point to the darksome wood!—
An invisible hand seem'd to proffer a ring,
Or a dagger all stained with blood:—

But the bright sun of summer return'd with his
ray,
And the singing of birds brought the morrow;
Those visions of darkness all faded away
As I woke from my slumber of sorrow!

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

BORN 1798—DIED 1870.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL was born at Sorbie, in the Vale of Ewes, Dumfriesshire, Sept. 23, 1798. His father was a shepherd, and a man of strong though uneducated mind. Young Henry herded the cows in summer, and went to school during the winter months. At first a careless scholar, he afterwards became a diligent one, and while "out-by herding" was either studying nature or a book, or composing verses. The lines of an epistle written by him subsequently will convey some idea of his habits at this period:—

"My early years were pass'd far on
The hills of Ettrick wild and lone;
Through summer sheen and winter shade
Tending the flocks that o'er them stray'd.
In bold enthusiastic glee
I sung rude strains of minstrelsy,
Which mingling with died o'er the dale,
Unheeded as the plover's wail.
Oft where the waving rushes shed
A shelter frail around my head,
Weening, though not through hopes of fame,
To fix on these more lasting claim,
I'd there secure in rustic scroll
The wayward fancies of the soul,
Even where yon lofty rocks arise,
Hoar as the clouds in wintry skies,
Wrapp'd in the plaid, and dem'd beneath
The colder cone of drifted wreath,
I noted them afar from ken,
Till ink would freeze upon the pen;
So deep the spell which bound the heart
Unto the bard's undying art—
So rapt the charm that still beguiled
The minstrel of the mountains wild."

After herding for two years at Deloraine he removed to Todrig to follow the same occupation. Here he met a congenial spirit in William Knox, the cultured author of "The Lonely Hearth," and their friendship continued ever afterwards. "While here," he says, "my whole leisure time was employed in writing. I composed while walking and looking the hill. I also wrote down among the wilds. I yet remember, as a dream of poetry itself, how blessedly bright and beautiful exceedingly were these wilds themselves early in summer mornings, or when the white mists filled up the glens below, and left the summits of the mountains near and far away as sight could travel, green, calm, and serene as an eternity."

While at Todrig Riddell's style of thought and experience—doubtless through contact with William Knox—underwent a great change. He abandoned frivolous compositions, and applied himself to sacred themes. "My reading," he says, "was extended, and having begun to appreciate more correctly what I did read, the intention which I had sometimes entertained gathered strength: this was to make an effort to obtain a regular education (to fit himself for the Christian ministry). The consideration of the inadequacy of my means had hitherto bridled my ambition, but having herded as a regular shepherd nearly three years, during which I had no occasion

to spend much of my income, my prospects behoved to be a little more favourable. It was in this year that the severest trial that had yet crossed my path had to be sustained. The death of my father overthrew my happier mood; at the same time the event, instead of subduing my secret aim, rather strengthened my determination. My portion of my father's worldly effects added something considerable to my own gainings. I bade farewell to the crook and plaid."

He went to school at Biggar, where he found a kind schoolmaster, who taught him much beside Latin and Greek. Here he studied earnestly, and cultivated a circle of intellectual acquaintances, and in due time entered as a student at the University of Edinburgh, where he attracted the attention of Professor Dunbar by a translation of one of the odes of Anacreon. He also won for himself the affectionate regard of Professor Wilson, whose house was always open to him, with all the companionship of genius which graced its hospitable roof-tree.

When his university course was completed, his last session having been spent at St. Andrews, Mr. Riddell went to reside at Ramsay Cleughburn with his brother, and shortly after became the minister of Teviothead. He then married the excellent lady whose affectionate counsel and companionship were a solace and stay to him in his chequered life. There was no manse at Teviothead when he received the charge. He therefore occupied the farmhouse of Flex, nine miles distant; and as his income of £52 a year could not enable him to keep a conveyance, he had to walk eighteen miles every Sabbath, and whenever he went to visit his hearers. The Duke of Buccleuch built a cottage for the minister, and it was while it was in progress that, returning home from preaching one Sabbath afternoon, wet and weary, Mrs. Riddell, looking forward with pleasant anticipation of getting the new home, exclaimed, while he was changing his wet clothes, "Ab! Henry, I wish we were hame to our ain folk!" This was the inspiration to which we are indebted for his most exquisite lyric—a strain which cannot die.

Mr. Riddell ministered faithfully to the people of Teviothead for nearly nine years. His genius and worth had been recognized and appreciated, and everything seemed to

bid fair for his progress in the church; but in 1841 a serious attack of nervous disease came upon him, not to pass away for years; and when he did recover, it was deemed prudent that he should not return to the labours of the pastorate. The Duke of Buccleuch generously permitted him to occupy the manse cottage during his lifetime, and also granted him a small annuity and a piece of ground beside his dwelling. This was enough for his simple wants and for the education of his three boys, one of whom died full of poetic promise when budding into manhood. During the remaining years of his life the poet resided in this spot by the banks of the Teviot, reclaiming and beautifying his land, and cherishing his poetic tastes. He had intended to be present at the meeting of the Border Counties Association, held at Hawick, July 28, and his name was associated with the toast of the "literature of the Borders;" but on that day he was seized with a mortal illness, and died on July 30, 1870, aged seventy-two. On August 2, surrounded by a great concourse of friends from far and near, all that was mortal of the Bard of Teviotdale was laid in its last resting-place, in that

"churchyard that lonely is lying
Amid the deep greenwood by Teviot's wild strand."

The poet's loving and faithful wife died May 29, 1875, and now rests by his side.

Riddell wrote much, and much that he wrote became extremely popular. When a student of theology he composed many of his best songs for the *Irish Minstrel* and *Select Melodies* of R. A. Smith, and for the *Original National Melodies* of Peter McLeod. His *Songs of the Ark, with other Poems*, appeared in 1831, followed in 1844 by a prose work entitled *The Christian Politician, or the Right Way of Thinking*. Three years later he published a third volume, *Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces*; and in 1855 he prepared for publication, by request of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Lowland Scotch, followed in 1857 by a similar translation of the Psalms. Mr. Riddell also wrote a valuable series of papers on "Store-Farming in the South of Scotland," and a number of prose tales similar to those in Wilson's *Tales of the Border*. His last composition was a poem written for a

meeting of the Border Association, held at Hawick two days before his death. In 1871 two volumes of Riddell's poetical works, accompanied by a portrait, and a well-written memoir from the pen of his friend James Brydon, M. D., were published in Glasgow.

In a letter accompanying a song written for Mrs. Mary Wilson Gibbs in 1867, the venerable poet remarks, "In addressing a song to you I wish that it had turned out somewhat more worth while than now appears to be the case. At all events I might have adopted a more harmonious measure, and thereby have given myself at least a chance of wording more harmonious verses: and I could now wish that I had done so, regardless of the air: but I was ambitious of putting the air in your possession, it having been composed by the Ettrick Shepherd. I am no daub—or rather a great *daub* in the literal sense of the term—at copying music, and in attempting to give you a copy I am uncertain whether I have given you altogether a correct one; but I hope you will make it out in some way. Of the song which I originally wrote to it Hogg was wonderfully fond, and I had always to sing it to him when we met. I dare say it is much better as a song than that which I send you: I was not then so hoary-headed, and could write with more freedom and vigour. Yet it is not greatly unlike the verses with which I trouble you,

and that you may judge for yourself I will also herewith copy it, more especially as it also related to one who could by her exquisite singing cast a spell of enchantment over the human heart. . . .

"Mrs. Oliver informed me when you intended to leave old Scotland: I therefore made up my mind to write out these things to-day. They are of little consequence I readily confess, but from the respect which I entertained for your father, together with that which I entertain for yourself, I felt anxious to do something that might if possible prevent you from utterly forgetting that we had met. . . . I shall hope that you will soon return to the 'gay green braes of Teviotdale,' and cheer our hearts as in days gone by."

A brother of the late bard, known as Borthwick Riddell, a dark, stalwart, and independent-looking man, who was, both in regard to musical talent and personal appearance, an impersonation of the spirit of ancient Border minstrelsy—a worthy representative of Allister M'Allister, Habbie Simpson, and Rab the Ranter—was in his day and generation the most celebrated piper on the Border. As the writer listened to his soul-stirring strains near Canobie Lee, he appeared to be just such a minstrel as we can imagine strode forth before the Bruce, the Bold Buccleuch, or the Black Douglas of bygone days.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

I winna love the laddie that ca's the cart and
 plough,
 Though he should own that tender love that's
 only felt by few;
 For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love
 betray'd,
 Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that wears the
 crook and plaid;
 For he's aye true to his lassie—he's aye
 true to his lassie,
 Who wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild his
 fleecy flocks to view,
 While o'er him sweet the laverock sings, new
 sprung frae 'mang the dew;
 His doggie frolics roun' and roun', and may
 not weel be stay'd,

Sae blythe it is the laddie wi' that wears the
 crook and plaid;
 And he's aye true, &c.

At noon he leans him down upon the high and
 heathy fell,
 And views his flocks beneath him a', fair feed-
 ing in the dell;
 And then he sings the sangs o' love, the sweet-
 est ever made;
 O! how happy is the laddie that wears the
 crook and plaid;
 And he's aye true, &c.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and the lily
 flowers sae meek,
 Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the heath-
 bell like my cheek;

His words are sweet and tender, as the dew
 frae heaven shed;
 And weel I love to list the lad who wears the
 crook and plaid;
 For he's aye true, &c.

When the dew begins to fauld the flowers, and
 the gloamin' shades draw on,
 When the star comes stealing through the sky,
 and the kye are on the loan,
 He whistles through the glen sae sweet, the
 heart is lighter made
 To ken the laddie hameward hies, who wears
 the crook and plaid;
 For he's aye true, &c.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn gray, that's
 growing in the glen,
 He meets me in the gloamin' aye, when nane
 on earth can ken,
 To woo and vow, and there I trow, whatever
 may be said,
 He kens aye unco weel the way to row me in
 his plaid;
 For he's aye true, &c.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one
 ride,
 And woo across the table cauld his madam-
 titled bride;
 But I'll gang to the hawthorn gray, where
 cheek to cheek is laid.
 O! nae woovers like the laddie that rows me in
 his plaid;
 And he's aye true, &c.

To own the truth o' tender love what heart wad
 no comply,
 Since love gives purer happiness than aught
 aneath the sky?
 If love be in the bosom, then the heart is ne'er
 afraid;
 And through life I'll love the laddie that wears
 the crook and plaid;
 For he's aye true, &c.

OUR MARY.¹

Our Mary liket weel to stray
 Where clear the burn was rowin',
 And trouth she was, though I say sae,
 As fair as ought e'er made o' clay,
 And pure as ony gowan.

And happy, too, as ony lark
 The clud might ever carry;
 She shunned the ill and sought the good,
 E'en mair than weel was understood;
 And a' fouk liket Mary.

But she fell sick wi' some decay,
 When she was but eleven;
 And as she pined frae day to day,
 We grudged to see her gaun away,
 Though she was gaun to heaven.

There's fears for them that's far awa',
 And fykes for them as flitting;
 But fears and cares, baith grit and sma',
 We by-and-by o'er-pit them a';
 But death there's nae o'er-pitting.

And nature's bands are hard to break,
 When thus they maun be broken;
 And e'en the form we loved to see,
 We canna lang, dear though it be,
 Preserve it as a token.

But Mary had a gentle heart—
 Heaven did as gently free her;
 Yet lang afore she reach'd that part,
 Dear sir, it wad hae made ye start
 Had ye been here to see her.

Sae changed, and yet sae sweet and fair,
 And growing meek and meeker;
 Wi' her lang locks o' yellow hair,
 She wore a little angel's air,
 Ere angels cam' to seek her.

And when she could na stray out by,
 The wee wild flowers to gather;
 She oft her household plays would try,
 To hide her illness frae our eye,
 Lest she should grieve us farther.

But ilka thing we said or did
 Aye pleased the sweet wee creature;
 Indeed ye wad hae thoct she had
 A something in her made her glad,
 Ayont the course o' nature.

For though disease, beyond remeed,
 Was in her frame indented,
 Yet aye the mair as she grew ill,
 She grew and grew the lovelier still,
 And mair and mair contented.

But death's cauld hour cam' on at last,
 As it to a' is comin':
 And may it be, whene'er it fa's,
 Nae waur to others than it was
 To Mary—sweet wee woman!

¹ From Mr. Riddell's poem "The Cottagers of Glendale."—Ed.

WOULD THAT I WERE WHERE WILD
WOODS WAVE.

Would that I were where wild woods wave,
Aboon the beds where sleep the brave;
And where the streams o' Scotia lave
Her hills and glens o' grandeur!

Where freedom reigns and friendship dwells,
Bright as the sun upon the fells,
When autumn brings the heather-bells
In all their native splendour.
The thistle wi' the hawthorn joins,
The birks mix wi' the mountain pines,
And heart with dauntless heart combines
For ever to defend her.
Then would I were, &c.

There roam the kind, and live the leal,
By lofty ha' and lowly shiel;
And she for whom the heart must feel
A kindness still mair tender.
Fair, where the light hill breezes blaw,
The wild flowers bloom by glen and shaw;
But she is fairer than them a',
Wherever she may wander.
Then would I were, &c.

Still, far or near, by wild or wood,
I'll love the generous, wise, and good;
But she shall share the dearest mood
That Heaven to life may render.
What boots it then thus on to stir,
And still from love's enjoyment err,
When I to Scotland and to her
Must all this heart surrender.
Then would I were, &c.

SCOTLAND YET.¹

Gae, bring my guid auld harp ance mair,—
Gae, bring it free and fast,
For I maun sing another sang
Ere a' my glee be past;
And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
The burden o't shall be
Auld Scotland's hoves, and Scotland's knowes,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
And foaming frae the fells,

Her fountains sing o' freedom still
As they dance down the dells;
And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
That's girded by the sea;
Then Scotland's dales and Scotland's vales,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wags upon the fields
Where Wallace bore his blade,
That gave her foeman's dearest bluid
To dye her auld gray plaid;
And looking to the lift, my lads,
He sang this doughty glee—
Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
Gie me the hills where Ossian lies,
And Coila's minstrel sang;
For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
That ken na to be free;
Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
And Scotland's hills for me—
I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
Wi' a' the honours three.

THE WILD GLEN SAE GREEN.

When my flocks upon the heathy hill are
Lying a' at rest,
And the gloamin' spreads its mantle gray o'er
The world's dewy breast,
I'll take my plaid and hasten through yon
woody dell unseen,
And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen
sae green.

I'll meet her by the trysting-tree, that's stannin'
a' alane,
Where I hae carved her name upon yon little
moss gray stane,
There I will fauld her to my breast, and be
mair bless'd, I ween,
Than a' that are aneath the sky, in the wild
glen sae green.

Her head reclined upon this breast, in simple
bliss I'll share,
The pure, pure kiss o' tender love that owns
nae earthly care,

¹ This song set to music was first published in a separate sheet, and the profits given for the purpose of putting a parapet and railing round the monument of Burns on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

And spirits hovering o'er us shall bless the
heartfelt scene,
While I woo my bonnie lassie in the wild glen
sae green.

My fauldin' plaid shall shield her frae the
gloamin's chilly gale;
The star o' eve shall mark our joy, but shall
not tell our tale—
Our simple tale o' tender love—that tauld sae
oft has been
To my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green.

It may be sweet at morning hour, or at the
noon o' day,
To meet wi' those that we lo'e weel in grove or
garden gay;
But the sweetest bliss o' mortal life is at the
hour o' e'en,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green.

O! I could wander earth a' o'er, nor care for
aught o' bliss,
If I might share, at my return, a joy sae pure
as this;
And I could spurn a' earthly wealth—a palace
and a queen,
For my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green!

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

I sat in the vale, 'neath the hawthorns so hoary,
And the gloom of my bosom seem'd deep as
their shade,
For remembrance was fraught with the far-trav-
ell'd story,
That told where the dust of the minstrel was
laid:
I saw not his harp on the wild boughs above me,
I heard not its anthems the mountains among;
But the flow'rets that bloom'd on his grave were
more lovely
Than others would seem to the earth that be-
long.

"Sleep on," said my soul, "in the depths of thy
slumber
Sleep on, gentle bard! till the shades pass away;
For the lips of the living the ages shall number
That steal o'er thy heart in its couch of decay,
Oh! thou wert beloved from the dawn of thy
childhood,
Beloved till the last of thy suffering was seen,

Beloved now that o'er thee is waving the wild-wood,
And the worm only living where rapture hath
been.

"Till the footsteps of time are their travel for-
saking,
No form shall descend, and no dawning shall
come,
To break the repose that thy ashes are taking,
And call them to life from their chamber of
gloom;
Yet sleep, gentle bard! for, though silent for ever,
Thy harp in the hall of the chieftain is hung;
No time from the mem'ry of mankind shall sever
The tales that it told, and the strains that it
sung."

THE EMIGRANT'S WISH.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the gentle are leal, and the semple are weal,
And the hames are the hames o' our ain folk.
We've met wi' the gay and the guid where we've
come;
We're canty wi' mony and couthy wi' some;
But something's awantin' we never can find,
Sin' the day that we left our auld neebors behind.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
When daffin' and glee, wi' the friendly and free,
Made our hearts aye sae fond o' our ain folk.
Some told us in gowpens we'd gather the gear,
Sae soon as we can' to the rich mailens here;
But what is in mailens, or what is in mirth,
If 'tis na enjoyed in the land o' our birth?

O, I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
When maidens and men, in the strath and the glen,
Still welcomed us aye as their ain folk;
Though spring had its trials, and summer its toils,
And autumn craved pith ere we gathered its spoils;
But winter repaid a' the toil that we took,
When ilk ane craw'd crouse at his ain ingle nook.

I wish I were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
But deep are the howes, and heigh are the knowes,
That keep us awa' frae our ain folk;
The seat at the door, where our auld fathers sat,
To tell o'er their news, and their views, and a' that;
While down by the kail-yard the burnie row'd
clear,
Is mair to my liking than aught that is here.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,

Where the wild thistles wave o'er the beds o' the
brave.

And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk;
But happy-gae-lucky, we'll trudge on our way,
Till the arm waxes weak and the haffet grows
gray;

And though in this world our own still we miss,
We'll meet them at last in a warl' o' bliss;
And then we'll be hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where far 'yond the moon, in the heavens aboon,
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.

ROBERT POLLOK.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1827.

The gifted author of the "Course of Time" was born at the farm of North Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, October 19, 1798. He acquired the rudiments of his education at Langlee and at a school at Newton-Mearns, and afterwards entered the University of Glasgow. Being destined for the ministry he studied for five years in the divinity hall of the United Secession Church at Glasgow, under the Rev. Dr. Diek of that city. During his student days he wrote a series of tales relating to the sufferings of the Covenanters, which were published anonymously. A second edition of these "Tales," accompanied by a portrait and memoir of the author, appeared after his death.

The spirit of poetry and inspiration was formed and "became a living soul" within Robert Pollok in the rural solitudes of Muirhouse, where he spent his boyhood. His short compositions written at this time gave, however, little promise of the poetic power developed by him later in life. His celebrated poem was commenced in December, 1824, and finished in the space of nineteen months. The following letter announcing its completion was addressed to his brother, July 7, 1826:—"It is with much pleasure that I am now able to tell you that I have finished my poem. Since I wrote to you last, I have written about three thousand five hundred verses; which is considerably more than a hundred every successive day. This you will see was extraordinary expedition to be continued so long; and I neither can nor wish to ascribe it to anything but an extraordinary manifestation of divine goodness. Although some nights I

was on the borders of fever, I rose every morning equally fresh, without one twitch of headache; and with all the impatience of a lover hastened to my study. Towards the end of the tenth book—for the whole consists of ten books—where the subject was overwhelmingly great, and where I, indeed, seemed to write from immediate inspiration, I felt the body beginning to give way. But now that I have finished, though thin with the great heat and the unintermitted mental exercise, I am by no means languishing and feeble. Since the 1st of June, which was the day I began to write last, we have had a Grecian atmosphere: and I find the serenity of the heavens of incalculable benefit for mental pursuit. And I am convinced that summer is the best season for great mental exertion, because the heat promotes the circulation of the blood, the stagnation of which is the great cause of misery to cogitative men. The serenity of mind which I have possessed is astonishing. Exalted on my native mountains, and writing often on the top of the very highest of them, I proceeded from day to day as if I had been in a world in which there was neither sin, nor sickness, nor poverty. In the four books last written I have succeeded, in almost every instance, up to my wishes; and in many places I have exceeded anything that I had conceived. This is not boasting, remember. I only say that I have exceeded the degree of excellence which I had formerly thought of."

The "Course of Time" was issued in March, 1827, and was at once recognized as a great work. In style it sometimes resembles the lofty march of Milton, and at other times

imitates that of Blair and Young. With much of the spirit and the opinions of Cowper, Pollok lacked his taste and refinement: shortcomings which time might have removed, but like Henry Kirke White and David Gray he was destined for an early grave. In less than two months after the appearance of his poem he was licensed for the ministry. The success of the "Course of Time" had excited high hopes in respect to his professional career, which were, however, not destined to be realized. He preached but four times, once for his friend Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, when the writer's father happened to be present, and was greatly impressed with his power and self-possession. Symptoms of pulmonary disease becoming apparent, produced by over-exertion in his studies while preparing for the ministry and in the composition of his poem, Pollok spent the summer of 1827 under the roof of a clerical friend, where every means were tried for the restoration of his health. These proving unsuccessful he was persuaded to try the climate of Italy, his many admirers promptly furnishing the means necessary for the journey. He reached London along with his sister, but by the advice of physicians, who deemed him unable to endure the journey to the Continent, he proceeded to Shirley Common, near Southampton, where he died, September 18, 1827. He was

buried with the rites of the Church of England in the neighbouring churchyard of Millbrook, near the sea-shore, where a granite obelisk, erected by the admirers of his genius, marks his grave. But, as the inscription on it truly says, "His immortal poem is his monument." The same year witnessed Robert Pollok's advent as a poet and a preacher and his untimely death. He has been described as tall, well proportioned, of a dark complexion "sicklied o'er with the pale east of thought," with deep-set eyes, heavy eyebrows, and black bushy hair. "A smothered light burned in his dark orbs, which flashed with a meteor brilliancy whenever he spoke with enthusiasm and energy."

After Pollok's death several short poems from his pen, together with a memoir of his life, were published by his brother at Edinburgh, and in New York a volume appeared entitled "*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Robert Pollok*," edited by Rev. James Scott. The sum paid for the "Course of Time," a poem that has passed through eighty editions in Scotland and at least double that number in the United States, amounted to £2500—a price greatly exceeding that given for the poems of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell, and nearly as large as was ever paid to any poet in the height of his fame, and when poetry was most in vogue with the public.

THE COURSE OF TIME.¹

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.—Invocation to the Eternal Spirit.—The subject of the Poem announced.—A period long after the Last Judgment described.—Two youthful Sons of Paradise, waiting on the battlements of Heaven, observant of the return of holy messengers, or the arrival from distant worlds of spirits made perfect, discover one directing his flight towards Heaven.—The hills of Paradise.—The Mount of God.—Welcome of the faithful servant.—The hill of the Throne of God pointed out to him.—The Sons of Paradise offer to guide him into the presence of the Most High.—The New-arrived, bewildered by the strange sights beheld in his flight, begs for knowledge, and the solution of the mysteries he has seen.—Describes his flight through Chaos, and arrival at the place of Everlasting Punishment—Wall of fiery adamant—The worm that

never dies—Eternal Death—Hell—The dreadful sights beheld there.—The youthful Sons of Heaven refer the New-arrived to an ancient Bard of Adam's race.—They fly towards his dwelling.—Flight through the fields of Heaven.—The Bard of Earth described—His Bower in Paradise.—He is entreated to clear up the wondering doubt of the New-arrived, who tells what he has seen and conjectured.—The Bard informs him the gracious form he beheld in Hell is Virtue—Agrees to relate the history of the human race.

Eternal Spirit! God of truth! to whom
All things seem as they are—Thou who of old
The prophet's eye unsealed, that nightly saw,
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
In holy vision tranced, the future pass
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
Burdens that made the Pagan mountains shake,

¹ He (Pollok) had much to learn in composition; and, had he lived, he would have looked almost with humili-

ation on much that is at present eulogized by his devoted admirers. But the soul of poetry is there,

And Zion's cedars bow—inspire my song;
My eye unscale; me what is substance teach,
And shadow what, while I of things to come,
As past, rehearsing, sing the course of Time,
The second birth, and final doom of man.

The muse that soft and sickly woos the ear
Of love, or chanting loud, in windy rhyme,
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale,
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not: such
A strain befits not argument so high.
Me thought and phrase severely sifting out
The whole idea, grant, uttering as 'tis
The essential truth—Time gone, the righteous
saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved.

Hold my right hand, Almighty! and me teach
To strike the lyre, but seldom struck, to notes
Harmonious with the morning stars, and pure
As those by sainted bards and angels sung,
Which wake the echoes of Eternity;
That fools may hear and tremble, and the wise,
Instructed, listen of ages yet to come.

Long was the day, so long expected, past
Of the eternal doom, that gave to each
Of all the human race his due reward.
The sun, earth's sun, and moon, and stars, had
ceased
To number seasons, days, and months, and years,
To mortal man; Hope was forgotten, and Fear;
And Time, with all its chance, and change, and
smiles,
And frequent tears, and deeds of villany
Or righteousness, once talked of much as things
Of great renown, was now but ill remembered;
In dim and shadowy vision of the past
Seen far remote, as country which has left
The traveller's speedy step, retiring back
From morn till even; and long Eternity
Had rolled his mighty years, and with his years
Men had grown old. The saints, all home returned
From pilgrimage, and war, and weeping, long
Had rested in the bowers of peace, that skirt

though often dimly enveloped, and many passages there
are, and long ones too, that heave and hurry and glow
along in a divine enthusiasm.—*Professor Wilson.*

The "Course of Time" is a very extraordinary poem;
vast in its conception, vast in its plan, vast in its
materials, and vast, if very far from perfect, in its
achievement. The wonderful thing is, indeed, that it
is such as we find it, and not that its imperfections are
numerous. It has nothing at all savouring of the little
or conventional in it, for he passed at once from the
merely elegant and graceful.—*Dr. D. M. Moir.*

Pollok's "Course of Time," much overlaid on its
first appearance, is the immature work of a man of
genius who possessed very imperfect cultivation. It is
clumsy in plan, tediously dissertative, and tastelessly

The stream of life; and long—alas! how long
To them it seemed!—the wicked who refused
To be redeemed, had wandered in the dark
Of hell's despair, and drunk the burning cup
Their sins had filled with everlasting woe.

Thus far the years had rolled, which none but
God
Doth number, when two sons, two youthful sons
Of Paradise, in conversation sweet—
For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed
At midnight hour with offering sincere
Of all the heart, poured out in holy prayer—
High on the hills of immortality,
Whence goodliest prospect looks beyond the walls
Of heaven, walked, casting off their eye far
through
The pure serene, observant if returned
From errand duly finished any came;
Or any, first in virtue now complete,
From other worlds arrived, confirmed in good.

Thus viewing, one they saw, on hasty wing,
Directing towards heaven his course; and now,
His thigh ascending near the battlements
And lofty hills on which they walked, approached.
For round and round, in spacious circuit wide,
Mountains of tallest stature circumscribe
The plains of Paradise, whose tops, arrayed
In uncreated radiance, seem so pure,
That nought but angel's foot, or saint's elect
Of God, may venture there to walk. Here oft
The sons of bliss take morn or evening pastime,
Delighted to behold ten thousand worlds
Around their suns revolving in the vast
External space, or listen the harmonies
That each to other in its motion sings;
And hence, in middle heaven remote, is seen
The mount of God in awful glory bright.
Within, no orb create of moon, or star,
Or sun, gives light; for God's own countenance,
Beaming eternally, gives light to all.
But farther than these sacred hills, His will
Forbids its flow, too bright for eyes beyond.
This is the last ascent of virtue; here
All trial ends, and hope; here perfect joy,

magniloquent; but it has passages of good and genuine
poetry.—*Professor W. Spalding.*

The sentiments of the author are strongly Calvinistic,
and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour
of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem
reminds us of the style of Milton's early prose treatises.
It is often harsh, turgid, and vehement.—*Dr. Robert
Chambers.*

This poem is pregnant with spiritual hope, but over-
shadowed by gloomy views of merely human objects and
pursuits. The style is often turgid, without the epi-
grammatic vividness of Young. As the production of
a youth the "Course of Time" must rank among the
most woude:ful efforts of genius.—*David Scrymgeour.*

With perfect righteousness, which to these
heights
Alone can rise, begin, above all fall.

And now, on wing of holy ardour strong,
Hither ascends the stranger, borne upright—
For stranger he did seem, with curious eye
Of nice inspection round surveying all—
And at the feet alights of those that stood
His coming, who the hand of welcome gave,
And the embrace sincere of holy love;
And thus, with comely greeting kind, began:—

Hail, brother! hail, thou son of happiness!
Thou son beloved of God! welcome to heaven,
To bliss that never fades! thy day is past
Of trial, and of fear to fall. Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant! enter now
Into the joy eternal of thy Lord.
Come with us, and behold far higher sight
Than e'er thy heart desired, or hope conceived.
See! yonder is the glorious hill of God,
'Bove angel's gaze in brightness rising high.
Come, join our wing, and we will guide thy flight
To mysteries of everlasting bliss—
The tree and fount of life, the eternal throne
And presence-chamber of the King of kings.
But what concern hangs on thy countenance,
Unwont within this place? Perhaps thou deem'st
Thyself unworthy to be brought before
The always Ancient One? so are we too
Unworthy; but our God is all in all,
And gives us boldness to approach His throne.

Sons of the Highest! citizens of heaven!
Began the new-arrived, right have ye judged:
Unworthy, most unworthy is your servant
To stand in presence of the King, or hold
Most distant and most humble place in this
Abode of excellent glory unrevealed.
But God Almighty be for ever praised,
Who, of His fulness, fills me with all grace
And ornament, to make me in His sight
Well pleasing, and accepted in His court.
But if your leisure waits, short narrative
Will tell why strange concern thus overhangs
My face, ill seeming here; and haply, too,
Your elder knowledge can instruct my youth
Of what seems dark and doubtful, unexplained.

Our leisure waits thee: speak; and what we
can,
Delighted most to give delight, we will;
Though much of mystery yet to us remains.

Virtue, I need not tell, when proved and full
Matured, inclines us up to God and heaven,
By law of sweet compulsion strong and sure:
As gravitation to the larger orb
The less attracts, through matter's whole domain.
Virtue in me was ripe. I speak not this

In boast; for what I am to God I owe,
Entirely owe, and of myself am naught.
Equipped and bent for heaven, I left you world,
My native seat, which scarce your eye can reach.
Rolling around her central sun, far out,
On utmost verge of light: but first to see
What lay beyond the visible creation,
Strong curiosity my flight impelled.

Long was my way and strange. I passed the
bounds
Which God doth set to light, and life, and love;
Where darkness meets with day, where order
meets

Disorder, dreadful, waste, and wild; and down
The dark, eternal, uncreated night
Ventured alone. Long, long on rapid wing
I sailed through empty, nameless regions vast,
Where utter Nothing dwells, unformed and void.
There neither eye nor ear, nor any sense
Of being most acute finds object; there
For aught external still you search in vain.
Try touch, or sight, or smell; try what you will,
You strangely find nought but yourself alone.
But why should I in words attempt to tell
What that is like, which is and yet is not?
This past, my path descending led me still
O'er unclaimed continents of desert gloom
Immense, where gravitation shifting turns
The other way, and to some dread, unknown,
Infernal centre downward weighs: and now,
Far travelled from the edge of darkness, far
As from that glorious mount of God to light's
Remotest limb, dire sights I saw, dire sounds
I heard; and suddenly before my eye
A wall of fiery adamant sprung up,
Wall mountainous, tremendous, flaming high
Above all flight of hope. I paused and looked;
And saw, where'er I looked upon that mound,
Sad figures traced in fire, not motionless,
But imitating life. One I remarked
Attentively; but how shall I describe
What nought resembles else my eye hath seen!
Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tails, that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipped with stings;
And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped,
And breathed most poisonous breath, had each
a sting,

Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen, black.
And quivering with torture most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
Made effort to escape, but could not; for
Howe'er it turned—and oft it vainly turned—
These complicated foldings held it fast;
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
What this could image, much I searched to know;

And while I stood, and gazed, and wondered long,

A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one I saw, distinctly whispered in my ear
These words: "This is the Worm that never dies."

Fast by the side of this unsightly thing,
Another was portrayed, more hideous still;
Who sees it once shall wish to see't no more.
For ever undescribed let it remain!
Only this much I may or can unfold—
Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
Through soul and body both. Of heavenly make
Original the being seemed, but fallen,
And worn and wasted with enormous woe.
And still around the everlasting lance
It writhed convulsed, and uttered mimic groans;
And tried and wished, and ever tried and wished
To die; but could not die. Oh horrid sight!
I trembling gazed, and listened, and heard this
voice

Approach my ear: "This is Eternal Death."

Nor these alone. Upon that burning wall,
In horrible emblazonry, were lined
All shapes, all forms, all modes of wretchedness,
And agony, and grief, and desperate woe.
And prominent in characters of fire,
Where'er the eye could light, these words you
read:

"Who comes this way, behold, and fear to sin!"
Amazed I stood; and thought such imagery
Foretokened, within, a dangerous abode.
But yet to see the worst a wish arose:
For virtue, by the holy seal of God
Accredited and stamped, immortal all,
And all invulnerable, fears no hurt.
As easy as my wish, as rapidly,
I through the horrid rampart passed, unscathed
And unopposed; and, poised on steady wing,
I hovering gazed. Eternal Justice! Sons
Of God! tell me, if ye can tell, what then
I saw, what then I heard. Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest tossed perpetually; and still
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort; and overhead,
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm
howled

To storm, and lightning forkèd lightning crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds
Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
For ever wasting, yet enduring still;

Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,
And some in fell encounter fiercely met,
With curses loud, and blasphemies that made
The cheek of darkness pale; and as they fought,
And cursed and gnashed their teeth, and wished
to die,
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept,
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair
Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.
And as I listened, I heard these beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The earth, the resurrection morn; and seek,
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.
And to their everlasting anguish still,
The thunders from above responding spoke
These words, which, through the caverns of per-
dition

Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear—
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
And back again recoiled a deeper groan.
A deeper groan! oh, what a groan was that!
I waited not, but swift on speediest wing,
With unaccustomed thoughts conversing, back
Retraced my venturous path from dark to light.
Then up ascending, long ascending up,
I hasted on; though whiles the chiming spheres,
By God's own finger touched to harmony,
Held me delaying, till I here arrived,
Drawn upward by the eternal love of God,
Of wonder full and strange astonishment,
At what in yonder den of darkness dwells,
Which now your higher knowledge will unfold.

They answering said:—To ask and to bestow
Knowledge, is much of heaven's delight; and how
Most joyfully what thou requir'st we would;
For much of new and unaccountable
Thou bring'st. Something indeed we heard
before,
In passing conversation slightly touched,
Of such a place; yet rather to be taught
Than teaching, answer, what thy marvel asks,
We need: for we ourselves, though here, are but
Of yesterday, creation's younger sons.
But there is one, an ancient bard of Earth,
Who, by the stream of life, sitting in bliss,
Has oft beheld the eternal years complete
The mighty circle round the throne of God:
Great in all learning, in all wisdom great,
And great in song; whose harp in lofty strain
Tells frequently of what thy wonder craves;
While round him, gathering, stand the youth of
heaven,
With truth and melody delighted both.
To him this path directs, an easy path,
And easy flight will bring us to his seat.

So saying, they, linked hand in hand, spread out
 Their golden wings, by living breezes fanned,
 And over heaven's broad champaign sailed serene.
 O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure green
 That never fades; and tree, and herb, and flower,
 That never fade; and many a river, rich
 With nectar, winding pleasantly, they passed;
 And mansion of celestial mould, and work
 Divine. And oft delicious music, sung
 By saint and angel bands that walked the vales,
 Or mountain tops, and harped upon their harps,
 Their ear inclined, and held by sweet constraint
 Their wing; not long, for strong desire, awaked,
 Of knowledge that to holy use might turn,
 Still pressed them on to leave what rather seemed
 Pleasure, due only when all duty's done.

And now beneath them lay the wished-for spot,
 The sacred bower of that renowned bard;
 That ancient bard, ancient in days and song;
 But in immortal vigour young, and young
 In rosy health; to pensive solitude
 Retiring oft, as was his wont on earth.

Fit was the place, most fit for holy musing.
 Upon a little mount that gently rose,
 He sat, clothed in white robes; and o'er his head
 A laurel tree, of lustiest, eldest growth,
 Stately and tall, and shadowing far and wide—
 Not fruitless, as on earth, but bloomed and rich
 With frequent clusters, ripe to heavenly taste—
 Spread its eternal boughs, and in its arms
 A myrtle of unfading leaf embraced.
 The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew,
 And every flower of fairest cheek, around
 Him smiling flocked; beneath his feet, fast by
 And round his sacred hill, a streamlet walked,
 Warbling the holy melodies of heaven.
 The hallowed zephyrs brought him incense sweet;
 And out before him opened, in prospect long,
 The river of life, in many a winding maze
 Descending from the lofty throne of God,
 That with excessive glory closed the scene.

Of Adam's race he was, and lonely sat,
 By chance that day, in meditation deep,
 Reflecting much of Time, and Earth, and Man.
 And now to pensive, now to cheerful notes,
 He touched a harp of wondrous melody;
 A golden harp it was, a precious gift,
 Which, at the Day of Judgment, with the crown
 Of life, he had received from God's own hand,
 Reward due to his service done on earth.

He sees their coming, and with greeting kind,
 And welcome, not of hollow forged smiles,
 And ceremonious compliment of phrase,
 But of the heart sincere, into his bower
 Invites: like greeting they returned. Not bent
 In low obeisance, from creature most
 Unfit to creature, but with manly form

Upright they entered in; though high his rank,
 His wisdom high, and mighty his renown.
 And thus, deferring all apology,
 The two their new companion introduced.

Ancient in knowledge, bard of Adam's race!
 We bring thee one, of us inquiring what
 We need to learn, and with him wish to learn.
 His asking will direct thy answer best.

Most ancient bard! began the new-arrived,
 Few words will set my wonder forth, and guide
 Thy wisdom's light to what in me is dark.

Equipped for heaven, I left my native place:
 But first beyond the realms of light I bent
 My course; and there, in utter darkness, far
 Remote, I beings saw forlorn in woe,
 Burning continually, yet unconsumed.
 And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
 That always sighed, and tears that ever wept
 And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
 And still I heard these wretched beings curse
 Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
 The earth, the resurrection morn, and seek,
 And ever vainly seek, for utter death.
 And from above the thunders answered still,
 "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
 And everywhere throughout that horrid den
 I saw a form of excellence, a form
 Of beauty without spot, that nought could see
 And not admire, admire and not adore.
 And from its own essential beams it gave
 Light to itself, that made the gloom more dark.
 And every eye in that infernal pit
 Beheld it still; and from its face, how fair!
 O, how exceeding fair! for ever sought,
 But ever vainly sought, to turn away.
 That image, as I guess, was Virtue, for
 Nought else hath God given countenance so fair.
 But why in such a place it should abide?
 What place it is? what beings there lament?
 Whence came they? and for what their endless
 groan?

Why curse they God? why seek they utter death?
 And chief, what means the resurrection morn?—
 My youth expects thy reverend age to tell.

Thou rightly deem'st, fair youth, began the bard;
 The form thou saw'st was Virtue, ever fair.
 Virtue, like God, whose excellent majesty,
 Whose glory virtue is, is omnipresent.
 No being, once created rational,
 Accountable, endowed with moral sense,
 With sapience of right and wrong endowed
 And charged, however fallen, debased, destroyed;
 However lost, forlorn, and miserable;
 In guilt's dark shrouding wrapped, however thick;
 However drunk, delirious, and mad,
 With sin's full cup; and with whatever damned
 Unnatural diligence it work and toil,
 Can banish Virtue from its sight, or once

Forget that she is fair. Hides it in night,
 In central night; takes it the lightning's wing,
 And flies for ever on, beyond the bounds
 Of all; drinks it the maddest cup of sin;
 Dives it beneath the ocean of despair:
 It dives, it drinks, it flies, it hides in vain.
 For still the eternal beauty, image fair,
 Once stamped upon the soul, before the eye
 All lovely stands, nor will depart; so God
 Ordains; and lovely to the worst she seems,
 And ever seems; and as they look, and still
 Must ever look upon her loveliness,
 Remembrance dire of what they were, of what
 They might have been, and bitter sense of what
 They are, polluted, ruined, hopeless, lost,
 With most repenting torment rend their hearts,
 So God ordains—their punishment severe
 Eternally inflicted by themselves.
 'Tis this, this Virtue hovering evermore
 Before the vision of the damned, and in
 Upon their monstrous moral nakedness
 Casting unwelcome light, that makes their woe,
 That makes the essence of the endless flame.
 Where this is, there is hell, darker than aught
 That he, the bard three-visioned, darkest saw.

The place thou saw'st was Hell; the groans thou
 heard'st
 The wailings of the damned, of those who would
 Not be redeemed, and at the Judgment-day,
 Long past, for unrepented sins were damned.
 The seven loud thunders which thou heard'st,
 declare
 The eternal wrath of the Almighty God.
 But whence, or why they came to dwell in woe,
 Why they curse God, what means the glorious
 morn
 Of resurrection—these a longer tale
 Demand, and lead the mournful lyre far back
 Through memory of sin and mortal man,
 Yet haply not rewardless we shall trace
 The dark disastrous years of finished Time:
 Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
 Nor yet shall all be sad; for God gave peace,
 Much peace, on earth, to all who feared his name.

But first it needs to say, that other style
 And other language than thy ear is wont,
 Thou must expect to hear—the dialect
 Of man; for each in heaven a relish holds
 Of former speech, that points to whence he came.
 But whether I of person speak, or place,
 Event or action, moral or divine;
 Or things unknown compare to things unknown;
 Allude, imply, suggest, apostrophize;
 Or touch, when wandering through the past, on
 moods
 Of mind thou never felt; the meaning still,
 With easy apprehension, thou shalt take.
 So perfect here is knowledge, and the strings
 Of sympathy so tuned, that every word
 That each to other speaks, though never heard
 Before, at once is fully understood,
 And every feeling uttered, fully felt.

So shalt thou find, as from my various song,
 That backward rolls o'er many a tide of years,
 Directly or inferred, thy asking, thou,
 And wondering doubt, shalt learn to answer, while
 I sketch in brief the history of man.

HELEN'S TOMB.

At morn a dew-bathed rose I past,
 All lovely on its native stalk,
 Unmindful of the noon-day blast,
 That strew'd it on my evening's walk.

So, when the morn of life awoke,
 My hopes sat bright on fancy's bloom,
 Forgetful of the death-aimed stroke
 That laid them in my Helen's tomb.

Watch there my hopes! watch Helen sleep,
 Nor more with sweet-lipped Fancy rave,
 But with the long grass sigh and weep
 At dewy eve by Helen's grave.

WILLIAM THOM.

BORN 1799—DIED 1848.

WILLIAM THOM, the author of "The Mithersless Bairn" and many other touching and pathetic Scottish lyrics, was born at Aberdeen in the year 1799. His father died soon after his birth, leaving his mother too poor to give

her son much education. When ten years old William was placed in a public factory, where he served an apprenticeship of four years, after which he obtained employment in the weaving establishment of Gordon, Barron, &

Co., where he continued for a period of seven-teen years. About 1830 he left Aberdeen, after entering into matrimony, and went to reside at Dundee. From here he removed to the village of Newtyle, near Cupar-Angus, where he passed several years of hard work, and domestic happiness with his loved Jean. At length, in 1837, heavy failures in the United States silenced in one week six thousand looms in Dundee, and spread dismay through the country. Thom's earnings had been small, and being thrown out of employment he had great difficulty to maintain his family. He purchased a few articles, and accompanied by his wife and children, with only two shillings in his possession, began the precarious life of a pedlar. They did not succeed in their attempts to trade, and one evening found themselves without means to obtain a night's lodging. Leaving his family at the roadside, Thom applied at several places for shelter, but without success. Of one of these applications the poet says: "I pleaded the infancy of my family and the lateness of the hour, but 'No, no' was the cruel reply. I returned to my family by the wayside. They had crept closer together, and all except the mother were fast asleep. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them." At length a passer-by took pity upon them, and though an outhouse was the only accommodation he could offer, it was gladly accepted; but the morning revealed that their favourite little Jeanie had sunk under the exposure of the previous night.

For several months the poet's lot was a grievous one, and he was fain to seek a living by assuming the humbling position of a mendicant musician. But although this was found more profitable than the packman's trade, he grew sick of what he calls "beggar's work," and on reaching Aberdeen he sat down once more to the loom. Finding more profitable occupation at Inverury, he removed to that village, where, nine months after, he lost his beloved wife—the faithful partner of all his sorrowful wanderings. "She left us," he says, "just as the last cold cloud was passing, ere the outbreak of a brighter day. That cloud passed, but the warmth that followed lost half its value to me, she being no partaker therein." He now occupied a time of slackness in com-

posing small poems, one of the best of which, No. 1 of "The Blind Boy's Pranks," he sent to the *Aberdeen Herald*. The piece was in due time inserted, with the following editorial note:—"These beautiful stanzas are by a correspondent who subscribes himself 'A Serf,' and declares that he has to 'weave fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.' We trust his daily toil will soon be abridged, that he may have more leisure to devote to an art in which he shows so much natural genius and cultivated taste." This poem was copied extensively into other journals, and attracted the attention of Mr. Gordon of Knockespeck, in the neighbourhood, who, ascertaining the indigent circumstances of the poet, sent him five pounds, and undertook to patronize him. Thom had found a real Mæcenas, for soon afterwards, he tells us, he and his daughter were dashing along in a handsome carriage through the streets of London; and under the protection and at the expense of Mr. Gordon they spent upwards of four months in England, visiting and being visited by many of the leading men of the day.

In 1841 he published a volume of poems and songs, with a brief autobiography, under the title of "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver," which reached a third edition. On his return to London the year following he was entertained at a public dinner, a member of Parliament presiding, and numerous distinguished artists and men of letters being present. The working classes of London organized a meeting for his benefit, which was presided over by Dr. Bowring, and proved a success. Charles Dickens, the Howitts, Eliza Cook, John Forster, and other literary magnates of the metropolis, paid the weaver-poet attentions. From the United States he received, chiefly through the efforts of Margaret Fuller, upwards of two thousand dollars; and considerable sums were also sent to him from India and Australia.

This was the culminating point of Thom's career. With the assistance of parasites who hovered around him his money was soon spent, his habits became bad, he could not obtain any literary employment, his great friends grew tired of him, he lost caste, and at last lost heart and hope. Starvation was almost staring him in the face, and he resolved to return to

his humble friends and his loom in Scotland. From this time a change came over him. He walked about, as his brother-poet Gow said, "with his death upon him." The last paper he wrote was entitled "Weeds," for which Douglas Jerrold sent him five pounds. He

died in deep poverty at Dundee, Feb. 29, 1848, and his remains were honoured with a public funeral. He had married a second time, and left a widow and three children, for whom a handsome sum was afterwards raised by subscription.

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

No. I.

"I'll tell some ither time, quo' he,
How we love an' laugh in the north countrie."

Legend.

Men grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,
Love kentna whaur to stay,
Wi' fient an arrow, bow, or string—
Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,
He faught his lanely way.

"Is there nae mair, in Garioch fair,
Ae spotless hame for me?
Hae politics, an' corn, an kye,
Ilk bosom stappit? Fie, O fie!
I'll swithe me o'er the sea."

He launched a leaf o' jessamine,
On whilk he daured to swim,
An' pillowed his head on a wee rosebud,
Syne laithfu', lanely, Love 'gan send
Down Ury's waefu' stream.

The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,
But dowie when he gaed by:
Till lulled wi' the sough o' mony a sang,
He sleepit fu' soun' an' sailed alang
Neath heav'n's gowden sky!

'Twas just whaur creepin' Ury greets
Its mountain-cousin Don,
There wandered forth a weel-faur'd dame,
Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,
As it flirted an' played wi' a sunny beam
That flickered its bosom upon.

Love happit his head, I trow, that time,
The jessamine bark drew nigh,
The lassie espied the wee rosebud,
An' aye her heart gae thud for thud,
An' quiet it wadna lie.

"O gin I but had yon wearie wee flower
That floats on the Ury sae fair!"
She lootit her hand for the silly rose-leaf,
But little wist she o' the pawkie thief
Was lurkin' an' laughin' there!

Love glower'd when he saw her bonnie dark e'e,
An' swore by heaven's grace
He ne'er had seen, nor thought to see,
Since e'er he left the Paphian lea,
Sae lovely a dwallin' place.

Syne, first of a', in her blythesome breast,
He built a bower, I ween;
An' what did the waefu', devilick neist?
But kindled a gleam like the rosy east,
That sparkled frae baith her een.

An' then beneath ilk high e'e-bree
He placed a quiver there:
His bow? what but her shinin' brow?
An' O! sic deadly strings he drew
Frae out her silken hair.

Guid be our guard! sic deeds waur deen,
Roun' a' our countrie then;
An' mony a haugin' lug was seen
'Mang farmers fat, an' lawyers lean,
An' herds o' common men!

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

The morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an'
stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream!
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But, ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer
to me.
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
An' fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awaken'd to me!

O! come, spirit mother, discourse of the hours,
My young bosom beat all its beating to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell,
On ears—how unheedful prov'd sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection—nae trial could break,
When a' else forsook me ye wouldna forsake;
Then come, O! my mother, come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee!

An' thou shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!

'Twas kind—for the lowe that your e'e kindled
there
Will burn—ay, an' burn, till that breast beat nae
mair.
Our bairnies sleep round me. O! bless ye their
sleep,
Your ain dark-e'ed Willie will wauken an' weep;
But, blythe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you,
This *heaven-hamed* manmie, was "dautin' his
brow."

Though dark be our dwallin'—our happin' though
bare,

An' night closes round us in cauldness an' care;
Affection will warm us—an' bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams.
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,
But oh for the night wi' its ghost revelrie!

JEANIE'S GRAVE.

I saw my true love first on the banks of queenly
Tay,
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart
away:

I feasted on her deep dark eye, and loved it
more and more,
For, oh! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so
kind before!

I heard my true love sing, and she taught me
many a strain,
But a voice so sweet, oh! never shall my cold
ear hear again.

In all our friendless wanderings, in homeless
penury,
Her gentle song and jetty eye were all un-
changed to me.

I saw my true love fade—I heard her latest
sigh—
I wept no friv'ous weeping when I closed her
lightless eye;
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other
waters lave
The markless spot where Ury creeps around
my Jeanie's grave.

Move noiseless, gentle Ury! around my Jeanie's
bed,
And I'll love thee, gentle Ury! where'er my
footsteps tread;
For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from
yonder sea,
Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides
from me.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame:
Wha stair's last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?—
'Tis the pair doited loonie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams tremble
there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly-rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools whaur her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kenis nae the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn!

Her spirit, that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha outhilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him nae harshly—he trembles the
while—
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile!
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall
learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

Oh! tempt me not to the drunkard's draught,
With its soul-consuming gleam!
Oh! hide me from the woes that waft
Around the drunkard's dream!

When night in holy silence brings
The God-willed hour of sleep,
Then, then the red-eyed revel swings
Its bowl of poison deep!

When morning waves its golden hair,
And smiles o'er hill and lea,
One sick'ning ray is doomed to glare
On yon rude revelrie!

The rocket's flary moment sped,
Sinks black'ning back to earth;
Yet darker—deeper sinks his head
Who shares the drunkard's mirth!

Know ye the sleep the drunkard knows?
That sleep, oh! who may tell?
Or who can speak the fiendful throes
Of his self-heated hell?

The soul all reft of heav'nly mark—
Defaced God's image there—
Rolls down and down yon abyss dark,
Thy howling home, Despair!

Or bedded his head on broken hearts,
Where slimy reptiles creep;

And the ball-less eye of Death still darts
Black fire on the drunkard's sleep!

And lo! their coffin'd bosoms rife,
That bled in his ruin wild!
The cold, cold lips of his shrouded wife,
Press lips of his shrouded child!

So fast—so deep the hold they keep!
Hark! that unhallow'd scream;
Guard us, oh God! from the drunkard's sleep—
From the drunkard's demon-dream!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

BORN 1799 — DIED 1859.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY was born February 4, 1799, at Paisley, the birthplace of so many poets and men of eminence. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and devoted some years to the study of law, but abandoned it and adopted the more congenial pursuit of literature. In 1824 Hervey published his poem "Australia," which contains many exquisite descriptive passages, showing that he possessed the "inspiration and the faculty divine." Five years later he issued *The Poetical Sketch-book*, including a third edition of "Australia." His next volumes, published in the order named, were *Illustrations of Modern Scripture*, *The English Helicon*, and *The Book of Christmas*, every page of which affords a literary feast worthy of the happy season. Mr. Hervey was also the author of a satirical poem entitled "The Devil's Progress," and many popular pieces contributed to the pages of various annuals edited by him. His connection with the London *Athenæum*, of which at its commencement and for several

years afterwards he was sole editor, proves him to have been a man of ability.

After Hervey's death, February 17, 1859, a collection of his poems was made by his widow, which, together with a memoir from her practised pen, was published in the United States in 1867. Dr. D. M. Moir says:—"The genius of T. K. Hervey (for he has genius at once pathetic and refined) is not unallied to that of Pringle and Watts, but with a dash of Tom Moore. He writes uniformly with taste and elaboration, polishing the careless and rejecting the crude; and had he addressed himself more earnestly and more unreservedly to the task of composition, I have little doubt, from several specimens he has occasionally exhibited, that he might have occupied a higher and more distinguished place in our poetical literature than he can be said to have attained. His 'Australia' and several of his lyrics were juvenile pledges of future excellence which maturity can scarcely be said to have fully redeemed."

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,

And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in
the gale.
The winds come around her in murmur and
song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.

See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds.
 Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters—away and away!
 Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
 Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her and sunshine on high—
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
 Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
 Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
 Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate
 plain!

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
 And that souls that are smitten lie bursting
 within?

Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
 Hearts that are parted and broken for ever?
 Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's
 grave?

'Tis thus with our life while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea amidst sunshine and song!
 Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurled,
 All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs;
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
 And the withering thoughts that the world can-
 not know,
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished
 and o'er.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

Wake, soldier! wake! thy war-horse waits
 To bear thee to the battle back;—
 Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—
 Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—
 Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
 And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,—
 Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
 Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
 With summons to the battle-plain;
 A trumpet note more loud and deep
 Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep.

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass now,
 Beyond the Grecian hero's boast,—
 Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
 Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
 For head and heel alike are sound—
 A thousand arrows cannot wound.

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
 With that mild, widowed look she wore
 The day—how long to her it seems!—
 She kissed thee at the cottage door,
 And sicken'd at the sounds of joy
 That bore away her only boy.

Sleep, soldier! let thy mother wait
 To hear thy bugle on the blast;
 Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate:
 And bid her home to thee at last;—
 He cannot tell a sadder tale
 Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
 When last—and far away—she heard its lin-
 gering echoes fail!

THE GONDOLA GLIDES.

The gondola glides,
 Like a spirit of night,
 O'er the slumbering tides,
 In the calm moonlight.
 The star of the north
 Shows her golden eye,
 But a brighter looks forth
 From yon lattice on high!

Her taper is out,
 And the silver beam
 Floats the maiden about
 Like a beautiful dream!
 And the beat of her heart
 Makes her tremble all o'er;
 And she lists with a start
 To the dash of the oar.

But the moments are past,
 And her fears are at rest,
 And her lover at last
 Holds her clasped to his breast;

And the planet above,
 And the quiet blue sea,
 Are pledged to his love
 And his constancy.

Her cheek is reclined
 On the home of his breast;
 And his fingers are twined
 'Mid her ringlets, which rest,
 In many a fold,
 O'er his arm that is placed
 Round the cincture of gold
 Which encircles her waist.

He looks to the stars
 Which are gemming the blue,
 And devoutly he swears
 He will ever be true;
 Then bends him to hear
 The low sound of her sigh,

And kiss the fond tear
 From her beautiful eye.

And he watches its flashes,
 Which brightly reveal
 What the long fringing lashes
 Would vainly conceal;
 And reads—while he kneels
 All his ardour to speak—
 Her reply, as it steals
 In a blush o'er her cheek.

Till won by the prayers
 Which so softly reprove,
 On his bosom, in tears,
 She half-murmurs her love;
 And the stifled confession
 Enraptured he sips,
 'Mid the breathings of passion,
 In dew from her lips.

JAMES LAWSON.

JAMES LAWSON was born in Glasgow, November 9, 1799. He completed his education at the university of his native city, and in 1815 emigrated to the United States, and entered the counting-house of a relative residing in New York. A few years later the failure of the firm of which Lawson was a partner induced him to turn his attention to literature. In company with James G. Brooks and John B. Skilman he established the *Morning Courier*, the first number of which appeared in 1827. In 1829 Lawson retired from this concern, and joined Amos Butler in the *Mercantile Advertiser*, with which he was associated till 1833. In 1830 he published a volume entitled *Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite*. His next work was *Giordano: a Tragedy*, an Italian state story of love and conspiracy, which was first performed at the Park Theatre, New York. The prologue was written by William Leggett, and the epilogue by P. M. Wetmore. Mr. Lawson has several times appeared before the public in connection with the stage. He was associated with the American poets Fitz-Greene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant on the committee which secured for Edwin Forrest the prize play of

"*Metamora*" by John A. Stone, and he was also one of a similar committee which selected the prize play of "*Nimrod Wildfire, or the Kentuckian in New York*," by James K. Paulding.

Since his retirement from the press in 1833 Mr. Lawson has engaged in the business of marine insurance, and is well known among the mercantile men of New York. He has been during the past fifty years a frequent contributor of criticisms, essays, tales, and verse to the periodicals of the day; and in 1857 printed for private circulation an octavo volume entitled *Poems: Gleanings from Spare Hours of a Business Life*, with the following dedication:—"To my Children and their Mother, these poems, at their solicitation thus gathered together but not published, are affectionately inscribed by the father and husband, James Lawson." This handsome volume was followed in 1859 by *Liddesdale, or the Border Chief: a Tragedy*, which was also printed for private circulation. Mr. Lawson has for many years resided at Yonkers, on the Hudson, where he is well known as a public-spirited citizen and the genial entertainer of men of letters.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

Well, let the honest truth be told!
 I feel that I am growing old,
 And, I have guessed for many a day,
 My sable locks are turning gray.
 At least, by furtive glances, I
 Some very silvery hairs espy,
 That thread-like on my temples shine,
 And fain I would deny are mine:
 While wrinkles creeping here and there,
 Some score my years, a few my care.
 The sports that yielded once delight
 Have lost all relish to my sight;
 But, in their stead, more serious thought
 A graver train of joys has brought,
 Which, while gay fancy is refined,
 Correct the taste, improve the mind.

I meet the friends of former years,
 Whose smile approving, often cheers:
 How few are spared! the poisonous draught
 The reckless in wild frenzy quaffed,
 In dissipation's giddy maze,
 O'erwhelmed them in their brightest days.
 And one, my playmate when a boy,
 I see in manhood's pride and joy;
 He too has felt, through sun and shower,
 Old Time, thy unrelenting power.
 We talk of things which well we know
 Had chanced some forty years ago;
 Alas! like yesterday they seem,
 The past is but a gorgeous dream!
 But speak of forty coming years,
 Ah, long indeed that time appears!
 In nature's course, in forty more,
 My earthly pilgrimage is o'er;
 And the green turf on which I tread
 Will gayly spring above my head.

Beside me, on her rocking-chair,
 My wife her needle plies with care,
 And in her ever-cheerful smiles
 A charm abides, that quite beguiles
 The years that have so swiftly sped,
 With their unflinching, noiseless tread:
 For we, in mingled happiness,
 Will not the approach of age confess.
 But when our daughters we espy,
 Bounding with laughing cheek and eye,
 Our bosoms beat with conscious pride,
 To see them blooming by our side.
 God spare ye, girls, for many a day,
 And all our anxious love repay!
 In your fair growth of form and grace,
 We see age coming on apace.

When o'er our vanished days we glance,
 Far backward to our young romance.

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And muse upon unnumbered things,
 That crowding come on memory's wings;
 Then varied thoughts our bosoms gladden,
 And some intrude that deeply sadden:
 Fond hopes in their fruition crushed,
 Beloved tones for ever hushed.
 We do not grieve that being's day
 Is fleeting, shadow-like, away;
 But thank thee, Heaven, our lengthened life
 Has passed in love, unmarred by strife;
 That sickness, sorrow, pain, and care,
 Have fallen so lightly to our share.
 We bless thee for our daily bread,
 In plenty on our table spread;
 And Thy abundance helps to feed
 The worthy poor, who pine in need;
 And thanks, that in our worldly way,
 We have so seldom stepped astray.
 But well we should in meekness speak,
 And pardon for transgressions seek,
 For oft, how strong soe'er the will
 To follow good, we've chosen ill.

The youthful heart unwisely fears
 The sure approach of coming years;
 Though cumbered oft with weighty cares,
 Yet age its burden lightly bears.
 Though July's scorching heats are done,
 Yet blandly smiles the slanting sun,
 And sometimes, in our lovely clime,
 To dark December's frosty time.
 Though day's delightful noon is past,
 Yet mellow twilight comes, to cast
 A sober joy, a sweet content,
 Where virtue with repose is blent,
 Till, calmly on the fading sight,
 Mingles its latest ray with night.

TO A LINTIE

FRIGHTENED FROM HER NEST.

Wee lintie, stay, an' dinna fear me,
 It is nae i' my heart to steer ye,
 Ye needna flee, tho' I am near ye,
 Frae lounie nest,
 But i' your thorny shelter hear me,
 Wi' unscathed breast.

I hae nae come by ill inclined,
 Keekin' ilk leafy bield behind,
 As I wad fain wee tremblers find,
 In hedge or brier;
 If I had kent ye here reclined,
 I'd nae come near.

But tired o' Glasgow's wark an' wile,
 I've wandered mony a weary mile

To see the knowes sae blythely smile
 Wi' wealth o' flowers;
 The burns and braes my thoughts beguile
 O' dreary hours.

I've come to muse by Grieto's linn,
 To hear its pleasing, prattling din,
 To spy the trout wi' rapid fin
 Dart 'neath a stane,
 As frae its green banks I peep in,
 Amused, alane.

The lark sings to the rising day,
 The mavis to its latest ray;
 Frae morn to night on ilka spray
 Sweet wild notes ring;
 My heart exults at every lay
 The warblers sing.

An' weel I lo'e your cheerful sang,
 The bloomin' whin or broom amang,
 I've listened aft the morning lang,
 Wi' raptured ear:
 Puir thing! I wadna do ye wrang
 For warlds o' gear.

Then wherefore, lintie, lea' your bield?
 Mair mither-like to stay and shield,
 Wi' a' the art that ye may wield,
 Your yaupin' things,
 Than flee atour ye stibble-field,
 Wi' flurried wings.

If man possess a selfish heart,
 Our mithers wadna act thy part,
 To drive awa' at ilka start
 Sae heedlessly;
 They'd save their bairns, or share their smart,
 Or wi' them dee.

Come, lintie, to your cozie nest,
 An' cuddle 'neath your downy breast
 Your unfledged young; their needfu' rest
 I've broke ower lang;
 I'm gaun awa', but this request—
 Sing me a sang!

WHEN SPRING ARRAYED IN FLOWERS.

When spring arrayed in flowers, Mary,
 Danced wi' the leafy trees;
 When larks sang to the sun, Mary,
 And hummed the wandering bees;
 Then first we met and loved, Mary,
 By Kelburn's loupin' linn,
 And blither was thy voice, Mary,
 Than linties i' the whin.

Now autumn winds blaw cauld, Mary,
 Amang the withered boughs;
 And a' the bonnie flowers, Mary,
 Are faded frae the knowes;
 But still thy love's unchanged, Mary,
 Nae chilly autumn there;
 And sweet thy smile, as spring's, Mary,
 Thy sunny face as fair.

Nae mair the early lark, Mary,
 Trills on his soaring way;
 Hushed is the lintie's sang, Mary,
 Through a' the shortening day;
 But still thy voice I hear, Mary,
 Like melody divine;
 Nae autumn in my heart, Mary,
 And summer still in thine.

CAMPSIE GLEN.¹

Let us ower to Campsie Glen, bonnie lassie, O,
 By the dingle that you ken, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the tree where first we woo'd,
 And cut our names sae rude,
 Deep in the sauch-tree's wood, bonnie lassie, O.

O'er the willow brig we'll wend, bonnie lassie, O,
 And the ladders we'll ascend, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where the woodroof loves to hide
 Its scented leaves, beside
 The streamlets, as they glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the blue bell on the brae, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where the sweetest scented slae, bonnie lassie, O,
 And the flow'rets ever new,
 Of nature's painting true,
 All fragrant bloom for you, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the music of the wood, bonnie lassie, O,
 And the dashing of the flood, bonnie lassie, O,
 O'er the rock and ravine mingle,
 And glen and mountain dingle,
 With the merry echoes tingle, bonnie lassie, O.

On the moss-seat we'll recline, bonnie lassie, O,
 Wi' a hand in each of thine, bonnie lassie, O;
 The bosom's warmest thrill
 Beats truer, safter still,
 As our hearts now glowing fill, bonnie lassie, O.

Then before bright heaven's eye, bonnie lassie, O,
 We will double love-knots tie, bonnie lassie, O;
 Then true affection plighted,
 We'll love and live united,
 With hearts and hands united, bonnie lassie, O.

¹ Campsie Glen is a beautiful valley near the village of Lennoxton, about ten miles north of Glasgow. It is rich in geological and botanical treasures, and is enlivened by a cascade or waterfall.—ED.

JOHN IMLAH.

BORN 1799 — DIED 1846.

JOHN IMLAH, whose ancestors for many generations had been farmers in the parish of Fyvie, was born in Aberdeen, Nov. 15, 1799. Of seven sons born in succession he was the youngest. He had the advantage of a good English education, after completing which he was apprenticed to a pianoforte manufacturer. Having given evidence of possessing a musical ear, his employer initiated him into the mysteries of tuning. Becoming an expert, Imlah sought service as a piano-tuner in London, and ultimately entered into an engagement with the firm of Broadwood & Co., which continued until he left Great Britain to visit his brother in the West Indies. Under this arrangement, from January to June he performed the duties of a regular tuner at a fixed salary, and the

rest of the year he was allowed to travel in Scotland tuning on his own account, and occasionally adding to his income by the sale of a piano.

Imlah composed songs from his early boyhood. In 1827 he published *May Flowers*, a volume of lyrics chiefly in the Scottish dialect; followed in 1841 by *Poems and Songs*, containing several spirited, patriotic, and popular pieces. He was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and other periodicals of the day. He was cut off in the vigour of manhood while on a visit to a brother residing in Jamaica, where after a brief period of enjoyment he fell a victim to the fatal disease of the island, Jan. 9, 1846, having just entered upon his forty-seventh year.

WHERE GADIE RINS.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennaehie.¹

I've roam'd by Tweed—I've roam'd by Tay,
By Border Nith and Highland Spey,
But dearer far to me than they
The braes o' Bennaehie.

When blade and blossom sprout in spring,
And bid the birdies wag the wing,
They blithely bob, and soar, and sing
By the foot o' Bennaehie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,
I fain wad be where aft I've been,
At the foot o' Bennaehie.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barn-yards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'Tis blythe to toom the clyack horn,
At the foot o' Bennaehie.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is glesome still,
At the foot o' Bennaehie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennaehie.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennaehie.

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS.

Auld Scotia's sangs! auld Scotia's sangs—the
strains o' youth and yore!—
O lilt to me, and I will list—will list them
o'er and o'er;
Though mak' me wae, or mak' me wud,—or
changfu' as a child,
Yet lilt to me, and I will list—the “native
wood-notes wild!”

¹ Gadie is the name of a rivulet, and Bennaehie of a hill, both in Aberdeenshire.—Ed.

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring
up fresh and fair
The Bonnie Broom o' Cowden Knowes, the
Bush abune Traquair,
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, or the Birks o'
Invermay,
Or Catrine's Green and Yellow Woods in au-
tumn's dwining day!

They bring me back the holms and howes whar
siller burnies shine,
The lea-rig whar the gowans glint we pu'd in
Auld Langsyne;
And, mair than a', the Trystin' Thorn that
blossom'd down the vale,
Whar gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far
sweeter luv'e's fond tale!

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Flod-
den's day o' dule,—
And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin'
youth at Yule;—
Now o'er young luv'e's impassion'd strain our
conscience heart will yearn,—
And now our blade fires at the call o' Bruce
o' Bannockburn!

O! lovely in the licht o' sang the Ettrick and
the Tweed,
Whar shepherd swains were wont to blaw auld
Scotia's lyric reed;—
The Logan and the Lugar too, but, hallow'd
meikle mair,
The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,—the
Afton and the Ayr!

The hind whase hands are on the pleugh—the
shepherd wi' his crook—
The maiden o'er the milking pail, or by the
ingle neuk.
Lo'e weel to croon auld Scotia's sangs—O may
they ever sae!
And it may be a daffin' lilt—may be a dowie
lay!

Though warldly grief and warldling's guile
mann I like ithers dree,
Mann thole the sair saigh rive my breist—the
het tear seald my e'e!
Bat let me list the melodies o' some o' Scotia's
sangs,
And I will a' forget my waes—will a' forgi'e
my wrangs!

O! born o' feeling's warmest depths—o' fancy's
wildest dreams,
They're twined wi' mony lovely thochts, wi'
monie lo'esome themes;

They gar the glass o' memorie glint back wi'
brichter shine,
On far aff scenes and far aff friends, and auld
langsyne!

Auld Scotia's sangs!—auld Scotia's sangs!—
her "native wood-notes wild!"
Her monie artless melodies, that move me like
a child;
Sing on—sing on! and I will list—will list
them o'er and o'er,—
Auld Scotia's sangs!—auld Scotia's sangs!—
the sangs o' youth and yore!

THOU'RT SAIR ALTER'D.

Thou'rt sair alter'd now, May,
Thou'rt sair alter'd now:
The rose is wither'd frae thy cheek,
The wrinkles on thy brow;
And gray hath grown the locks o' jet,
Sae shining wont to be,
Thou'rt alter'd sair—but, May, thou'rt yet
The May o' yore to me.

Thy voice is faint and low, May,
That aft in former time
Hath woke the wild bird's envious chant,
The echo's amorous chime:
Thy e'e hath lost its early light,
My star in ither years,
That aye hath beam'd sae kindly bright,
To me through smiles and tears.

For a' the signs that show, May,
The gloamin' o' our day,
I lo'ed thee young—I lo'e thee yet,
My ain auld wifie, May.
Nae dearer hope hae I than this,
Beyond the day we die,
Thy charms shall bloom again to bless
My halidome on hie!

THE GATHERING.¹

Rise, rise! Lowland and Highlandmen,
Bald sire to beardless son, each come and early:
Rise, rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince
Charlie.
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,

¹ This song has been erroneously ascribed to the
Ettrick Shepherd.—Ed.

Out from the clachan, the bothie, and shieling,
 Bugle and battle drum
 Bid chief and vassal come,
 Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch is pealing.

Men of the mountains—descendants of heroes!
 Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;
 Say, shall the Southern—the Sassenach fear us
 When to the war peal each plaided clan gathers?
 Too long on the trophied walls
 Of your ancestral halls,
 Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin;
 Seize then, ye mountain Macs,
 Buckler and battle-axe,
 Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Breadalbin!

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
 When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal?
 Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
 Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!
 Chief of Clanronald,
 Donald Macdonald!
 Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
 Rouse every kilted clan,
 Rouse every loyal man,
 Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword
 on!

THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE.

There lives a young lassie
 Far down yon lang glen;

How I lo'e that lassie
 There's nae ane can ken!
 O! a saint's faith may vary,
 But faithful I'll be;
 For weel I lo'e Mary,
 An' Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan
 Her smiling wee mou';
 An' white as the gowau
 Her breast and her brow!
 Wi' a foot o' a fairy
 She links o'er the lea:
 O! weel I lo'e Mary,
 An' Mary lo'es me.

She sings sweet as one
 Wee bird of the air,
 And she's blithe as she's bonnie,
 She's guid as she's fair;
 Like a lammie sae airy
 And artless is she,
 O! weel I lo'e Mary,
 And Mary lo'es me.

Where yon tall forest timmer,
 An' lowly broom bower,
 To the sunshine o' simmer
 Spread verdure an' flower;
 There, when night clouds the cary,
 Beside her I'll be;
 For weel I lo'e Mary,
 And Mary lo'es me.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

BORN 1799—DIED 1849.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, the personal friend and literary partner of William Motherwell, whose biographer calls him an "Irish gentleman," was born near Paisley,¹ Dec. 26, 1799. Before he was twenty-five years of age he published an interesting prose story called "My Early Days;" followed in 1827 by a volume of short poems under the name of "Fitful Fancies,"

which met with unusual success. In 1828-29 he was associated with Motherwell in the management of the *Paisley Magazine*, pronounced at the time to be the best edited provincial periodical published in Great Britain. Many of Motherwell's and Kennedy's poems first appeared in its columns. The magazine was not, however, a pecuniary success, and was

¹ Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie writes to us (Feb. 1, 1873):—"I frequently met William Kennedy in London about 1847. At that time he was British consul at Galveston, the great commercial capital of Texas, and was home on leave of absence. I have always understood that he was a Paisley man. . . . He was a tall, slight,

gentlemanly person, of about forty five or fifty years old when I knew him. His hair was of a golden colour, manners very gentle, not much of a talker, and very temperate as to drink, with an unusually small appetite. . . . I think he died about 1850, but I cannot find any record of it among my papers."—ED.

therefore abandoned. In 1830 there appeared from the press of a London publisher "The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems, by William Kennedy," in a handsome 8vo volume, dedicated to Motherwell. The principal poem is founded on a traditional story of the love of Henry IV. of France, when a youth, for a gardener's daughter, by name Fleurette, and was pronounced by Christopher North to be "exceedingly graceful, elegant, and pathetic." An extract from "The Arrow and the Rose" appears among the following selections from Kennedy's compositions; but we find more to admire among his minor pieces, which are characterized by manly vigour and tenderness.

Having taken up his residence in London Kennedy entered upon his career there by editing, in company with Leitch Ritchie, a magazine issued monthly by Hurst & Chance, at the same time contributing numerous articles in prose and verse to other magazines and periodicals. When the Earl of Durham went to Canada Kennedy accompanied him as his private secretary, and on the return of the earl to England he received the appointment of British consul at Galveston, Texas, where he resided for many years. Before crossing the Atlantic the poet visited Scotland, and spent some happy hours with his family and his attached friend Motherwell, and wrote the spirited stanzas beginning "I love the land." When published they called forth another poem en-

titled "The Response," from which we take the following lines:—

"I love it too,—
 Ay, and I love it well,
 Nor, Kennedy, the muse's minion, thou
 May not have felt thy bosom higher swell,
 Than mine has erst, as listless verse may slow;
 For Albyn owns no classic lyre can tell
 Like Kennedy's what tones do echo through
 The bursting heart—what time the weird-like spell
 Comes o'er the quiv'ring lips in 'fare thee well!'
 I love it too."

In 1841 Kennedy published in London the *Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas*, in two 8vo vols. He returned to England in 1847, and retired on a pension, taking up his residence near London, where he died in 1849. Soon after landing in the Old World he again visited Scotland, and while there he wrote the beautiful lines inspired by a visit to Motherwell's then unmarked grave in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

Sheriff Bell of Glasgow wrote to the Editor of this Work as follows: "I was well acquainted with the late William Kennedy. He was a man of considerable genius, and died comparatively young nearly twenty years ago." Allan Cunningham, in his *History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years*, says, "William Kennedy has fancy and feeling, nor is he without sudden bursts of manly vigour, but he is unequal in execution and occasionally overstrained in language."

THE ARROW AND THE ROSE.

(EXTRACT.)

Against a pleasant chestnut tree
 A youth, not yet sixteen, was leaning;
 A goodly bow he had, though he
 Inclined not to their archery,
 But with a look of meaning,
 A wayward smile, just half subdued,
 Apart the sylvan pastime viewed.
 His careless cap, his garments gray,
 His fingers strong—his clear brown cheek
 And hair of hapless red, you'd say
 A mountain lad did speak—
 A stripling of the Bearnese hills,
 Reared hardy among rocks and rills.
 But his rude garb became him well;
 His gold locks softly, curling fell;

His face with soul was eloquent,
 His features delicately blent,
 And freely did his quick glance roam,
 As one who felt himself at home
 Where'er a warrior's weapon gleam'd,
 Or the glad eye of beauty beam'd.

"What, loitering thus, hope of Guienne!"
 Cries Guise's duke, advancing near
 The boy's retreat—"A wondering man
 Am I to find you here!
 The fiery steed brooks not the stall
 When hound and horn to greenwood call,
 And Bowman bold will chafe to be
 Restrain'd from his artillery."

My liege impatient is to learn
Where bides the merry Prince of Bearne."

With solemn tone and brow demure
The blossom of Navarre replied,
"Trust me, my lord, you may assure
My cousin that with pride
I'd venture in the morning's sport,
Had I been perfected at court
In forest lore. The little skill
I boast was gleaned on woodland hill,
From the wild hunters of our land,
Who Paris modes ill understand.
If you will countenance to-day
Trial of our provincial way,
I'll take my chance among the rest,
And, hap what will, I'll do my best."

Loud laughed the king, and cried, "Agreed!"
Ladies and lords laughed louder still.
The buoyant prince, with feathery speed,
Unheeding, worked his will.
At a tall yeoman's boldest pace
He measured o'er the shooting space,
Planted an orange on a pole,
And, pointing, said, "Behold the goal!"
Then stood as practised archers stand
When the coy deer invites the hand.

Back to his ear the shaft he drew,
And gracefully, as he had been
Apollo's pupil—twang! it flew
Right to the mark, which, pierced core through,
Fell sever'd on the green.
High swell'd the plandits of the crowd;
The marksman neither spoke nor bow'd,
But braced him for a second shot,
As was the custom of the play,
When Charles, in accents brief and hot,
Desired him to give way,
And with small show of courtesy
Displaced him ere he could reply.

His generous cheek flush'd into flame—
Trembled from head to heel his frame.
Again he had his weapon ready,
His eye concentred on the king,
With manhood's mettle burning steady,
A fearful-looking thing!
A knight the amplest in the field
Served the seared monarch for a shield
Until his cousin's anger slept,
When from his portly screen he stept
And idly strove the mark to hit,
Passing a spear's length wide of it:
Muttering a ban on bow and quiver,
He flung them both into the river,
And straight departed from the scene,
His dignity disturbed by spleen.

France's lost laurel to regain,
Guise shot and cleft the fruit in twain.
Harry liked little to divide
The garland with Parisian pride,
And failing at the time to find
An orange suited to his mind,
Begg'd from a blushing country maid
A red rose on her bosom laid.
Poor girl! it was not in her power
From such a youth to save the flower!
The prize was his—triumphantly
He fixed it on a neighbouring tree—
His bonnet doffed and cleared his brow,
While beauty whispered "Note him now."
A moment, and the sweet rose shiver'd
Beneath the shaft that in it quiver'd.

He bore the arrow and its crest,
The wounded flower, to the fair,
The pressure of whose virgin breast
It late seem'd proud to bear.
Shrinking, she wished herself away
As the young prince, with bearing gay
And gallant speech, before her bent,
Like victor at a tournament—
"Damsel! accept again," he said,
"With this steel stalk, thy favourite, dead!
Unwept it perished—for there glows
On thy soft cheek a lovelier rose!"

THE DIRGE OF THE LAST CONQUEROR.

The flag of battle on its staff hangs drooping—
The thundering artillery is still—
The war-horse pines, and, o'er his sabre stooping,
His rider grieves for his neglected skill:
The chief who swept the ruddy tide of glory,
The conqueror! now only lives in story.
Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no
more,
Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your
hearths with gore!

Skies, baleful blue—harvests of hateful yellow—
Bring sad assurance that he is not here:
Where waved his plume the grape forgot to mel-
low,
He changed the pruning-hook into the spear.
But peace and her dull train are fast returning,
And so farewell to famine, blood, and burning!
Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no
more,
Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your
hearths with gore!

Hopes of the young and strong, they're all de-
parted—

Dishonour'd manhood tills the ungrateful farm;
Parents! life's balm hath fled—now, broken-
hearted,

Deplore the fate that bids your sons disarm.
O heavenly times! when your own gold was paying
Your gallant sons for being slain, or slaying!

Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no
more,

Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your
hearths with gore!

Bud of our island's virtue! thou art blighted,
Since war's hot breath abroad hath ceased to
blow;

Instead of clashing swords, soft hearts are
plighted,

Hands joined, and household goblets made to
flow;

And for the ocean-roar of hostile meeting,
Land wafts to land Concord's ignoble greeting.

Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no
more,

Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your
hearths with gore!

The apple-tree is on the rampart growing;
On the stern battlement the wall-flower blooms;

The stream that roll'd blood-red is faintly glowing
With summer's rose, which its green banks
perfumes;

The helm that girt the brow of the undaunted
By peasant hands with garden shrubs is planted.

Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no
more,

Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your
hearths with gore!

Men wax obscurely old—the city sleeper
Starts not at horse-tramp or deep bugle-horn;

The grenadier consoles no lovely weeper,
Above her sullen kindred's bodies borne;

The people smile, and regal pride's declining,
Since round imperial brows the olive's twining.

Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no
more,

Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your
hearths with gore!

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.¹

My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay,
And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day;
The moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee afar,

On the deck of the Daring's a love-lighted star;
Then wake, lady! wake! I am waiting for thee,
And this night or never my bride thou shalt be!

Forgive my rough mood, unaccustomed to sue,
I woo not, perchance, as your land lovers woo;
My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,
That startle the deep when the combat's begun;
And heavy and hard is the grasp of a hand
Whose glove has been ever the guard of a brand.

Yet think not of these, but this moment be mine,
And the plume of the proudest shall cower to
thine;

A hundred shall serve thee, the best of the brave,
And the chief of a thousand will kneel as thy
slave;

Thou shalt rule as a queen, and thy empire shall
last

Till the red flag, by inches, is torn from the mast.

O! islands there are, on the face of the deep,
Where the leaves never fade, where the skies
never weep;

And there, if thou wilt, shall our love bower be,
When we quit, for the greenwood, our home on
the sea;

And there shalt thou sing of the deeds that were
done,

When we braved the last blast, and the last battle
won.

Then haste, lady! haste! for the fair breezes blow,
As my ocean-bird poises her pinions of snow;
Now fast to the lattice these silken ropes twine,
They are meet for such feet and such fingers as
thine;

The signal, my mates—ho! hurra for the sea!
This night and for ever my bride thou shalt be.

I LOVE THE LAND.

(WRITTEN ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.)

I love the land!

I see its mountains hoary,
On which Time vainly lays his iron hand;
I see the valleys robed in sylvan glory,
And many a lake with lone, romantic strand;
And streams and towers, by immortal story
Ordained heart-stirring monuments to stand;
Yet tower, stream, lake, or valley could not move
me,
Nor the star-wooing mountain, thus to love thee,
Old, honour'd land!

I love the land!

I hear of distant ages,
A voice proclaiming that it still was free;

¹ The "Serenade" is everywhere sung throughout the United States, and his "Camp Song" is one of the popular and well-established favourites in Texas.—Ed.

That from the hills where winter wildest rages
Swept forth the rushing winds of Liberty;
That blazoned brightly on the noblest pages
E'er stamped by Fame its children's deeds
shall be.

Oh! poor pretender to a poet's feeling
Were he who heard such voice in vain appealing:
I love the land!

I love the land!
My fathers lived and died there;
But not for that the homage of their son;
I found the spirit in its native pride there—
Unfettered thoughts — right actions boldly
done;
I also found (the memory shall preside here,
Throned in this breast, till life's tide cease to
run)
Affection tried and true from men high-hearted.
Once more, as when from those kind friends I
parted,
God bless the land!

— — —
LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MY
FRIEND WILLIAM MOTHEBWELL, NOV. 1847.

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
Piously hallow the poet's retreat,
Ever approvingly,
Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
Odorous honours its blossoms will shed,
Grateful to him, early summoned, who sped
Hence, not unwillingly—
For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep minster bell,
Winds of sad cadence, at midnight, will swell,
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
Who, for the early day,
Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones treading this terrace of graves,
Grudge not the minstrel the lilt he craves,
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast
raves—
Tears—which devotedly,
Though all unnotedly,
Flow from their spring in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which lives in his line;
Strew with pale flow'rets, when pensive moons
shine.
His grassy covering,
Where spirits, hovering,
Chant for his requiem music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown
With the frame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost poet's own.

— — —
JAMES TELFER.

BORN 1800 — DIED 1862.

JAMES TELFER, for twenty-five years a school-
master who was "passing rich with forty
pounds a year," was born in the parish of
Southdean, Roxburghshire, Dec. 3, 1800. At
first he followed his father's occupation of a
shepherd. A very great admirer of the Ettrick
Shepherd's "Queen's Wake," he while quite
young determined to produce some ballads
similar to those contained in that charming
work, and in 1824 he published at Jedburgh
a volume of *Border Ballads and Miscellaneous
Poems*, which obtained for him something more

than a local reputation. It contained some
fine lines, such as the fairy ballad of the
"Gloamnye Buchte," which is remarkable for
its tenderness. The style and measure of
others of his pieces are as wild and graphic
as the old specimens of Scottish ballads.
The volume was dedicated to James Hogg
in a few sweetly modulated lines. In 1835
Telfer published "Barbara Gray," a well
written and interesting prose tale. He was
also a frequent contributor in prose and verse
to the magazines, and like the Ettrick Shep-

herd excelled in weird and wild subjects, fairy legends, and folk-lore. He contributed several stories to Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*. A collected edition of his best productions in prose and verse was published in London in 1852, with the title of *Tales and Sketches*.

Telfer had abandoned the crook, and having qualified himself he for a time kept a school at Castleton, Langholm, and for the last twenty-five years of his life he was the schoolmaster at Saughtrees, Liddesdale, where in his humble but happy home he was frequently visited by

the Ettrick Shepherd. His attainments were rewarded with a salary of some forty pounds per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr. Abraham Adams in *Joseph Andrews*, who being a scholar and a man of virtue was “provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.” Telfer was a most exemplary man and a vigorous writer. He died January 18, 1862, in his sixty-second year.

THE GLOAMYNE BUCHTE.

The sun was reid as a furnace mouthe,
As he sank on the Ettricke hyll;
And gloamyn gatherit from the easte,
The dowye world to fill.

When bonnye Jeanye Roole she milkit the yowes,
I' the buchte aboon the lynne;
And they were wilde and ill to weare,
But the hindmost buchtfu' was inne.

O milk them weil, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
The wylie shepherd could say,
And sing to me “The Keache i' the Creel,”
To pnt the tyme away.

It's fer owre late at e'en, shepherd,
Replied the maiden fair;
The fairies wad hear, quo' bonny Jeanye Roole,
And wi' louting my back is sair.

He's ta'en her round the middel sae sma',
While the yowes ran bye between,
And out o' the buchte he's layd her down,
And all on the dewye green.

The star o' love i' the eastern lifte
Was the only e'e they saw:—
The only tongue that they might hear
Was the lynne's deep murmuring fa'.

O who can tell of youthfu' love!
O who can sing or say!
It is a theme for minstrel meete,
And yet transcends his lay.

It is a thraldome, well I wcene,
To hold the heart in sylke;
It is a draught to craze the braine,
Yet mylder than the mylke.

O sing me the sang, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Now, dearest, sing to me!
The angels will listen at yon little holes,
And witness my voves to thee.

I mayna refuse, quo' bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Sae weel ye can me winne:
And she satte in his arms, and sweetly she sang,
And her voice rang frae the lynne.

The liltings o' that sylver voice,
Might weel the wits beguile;
They clearer were than shepherd's pipe
Heard o'er the hylls a mile.

The liltings o' that sylver voice,
That rose an' fell so free,
They softer were than lover's lute,
Heard o'er a sleeping sea.

The liltings o' that sylver voice
Were melody sae true:
They sprang up-through the welkin wide
To the heaven's keystone blue.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Sing on your sang sae sweet:—
Now Chryste me save! quo' the bonnye lass,
Whence comes that waesome greetie?

They turned their gaze to the Mourning Cleuch,
Where the greeting seemed to be,
And there beheld a little greene bairne
Come o'er the darksome lea.

And aye it raised a waesome greetie,
Butte and an eiry crye,
Untille it came to the buchte fauld ende,
Where the wynsome payr did lye.

It lookit around with its snail-cap eyne,
That made their hearts to gron;
Than turned upright its grass-green face,
And open'd its goblyne mou' ;

Then raised a youle, sae loude and lange—
Sae yerlish and sae shrille,
As dirled up throve the twinkling holes
The second lifte untill.

I tell the tale as tolde to me,
I swear so by my faye;
And whether or not of glamourye,
In soothe I cannot say.

That youling yowte sae yerlish was,
Butte and sae lang and loude,
The rysing moone like saffron grewe,
And holed ahint a cloude.

And round the boddome o' the lifte,
It rang the worl'd through,
And boomed against the milkye waye,
Afore it closed its mou'.

Then neiste it raised its note and sang
Sae witchinglye and sweete,
The moudies, powtelit out o' the yirth,
And kyssed the synger's feete.

The waizle dunne frae the auld grey cairn,
The theiffe foulmart came nighe;
The hurcheon raxed his seory chafts.
And gepit wi' giming joye.

The todde he came frae the Screthly holes,
And courtit fou cunningglye;
The stinkin' broeke wi' his lang lank lyske,
Shotte up his gruntle to see.

The kidde and martyne ranne a race
Amang the dewye ferne;
The mawkin gogglet i' the synger's face,
Th' enchanting notes to learne.

The pert little eskis they curlit their tails,
And danced a myrthsome reele;
The tade held up her auld dunne lufes,
She likit the sang sae weele.

The herone came frae the witch-pule tree,
The houlet frae Deadwood howe;
The auld gray corbie hoverit aboone,
While tears down his cheeks did flowe.

The yowes they lap out-owre the buchte,
And skippit up and downe;
And bonnye Jeanye Roole i' the shepherd's
armis,
Fell back out-owre in a swoone.

It might be glamourye or not,
In sooth I cannot say,
It was the witching time of night—
The hour o' gloamynye gray,
And she that lay in her loveris armis
I wis was a weel-faured Maye.

Her pulses all were beatinge trewe,
Her heart was loupinge lighte,
Unto that wondrous melody—
That simple song of mighte.

THE SONGE.

O where is tinye Hewe?
O where is little Lenne?
And where is bonnye Lu?
And Menie o' the glenne?
And where's the place o' rest?
The ever changing hame—
Is it the gowan's breast,
Or 'neath the bell o' faem?
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

The fairest rose yon finde
May have a taint withinne;
The flower o' womankind,
May ope her breast to sinne.
The foxglove cuppe you'll bring,
The taile of shootinge sterne,
And at the grassy ring,
We'll pledge the pith o' ferne.
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

And when the blushing moone
Glides down the western skye,
By streamer's wing we soon
Upon her top will lye;—
Her hichest horn we'll ride,
And quaffe her yellowe dewe;
And frae her skaddowye side,
The burning daye we'll viewe.
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y'u, &c.

The straine raise high, the straine fell low,
Then fainted fitfullye;
And bonnye Jeanye Roole she lookit up,
To see what she might see.

She lookit hiche to the bodynge hille,
And laighe to the darklynge deane;—
She heard the soundis still ringin' i' the lifte,
But naething could be seene.

She held her breathe with anxious care,
And thought it all a dreame;—
But an eiry nicher she heard i' the linne,
And a plitch-platch in the streime.

Never a word said bonnye Jeanye Roole,
 Butte, shepherd, lette us gange;
 And never mair, at a Gloamynne Buchte,
 Wald she singe another sange.

SAINT ULLIN'S PILGRIM.

- "Remain with us, thou gentle guest,
 Remain with us, till morning stay:
 The daylight's dying in the west,
 And long and lonesome is the way.
- "My sons to wake the deer are gone
 In far Glen Affric's wild-wood glade;
 Flora and I are left alone,
 Give us thy company, dear maid.
- "Think not that covert guile doth lie
 Disguised in garb of fair good-will,
 The name of hospitality
 Is sacred on the Highland hill.
- "Wert thou the daughter of my foe,
 As thou'rt the Saxon stranger's child,
 I would not, could not let thee go
 To be benighted in the wild.
- "Flora, my darling, cheer prepare,
 And bid the maid our welcome prove;
 Old Kenneth of the snowy hair
 Is young to see his daughter's love."
- "Entreat me not, thou good old man,"
 With falt'ring tongue the maid replied,
 "I must pursue my wayward plan,—
 I may not, cannot here abide."
- "Ah! maiden, wayward sure thou art,
 And if thou must, thou must be gone;
 Yet was it never Kenneth's part
 To send the helpless forth alone.
- "All-blighting Time hath me subdued,
 Mine eyes are glazed and dim of ken,
 The way is rugged, waste and rude—
 Glenelchaig is a dreary glen.
- "Yet Flora will her father aid,
 So speaks that bright expressive eye;—
 Shall we desert the stranger maid,
 When other aid none else is nigh?"
- "O kind old man," the maiden spoke,
 "All human aid I must forego,
 My sacred vow must not be broke—
 The vow the living must not know.

"Farewell! entreat not, O! farewell."
 So said, she sped away in haste;
 Deep, deep the gloom of evening fell,
 And heaven and earth were all a waste.

"Abate thy grief, thou white-hair'd man,
 And, lovely Flora, cease to weep;
 For Heaven the heart can truly scan,
 And doth of love remembrance keep.

"For He who is our trust and might,
 And who is with His own alway,
 As nigh us is in shades of night,
 As in the brightest beams of day.

"His presence shield the maiden's soul!"—
 The gloom now dark and darker hung;
 With wild, continuous, fearful howl
 Each glen, each cliff, each cavern rung.

Yet held she on—avaunt, dismay!—
 O'er sparry ledge and rolling stone;
 Rude, dark, and toilsome was the way,
 And all untrod, yet held she on.

Yet held she on, by hill and stream,
 Thro' tearing brakes and sinking swamps,
 While savage eyes around her gleam
 Like half-extinguished cavern lamps.

She heard the Glomah, ever dark,
 Like wakening thunder deeply moan;
 And louder heard the howl and bark,
 With scream, and hiss, and shriek, and groan.

She came beneath that fatal rock
 Where horror lower'd in tenfold wrath—
 A hamlet here,¹ the mountain broke,
 And life was overwhelmed in death.

She deem'd she heard the bursting crash,
 The agonized and stifled shriek;
 Her senses reel, her ear-drums dash,
 Her eyeballs strain well nigh to break.

Yet sped she on, her heart beat high,
 So loud it did itself alarm;
 She crossed at length the Altondye,
 Then lighter grew her thoughts of harm.

Still sped she on by rock and bush,
 Her tender limbs much grievance found;
 She heard the streams of Fahda rush,
 And hollow tongues were whi-pering round.

¹ There is a pass in Glenelchaig nearly blocked up with detached pieces of rock. Here, says tradition, was once a village, and the rock above giving way in the night buried it and all its inhabitants.—Ed.

Kilullin¹ met her sight at length—
 Corpse candles burnt with livid flame—
 Now Heaven assist the maiden's strength,
 'Tis much to bear for mortal frame.

As near'd she to the camp of death,
 The lights danced in the yawning blast,
 And sheeted spectres crossed her path,
 All gibbering ghastly as they pass'd.

Yet high resolve could nothing harm,
 Sped on the maiden free of scathe;
 Night's clammy dews fell thick and warm,
 The sulph'ry air was hot to breathe.

She reached at length Saint Ullin's stone,
 Composed in effort thereon sate;
 Thou Power that yet hast led her on,
 Enstrengthen her the end to wait!

She knelt her by the slumbering cawt,
 Viper and toad around her crawl;
 Yet swerv'd she not—her soul grew faint,
 In prayer her lips did move—'twas all.

A languor chilled the living stream,
 She sunk upon the mould of death:
 Say did she sleep as those who dream,
 Or sleep as those who slept beneath?

Her sleep was not that mortal night
 In which the spirit leaves the clay;
 'Twas wak'ning to a vision bright
 Of light and everlasting day.

'Twas wak'ning in another sphere,
 A fairer, purer, holier, higher;
 Where all is eye, where all is ear,
 Where all is gratified desire.

Burst on her sight that world of bliss,
 Where woe and death may never come;
 She heard the hymns of Paradise,
 Where not a tuneful breeze is dumb.

She saw Life's river flowing wide,
 With Love and Mercy on the brim,
 Compared unto its crystal tide
 The splendour of our sun was dim.

And on that tide were floating isles,
 With bowers of ever-verdant green,
 Where sate beneath th' eternal smiles
 Those who on earth had faithful been.

She heard the hallelujahs rise
 From those who stood before the throne;

She turned aside her mortal eyes
 From what they might not look upon.

Her lovely face she strove to hide,
 It was, as angel's, mild and fair;
 She felt a tear spontaneous glide,
 She thought of one she saw not there.

A shining seraph to her came,
 In melody his accents moved,—
 "Fair virgin of the mortal frame,
 Thy steadfast faith is well approved.

"'Twas seen thy soul devoid of stain—
 'Twas seen thy earthly passion pure—
 Thou deem'st thy love in battle slain—
 'Twas seen what virtue can endure.

"'Twas seen your souls asunder rent—
 Each to its better being lost;
 In pity was a vision sent—
 You both are proved, and faith shall boast.

"Cease not to love while life shall last,
 And smooth your path shall love divine;
 And when your mortal time is past,
 This visioned blissful land is thine."

He ceased,—the maiden raised her eye,
 His radiant form she could not mark;
 She heard the music fall and die—
 The vision pass'd, confused and dark.

She felt her heart give fitful thrill—
 She felt the life-stream slowly play—
 She thought she heard the lark sing shrill—
 She thought she saw the breaking day.

She felt impressed a glowing kiss,
 She heard the well-known accents move—
 She started round—O powers of bliss!
 'Tis Allan Samradh—he, her love!

Can fleeting visions sense enslave?
 No, these are past, she doth not sleep;
 'Tis he for whom she death could brave,—
 For whom her eyes in heaven could weep.

The sun above the mountains bright
 Streamed liquid gold o'er land and sea;
 Earth, ocean, sky, did float in light,
 And Nature raised her hymns of glee.

Our lovers saw not sea nor sun,
 They heard not Nature's matin hymn;
 Their souls were pour'd from one to one—
 Each other's eyes, all else was dim.

¹ Kilullin, literally the burying-place of Ullan.—ED.

OH, WILL YE WALK?

“Oh, will ye walk the wood wi’ me?
Oh, will ye walk the green?
Or will ye sit within mine arms,
My ain kind Jean?”

“It’s I’ll not walk the wood wi’ thee,
Nor yet will I the green;
And as for sitting in your arms,
It’s what I dinna mean.”

“Oh! slighted love is ill to thole,
And weel may I compleen;
But since that better mayna be,
I e’en mann thol’t for Jean.”

“Gang up to May o’ Mistyeleugh,
Ye saw her late yestreen;
Ye’ll find in her a lightsome love
Ye winna find in Jean.”

“Wi’ bonny May o’ Mistyeleugh
I carena to be seen;
Her lightsome love I’d freely gie
For half a blink frae Jean.”

“Gang down to Madge o’ Miryfaulds,
I ken for her ye green;
Wi’ her ye’ll get a purse o’ gowd—
Ye’ll naething get wi’ Jean.”

“For doity Madge o’ Miryfaulds
I dinna care a preen;
The purse o’ gowd I weel could want,
If I could hae my Jean.”

“Oh yes! I’ll walk the wood wi’ thee;
Oh yes! I’ll walk the green;
But first ye’ll meet me at the kirk,
And mak’ me aye your Jean.”

LORD KINLOCH.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1872.

WILLIAM PENNEY, although not one of the great masters of song, is entitled to a niche in our gallery as the author of numerous meritorious religious poems. He was the son of Mr. William Penney, a respectable Glasgow merchant, and was born in that city Aug. 8, 1801. He was educated at the university there, and selecting the profession of the law, he passed advocate at the age of twenty-three. His talents and industry insured him success, and in 1858 he was appointed a judge of the Court of Session, taking the title of Lord Kinloch. His first publication, entitled *The Circle of Christian Doctrine*, appeared in 1861, followed in 1863 by “*Time’s Treasure, or Devout Thoughts for Every Day in the Year*, expressed in verse, by Lord Kinloch.” “I offer this volume,” he remarks in the pre-

face, “as a collection of thoughts rather than poems. My design is simply to present, day by day, a brief exercise of devout reflection, which, actually performed by one Christian, may be fitly repeated by others: expressed in that form of language, which, as it is peculiarly appropriate to the divine praise, is on that account specially fitted to be the vehicle of religious meditation. The object of the volume is not an exhibition of poetic fancy, but an expression of Christian life.” *Time’s Treasure* has been favourably received, and has passed through four editions. Lord Kinloch’s other works are *Faith’s Jewels, presented in Verse; Studies for Sunday Evening; Readings in Holy Writ; and Devout Moments: a selection from Time’s Treasure*. He died at Hartrigge, near Jedburgh, Oct. 30, 1872.

GIFTS TO GOD.

I gathered, Lord, of flowers the fairest,
For thee to twine;
I hoarded gems, of hue the rarest,
To make them thine:

But thou mine offer so preventedst,
By gift from thee, beyond my thought,
That, whilst I took what thou presentedst,
I was ashamed to give thee ought.

My gifts appeared so poor and meagre,
 Matched with thy boon,
 I straightway grew to hide them eager;
 But thou, full soon,
 Smil'dst, as thou saidst, "Hast nought to
 render
 Of all thou from my grace hast gained?"
 Then all I gave thee; and the tender
 From thine acceptance worth obtained.

A LOST DAY.

Say not thou hast lost a day,
 If, amidst its weary hours,
 Gloomy thoughts, and flagging powers,
 Thou hast found that thou could'st pray.

By a single earnest prayer,
 'Thou may'st much of work have done;
 Much of wealth and progress won,
 Yielded not by toil and care.

To thy dear ones, then embraced,
 Thou may'st wondrous help have lent;
 Message full of love have sent;
 Given a fortune free from waste.

If one thought was upward thrown,
 'Twas to eyes in heaven a sign;
 'Twas to heavenly treasures coin;
 'Twas in house above a stone.

In God's book of weal and crime,
 Many days, in which thou thought'st
 Thou full well and hardly wrought'st,
 Bear the blot of idle time:

Whilst the day, to which may fall
 One short prayer alone for mark,
 Writ may be, midst bright and dark,
 As thy gainfullest of all.

DYING IN DARKNESS.

The Saviour died in darkness; thus he gave
 A thought from sinking to despair to save,
 When gloom surrounds the entrance to the
 grave.

The Saviour bowed his head; and meekly went
 To death, 'midst all its woes and pangs content,
 To teach thee how to meet its worst event.

Thy Saviour felt forsaken, as he died;
 No marvel, if with such a fear be tried
 The sinner, who with him is crucified.

Yet as a son into his father's hands,
 The Saviour gave his spirit, 'midst his bands;
 Do thou the same, when run thy latest sands.

As he upon his cross, so, on thy bed,
 Be thou, amidst the darkness, free from dread;
 And find "'Tis finished," may at last be said.

The earthquake, deemed thy rock to undermine,
 Serves but to rend the veil, which masks the
 shrine:
 And make the holiest of holies thine.

DESIRE OF DEATH.

When strongest my desire of death,
 I least am fit to die;
 Because the will, which keeps my breath,
 I then would fain deny.

Why would the servant, ere the time,
 Enter the Master's room,
 Who may, as for a heedless crime,
 To longer waiting doom?

The angel, who would change his place,
 For work or watch ordained,
 God might well exile from his face,
 As one with folly stained.

'Tis the same course, the saint above,
 And earthly fellow suits;
 To serve and sing, to look and love,
 And bring the Lord his fruits.

I must, by longer stay on earth,
 Better for heaven prepare:
 I may not go, with such a dearth
 Of graces needful there.

God more of strength for duty give;
 More patience Christ supply:
 When longer I am fit to live,
 I shall be fit to die.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

I sought for wisdom in the morning time,
 When the sun cleared the hills; and strove to
 climb

Where I could further see; but all in vain
 The efforts made: 'twas but unwearied
 strain

At truth; nor had of knowledge save the
 pain.

There rose a star i' th' east, before 'twas night,
And spoke of God; but only spoke of might,
And height, and distance; in a gathering
mist,

I lost the star; I could not but persist
To seek, but how to find it nothing wist.

I journeyed long and darkly; but at last
The star appeared; and now its beams were
cast

On a poor stable, where, in swaddling bands,
An infant lay in virgin mother's hands;
Fixed there it stood, and fixed for me still
stands.

I found where wisdom dwelt; and, in my joy,
Brought forth my gifts; gold, though it held
alloy,

Which dimmed its worth; incense from forth
a breast,

Warm with new love; myrrh, through all
life possessed,

Fragrant to make the couch of earth's last
rest.

LITANY.

Lord, when earthly pleasures lure,
When the bad our doubts assure,
And to sin appears secure,
Keep us pure.

Lord, when strife we meet and wrong,
Judgments harsh, and angry throng,
For that we to Christ belong,
Keep us strong.

Lord, when in our stores we find
Wealth amassed, like idol shrined,
And the fortune threatens the mind,
Keep us kind.

Lord, when sickness brings its qualm,
Or when sorrow finds not balm,
And the prayer supplants the psalm,
Keep us calm.

Lord, when human praise we seek,
When we run beyond the weak,
And approach the topmost peak,
Keep us meek.

Lord, when rusheth whelming ill,
When our sins their pledge fulfil,
And we see in woe thy will,
Keep us still.

Lord, when nought can more be had,
To our life an hour to add,
And the parting-time is sad,
Make us glad.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Time rolls on; and, in its flow,
Thoughts are dropped, which, day by day,
Float away,
And from reach of memory go.

Are they then for ever gone?
Or will these, upon thy sea,
Eternity,
Rise to startle us anon?

Oft are found, on after morn,
Themes which random words disperse,
Or which verse
Hath, like ark of rushes, borne.

All at once, on devious way,
Juts a corner of the stream,
With a gleam,
Bright remembrance to convey.

On the waters I have cast
Thoughts on which, like hallowed bread,
I have fed,
'Midst the scenes of moments past.

All may quickly sink from sight;
Yet enough in heaven to view
One, who grew,
Thereby, unto peace or light.

WILLIAM WILSON.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1860.

WILLIAM WILSON, the youngest but one of a family of eight children born to John Wilson and his wife Agnes Ross of Inverness, was born at Crieff on Christmas day, 1801. His family

had settled in Perthshire in the seventeenth century, and the poet's great-grandfather, Allan Wilson, fell fighting gallantly for Prince Charlie at Culloden.¹ At an early age young Wilson was imbued with a passionate love of poetry, derived from his mother, who sang with great beauty the old Jacobite songs and ballads of her native land. When five years old he lost his father, and the misfortunes of the family at that time came not singly, but in battalions. The generous merchant's death was preceded by his failure in business through the knavery of those whom he had trusted; and a bachelor brother's fortune in Jamaica was in some way lost to his children, for whom it was intended. His widow, a high-spirited woman, steadily refused pecuniary aid from sympathizing friends, preferring to rely upon her industry and economy for her own and her children's maintenance, so that Wilson's early life, like that of his friend Robert Chambers, was one of honourable poverty, dignified by hard and honest work, which ultimately brought its due reward.

Young Wilson composed verses when ten years of age. At twenty-two he became the editor of the Dundee *Literary Olio*, a large proportion of the contents of which, both in prose and verse, was from his pen. In 1826 he was induced by influential friends to remove to Edinburgh, where he established himself in business. "There was," wrote Robert Chambers, "at this time something very engaging in his appearance: a fair open countenance, ruddy with the bloom of health; manners soft and pleasing." In the same year he lost his young and devoted wife, to whom he had been married in 1819, and he sought relief from his great sorrow in composition. His contributions were welcomed in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*² and other leading periodicals. In 1830 Wilson married for his second wife Miss Sibbald of Borthaugh, a descendant of Sir Andrew Sibbald of Balgonie, and a niece of Dr.

James Sibbald, the literary antiquary and editor of the *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*. At this period his charming conversation and manners, and his excellent singing of Scottish songs, made the young poet a welcome guest in the literary circles of Edinburgh. At the house of Mrs. Grant of Laggan he was a frequent visitor, and so great was this gifted lady's attachment to the handsome young Highlander, that she claimed the privilege of giving her husband's name to his eldest son by his second marriage, and of possessing the poet's portrait painted by an eminent artist.

When thirty-two years of age Wilson removed to the United States, and settled at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, where he engaged in the business of bookselling and publishing, which he continued till his death, August 25, 1860. During his residence in the New World he occasionally contributed in prose and verse—generally anonymously—to various American periodicals, and now and then sent a paper or poem to *Blackwood* or *Chambers' Journal*. Selections of his poems appeared in the *Cabinet*, *Whistle Binkie*, *Book of Scottish Song*, the *Modern Scottish Minstrel*, and other similar publications; but he never issued them in a volume or even collected them, and it was not till the green grass was growing over his grave in the Episcopal burial-ground at Poughkeepsie, where his second wife and four of his children now sleep by his side, that a portion of his poems was published, accompanied by a memoir by Benson J. Lossing. A second edition, with additional poems, appeared in 1875.

Many of the poet's musical compositions were much admired. One of his earliest was frequently sung by an eminent songstress at the Edinburgh Theatre; and his latest—an air of great beauty—was composed during the last year of his life for one of Ainslie's sweet songs. The music and the words of many of Wilson's lyrics were written chiefly for the pleasure of hearing them sung in his own house, for he rarely permitted his musical compositions to be published.

¹ The poet's aunt, Jane Wilson, wife of Captain Munroe, commander of an armed merchant vessel owned in Inverness, received an autograph letter of thanks from Queen Charlotte, and a life-pension, for her gallantry in fighting her husband's ship after he was wounded and carried below, capturing the enemy's vessel, a French privateer; and Wilson's eldest brother was with Wellington in all his Peninsular battles and in his crowning victory at Waterloo. Three of the poet's sons

were in the armies of the North during the American civil war, and one was mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg.—ED.

² To this periodical, conducted by his friend Henry Glassford Bell, late sheriff of Lanarkshire, Wilson contributed in the course of three years thirty-two poems.

Willis pronounced one of Wilson's pieces "the best modern imitation of the old ballad style that he had ever met with;" and Bryant, another distinguished American poet, said: "The song in which the writer personates Richard the Lion-hearted during his imprisonment is more spirited than any of the ballads of Aytoun."

Hew Ainslie, who still survives his friend, writes to the Editor: "Having summered and wintered it for many long years with your dear father, I ought to know something of the base and bent of his genius, though, as he hated all shams and pretensions, a very slight acquaintance with him showed that independence and personal manhood, 'As wha daur meddle

wi' me,' were two of his strong features; while humour, deep feeling, and tenderness were prominent in all he said or wrote, and oh! the pity that he did not give us more 'Jean Linns' and 'Auld Johnny Grahams' in his native tongue. I loved him as a man, a poet, and a brother, and I had many proofs that my feelings were reciprocated."

The idea of this Work originated with William Wilson, but urgent demands upon his time, together with failing health, interfered with its execution. The task devolved upon his son, who has, as an act of filial duty no less than as a labour of love, endeavoured to complete his father's unfulfilled literary project.

TO MY CHILDREN.¹

Yes, my young darlings, since my task is done,
Again I'll mingle in your freaks and fun:
Be glad, be gay, be thoughtless, if I can,
And merge the busy worldling in the man.
Not the stiff pedagogue, with brow severe,
Authoritative air, and look austere,
But the fond sire with feelings long repress'd,
Eager to bless as eager to be bless'd,—
Longing, in home's dear sanctuary, to find
The smiling lips, the embrace, the kiss so kind,
The cloudless brow, the bearing frank and free,
The gladdening shout of merriment and glee,
And all the luxury which boisterous mirth
Scatter'd erewhile around our social hearth.

Remember ye, my sweet ones, with what "pomp
And circumstance" of glee we used to romp
From room to room, o'er tables, stools, and
chairs,
O'erturning household gods—now up the stairs,
Now under sofas, now in corners hiding,
Now in, now out, now round the garden gliding?
Remember ye—when under books and toys
The table groan'd, and evening's tranquil joys
Soothed your excited spirits to repose—
How blithe as larks at peep of dawn ye rose?
Pleased every moment, mirthful every hour,
As bees love sunshine, or as ducks the shower;
No ills annoy'd you, pleasures never pall'd,
Cares ne'er corroded, nor repinings gall'd,

But, like blithe birds from clime to clime that fly,
Each change brought blossoms and a cloudless
sky.

"But now papa's grown strange, and will not
speak,
Nor play at blind-man's buff, or hide-and-peek;
Tell no more stories ere we go to bed,
Nor kiss us when our evening prayers are said;
But still, with thoughtful look, and brow of
gloom,
He stalks in silence to his study-room,
Nor ever seeks our evening sports to share;
Why, what can dear papa be doing there?"
Such were the thoughts which oft in tears gush'd
forth

Amid the pauses of your infant mirth,
And dimm'd the lustre of your bright blue eyes—
As wandering clouds obscure the moonlight skies,
Making their misty mellowness even more
Soul-soothing than the glorious light before.

'Mid laurel'd literature's Elysian bowers,
I've been a-roaming, culling fadeless flowers,
And these collected treasures at your feet
I lay, ye beautiful! "sweets to the sweet!"
Yet all too soon I dedicate to you
Flowers of such rich perfume and varied hue,
O'er which the deathless fire of genius breathed;
And all too soon this garland I have wreathed,
To win me favour in your infant eyes;
Though years may come when ye will fondly
prize

Affection's fond memorial, given to prove
The doating fondness of a father's love;
Love full as ocean's waters, firm as faith,
Wide as the universe, and strong as death.

¹ This justly admired composition was written for his friend John Aitken, editor of *Constable's Miscellany* and the *London Cabinet*, to the third series of which work it was prefixed by Mr. Aitken as a dedication to his children.—Ed.

SWEET LAMMAS MOON.

Sweet Lammas moon, thy silvery beam
Brings many blissful thoughts to me,
Of days when in my first love dream,
I blest thy light on Craigie Lea.

And well I might—for thy young ray
Ne'er shone on fairer love than mine;
Nor ever youth met maiden gay
Beneath a brighter gleam than thine.

And well I might—for Mary's charms
Upon my bosom lay reclined,
While round her slender waist my arms
In fondest love were closely twined.

And there and then, in that blest hour,
We plighted vows of changeless faith;
Vows breathed with passion's warmest power,
And broken by the hand of death.

Sweet Lammas moon, then thy young ray
Shone on my Mary's peerless bloom;
Now waningly, in slow decay,
Thou beamest coldly on her tomb.

AULD JOHNNY GRAHAM.

Dear aunty, what think ye o' auld Johnny
Graham?

The carle sae pawkie and slee!
He wants a bit wifie to tend his bein hame,
And the bodie has ettled at me.

Wi' bonnet sae vaunty, an' owerlay sae clean,
An' ribbon that waved boon his bree,
He cam' doun the cleugh at the gloamin' yestreen,
An' rappit, an soon speert for me.

I bade him come ben whare my minnie sae thrang
Was birlin' her wheel eidentlie,
An', foul fa' the carle, he was na' that lang
Ere he tauld out his errand to me.

"Hech, Tibby, lass! a' yon braid acres o' land,
Wi' ripe craps that wave bonnilie,
An', meikle mair gear shall be at yer command,
Gin ye will look kindly on me.

"Yon herd o' fat owsen that rout i' the glen,
Sax naigies that nibble the lea;
The kye i' the sheugh, and the sheep i' the pen,
I se gie a', dear Tibby, to thee.

"An', lassie, I've goupins o' gowd in a stockin',
An' pearl'in's wad dazzle yer e'e;

A mett'd, but canny young yaud for the yokin'
When ye wad gae jauntin' wi' me.

"I'll hap ye and fend ye, and busk ye and tend
ye,
And mak' ye the licht o' my e'e;
I'll comfort and cheer ye, and daut ye and dear
ye,
As couthy as couthy can be.

"I've lo'ed ye, dear lassie, since first, a bit bairn,
Ye ran up the knowe to meet me;
An' deekit my bonnet wi' blue-bells an' fern,
Wi' meikle glad laughin' an' glee.

"An' noo woman grown, an' mensefu' an' fair,
An' gracefu' as gracefu' can be—
Will ye tak' an auld carle wha ne'er had a care
For woman, dear Tibby, but thee?"

Sae, aunty, ye see I'm a' in a swither,
What answer the bodie to gie—
But atten I wish he wad tak' my auld mither,
And let puir young Tibby abee.

A WELCOME TO CHRISTOPHER
NORTH.¹

Oh, the queer auld man, the dear auld man,
The drollest in Christendie—
Wha sae aft has beguil'd doure care till he smil'd—
He's comin' his kinsfolk to see!
He's comin' to dand frae his bonnet a blink,
The stoure o' classic ha's—
He's hung up his gown i' the guid auld toun,
An' brunt his critic's taws.

Chorus—

He's a dear auld man, he's a queer auld man,
He's a free auld man, he's a slee auld man—
Frae the Aristook to the Raritan,
Ye'll no find the fier o' our spree auld man.

But his pike-staff o' aik whilk mony a paik,
Has rung on timmer crowns—
An' his birken crutch ye'll find few such,
For soberin' senseless loons;
Thae switches strang—the short an' the lang,
The pawkie auld carle brings;
An' wae to the pate o' the blether-skate
On whilk their vengeance rings.
He's a bauld auld man, he's a yauld auld man,
He's a leal auld man, he's a hale auld man—
An' there's no a lady in a' the lan'
Wi' a blythesomer e'e than our brow auld man.

¹ Written as a welcome to Professor Wilson on hearing of his intention to visit the United States.—Ed.

But a kindly wit has Scotland's Kit,
 As kind a heart an' smile—
 An' the saft words flung frae his witchin' tongue,
 The gled frae the lift wad wile;
 For a' kinds o' lear—his presence be here!
 An' a' kinds o' knowledge has he,
 Baith Latin an' Greek he as glibly can speak,
 As ye wad the A B C.
 He's a grave auld man, he's a brave auld man,
 He's a frank auld man, he's a swank auld man,
 At fleechin', or preechin', or cloovin' a pan—
 There's nae peer to our north countree auld
 man.

Sae lads to your shanks, an' thegither in ranks,
 Let's welcome gude Kit to our shore,
 In our costliest braws—wi' our loudest hurrahs,
 Till the wondering welkin roar;
 For kings are but cawf, an' world's gear draff
 Engulphed by the tide of time,
 But the heaven-born mind, lovin' a' mankind,
 Till dooms-day shall tower sublime.
 He's a grand auld man, he's a bland auld man,
 He's a yare auld man, he's a rare auld man,
 Tho' the terror o' sump an' o' charlatan,
 He's a kind-hearted debonair auld man.

JEAN LINN.

Oh, haud na yer noddle sae hie, ma doo!
 Oh, haud na yer noddle sae hie!
 The days that hae been may be yet again seen,
 Sae look na' sae lightly on me, ma doo!
 Sae look na' sae lightly on me!

Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray, Jean Linn,
 Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray!
 Yer gutcher and mine wad thoct themselfs fine
 In cleidin' sae bein, bonnie may, bonnie
 may—
 In cleidin' sae bein, bonnie may.

Ye mind when we won in Whinglee, Jean Linn,
 Ye mind when we won in Whinglen,
 Your daddy, dounce earle, was coter to mine,
 An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then, Jean
 Linn,
 An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then.

Oh, then ye were a' thing to me, Jean Linn!
 Oh, then ye were a' thing to me!
 An' the moments scour'd by like birds through
 the sky,
 When tentin' the owsen wi' thee, Jean Linn,
 When tentin' the owsen wi' thee.

I twined ye a bower by the burn, Jean Linn,
 I twined ye a bower by the burn,

But dreant na' that hour, as we sat in that
 bower,
 That fortune wad tak' sic a turn, Jean Linn,
 That fortune would tak' sic a turn.

Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw, Jean Linn!
 Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw!
 Yer daddy's a laird, mine's i' the kirkyard,
 An' I'm yer puir ploughman, Jock Law,
 Jean Linn,
 An' I'm your puir ploughman, Jock Law.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Brightly, brightly the moonbeam shines
 On the eastle turret-wall;
 Darkly, darkly the spirit pines,
 Deep, deep in its dungeon's thrall.
 He hears the screech-owl whoop reply
 To the warder's drowsy strain,
 And thinks of home, and heaves a sigh
 For his own bleak hills again.

Sweetly, sweetly the spring flowers spread,
 When first he was fettered there;
 Slowly, slowly the sere leaves fade,
 Yet breathes he that dungeon's air.
 All lowly lies his banner bright,
 That foremost in battle streamed,
 And dim the sword that in the fight
 Like midnight meteor gleamed.

But place his foot upon the plain,
 That banner o'er his head,
 His good lance in his hand again,
 With Paynim slaughter red,
 The craven hearts that round him now
 With eoward triumph stand,
 Would quail before that dauntless brow,
 And the death-flash of that hand.

BRITANNIA.¹

Old England, warlike England,
 Thy lion wakes again!
 His roar through sunny Ind resounds
 As once it pealed in Spain.

¹ Though living under the "Stars and Stripes," Mr. Wilson never ceased to love, never forgot to render due homage to the land of his birth. The above piece, that might almost be ranked with some of Campbell's patriotic effusions, shows that William Wilson always reserved a warm corner in his heart wherein to cherish the memories of our "sea-girt isle."—*People's Journal*.

In soul-arousing notes it rings,
 Through Cathay's distant clime,
 And a wail
 On the gale
 Is blent with battle's hymn,
 While the craven herds amaz'd behold
 Triumph unstained by crime.

Old England, dauntless England,
 Thy conq'ring legions come!
 The clansmen's gathering pibroch blends
 With trumpet and with drum.
 Bold Erin's battle cry bursts forth,
 As on the dusky bands
 With a cheer
 They career,
 And the traitors bite the sands,
 Or like the chaff by rushing wind,
 Are scattered through the lands.

Old England, noble England!
 Thy hand ne'er drew the glaive
 But from his foes to free the wronged,
 His fetters from the slave:
 Yet ever gen'rous in thy strength
 To spare a fallen foe,
 No stain
 Can remain
 On thy scutcheon's spotless snow,
 Who strong in might upholds the right,
 And strikes the spoiler low.

Old England, glorious England,
 On this terrestrial sphere
 For truth, and worth, and majesty
 Where yet was found thy peer?
 Thon treader down of tyranny,
 Thou tamer of the strong,
 Land and main
 Own thy reign,
 And round thy footstool throng.
 While wand'ring nations worship thee,
 Thou queen of sword and song.

JEANIE GRAHAM.

She whose lang loose unbraided hair
 Falls on a breast o' purest snaw,
 Was ance a maid as mild an' fair,
 As e'er wil'd stripling's heart awa'.
 But sorrow's shade has dimm'd her e'e,
 And gathered round her happy hame,
 Yet wherefore sad? and where is he,
 The plighted love of Jeanie Graham?
 The happy bridal day was near,
 And blythe young joy beam'd on her brow,

But he is low she lov'd so dear,
 And she a virgin widow now.
 The night was mirk, the stream was high,
 And deep and darkly down it came;
 He sunk—and wild his drowning cry
 Rose in the blast to Jeanie Graham.

Bright beams the sun on Garnet-hill,
 The stream is calm, the sky is clear;
 But Jeanie's lover's heart is still,
 Her anguish'd sobs he cannot hear.
 Oh! make his grave in yonder dell,
 Where willows wave above the stream,
 That every passing breeze may wail,
 For broken-hearted Jeanie Graham.

SABBATH MORNING IN THE WOODS.

Oh blessed morn! whose ruddy beam
 Of gladness mantles fount and stream,
 And over all created things
 A golden robe of glory flings.

On every tendril, leaf and spray,
 A diamond glistens in the ray,
 And from a thousand throats a shout
 Of adoration gushes out;
 A glad but sweet preclusive psalm
 Which breaks the hallow'd morning's calm.

Each wimpling brook, each winding rill
 That sings and murmurs on at will,
 Seems voeal with the blest refrain,
 "The Lord has come to life again!"

And from each wild flower on the wold,
 In purple, sapphire, snow or gold,
 Pink, amethyst or azure hue,
 Beauteous of tint and bright with dew,
 There breathes an incense offering, borne
 Upon the wak'ning breeze of morn
 To the Creator, all divine!
 Meet sacrifice for such a shrine.

Far down those lofty forest aisles,
 Where twilight's solemn hush prevails,
 The wind its balmy censer swings
 Like odours from an angel's wings,
 Who, passing swift to earth, had riven
 Their fragrance from the bowers of heaven.

And through each sylvan tangled hall,
 Where slanting bars of sunlight fall,
 Faint sounds of hallelujahs sweet,
 The tranced ear would seem to greet,

As if the holy seraphim
Were choiring here their matin hymn.

God of all nature! here I feel
Thy awful presence, as I kneel
In humble heart abasement meet,
Thus lowly at thy mercy seat;
And while I tremble, I adore;
(Like him by Bethel's stone of yore),
For this thy vouchsafed presence given,
Hath made this place the gate of heaven.

WORK IS PRAYER.

Laborare est orare.

Oh grant us faith to work, and hope to win,
When jocund youthhood's morning sun is shining,
'Tis time the work of warfare to begin,
The Christian soldier's warfare wog'd with sin.

Laborare est orare.

Oh Father, let our toil seem ever sweet!
When duty bids us still the task be plying;
The task that brings us daily to thy feet
To catch new glimpses of thy mercy-seat.

Laborare est orare.

Though stern the harvest toil, the day's work long,
With thankful hearts our scanty sheaves we'll
gather,
And strong in confidence, in trusting strong,
Still with our tears will mingle bursts of song.

Laborare est orare.

We soon must lay our earthly armour down,
And in the heavenly land are legions waiting

To raise the choral welcome of renown,
And crown us with an everlasting crown.

WANING LIFE AND WEARY.¹

Waning life and weary,
Fainting heart and limb,
Darkening road and dreary,
Flashing eye grow dim;
All betokening nightfall near
Day is done, and rest is dear.

Slowly stealing shadows
Westward lengthening still,
O'er the dark brown meadows,
O'er the sunlit hill.

Gleams of golden glory
From the opening sky,
Gild those temples hoary—
Kiss that closing eye:
Now drops the curtain on all wrong—
Throes of sorrow, grief and song.

But saw ye not the dying,
Ere life passed away,
Faintly smiled while eyeing
Yonder setting day;

And, his pale hand signing
Man's redemption sign—
Cried, with forehead shining,
Father, I am thine!
And so to rest he quietly hath passed,
And sleeps in Christ the Comforter at last.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1833.

THOMAS ATKINSON was born at Glasgow, December 30, 1801. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, and subsequently entered into partnership with David Robertson, a Glasgow bookseller and publisher. Although engrossed with the management of an extensive business, Atkinson found time to cultivate his taste for literature, and made his first appearance as a writer by the publication of *The Sextuple Alliance*, a series of poems on the subject of

Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1826-27 he edited and issued *The Ant*, a work in two volumes, comprising original and selected matter. His next publication was *The Chameleon*, a work of the character of the annuals of that day, which commenced in 1831 and extended to three volumes. The contents of this hand-

¹ Written in a feeble and faltering hand by the author a few days before his death.—ED.

some work were mostly his own composition, and many of his songs were set to music by himself. Atkinson was a keen politician of the Liberal school, and distinguished as a public speaker. He was an unsuccessful candidate for parliament at the election held subsequent to the passing of the first reform bill, and the exertions of his political canvass produced an illness which terminated in pulmonary disease.

He died October 10, 1833, during a voyage to Barbadoes for the restoration of his health, and was buried at sea. A monument to his memory was erected in the Necropolis of his native city. He left a considerable sum of money to accumulate for a time in the hands of the city corporation, and then to be applied in the erection of a building in Glasgow for scientific purposes, to be called the Atkinsonian Institution.

TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Banner of midnight—vagrant light—
Aurora of the darken'd pole,
Why shouldst thou here, in fitful flight,
Why thus unfurl thy portent scroll?

Yet, as we gaze on thee, to see
The future pictured, as of old,
Lo! thou shut'st up our destiny
In many a quick and antic fold!

Say, comest thou rushing, with wild wing,
To warn us of some pending ill?
For still belief will fondly cling,
When nought remains of prophet skill!

Yes! o'er the peaceful front of heaven
Methinks the charging squadrons fly!
Look! o'er yon steep battalions driven!
Hark to the missiles hurtling by!

'Tis past! the rustling strife is o'er,
But 'thwart the broad expanse of blue,
Where madly flickered light before,
Now spreads a silent, holy hue.

And, folding like the radiant wings
Of the adoring cherubim,
Thy more than sapphire lustre flings
On earth the radiance of a dream.

Then let me, as our fathers did,
In thee behold the coming time!
The future may not all be hid—
And oracles have spoke in rhyme!

When the brief strife of MIGHT and RIGHT,
The last that will be here, is o'er,
Then PEACE and TRUTH, like yon calm light,
Shall lend to earth one glory more!

But thou wilt pale when morning's ray
Makes bright yon wide expanse of sky:
Shall these, like thee, too, fade away,
And all their light and lustre die?

They perish not!—Thou melt'st in light,
While they in bliss but merge away,
Exhaled in all that's pure and bright,
As thou by yonder coming day!

THE PROUD HEART'S PAIN.

There's na ane cares for me now,
In a' this world wide;
I'm like a withered tree now,
Whar a' are green beside!
There's nae heart that can love me
Wi' love sae leal's my ain;—
Yet why should a' this move me,
Or gie my proud heart pain!

The hand o' warmest greeting,
When placed in mine, grows chill;
And if blythe's the hour o' meeting,
Fareweel seems blyther still!
The lowlies are above me,
They've *ane* they ca' their ain!—
Yet why should a' this move me,
Or gie my proud heart pain!

The mither dear that bore me,
In sorrow and in pine;
Yet hung in gladness o'er me,—
The lad-wean o' langsyne,—
Even wi' her leal breast drappin'
The bluid, when milk was nane,
Now cares na what may happen
To gie my proud heart pain.

And them on whom I doated,
Wi' a mair than brither's heart,
How blythely they've forgot it,
An' ne'er heed to take my part!
My kith an' kin will listen
When my name is lightly ta'en;
An' nae e'e wi' tears will glisten,
Though my proud heart be in pain!

Oh! dear, dear love o' woman
 Sae fond but fearfu' too,
 O, the ills, bye past or comin',
 How much I owe to you!
 Dead now are a' who loved me,—
 Though the grave may not ha'e ta'cr!
 This—this of a' hath moved me,
 And gien my proud heart pain!

The frien's that ance I trusted,
 Ha'e left me in my need;
 They were gaen, before I wist it,
 Or word ripen'd into deed!
 "He'll maybe rise above me,"
 Said ilka ane that's gane,—
 But why should a' this move me,
 Or gie my proud heart pain!

I fed on hope and dreamin',
 Through lang, lang years o' toil,
 For the licht of fame seemed gleamin'
 In the distance a' the while!
 'Twas the shot-star that beguiled me,
 And then left me thus alane,
 O! that fause, fause licht has wiled me,
 To half my proud heart's pain!

But ae thing yet is left me,
 Which I will never tine;
 Though Fate of a' bereft me,
 This wealth wad still be mine!
 The leal proud heart that never
 Hath bowed beneath its pain,
 But that forgives the giver,
 And can throb wi' love again!

ALAS! I CANNOT LOVE!

Sweet lady, there was nought in me to win a
 heart like thine;
 No stamp of honour'd ancestry, that spoke a
 noble line;
 Nor wealth that could that want repay, had I
 to lure thine eye,
 When all, but thee and thine, still pass'd the
 boy-bard coldly by.
 Can I forget the blushing hour when by thee
 led to the dance,
 And all the proud who on me lower'd, with
 many a haughty glance?
 A radiant smile there was for me—for them a
 lofty look,
 Which graced my very bashfulness, and gave
 their scorn rebuke!

Beside thee, in thy father's hall, amid the
 banquet throng,
 For me was kept the place of pride—for me
 was given the song!

What had I done—what can I do—my title to
 approve?
 Alas! this lay is all my thanks—my heart is
 dead to love.

It is not that my heart is cold, nor yet is vow'd
 away;
 But that, amid the spring of youth, it feels
 itself decay;
 The wither'd bloom of early hopes, and darings,
 hope above,
 Enerust it now, and dim its shine—Alas! I
 cannot love!

They tell me that my broken lute once wrought
 on thee its spell;
 They whisper that my voice, now mute, in
 speech could please thee well:
 Pale brow, blue eye, and Saxon locks, they
 say, thy heart could move
 More than red cheeks or raven curls—yet, ah!
 I cannot love!

It may be—as I trust it is—that in my willing
 ear
 They pour'd the dew of flattery, and that thou,
 lady, ne'er
 Hadst thoughts that friendship would not own:
 for souls like thine can prove
 How much of kindred warmth may glow with-
 out a spark of love!

One only passion now will cure this palsy of
 the heart:—
 Ambition's spell, if aught, will lure; but what-
 soe'er the part,
 In after life, I do or dree, the praise shall all
 be thine,
 And all I hope, and all I win, be offered at
 thy shrine!

MARY SHEARER.

She's aff and awa', like the lang summer day,
 And our hearts and our hills are now lanesome
 and dreary;
 The sun-blinks o' June will come back owre the
 brae,
 But lang for blithe Mary fu' mouy may weary.
 For mair hearts thine mine
 Keun'd o' nane that were dearer;
 But nane mair will pine
 For the sweet Mary Shearer!

She cam' wi' the spring, just like ane o' its flowers,
And the bluebell and Mary baith blossom'd
thegither;

The bloom o' the mountain again will be ours,
But the rose o' the valley nae mair will come
hither.

Their sweet breath is fled—
Her kind looks still endear her;
For the heart maun be dead
That forgets Mary Shearer.

Than her brow ne'er a fairer wi' jewels was hung;
An e'e that was brighter ne'er glanced on a lover;
Sounds safter ne'er dropt frae an aye-saying
tongue,

Nor mair pure is the white o' her bridal-bed
cover.

Oh! he maun be blessed
Wha's allowed to be near her;
For the fairest and best
O' her kind's Mary Shearer!

But farewell Glenlin, and Dunoon, and Loch
Striven,

My country and kin,—since I've sae lov'd the
stranger;

Whare she's been maun be either a pine or a
heaven—

Sae across the braid world for a while I'm a
ranger!

Though I try to forget—
In my heart still I'll wear her,—
For mine may be yet,
—Name and a'—Mary Shearc!

THE HOUR IS COME.

The hour is some—too soon it came—

When you and I, fair girl, must sever;
But though as yet be strange thy name,
Thy memory will be loved for ever.

We met as pilgrims on the way,
Thy smiles made bright the gloomiest weather,
Yet who is there can name the day
When we shall meet again together?

Be that as 'twill, if ne'er to meet,
At least we've had one day of gladness;
And oh! a glimpse of joy's more sweet
That it is seen through clouds of sadness.

Thus did the sun—half-hid to-day—
Seem lovelier in its hour of gleaming,
Than had we mark'd its fervid ray
Through one untired day of beaming.

ROBERT WILSON.

ROBERT WILSON was born in the parish of Carnbee, Fifeshire, in 1801. He was educated for the medical profession, and practised for some time at St. Andrews. For many years he has lived in retirement at Aberdour, a watering-place on the coast of Fife celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. Dr. Wilson is the author of *Lectures on the Game Laws, The*

Social Condition of France, and a volume of poems published in 1856 at Boston, Massachusetts. Since that date he has contributed many poetical pieces, chiefly lyrical, to the periodicals, which have not yet been republished in a collected form. Dr. Wilson is also the author of several *brochures* on subjects of a socio-political character.

AMERICA.

Honour to him on whose prophetic brain
First dawned the woodlands of the western main;
Who realized at last his youthful dreams,
And found the New World, with her woods and
streams,
Where living verdure fringed the circling floods,
And red men wandered in primeval woods!

When persecution scourged with iron rod
The worshippers of liberty and God;

Gave patriot-blood the tyrant's thirst to slake,
Fire to the fagot, victims to the stake,—
Freedom, from warring Europe long exiled,
Found a safe refuge in the forests wild,
When future martyrs met their trembling flocks
To worship God among the woods and rocks,
Then many a worshipper, to shun the brand,
Left for his father's faith his father-land,
And, in the western woodlands far away,
Sought fearlessly the house of God to pray;

Once more their pious bosoms proudly swell
To list the tinkling of the Sabbath-bell.

And thither pilgrims flocked from many a clime,
Where love to God or freedom was a crime;
And when at last, across the severing wave,
A giant-arm was stretched to crush the brave,
When Britain strove to impose the tyrant-yoke,
'Twas then the glorious cry for Freedom woke:
The stirring memory of want and wrong,
Sustained in various lands from whence they
sprung,

Bound in one resolute devoted band
The scattered children of that foster-land:
The patriot-ranks the stalwart woodmen own,
Beneath whose arm majestic forests groan.

The peasant, lingering round his home, surveys
His log-built cabin 'midst the flowering maize;
Then leaves his sobbing spouse and sportive child,
To wrestle for his treasures in the wild.
The aged sire, whose now-reposing arm
The waste transmuted to the cultured farm,
In hopes to spend his age among his race,
Fights for the sweet spot in the desert place.
To such a glorious band, 'mong whom was none
Who could not call some spot of earth his own,
What are the tools that tyrants cast away,
When at their game of lives they chance to play?
Freedom prevailed, and left this truth sublime
To her fond worshippers of future time,—
All have the power who wish but to be free;
A truth we owe, America! to thee.

Long has the venturous, woe-worn exile-band
Proclaimed thy woody shore the poor man's land,
Where all may boast some little spot of earth,
Where waves their grain, and glows the social
hearth.

That sunny spot becomes a guiding star
To suffering kindred in their homes afar,
To lure the victims sad of want and power
To happier shores in Fortune's troubled hour,
Where work the peasant and mechanic's hand
Changes more rapid than enchanter's wand.
Where late the jaguar shunned the noonday heat,
The laden wain rolls up the crowded street;
And where the youth has marked the wild deer
shake

Their forkèd antlers by the crystal lake,
And, never daunted by the woodman's axe,
O'er the smooth water hold their arched necks,
Ere the few gladsome years of youth have flown,
Has marked the commerce of a busy town;
And in the lately silent creek has seen
The havened barks amid the foliage green.
Where the cold ague's treacherous poison sleeps,
And o'er its bed the noxious serpent creeps,
Soon shall the homesteads with their cornfields
shine,
Beside the smooth canal's long silvery line,

Adown whose glittering steps the ships shall go
To the broad waters of the lake below.
And where the Indian maid, with barbarous rite,
Mourns for her lover slain in savage fight,
And, with the bow and quiver in his hand,
Equips her warrior for the Spirit's Land,—
There human relics shall in peace be laid,
And o'er the sad ruin mournful honours paid,
Blended with faith that Christ will come again
To raise and beautify the prostrate fane.

HUMBIE WOOD, ABERDOUR.

At sultry noon or close of day
Alike I love the woodland way,
In Hillside's shady walks to stroll,
Or thread the path by hedge or rill
That leads to Humbie's wooded hill,
Conspicuous for its beauty still,
Though trees crown every knoll.

There visions charm the inward sight;
And waking dreams that please to-night
Will yield again their bliss to-morrow;
When on the leafy copse I look,
Or soaring tree, or flowery nook,
Or list the scarce-seen bickering brook
That runs the forest thorough.

Or mark the chestnut's floral crown,
And ancient pine of solemn brown
That knows the cushat's indraw crush;
Or watch, to waving boughs sublime,
The graceful squirrels nimbly climb,
While the plumed minstrels' mingled chime
Is heard from brake and bush.

But not these woodland sounds alone
To the rapt dreamer's ear is known;
But oft in opening glade it meets
Familiar sounds we love to hear,
From him who stoops the plough to steer;
Or oxen low on hillocks near,
Or gamesome lamkin bleats.

Our piney wood and mountain thyme
The gorgeous flower of southern clime
In spicy fragrance far exceed;
Nor Araby a perfume knows
More rich than sweetbriar or the rose,
Or where the bean or hawthorn blows,
Or hay-cock scents the mead.

Awhile my tardy steps are stayed
Beside a beech prolix of shade,
Delicious in the summer noon;
Where in the cool sequestered bower

The speedwell grows, my fav'rite flower,
Or dandelion, that tells the hour,
The herdboy's clock in June.

Or o'er the ground the trees between,
The ivy spreads its matted green;
And honeysuckle climbs the tree—
Its odours sweet the insects note,
Which through the sylvan alleys float,
And lure from mossy haunts remote
The blossom-loving bee.

For where the honeysuckle climbs,
And ample spread the luscious limes,
The toilsome bees their nectar sip;
There too the nuts and berries grow,
Whose ripening time the schoolboys know—
The berry blue, and purple sloe,
The hazel and the hip.

Emerging from the forest glade,
Scenes fair as mortal e'er surveyed
Burst sudden on the raptured view:
For now the gleams of parting day
Tint rock and ruin, inch and bay,
And softly tip with slanting ray
The wavy Pentlands blue.

The boatman hoists his slender sail
To catch the new-born coming gale,
While sidelong lies the idle oar—
And sweetly musing feels the power
Of summer gloaming's witching hour,
When gazing on fair Aberdour
And its enchanting shore.

Or from the blue unruffled bay
Goes the wheeled bark no calms delay,
Or winds deter, these coasts between;
And from its deck the gazer sees
Wood-fringed shores that ever please,
Or the high Hewes' majestic trees,
And rocks with ivy green.

Northward, to woodland wanderers dear,
Cullaloo hills their barrier rear,
Their summits with rich forest clad;
While downward severing clumps are seen,
And slender lines of hedgerow green,
With sloping sheltered fields between.
For coming harvest glad.

But now around the welkin's brim
Gather the shades of evening dim,
That soon familiar sights confuse;
Far-parted forests seem to meet,
Where swains in glade with hawthorn sweet,
As here, the tale of love repeat,
And fameless poets muse.

The milkmaid opes the paddock gate,
Where kine distended meekly wait
That stated fill her shining pail.
No more the rustics drudge and moil,
Untrodden lies the fallowed soil,
And all the sounds of ruder toil
Are hushed within the vale.

The daisy knows the dewy hour,
And careful folds the tender flower
Which opens to the morning sun;
The star of eve appears to view;
Thin wreaths of smoke, so faintly blue,
From hut and hamlet rise anew—
And the long day is done.

LINES

COMPOSED IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF
ABERDOUR.

The stately Norman church that shows
Its arches to the open sky,
The chancel where tall seedling grows,
And vault where nobles lie;
The nameless grave, the lettered stone,
To me are more congenial themes
On which to muse an hour alone
Than all ambition's dreams.

Here father, mother, children own
Some little spot of common earth,
And cluster round the pillared stone
As round the parent hearth.
While some beneath those hillocks pressed
Together share the dreamless sleep,
Whose kindred take their lasting rest
By distant shore and deep.

Some sleep on India's sultry shore,
One where the ocean waves o'erwhelm,
Some 'neath this antique sycamore,
And immemorial elm.
Yon tablet in the churchyard wall,
Reared by a sister's tender care,
Records the fate that haps to all—
The household's names are there.

And stones around are thickly strewed,
Which still the fond survivor rears,
Where homely rhymes and sculpture rude
Speak to our hopes and fears;
And holy text and humble lay
Foretell the Christian's endless bliss,
While star and sun still point the way
To brighter worlds than this.

And see, all eloquent of death,
 Are skull and cross-bones side by side;
 The shuttle quaintly carved beneath
 Tells how the moments glide.
 The rose's stony petals there
 Speak of a transient breath and bloom,
 Fit emblems of the loved and fair
 Who find an early tomb.

And spindles rudely carved disclose
 How fine the thread of life is spun;
 This sand-glass to the gazer shows
 How soon his race is run.
 The muse in artless numbers sings
 Her tribute to the good and just,
 While cherubim with outstretched wings
 Protects the honoured dust.

The worn and weary here at last
 Repose upon their lowly bed,
 And text and arrow tell how fast
 Death's fatal weapon sped;
 And how for them fond eyes were dim,
 And tender hearts were torn;
 While sculptured crowns still speak of Him
 Who wore the crown of thorn.

Beyond the sycamores I mark
 Th' inconstant ocean ebb and flow,
 O'er which the full-sailed barge and bark,
 Like wandering pilgrims go;
 While in the sheltered haven nigh,
 Meet images of perfect rest,
 Some safe from storms together lie,
 In peaceful pennons dressed.

Below, the water of the Dour,
 Like mortal being, glides away;
 Aloft, the weather-wasted tower
 Looks down in proud decay:
 The ash-tree's verdant branches wave
 Above the heaving, hallowed mould,
 That soon shall shed o'er tomb and grave
 Their leaves of paly gold.

Though here no more the anthems swell,
 And holy men no longer preach,
 Stream, tower, and tree of frailty tell;
 While texts and verses teach,
 Inscribed above the mortal dust
 Which gathers round the house of prayer,
 That all who place in God their trust
 Immortal bliss shall share.

ROBERT MACNISH.

BORN 1802—DIED 1837.

ROBERT MACNISH, M.D., author of the *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, the *Philosophy of Sleep*, and various contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, was born at Glasgow, February 15, 1802. After receiving the elements of education in his native city he was placed under the charge of the Rev. Alexander Easton of Hamilton, at that time at the head of a flourishing academy. The acquirement of the French language principally engaged the period between his leaving this school and his entering upon the study of medicine with his grandfather and father, who were then associated in practice in Glasgow. Having at the age of eighteen passed an examination before the College of Surgeons, he obtained from the University of Glasgow the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ*. After eighteen months of country practice in Caithness, where his health failed, he went abroad and spent a year in Paris.

With the medical prelections of Broussais and the surgical ones of Dupuytren he was much delighted; he met Cuvier, and formed an acquaintanceship with Gall. On his return to Scotland he settled in Glasgow, which continued to be his place of residence until his death.

In 1826 Dr. Macnish became a contributor of prose and verse to the most celebrated magazine of the day—*Blackwood*. His elaborate treatises, more especially the *Anatomy of Drunkenness* and the *Philosophy of Sleep*, gained for him great reputation at home, and carried his name to the United States, from whence the degree of Doctor of Laws was sent to him. They were also translated into the French and German languages. Dr. Macnish died Jan. 16, 1837; and so perished in the prime of life, and in the bloom of his fame as well as of his professional usefulness, a man whom

Scotland may well number among her gifted children. A critic said of him—"There was always a spring of life about him that vivified his pages and animated and delighted his readers." A few years after Macnish's death two volumes of his essays, poems, and sketches,

with a memoir of his life written by his friend Dr. D. M. Moir, the author of many beautiful poetical productions, was published in London. To this work we are indebted for the subjoined poems, as well as for the facts contained in this brief sketch.

TO THE RHINE.

Majestic stream! whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my soul doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

'Tis not thy track o'erhuing with towers
Of antique mould—and clustering bowers—
'Tis not thy waves, romantic Rhine,
Rolling away 'mong hills of pine—
'Tis not the matchless beauty given
To thine o'erarching woods—as heaven
Sighs o'er them with her airy spell—
That bids thee in my memory dwell.

Far other ties, majestic river,
Have bound thee to this heart for ever.
The mountains whence thy streams arise
Are gladden'd over by her eyes—
Her starry eyes whose glance divine
Was oft in rapture turn'd on mine.
In vision like a radiant gleam,
I see her mirror'd on thy stream,
I hear her voice of silvery tone
Arising from thy waters lone:
I hear her lute's bland echo come
With voice so soft—so all but dumb—
That sound hath well-nigh striven in vain
To mould the melancholy strain,
Which empty silence fain would quell
For ever in his voiceless cell.

River of rivers! unto me
Thy lucid breast shall ever be
A shrine with thousand gifts o'erflowing—
A spirit known, though all unknowing.
When by thy wizard banks I stray,
Unnumber'd thoughts bestrew my way—
Thoughts rising, like thy gushing fountains,
Far off, from those romantic mountains
Where she doth dwell who rules my heart—
A solitary star apart—
A wild flower in her native glen,
Far from the busy strife of men,
What wonder then—O! lordly stream—
Since like an everlasting dream
Her pictured memory dwells with thee,
That thou art all in all to me?
Sweet is thy course, and even the call

Of thunder—when thy waterfall
Grindeth his rebel waves to spray,
And shadoweth with mist the day.
I love thee in thy gentle path—
I love thee in thy moods of wrath—
I love thee when thou glidest under
The boughs unheard—or roll'st in thunder.
Yes, lordly stream, whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my heart doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

THE LOVER'S SECRET.

Thou walk'st in tender light, by thine own beauty
made,
And all thou passest by are hidden in the shade;
Forms fair to other eyes appear not so to me,
So fully glows my heart with thoughts alone of
thee.

I dream of thee by night—I think of thee by day—
Thy form, where'er I go, o'ertakes me on my way;
It haunts my waking thoughts—it fills mine hours
of sleep,
And yet it glads me not, but only makes me
weep:—

It only makes me weep—for though my spirit's
shrine
Is fill'd with thee, I know that thou can'st ne'er
be mine:
"Unconquerable bars," raised up by Fate's
decree,
Stand, and will ever stand, between my soul and
thee!

Hope long hath passed away, and nothing now
remains
For me but bootless love—its sorrows, and its
pains;
And to increase each pang, I dare not breathe
thy name,
Or, in thy gentle ear, confess my secret flame.

Hope long hath passed away, and still thou art
enshrined
A spirit fair—within the temple of my mind:

If I had loved thee less, the secret thou hadst
known
Which strong affection binds, and binds to me
alone,

The secret thou hadst known—but terror, lest
thy heart
In feelings such as mine should bear no kindred
part,
Enchains my soul, and locks within its silent urn
Love which, perchance, from thee durst meet
with no return.

TO A CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thralldom free;
Yet, 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth—
Thy locks of waving gold—
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free
Thou utteredst in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

BORN 1802—DIED 1871.

It may be doubted whether in recent years the name of any literary man in Scotland has been more widely known than that of the late DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS. His career was a kind of which his native land can exhibit perhaps more examples in proportion than any other country, and of all her writers and poets of the nineteenth century, not even excepting Sir Walter Scott or Professor Wilson, he was the most thoroughly *Scotch* in his mind, feelings, and character. With his passion for reading, and his indomitable industry, he united an intense admiration for the land of his birth, and an unconquerable determination from his boyhood to celebrate in some way the glories of Auld Scotia—

“Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,

Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.”

If the devoted lover of his native land did not live to sing such stanzas as Burns and Scott sang, he yet lived to write “Young Randal” and many other sweet songs which entitle him to a place in our gallery, and to produce upwards of seventy volumes, exclusive of detached papers, all illustrative of the history and progress of Scotland—its literature, social life, and antiquities. He wandered over and described all its classic scenes; he collected and garnered up the fast-fading traditions and national peculiarities of bygone days; and recorded, as no other writer has done, the story of the rash and romantic military enterprise of “Bonnie Prince Charlie,” which terminated in the ruin of the Stuart family.

Robert Chambers was born July 10, 1802, in the ancient town of Peebles, lying in the

lovely pastoral vale of Tweed, and the scene of the celebrated old poem "Peblis to the Play." He and his elder brother William were educated at the schools of their native town. Family misfortunes took their father to Edinburgh, and compelled Robert, who was intended for the Church, to make choice of a different career, and to forego the advantages of a university education. At the age of fifteen he opened a small book-shop in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, his stock consisting entirely of the wreck of the family library. He managed his little business with so much industry that in 1822 he was enabled to remove to a better locality, and soon after issued his first work, entitled *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley*. Two years later he published his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, certainly in the writer's judgment the most amusing book of local antiquities to be met with. Robert Chambers' next work, issued in 1826, was the *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, and in the year following his *Pictures of Scotland* appeared. The latter was a successful effort to elevate topographical and archæological details into the region of *belles-lettres*, and it was for many years the best companion for travellers in Scotland. Enlisted in the corps of writers for *Constable's Miscellany*, he wrote successively five volumes embodying the histories of the Scottish rebellions, of which that concerning the affair of 1745, while true as to facts, partakes of the charm of a romance. Then followed two volumes of a *Life of James I.*; three volumes of *Scottish Songs and Ballads*; and four volumes of the *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. In addition to writing these various works, and giving attention to his business, he acted for a time as editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a well-established journal belonging to Donaldson, the founder of the hospital in the Scottish capital which bears his name.

In 1832, amid much political distraction, there was a universal upheaving in favour of popular education in Great Britain. At this critical juncture the elder brother projected *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the first number of which appeared Feb. 4, 1832, six weeks before the appearance of the *Penny Magazine*. It was a marvel in the literary world, and at once met with surprising success, which, after a period of over forty years, it continues to enjoy.

From the first Robert was an efficient contributor to the *Journal*, his delightful essays, pathetic and humorous, fixing the publication firmly in popular esteem. Animated by the same spirit, the brothers now joined in partnership, and it is unnecessary to particularize the various enterprises in which they were unitedly concerned; suffice it to say that their publishing house has become widely known throughout both Great Britain and America. "You are aware," wrote Chambers in 1850 to William Wilson of Poughkeepsie, his life-long friend and correspondent, "that my brother and I conduct what you may call a great literary factory. We are not publishers in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather authors and editors working out our literary plans through the medium of a printing and publishing concern in the hands of a set of subordinates. Thus the literary man takes in our case his naturally due place as the superior of the mere tradesman publisher. It is a curious problem in literary affairs that we are solving, and probably something may be heard of it twenty years hence. The printing of the books written and edited by us gives occasion for ten printing presses, the working of which is one of the sights of Edinburgh—a curious contrast with the infancy of my concern in Leith Walk, where you used to look in upon me!"

Robert Chambers' next important work was his *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, a publication of higher rank than any previous compilation of a similar character. It was followed by his *Life and Letters of Robert Burns*, including his poems. The profits of one edition, amounting to £200, were presented to the daughters of Burns' surviving sister, who had herself previously received many kindnesses from her brother's editor and admirer. "A dear and faithful friend has Mr. Chambers been to me," said the venerable lady to the writer when he visited her in her cottage of Bridgehouse, near Ayr, in the summer of 1855. Writing to the Editor from St. Andrews a short time before his death, Mr. Chambers said: "It is only last week, after an interval of three years, that I have got once more settled in a home of my own. My health, after being out of order for an equal space of time, is now completely restored. I am setting up a household with one young daughter and three grand-

children, hoping to have a few pleasant leisurely years at the close of a life which has perhaps been too active and laborious."

In 1868 the University of St. Andrews conferred on Robert Chambers the honorary degree of LL.D. In his well-known hospitable home at St. Andrews the doctor dispensed a generous hospitality, and his dinners and evening parties here had something in them of the smack of old times. The pen was now taken up only occasionally as an amusement in the preparation of a *Life of Smollett*, his last literary work. The memoir when published bore strongly, like the archbishop's homily in *Gil Blas*, "the marks of mortal disease," though still a not unpleasing gossipy narrative. The remaining span of his life was happily accompanied by little if any phy-

sical suffering, and he passed peacefully away March 17, 1871. In the last letter the Editor received from Dr. Chambers he wrote: "I feel greatly interested, my dear general, in your proposed selections from the Scottish poets. You honour me much by introducing me into the Work. I think the selection of my pieces as good as could be made. In answer to your query, the 10th of July, 1802, is the date of my birth. There are no portraits of Barbour, Wyntoun, and Lyndsay, nor of any before Drummond, excepting the kings, and perhaps Buchanan." In 1872 a memoir of Robert Chambers, containing some of his poems, with autobiographic reminiscences of William Chambers, was issued at Edinburgh, and immediately republished in New York, both editions meeting with a wide circulation.

THE PEERLESS ONE.

Hast thou ne'er marked, in festal hall,
Amidst the lights that shone,
Some one who beamed more bright than
all—

Some gay—some glorious one!
Some one who, in her fairy lightness,
As through the hall she went and came,
And her intensity of brightness,
As ever her eyes sent out their flame,
Was almost foreign to the scene;
Gay as it was, with beauty beaming,
Through which she moved:—a gemless queen,
A creature of a different seeming
From others of a mortal birth—
An angel sent to walk the earth!

Oh, stranger, if thou e'er hast seen
And singled such a one,
And if thou hast enraptured been—
And felt thyself undone;
If thou hast sigh'd for such a one,
Till thou wert sad with fears;
If thou hast gazed on such a one
Till thou wert blind with tears;
If thou hast sat obscure, remote,
In corner of the hall,
Looking from out thy shroud of thought
Upon the festival;
Thine eye through all the misty throng
Drawn by that peerless light,
As traveller's steps are led along
By wild-fire through the night:
Then, stranger, haply dost thou know
The joy, the rapture, and the woe,

Which in alternate tides of feeling,
Now thickening quick—now gently stealing
Throughout this lone and hermit breast,
That festal night, my soul possess'd.

O! she was fairest of the fair,
And brightest of the bright;
And there was many a fair one there,
That joyous festal night.
A hundred eyes on her were bent,
A hundred hearts beat high;
It was a thing of ravishment,
O God! to meet her eye!
But 'midst the many who look'd on,
And thought she was divine,
O, need I say that there were none
Who gazed with gaze like mine!
The rest were like the crowd who look
All idly up to heaven,
And who can see no wonder there
At either morn or even;
But I was like the wretch embound
Deep in a dungeon under ground,
Who only sees, through grating high,
One small blue fragment of the sky,
Which ever, both at noon and night,
Shows but one starlet shining bright,
Down on the darkness of his place,
With cheering and unblenching grace;
The very darkness of my woe
Made her to me more brightly show.

At length the dancing scene was changed
To one of calmer tone,

And she her loveliness arranged
 Upon fair Musie's throne.
 Soft silence fell on all around,
 Like dew on summer flowers;
 Bright eyes were cast upon the ground,
 Like daisies bent with showers.
 And o'er that drooping stilly scene
 A voice rose gentle and serene,
 A voice as soft and slow
 As might proceed from angel's tongue,
 If angel's heart were sorrow-wrung,
 And wish'd to speak its woe.

The song was one of those old lays
 Of mingled gloom and gladness,
 Which first the tides of joy can raise,
 Then still them down to sadness;
 A strain in which pure joy doth borrow
 The very air and gait of sorrow,
 And sorrow takes as much alloy
 From the rich sparkling ore of joy.
 Its notes, like hieroglyphic thing,
 Spoke more than they seem'd meant to sing.
 I could have lain my life's whole round
 Entranced upon that billowy sound,
 Nought touching, tasting, seeing, hearing,
 And, knowing nothing, nothing fearing,
 Like Indian dreaming in his boat,
 As he down waveless stream doth float.
 But pleasure's tide ebbs always fast,
 And these were joys too loved to last.

There was but one long final swell,
 Of full melodious tone,
 And all into a cadence fell,
 And was in breathing gone.
 And she too went: and thus have gone
 All—all I ever loved;
 At first too fondly doted on,
 But soon—too soon removed.
 Thus early from each pleasant scene
 There ever has been reft
 The summer glow—the pride of green,
 And but brown autumn left.
 And oh, what is this cherished term,
 This tenancy of clay,
 When that which gave it all its charm
 Has smil'd—and pass'd away?
 A chaplet whence the flowers are fall'n,
 A shrine from which the god is stolen!

SCOTLAND.

Scotland! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me;
 Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me.
 Hail, country of the brave and good;
 Hail, land of song and story;
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Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory!
 Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
 The sky is glowing o'er me;
 Like mother's ever-smiling face,
 The land lies bright before me.
 Land of my home, my father's land;
 Land where my soul was nourish'd;
 Land of anticipated joy,
 And all by memory cherish'd!

Oh Scotland, through thy wide domain
 What hill, or vale, or river,
 But in this fond enthusiast heart
 Has found a place for ever?
 Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
 To shelter farm or sheiling,
 That is not fondly garner'd up
 Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
 With noisy, ceaseless motion;
 Their waters join the rivers broad,
 Those rivers join the ocean;
 And many a sunny, flowery brae,
 Where childhood plays and ponders,
 Is freshen'd by the lightsome fountains,
 As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
 And on the lonely mountain,
 How many wild spontaneous flowers
 Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
 The glowing furze, the "bonnie broom,"
 The thistle and the heather;
 The bluebell and the gowan fair,
 Which childhood likes to gather.

Oh for that pipe of silver sound,
 On which the shepherd lover,
 In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
 Beneath the mountain's cover!
 Oh for that Great Lost Power of Song,
 So soft and melancholy,
 To make thy every hill and dale
 Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
 Fair as they are by nature,
 But every town and tower of thine,
 And every lesser feature;
 For where is there the spot of earth
 Within my contemplation,
 But from some noble deed or thing
 Has taken consecration!

Scotland! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me;

Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me.
 Hail, country of the brave and good;
 Hail, land of song and story;
 Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory!

THE PRISONER OF SPEDLINS.

To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh,
 The Jardine he maun ride;
 He locks the gates behind him,
 For lang he means to bide.

And he, nor any of his train,
 While minding thus to flit,
 Thinks of the weary prisoner,
 Deep in the castle pit.

They were not gane a day, a day,
 A day but barely four,
 When neighbours spake of dismal cries
 Were heard frae Spedlins Tower.

They mingled wi' the sigh of trees,
 And the thud-thud o' the lin;
 But nae ane thocht 'twas a deein' man
 That made that eldrich din.

At last they mind the gipsy loon,
 In dungeon lay unfed;
 But ere the castle key was got,
 The gipsy loon was dead.

They found the wretch stretch'd out at length
 Upon the cold, cold stone,
 With starting eyes and hollow cheek,
 And arms peeled to the bone!

Now Spedlins is an eerie house,
 For oft at mirk midnight
 The wail of Porteous' starving cry
 Fills a' that house wi' fright.

“O, let me out, O let me out,
 Sharp hunger cuts me sore;
 If ye suffer me to perish so,
 I'll haunt ye evermore!”

O sad, sad was the Jardine then,
 His heart was sorely smit;
 Till he could wish himself had been
 Left in that deadly pit.

But “Cheer ye,” cried his lady fair,
 “’Tis purpose makes the sin;

And where the heart has had no part,
 God holds his creature clean.”

Then Jardine sought a holy man
 To lay that vexing sprite;
 And for a week that holy man
 Was praying day and night.

And all that time in Spedlins house
 Was held a solemn fast,
 Till the cries waxed low, and the boglebo
 In the deep Red Sea was cast.

There lies a Bible in Spedlins ha',
 And while it there shall lie,
 Nae Jardine can tormented be
 With Porteous' starving cry.

But Applegarth's an altered man—
 He is no longer gay;
 The thought o' Porteous clings to him
 Unto his dying day.

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed
 awa',
 Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed
 awa',
 'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and
 thritty-twa,
 That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
 To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
 That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
 And monie mae friends in the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the
 ha',
 His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters
 twa,
 And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the
 castle wa',
 And mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

“Oh, whan will ye be back?” sae kindly did she
 speir,

“Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my
 dear?”

“Whenever I can win enouch o' Spanish gear,
 To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear.”

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed
 awa'—

Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red when he gaed
 awa',

And in his bonnie e'e a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie look in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an alert man when he came
hame—

A sair alert man was he when he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a Sir at his name—
And gray, gray cheeks did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit with the
ring,

And down came a ladye to see him come in,
And after the ladye came bairns feifteen;
“Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean?”

“Whatna stoure carle is this,” quo' the dame,
“Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and
sae lame?”

“Oh, tell me, fair madame, are ye bonnie Jeanie
Graham?”

“In troth,” quo' the ladye, “sweet sir, the very
same.”

He turn'd him about wi' a waefu' e'e,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildy flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be;
For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this
hale countrie.

LAMENT FOR THE OLD HIGHLAND
WARRIORS.

Oh, where are the pretty men of yore?
Oh, where are the brave men gone?
Oh, where are the heroes of the north?
Each under his own gray stone.
Oh, where now the broad bright claymore?
Oh, where are the trews and plaid?
Oh, where now the merry Highland heart?
In silence for ever laid.
Och on a rie, och on a rie,
Och on a rie, all are gone;
Och on a rie, the heroes of yore,
Each under his own gray stone.

The chiefs that were foremost of old,
Macdonald and brave Lochiel,
The Gordon, the Murray, and the Graham,
With their clansmen true as steel;
Who follow'd and fought with Montrose,
Glencairn, and bold Dundee;
Who to Charlie gave their swords and their all,
And would aye rather fa' than flee.
Och on a rie, &c.

The hills that our brave fathers trod
Are now to the stranger a store;
The voice of the pipe and the bard
Shall awaken never more.
Such things it is sad to think on—
They come like the mist by day—
And I wish I had less in this world to leave,
And be with them that are away.
Och on a rie, &c.

THE LADYE THAT I LOVE.

Were I a doughty cavalier
On fire for high-born dame,
With sword and lance I would not fear
To win a warrior's fame.
But since no more stern deeds of blood
The gentle fair may move,
I'll woo in softer, better mood
The ladye that I love.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
And plumes that flout the sky,
I'll wear a soul of hardier mould,
And thoughts that sweep as high.
For searf athwart my corselet cast,
With her fair name y-wove,
I'll have her pictur'd in my breast,
The ladye that I love.

No erected steed through battle throng
Shall bear me bravely on,
But pride shall make my spirit strong,
Where honours may be won.
Amidst the great of mind and heart,
My prowess I will prove,
And thus I'll win, by gentler art,
The ladye that I love.

THOMAS AIRD.

BORN 1802—DIED 1876.

THOMAS AIRD, who early distinguished him-
self as a poet, was born at Bowden, Roxburgh-
shire, August 28, 1802. He was educated at
the University of Edinburgh, where he formed

the acquaintance of Professor Wilson, Dr. Moir, and other literary men. He studied originally for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, but, changing his purpose, he embraced the freedom of a literary life, and became a frequent contributor in prose and verse to *Blackwood's Magazine*. He also wrote for other Edinburgh magazines, including the *Literary Journal*, which he for a time edited. A volume of poems, published about his twentieth year, evinced the early promise of his mind; and this was followed in 1827 by a little treatise entitled *Religious Characteristics*, which won the admiration of Professor Wilson for its high imaginative power and exalted Christian tone. Three years later he published "The Captive of Fez, a Romance," in five cantos, which immediately gained for the young author a place among the poets of the day. A brief extract among our selections will give some idea of the character of this vigorous and picturesque production. Mr. Aird was in 1835 appointed editor of the *Dumfries Herald and Register*, a Conservative journal, which met with great success under his editorship, extending over a period of twenty-eight years. Its pages were enriched with some of his choicest verses and criticisms, and the generous editor was always glad to receive the contributions of the youthful talent which gathered around him. Aird's next volume was a collection of admirable tales and sketches, entitled *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*. After the death of his friend Dr. Moir, he edited an edition of his poems, for which he prepared a memoir. In 1848 his poems were published in a collected form, with some new ones; the volume was well received, and reached a fourth edition in 1863. Some of these pieces are of wild imaginative grandeur: the poem "My Mother's Grave," it has been said, "deserves a place beside Cowper's immortal lines: it breathes a spirit of yearning tenderness and intensest pathos." On relin-

quishing the editorship of the *Dumfries Herald*, and retiring into private life in 1863, Mr. Aird was entertained at a public dinner in Dumfries, and presented with a handsome testimonial subscribed for by men of all shades of political opinion. Resident in a beautiful country, with troops of friends around him, his remaining years glided on in happy tranquillity. He died at his residence of Castlebank, Dumfries, April 25, 1876, after a painful illness borne with manly fortitude.

In a notice of the poet which appeared at the time of his death it is said:—"Thomas Aird resembled the great poet of the English lakes in various respects—in his pure and consecrated life, his musings among the woods and streams, his modest and retiring ways. Every nest in spring was known to him, and every flower which summer brings. The beautiful meadow of the Dock, on the banks of the winding Nith, was his favourite haunt, and here he used to watch the autumn sun as he sank in crimson clouds behind the hills of Galloway, and flushed the river with his dying glory. The numerous visitors, who came from far and near, were also dear to him, amongst whom every season was Thomas Carlyle, his honoured contemporary and friend. His death, though not unexpected, has cast a shadow on Dumfries, which will miss for long his familiar presence and the quiet dignity of his daily walk. It is pleasing to know that his remains will rest in the place which is associated with his name, not far from the grave which holds the sacred ashes of Burns, and from the venerable church of St. Michael, in which for forty years he was a reverent worshipper."

In a letter to the Editor Mr. Aird remarks, "I leave it to your own judgment to select what pieces you think most suitable for your publication. But if you ask myself, I would say that 'Frank Sylvan,' 'The Holy Cottage,' and 'The River' seem to be the best liked."

THE CAPTIVE OF FEZ.

(EXTRACT.)

Gray morn appeared. "My horse!" Zemberbo
cried;
And forth was brought, shrill neighing in his
pride,

His battle-horse—from Araby a gift,
White as the snows, and as the breezes swift:
A chosen foal, on Yemen's barley fed,
In size and beauty grew the desert-bred,

Fit present for a king: his burnished chest,
 Branched o'er with veins, and muscles ne'er at
 rest,

Starts, throbs, and leaps with life; his eyeballs
 glow;

Quick blasts of smoke his tender nostrils blow.
 The chieftain sprung on him. The rolling drum
 Announced his signal that the hour was come
 His men should move. Trumpet and deep-smote
 gong

Quell to the draining march the closing throng.
 On through the short defile, compact and slow,
 Betwixt the vales, Zemberbo's squadrons go.
 Lo! the king's host. The mutual armies seen,
 Fierce shouts arose, and claimed the space be-
 tween.

Paused not the rebel phalanx. On each hand
 Hung cloudy swarms, whence, ranging in a band,
 The stepping archers, with their pause com-
 pressed,

Let loose the glancing arrows from their breast.
 Nor less from loyal bows the arrow rain
 Dark on the advancing column fell amain,
 Advancing still: in crescent-shaped array,
 The Fezzan host in its embosomed bay
 Receives it deep; but sharpens round away,
 Till curling to the column's flanks it turns,
 And turning bores them with its piercing horns.
 Yet onward still, still onward through the fight,
 That column pushed its firm continuous might,
 Till, widening out, it spread a breastwork far
 Across the plain, and mingled deep the war.

But where is Julian? At the break of day
 Came on his father with a bold array,
 Brought by the message of his son; but fear
 Disdaining for himself, himself is here
 Leading the warriors on, sooner to bar
 Zemberbo's rise, and end a long-protracted war.
 O how rejoicing to his native band
 Did Julian leap! His father, hand in hand
 He'll fight with him! And through that stormy
 day

They crossed Zemberbo in his fellest way.
 Faint toiled the staggering battle. Fresh and
 strong,

A giant troop came dashing along,
 Grim set, reserved for this: Lo! bare of head,
 The black compacted turm Zemberbo led;
 Low couching, forward bent; and stern and still
 His sword intensely waited on his will,
 Held pointed by his side. Across his path
 Resistance came, and eased his rigid wrath,
 Which bowed him corded down. How towering
 rose

The mighty creature, and made shreds of foes;
 His face, as far he bounded to destroy,
 Bright with the sunshine of his warlike joy!
 He pointed to the thickest of the fight,
 There fought the King of Portugal, with might
 There Julian fought; deep plunged into the fray
 That sable corps, and cleared the crush away;

Then, with the stress of numbers hemming round
 That king, they bore him from the embattled
 ground,

And bore his son; but not one wounding blade
 Was dealt on them, for so Zemberbo bade:
 Thus Julian and his sire were captive made.
 Their capture smote with fear the Fezzan host;
 It paused, it wavered, turned, fled—all was lost.

THE RIVER.

Infant of the weeping hills,
 Nursling of the springs and rills,
 Growing river, flowing ever,
 Wimpling, dimpling, staying never,—
 Lipping, gurgling, ever going,
 Lipping, slipping, ever flowing,
 Toying round the polished stone,
 Kiss the sedge and journey on.
 Here's a creek where bubbles come,
 Whirling make your ball of foam.
 There's a nook so deep and cool,
 Sleep into a glassy pool.
 Breaking, gushing,
 Downward rushing,
 Narrowing green against the bank,
 Where the alders grow in rank,—
 Thence recoiling,
 Outward boiling,
 Fret, in rough shingly shallows wide,
 Your difficult way to yonder side.
 Thence away, aye away,
 Bickering down the sunny day,
 In the sea, in yonder west,
 Lose yourself, and be at rest.

Thus from darkness weeping out,
 Flows our infant life away,
 Murmuring now the checks about,
 Singing now in onward play;
 Deepening, whirling,
 Darkly swirling,
 Downward sucked in eddying coves;
 Boiling with tumultuous loves;
 Widening o'er the worldly sands;
 Kissing full the cultured lands;
 Dim with trouble, glory-lit,
 Heaven still bending over it;
 Changing still, yet ever going,
 Onward, downward ever flowing.

O to be a boy once more,
 Curly-headed, sitting singing
 Midst a thousand flowerets springing,
 In the sunny days of yore,
 In the sunny world remote,
 With feelings opening in their dew,
 And fairy wonders ever new,

And all the budding quicks of thought!
 O to be a boy, yet be
 From all my early follies free!
 But were I skilled in prudent lore,
 The boy were then a boy no more.

Short our threescore years and ten,
 Yet who would live them o'er again?
 All life's good, ere they be flown,
 We have felt, and we have known.
 More than mortal were our fear,
 If doomed to dwell for ever here.

Yet O, from age to age, that we
 Might rise a day old earth to see!
 Mountains high, with nodding firs,
 O'er yon the clouded crystal stirs,
 Fresh as of old, how fresh and sweet!
 And here the flowerets at my feet.
 Daisy, daisy, wet with dew,
 And all ye little bells of blue,
 I know you all; thee, clover bloom,
 Thee the fern, and thee the broom:
 And still the leaves and breezes mingle
 With twinklings in the forest dingle.
 O through all wildering worlds I'd know
 My own dear place of long ago.
 Pleased would the yearning spirit then
 The doings learn of living men,
 The rise and fall of realms and kings,
 And O a thousand homely things.
 Deeper our care considerate
 To know of earth's diviner state:
 How speeds the church, with horns of light,
 To push and pierce the heathen night?
 What promise of the coming day,
 When sin and pain shall pass away,
 And, under love's perpetual prime,
 Joy light the waving wings of time?

THE SWALLOW.

The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the
 sea,
 The comer of the summer, all the sunny days
 to be.
 How pleasant through the pleasant sleep thy
 early twitter heard—
 Oh swallow by the lattice! glad days be thy
 reward!
 Thine be sweet morning, with the bee that's
 out for honey-dew;
 And glowing be the noontide, for the grasshop-
 per and you;
 And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun
 to light thee home!
 What can molest thy airy nest? Sleep till the
 morrow come.

The river blue that lapses through the valley,
 hears thee sing,
 And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy
 light-dipping wing.
 The thunder-cloud, over us bow'd, in deeper
 gloom is seen,
 When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's
 silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brings thee back with
 leading-strings of love
 To haunts where first the summer sun fell on
 thee from above,
 Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music
 of our leaves,
 For here thy young, where thou hast sprung,
 shall glad thee in our eaves.

THE HOLY COTTAGE.

"Come near, my child!" the dying father said.
 Life's twilight dews lay heavy on his brow.
 How softly o'er him did that daughter bow!
 She wiped those dews away, she raised his droop-
 ing head.

He looked upon her with a long, long look,
 Thinking of all her winning little ways,
 His only gladness from her infant days,
 Since God from them away the wife and mother
 took.

Oft to the moorland places he his child
 Led by the hand, or bore upon his back.
 The curlew's nest he show'd her in their track,
 And leveret's dewy play upon the whinny wild.

The while he dug, his coat she quaintly dressed
 With flowers, aye peeping forth lest he might
 see
 The unnoticed fancy; then how pleased when he,
 Much wondering, donned her work, when came
 his hour of rest!

Down sate she by him; and when hail or rain
 Crossed that high country with its streaming
 cloud,
 She nestled in his bosom o'er her bowed,
 Till through the whitening rack looked out the
 sun again.

And when his axe was in the echoing wood,
 Down its shy depths, looking behind her oft,
 She o'er the rotting ferns and fungi soft
 Thro' boughs and blinding leaves her bursting
 way pursued.

The dry twig, matted in the spear-like grass,
Where fresh from morning's womb the orb'd
dew

Lies cold at noon, cracked as she stepped light
through,
Startling the cushat out close by the startled
lass.

Her fluttering heart was ready then for fear:
Through the far peeping glades she thought
she saw

Forms beckoning, luring her; the while with
awe,

The air grew dark and dumb, listening for
something drear.

The ferns were stirred, the leaves were shaken,
rain

Fell in big drops, and thunder muttered low;
Back burst the flushed dishevelled girl, and O
How glad was she to hear her father's axe again!

Blithe, sitting in the winter night, he made
Or mended by the fire his garden gear;
She with her mates, their faces glancing clear
From shade to ruddy light, quick flitting round
him played.

And aye some sly young thing, in rosy joyance,
Looked up between his knees, where she was
hid;

Humming he worked till she was found, then
chid,

But in a way that just lured back the dear
annoyance.

Up grew the virgin in her blooming beauty,
Filling her father's ordered house with grace.
And ever o'er the Word she bowed her face,
Binding her days and nights in one continuous
duty.

When Sabbath came, she plucked him mint
and thyme,

And led him forth, what hour from farms
around

By stile, and sunny croft, and meadow ground,
The parti-coloured folk came to the bell's sweet
chime.

The simple people, gathered by the sod
Of the new grave, or by the dial-stone,
Made way, and blessed her as she led him on
With short and tottering steps into the house
of God.

And holy was their Sabbath afternoon,
The sunlight falling on that father's head
Through their small western casement, as he
read

Much to his child of worlds which he must
visit soon.

And if, his hand upon the Book still laid,
His spectacles upraised upon his brow,
Frail nature slept in him, soft going now
She screened the sunny pane, those dear old
eyes to shade.

Then sitting in their garden-plot, they saw
With what delicious clearness the far height
Seemed coming near, and slips of falling light
Lay on green moorland spot and soft illumined
shaw.

Turned to the sunny hills where he was nursed,
The old man told his child of bloody times,
Marked by the mossy stone of half-sunk rhymes;
And in those hills he saw her sainted mother
first.

"I see thy mother now! I see her stand
Waiting for me, and smiling holy sweet;
The robe of white is flowing to her feet;
And O our good Lord Christ, He holds her by
the hand!

"Farewell, my orphan lamb! To leave thee thus
Is death to me indeed! Yet fear not thou!
On the Good Shepherd I do cast thee now:
'Tis but a little while, and thou shalt come to us.

"O yes! no fear! home to us in the skies
His everlasting arms will carry thee.
Couldst thou thy mother see, as I do see!
My child!" he said, and died. His daughter
closed his eyes.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

O rise, and sit in soft attire!
Wait but to know my soul's desire!
I'd call thee back to earthly days,
To cheer thee in a thousand ways!
Ask but this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death!
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have asked thy sorrows o'er!

I came not, and I cry to save
Thy life from the forgetful grave
One day, that I may well declare
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done,
And make thy days with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth has been,
Of perils past, of glories seen;
I'd tell thee all my youth has done,
And ask of things to choose and shun.
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
And men's glad ways; and join their mirth!
Ah me! is this a bitter jest?
What right have I to break thy rest?
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,
Nothing hast thou of me to ask.

Men wonder till I pass away,
They think not but of useless clay:
Alas for Age, that this should be!
But I have other thoughts of thee;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O for life's power, that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, O burst that earthy cloud,
And meet me, meet me, lowly bowed!
Alas! in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like stranger's birth,
Mother; but now that thou art gone,
I feel as in the world alone:
The wind which lifts the streaming tree,
The skies seem cold and strange to me:

I feel a hand untwist the chain
Of all thy love, with shivering pain,
From round my heart: This bosom's bare,
And less than wanted life is there.
Ay, well indeed it may be so!
And well for thee my tears may flow!

Because that I of thee was part,
Made of the blood-drops of thy heart;
My birth I from thy body drew,

And I upon thy bosom grew;
Thy life was set my life upon;
And I was thine, and not my own.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me as thou hast done,
From morn till starlight, year by year:
For me thy smile repaid thy tear;
And fears for me, and no reproof,
When once I dared to stand aloof!

My punishment, that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star!
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death;
And well I know what raised thy head,
When came the mourner's muffled tread!

Alas! I cannot tell thee now
I could not come to hold thy brow.
And wealth is late, nor aught I've won
Were worth to hear thee call thy son
In that dark hour when bands remove,
And none are named but names of love.

Alas for me, I missed that hour;
My hands for this shall miss their power!
For thee, the sun, and dew, and rain,
Shall ne'er unbind thy grave again,
Nor let thee up the light to see,
Nor let thee up to be with me!

Yet sweet thy rest from care and strife,
And many pains that hurt thy life!
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
To give thee more than I have done:
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
Fill up the channels of her tears!—

Thou car'st not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my soul's desire;
To earth I dare not call thee more,
But speak from off thy awful shore:
O ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

WILLIAM BENNET.

WILLIAM BENNET was born in the parish of Glencairn, Dumfriesshire, Sept. 29, 1802. His parents were in humble circumstances, and he was early apprenticed to a mechanic in a neighbouring parish. From boyhood he was fond of rhyming, and in his nineteenth year published a volume of poems, which brought him into connection with the newspaper press. He became a contributor to the *Dumfries Courier*, edited by the poet MacDiarmid, and in 1825–26

conducted the *Dumfries Magazine*, for which he wrote many interesting articles. In December, 1826, Bennet was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Free Press*, a Liberal newspaper which took an active part in the struggle then going on for political reform. A few years afterwards he withdrew from the Liberal party, and along with Sir Daniel Sandford established the *Glasgow Constitutional*, a Conservative journal, the editorship of which he resigned in 1836.

Mr. Bennet published a second volume of poetry under the title of *Songs of Solitude*, followed by a third entitled *The Chief of Glenorchay*, a poem in five cantos, illustrative of Highland manners and mythology in the middle ages. Both his poetry and his prose contain many sentiments that reflect credit on his heart and indicate a lively and healthy imagination. He is also the author of *Pictures of Scottish Scenes and Character*, and *Sketches of the Isle of Man*. After leaving Glasgow Mr. Bennet resided successively in Ireland and England, and for the past twenty years he has

lived at Burntisland. In a letter to the Editor he says:—"I have been engaged for twenty-five years on a new translation of the Scriptures, and have finished the whole of the Old Testament, having recovered the genuine meaning of its own original Hebrew: so that part of the Word of God now shines forth in native brightness and intelligibility, clear of all that the apostasy has shrouded it with from the ebbing of the Pentecostal effusion until now. I have also written a grammar and dictionary of the recovered tongue, to let every person see and judge for himself whether the ore of its true meaning has been reached or not. All this you would take to be quite suppressive of my 'rhythmic gift.' On the contrary, however, that gift has enabled me to versify the whole of the Psalms, after translating them into prose like the other books. It was only last week that I put the finishing hand to all these labours, so that they could at once go to the press; and now I am about to commence with the New Testament, and do my best to recover it from mistranslation also."

BLEST BE THE HOUR OF NIGHT.

Blest be the hour of night,
When, his toils over,
The swain with a heart so light,
Meets with his lover!
Sweet the moon gilds their path,
Arm in arm straying;
Clouds never rise in wrath,
Chiding their staying.

Gently they whisper low;
Unseen beside them
Good angels watch, that no
Ill may betide them.
Silence is everywhere,
Save when the sighing
Is heard, of the breeze's fall,
Fitfully dying.

How the maid's bosom glows,
While her swain's telling
The love that's been long, she knows,
In his heart swelling!
How, when his arms are thrown
Tenderly around her,
Fears she, in words to own
What he hath found her!

When the first peep of dawn
Warns them of parting,
And from each dewy lawn
Blythe birds are starting,
Fondly she hears her swain
Vow, though they sever,
Soon they shall meet again,
Mated for ever.

I'LL THINK ON THEE, LOVE.

I'll think on thee, love, when thy bark
Hath borne thee far across the deep;
And, as the sky is bright or dark,
'Twill be my fate to smile or weep;
For oh, when winds and waters keep
In trust so dear a charge as thee,
My anxious fears can never sleep
Till thou again art safe with me!

I'll think on thee, love, when each hour
Of twilight comes, with pensive mood,
And silence, like a spell of power,
Rests, in its depth, on field and wood;
And as the mingling shadows brood
Still closer o'er the lonely sea,

Here, on the beach where first we woo'd,
I'll pour to heaven my prayers for thee.

Then haply on the breeze's wing,
That to me steals across the wave,
Some angel's voice may answer bring
That list'ning heaven consents to save.
And oh, the further boon I crave
Perchance may also granted be,
That thou, return'd, no more shalt brave
The wanderer's perils on the sea!

THE ROSE OF BEAUTY.

Among the breezy heights and howes
Where winds the milk sae clearly,
A rose o' beauty sweetly grows,
A rose I lo'e most dearly.

Wi' spring's saft rain and simmer's sun,
How blooms my rose divinely!
And lang ere blows the winter roun',
This breast shall nurse it kin'ly.

May heaven's dew aye freshly weat
My rose at ilka gloamin',
And oh, may nae mallow'd feet
Be near it ever roamin'!

I soon shall buy a snug wee cot,
And hae my rose brought thither;
And then, in that lowne sunny spot,
We'll bloom and fade thegither.

ODE TO CRAIGDARROCH WATER.

Sweet native vale! amid whose calm repose
Once set my days as joyful as they rose;
When, like the dawn arrayed in orient light,
Life's cloudless morning shone before my sight;—

When all was bliss without one shade of ill,
And all was hope that bliss would crown me still.

To those delightful days, so long gone by,
How oft from darker now I turn my eye,
And bid the sunshine on thy hills descend,
The gorgeous rainbows o'er thy valley bend;
The shadows chase each other o'er thy lea,
Which were my playthings while I dwelt in thee!

For me no more the blackbird's evening song
From hazel copse is poured thy vale along;
Nor cuckoo's herald voice, announcing spring,
Nor coo of dove, nor whirr of woodcock's wing,
Nor do thy nuts, on bending hazel tree,
Or thy green wild sloes, ripen more for me.

Yet in my absence, nature still supplies
Thy wonted charms to ravish others' eyes;
Even as the flowerets on our graves that grow,
Bloom for the living, not for those below.

Still does thy stream in bright meanders run,
With many a troutling flashing in the sun;
Still do thy maids, amid the fragrant hay,
With tales of love beguile the summer day;
Thy swains still labour in the cultured field,
Or court the balmy health thy mountains yield;
And still the sun awakes to smile on thee,
And sinks to glorious rest beyond Craignee.

Bloom on, sweet vale—and flow, Craigdarroch
stream!

And yet of other bards be oft the theme!
But, ah! when cold the hand that in thy praise
First waked the lyre, and wreathed thee with his
bays,

Where once he lived, shall there another rise
To mark thy beauties with such partial eyes?

Shall all my dreams of youth to him be known,
And all those cherished joys were mine alone,
Whose bright reflection yet my memory fills,
Sweet as the moonlight sleeping on thy hills!
No! though his lyre should more divinely sound,
And more of nature in his verse be found,
There still are feelings mingled with this strain,
Which, dead with me, can ne'er be felt again.

HUGH MILLER.

BORN 1802 — DIED 1856.

HUGH MILLER, the distinguished geologist, was born at Cromarty, October 10, 1802. In his sixteenth year he was apprenticed to a stone-mason, and it was while engaged as a

hewer in the Old Red Sandstone quarries of Cromarty that he achieved those discoveries in that formation which marked a new epoch in geological science. On finishing his appren-

tieship he removed south, and worked at his trade for two years at Niddry, near Edinburgh. Having been attacked by the disease peculiar to stone-masons he was obliged to return to his native town, and several months elapsed before he recovered. He then began to execute sculptured tablets and tombstones in Cromarty and its neighbourhood, a task for which his skill as a workman and perceptions of the beautiful admirably qualified him. In 1828 he removed to the more important town of Inverness, and while employed in the same way here became known to the editor of the *Inverness Courier*. Miller had for many years been in the habit of devoting some of his leisure hours to poetry as well as geological inquiry, and a number of his lyrics now appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, from which office was published in 1829 a small volume with the title *Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*.

Soon after the publication of this volume a branch of the Commercial Bank was opened in Cromarty, and Miller abandoned his workman's tools to become its accountant. During his first year of office he published his *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, a prose work of very great merit, which confirmed and widely extended his reputation as an author. Shortly after he married Miss Lydia F. Fraser, a lady to whom he had been long engaged, and who survived her husband until March, 1876. After acting for some years as bank-accountant, during which a part of his leisure time was occupied in writing for *Wilson's Tales of the Borders* and *Chambers's Journal*, Miller in 1840 was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Witness*, a semi-weekly Edinburgh newspaper established by the party in the Church of Scotland who seceded at the Disruption in 1843. As a controversial writer on ecclesiastical topics Miller at once attained a high rank among contemporary editors. His first publication after his removal to Edinburgh was the *Old Red Sandstone*, followed by *First Impressions of England and its People*, a work on the physical and social aspects of that country. Then came his powerful work the *Footprints of the Creator*, in reply to the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. Among his other works we may mention *My Schools and Schoolmasters*,

an interesting autobiographic story of his early struggles, which appeared in 1854. His last work, the *Testimony of the Rocks*, on which he had bestowed much time and intense thought, was published posthumously in 1857.

For some years Miller's health had been gradually failing—the result of incessant mental labour, and in a measure had affected his reason. On the night of December 24, 1856, he was attacked by one of the horrible trances that proved too strong for him, for he rose from his bed, and after writing a most affectionate note to his wife and children, he committed suicide. In the morning his body, half dressed, was found lying dead upon the floor, the left lung being pierced by a bullet from his pistol. In this melancholy way ended an honourable and useful life.

Dr. John Brown, in his charming *Howe Subsecive*, says, "Few men are endowed with such a brain as Hugh Miller—huge, active, concentrated, keen to fierceness; and therefore few men need fear, even if they misuse and overtask theirs as he did, that it will turn, as it did with him, and rend its master." Sir David Brewster said of him, "With the exception of Burns the uneducated genius which has done honour to Scotland during the last century has never displayed that natural refinement and classical taste and intellectual energy which mark all the writings of our author;" and Thomas Chalmers asserted, after the death of Sir Walter Scott, "that Hugh Miller was the greatest Scotchman alive."

Hugh Miller is entitled to a place among the minor poets of Scotland, but it is as a geologist and one of the most powerful prose writers of his native land that he is now, and will hereafter be, indebted for his world-wide reputation. Since the date of his decease a volume of his *Tales and Sketches*, with a memoir by Mrs. Miller, has been published; also a volume of *Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political and Social, Literary and Scientific*, with a preface by Peter Bayne. The same gentleman has written an exhaustive biography of the eminent geologist, in the preparation of which he received much assistance from Mrs. Miller, herself the authoress of several books written under the *nom-de-plume* of "Harriet Myrtle;" and an excellent complete edition of Miller's works was pub-

lished in 1872 in thirteen volumes. A son of Hugh Miller is treading in his father's steps both as a geologist and a writer. He has written a biography of Sir Roderick I. Murchison, and is now engaged on the geological survey of England.

OH! SOFTLY SIGHS THE WESTLIN' BREEZE.

Oh! softly sighs the westlin' breeze
Through floweries pearl'd wi' dew;
And brightly lemes the gowden sky,
That skirts the mountain blue.
An' sweet the birken trees amang,
Swells many a blithesome lay;
An' loud the bratlin burnic's voice
Comes soundin' up the brae.

But, ah! nae mair the sweets o' spring
Can glad my wearied e'e;
Nae mair the summer's op'ning bloom
G'ies ought o' joy to me.
Dark, dark to me the pearly flowers,
An' sad the mavis' sang,
An' little heart hae I to roam
These leafy groves amang.

She's gane! she's gane! the loveliest maid!
An' wae o'erpress'd I pine;
The grass waves o'er my Myra's grave,—
Ah! ance I ca'd her mine.
What itther choice does fate afford,
Than just to mourn and dee!
Sin' gane the star that cheer'd my sky,
The beam that bless'd my e'e?

At gloamin' hour along the burn
Alane she lo'ed to stray,
To pu' the rose o' crimson bloom,
An' haw-flower purple gray.
Their siller leaves the willows waved,
As pass'd that maiden by;
And sweeter burst the burdies' sang
Frae poplar straight an' high.

Fu' aften have I watch'd at e'en
These birken trees amang,
To bless the bonnie face that turn'd
To where the mavis sang;
An' aft I've cross'd that grassy path,
To catch my Myra's e'e;
Oh! soon this winding dell became
A blissful haunt to me.

Nae mair a wasting form within,
A wretched heart I bore;
Nae mair unkent, unloved, and lone,
The warl' I wander'd o'er.

Not then like now my life was wae,
Not then this heart repined,
Nor aught of coming ill I thought,
Nor sigh'd to look behind.

Cheer'd by gay hope's enliv'ning ray,
An' warm'd wi' minstrel fire,
Th' expected meed that maiden's smile,
I strung my rustic lyre.
That lyre a pitying muse had given
To me, for, wrought wi' toil,
She bade me, wi' its simple tones,
The weary hours beguile.

Lang had it been my secret pride,
Though nane its strains might hear;
For ne'er till then trembled its chords
To woo a list'ning ear.
The forest echoes to its voice
Fu' sad, had aft complained,
Whan, mingling wi' its wayward strain,
Murmur'd the midnight wind.

Harsh were its tones, yet Myra praised
The wild and artless strain;
In pride I strung my lyre anew,
An' waked its chords again.
The sound was sad, the sparkling tear
Arose in Myra's e'e,
An' mair I lo'ed that artless drape
Than a' the warl' could gie.

To wean the heart frae worldly grief,
Frae worldly moil an' care,
Could maiden smile a lovelier smile,
Or drape a tend'rer tear?
But now she's gane,—dark, dark an' drcar,
Her lang, lang sleep maun be;
But, ah! mair drear the years o' life
That still remain to me!

Whan o'er the raging ocean wave
The gloom o' night is spread,
If lemes the twinkling beacon-light,
The sailor's heart is glad;
In hope he steers, but, mid the storm,
If sinks the warning ray,
Dees a' that hope, an' fails his saul,
O'erpress'd wi' loads o' wae.

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A
CHURCHYARD.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
 What motive placed thee here,
 Where darkly opes the frequent grave,
 And rests the frequent bier.
 Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade
 Slow o'er thy figured plain;
 When mortal life has pass'd away,
 Time counts his hours in vain.

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast
 When shrieks the wintry wind,
 So doubtful thoughts, gray dial-stone,
 Come sweeping o'er my mind.
 I think of what could place thee here,
 Of those beneath thee laid,
 And ponder if thou wert not raised
 In mock'ry o'er the dead.

Nay! man, when on life's stage they fret,
 May mock his fellow-men;
 In sooth their sob'rest pranks afford
 Rare food for mock'ry then.
 But ah! when pass'd their brief sojourn,
 When heaven's dread doom is said,
 Beats there a human heart could pour
 Light mock'ries o'er the dead?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm
 Directs his felon power,
 May ope the book of grace to him
 Whose day of grace is o'er.
 But sure the man has never lived,
 In any age or clime,
 Could raise in mock'ry o'er the dead
 The stone that measures time.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
 What motive placed thee here,
 Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,
 And drops the frequent tear.
 Like thy carved plain, gray dial-stone,
 Grief's weary mourners be;
 Dark sorrow metes out time to them,
 Dark shade marks time on thee.

Yes! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,
 To catch the eye of him
 To whom earth's brightest gauds appear
 Worthless, and dull, and dim.
 We think of time when time has fled
 The friend our tears deplore;
 The God our light proud hearts deny,
 Our grief-worn hearts adore.

Gray stone, o'er thee the lazy night
 Passes untold away,
 Nor is it thine at noon to teach
 When falls the solar ray.
 In death's dark night, gray dial-stone,
 Cease all the works of men,
 In life, if Heaven withholds its aid,
 Bootless their works and vain.

Gray dial-stone, while yet thy shade
 Points out those hours are mine,
 While yet at early morn I rise,
 And rest at day's decline;
 Would that the sun that formed thine,
 His bright rays beam'd on me,
 That I, thou aged dial-stone,
 Might measure time like thee.

SISTER JEANIE, HASTE, WE'LL GO.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
 To where the white-starr'd gowans grow,
 Wi' the puddock-flower, o' gowden hue,
 The snawdrap white, and the bonnie violet blue.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
 To where the blossom'd lilacs grow,
 To where the pine tree, dark and high,
 Is pointing its tap at the cloudless sky.

Jeanie, mony a merry lay
 Is sung in the young-leaved woods to-day;
 Flits on light wing the dragon-fly,
 And hums on the flowerie the big red bee.

Doun the burnie wirks its way
 Aneath the bending birken spray,
 An' wimples roun the green moss-stane,
 An' mourns, I kenna why, wi' a ceaseless mane.

Jeanie, come! thy days o' play
 Wi' autumn tide shall pass away;
 Sune shall these scenes, in darkness cast,
 Be ravaged wild by the wild winter blast.

Though to thee a spring shall rise,
 An' scenes as fair salute thine eyes;
 An' though, through mony a cloudless day,
 My winsome Jean shall be heartsome and gay;

He wha grasps thy little hand
 Nae langer at thy side shall stand,
 Nor o'er the flower-besprinkled brae
 Lead thee the lownest an' the bonniest way.

Dost thou see yon yard sae green,
 Speckled wi' mony a mossy stane?

A few short weeks o' pain shall fly,
An' asleep in that bed shall thy puir brother lie.

Then thy mither's tears awhile
May chide thy joy an' damp thy smile;
But soon ilk grief shall wear awa',
And I'll be forgotten by ane an' by a'.

Dimma think the thought is sad;
Life vex'd me aft, but this maks glad;
When could my heart and closed my e'e,
Bonnie shall the dreams o' my slumbers be.

ODE TO MY MITHER TONGUE.

I lo'e the tones in mine ear that rung
In the days when care was unkind to me;
Ay, I lo'e thee weel, my mither tongue,
Though gloom the sons o' lear at thee.
Evn' now, though little skilled to sing,
I've rax'd me down my simple lyre;
O! while I sweep ilk sounding string,
Nymph o' my mither tongue, inspire!

I lo'e thee weel, my mither tongue,
An' a' thy tales, or sad or wild;
Right early to my heart they clung,
Right soon my darkening thoughts beguiled—
Ay, aft to thy sangs o' a langsyne day,
That tell o' the bluidy fight sublime,
I've listen'd, till died the present away,
An' return'd the deeds o' departed time.

An' gloom the sons o' lear at thee?
An' art thou reckoned poor an' mean?
Ah! could I tell as weel's I see,
Of a' thou art, an' a' thou'st been!
In thee has sung the enraptured bard
His triumphs over pain and care;
In courts and camps thy voice was heard—
Aft heard within the house o' prayer.

In thee, whan came proud England's might,
Wi' its steel to dismay and its gold to seduce,
Blazed the bright soul o' the Wallace wight,
And the patriot thoughts o' the noble Bruce.
Thine were the rousing strains that breathed
Frae the warrior-bard ere closed the fray;
Thine, whan victory his temples wreathed,
The sang that arose o'er the prostrate fae.

An' loftier still, the enraptured saint,
When the life o' time was glimmering awa',
Joyful o' heart, though feeble and faint,
Tauld in thee o' the glories he saw—
O' the visions bright o' a coming life,
O' angels that joy o'er the closing grave,
An' o' Him that bore turmoil an' strife,
The children o' death to succour and save.

An' aft, whan the bluid-hounds track'd the heath,
Whan follow'd the bands o' the bluidy Dundee,
The sang o' praise, an' the prayer o' death,
Arose to Heaven in thee;
In thee, whan Heaven's ain sons were call'd
To sever ilk link o' the papal chain,
Thunder'd the ire o' that champion bauld
Whom threath'nings and dangers assailed in vain.

Ah! mither tongue! in days o' yore,
Fu' mony a noble bard was thine;
The clerk o' Dunkeld, and the coothly Dunbar,
An' the best o' the Stuart line;
An' him wha tauld o' Southron wrang
Cowed by the might o' Scottish men;
Him o' the Mount and the gleesome sang,
And him the pride o' the Hawthornden.

Of bards were thine in latter days
Sma' need to tell, my mither tongue;
Right bauld and slee were Fergie's laith;
An' roared the laugh when Ramsay sung;
But wha without a tear can name
The swain this war! shall ne'er forget?
Thine, mither tongue, his sangs o' fame,—
'Twill learning be to ken thee yet!

ANDREW B. PICKEN.

BORN 1802—DIED 1849.

ANDREW BELFRAGE PICKEN, the third son of Ebenezer Picken of Paisley, was born at Edinburgh, November 5, 1802. Left an orphan and his own master at an early age, and being naturally of a roving and adventurous spirit, it is not greatly to be wondered at that in 1822,

when Sir Gregor Macgregor's infamous prospectus was issued at Edinburgh, the specious promises and glowing pictures set forth in it caused Picken eagerly to embark his little all in the vain hope of securing possessions on the Mosquito shore. He became a leading indi-

vidual in the unfortunate expedition to Poyais, and the sufferings and privations endured by himself and his companions during their voyage and on their landing are vividly described in several of his poems and sketches. On leaving this scene of his misfortunes he engaged with a mahogany merchant in one of the West India Islands, but soon becoming tired of the dull monotony of his new occupation he returned to his native land.

In 1828 Picken published a collected edition of his poetical compositions, entitled "The Bedouins, and other Poems," and contributed a series of tales and sketches under the title of "Lights and Shadows of a Sailor's Life" to the *Edinburgh Observer*. In 1830 he left Scotland for the United States, and after visiting

most of the principal cities of the Union, and passing through many vicissitudes of fortune, ultimately settled in Montreal, where he was well known as an artist and teacher of painting and drawing. Mr. Picken was a constant contributor to the newspapers and magazines of Montreal, and continued to be so until a short time before his death, which took place July 1, 1849. His principal poem is "The Bedouins," in three cantos. Of his prose tales that entitled "The Plague Ship" is considered the best. Several of this author's poetical compositions have been erroneously attributed to Andrew Picken, a native of Paisley, who wrote some occasional verses and several popular novels, including the *Black Watch* and the *Dominie's Legacy*.

THE BEDOUINS.

(EXTRACT.)

It is the hour that green Kashmeer
Its loveliest aspect seems to wear,
When clouds, like bright ships, sailing on
In the red wake of the sinking sun,
The last pale pilgrims of his train,
Are wending towards the western main;
While o'er the hushed lake faintly creep
Their dim reflected gleams,
Like a maiden's eyes, half loeked in sleep,
Seen smiling through her dreams;
And cedar heights and mountain crown
Have caught the shade of evening's frown;
And groups of topaz-coloured lights,
Such as on stilly moonless nights
Come shining down the Ganges oft,
When 'mid the tall cane tufts that shake
On its green shores, in accents soft,
The Hindoo girls their gazzels wake,
And speed their floating lamps along
With all the spells of sighs and song.
Lights like to these are winking now
In many a far fantastic row,
Tracking the long street and tall spire,
Through all the vale, with lines of fire.
These are the painted lanterns hung
From Bani roofs and galleries,
Where ye may hear the Alme's song,
And see the small white hand that flies
The vina's silver wires athwart,
Awakening tones that fill the heart.
There ye may see the dancing girls,
And hear their golden cymbals clashing,
As their gay groups in mazy whirls
Are past the lighted casements dashing,

Like sunny clouds together twined
And driven before the samoor wind.

Now is the hour when lovers meet
Far in the sandal bowers,
And the lone bulbul singeth sweet
To his own harem flowers,
And o'er the folded lotus bell
The wearied sun-bee hymns his prayer,
That the coy flower may ope her cell
And let him nestle there.
Ah! many a soft and silver tongue
Weaves at this hour such wily song.

Now is the hour when token flowers
Are from Zenana's wickets thrown,
By girls that pine through weary hours,
Unnoticed and alone;
And through the silken curtains peep
Glimpses of rich lips and bright eyes,
Like those that haunt the Moslem's sleep
With promises of paradise;
And Peri hands, to groups that stray
Beneath them, wave invitingly;
And cinnamon and basil blooms,
Such as are found on lovers' tombs,
And bear a language of their own
That lovers understand alone,
Are dropped from time to time to them
That dare their passionate promise claim—
Dare lean their hearts to the floweret's prayer,
And borrow love's pinions to woo them there
In their gilded prisons—so far above
The reach of every power but love.

THE HOME FEVER.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE WEST INDIES.

"Oh it's hame—an' it's hame, an' it's hame fain wad I be,
Hame—hame—hame to my ain country."

We sate in a green verandah's shade,
Where the verdant "tye-tye" twined
Its fairy net-work around us, and made
A harp for the cool sea-wind,
That came there, with its low wild tones, at night,
Like a sigh that is telling of past delight.

And that wind, with its tale of flowers, had come
From the island groves away;
And the waves, like wanderers returning home,
To the beach came wearily:
And the conch's far home call, the parrot's cry,
Had told that the Sabbath of night was nigh.

We sat alone in that trelliced bower,
And gazed o'er the darkening deep;
And the holy calm of the twilight hour
Came over our hearts like sleep:
And we dreamt of the "banks and bonny braes"
That had gladden'd our childhood's careless days.

And he, the friend by my side that sate,
Was a boy, whose path had gone
'Mid the fields and the flowers of joy, that Fate,
Like a mother, had smiled upon.
But, alas! for the time when our hopes have wings,
And when memory to grief, like a syren, sings!

His home had been on the stormy shore
Of Albyn's mountain land;
His ear was tuned to the breakers' roar,
And he loved the bleak sea-sand;
And the torrent's din, and the howling breeze,
Had all his soul's wild sympathies.

They had told him tales of the sunny lands
That rose over Indian seas,
Where gold shone glancing from river sands,
And strange fruit bent the trees.
They had wiled him away from his father's hearth,
With its voice of peace, and its light of mirth.

Now, that fruit and the river gems were near,
And he strayed 'neath the tropic sun;
But the voice of promise that thrilled in his ear
At that joyous time was gone:
And the hope he had chased 'mid the wilds of
night,
Had melted away like a firefly's light.

Oh! I have watched him gazing long
Where the homeward vessels lay,
Cheating sad thoughts with some old song,
And wiping his tears away!
And well I knew that that weary breast,
Like the dove of the deluge, pined for rest!

There was a "worm i' the bud" whose fold
Defied the leech's art;
Consumption's hectic plague-spot told
A tale of a broken heart.
The boy was dying—but the grave's long sleep
Is bliss to those that pine, and "watch, and weep."

He died; but memory's wizard power,
With its ghost-like train, had come
To the dark heart's ruins at that last hour,
And he murmured, "Home! home! home!"
And his spirit passed with its happy dream,
Like a bird in the track of a bright sunbeam.

Oh, talk of spring to the trampled flower,
Of light to the fallen star,
Of glory to those that in victory's hour
Lie cold on the fields of war!
But ye mock the exile's heart when ye tell
Of aught out the home where it pines to dwell.

MEXICO.

I have come from the south, where the free
streams flow
'Mid the scented valleys of Mexico;
I have come from the vines and the tamarind
bowers
With their wild festoons and their sunny flowers,
And wonder not that I turned to part
From that land of sweets with an aching heart.

I have come from the south, where the landward
breeze
Comes laden with spices, to roam on the seas,
And mingle its spells with the sea-boy's lay—
As he carols aloft to the billows' sway,
And wonder not that I come with sighs
To this colder clime and these dreary skies.

I have roamed through those Indian wild woods oft
When the hot day glare fell shadowed and soft,
And nought in their green retreats was heard,
But the notes of the hermit humming-bird,
Or the wayward murmur of some old song,
That stole through my reverie, sad and long.

I have stood by those shaded streams at night,
And dreamt of the past, when the sweet starlight
And the sound of the water came over my soul,
And its joys lay hushed in their deep control;
And the dead and the severed on memory crept,
With a tale of my youth, and I wept—I wept!

Oh! could my footstep but wander now
Where those wood paths wind and those dark
streams flow!
Oh, could I but feel on my brow once more
The fragrant winds of that golden shore,
How my heart would bound as it hailed thee mine,
Oh Mexico! land of the olive and vine!

ROBERT WHITE.

ROBERT WHITE was born at Yetholm, Roxburghshire, in 1802. His youth was spent at Otterburn, in Redesdale, Northumberland, where his father cultivated a small farm. Robert was fond of reading, and their landlord, who had a good library, kindly allowed him the use of his books, and in 1825 obtained a clerk's situation for him with a tradesman in Newcastle. In 1850 his employer, who was a bachelor, died, and left his whole estate in Mr. White's hands as executor on behalf of his sister. Being a high-minded and honourable man, the lady reposed her entire confidence in him, and at her death, in the latter part of 1864, "she made me her executor, and left me quite independent. I live in a fine house of my own, situated in the best part of the town. I possess the best private library in the district, and after forty years' faithful work I have at my command more capital than I shall ever require."

Mr. White, soon after his removal to Newcastle, became a frequent contributor both in prose and verse to the *Newcastle Magazine*. In 1829 the Typographical Society of Newcastle printed at their own cost his poem of "The Tynemouth Nun." In 1853 Mr. White printed

for private circulation "The Wind," another poem; and in 1856 he printed, also privately, "England," a poem, which he dedicated to his generous benefactress. In 1857, having drawn up a full and authentic account of the Battle of Otterburn, it was published in a volume of 188 pages. In the same year he contributed to the *Archæologia Æliana*, issued by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, a full account of the battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham. In 1859 he contributed to the same work a sketch of the Battle of Flodden, with a list of all the noblemen and gentlemen of Scotland who fell in that memorable engagement. Mr. White in 1867 collected his poems, songs, and metrical tales, which were published at Kelso. Many of his lyrics are deservedly popular, and have obtained a place in numerous collections of Scottish song. He is well known as an enthusiastic antiquary, and has contributed both prose and verse to Richardson's *Local Historian's Table-Book of Northumberland and Durham*, and other works of an antiquarian character. In 1858 an edition of the poems and ballads of Dr. John Leyden was published, edited by Mr. White.

LADY JEAN.¹

By Bothal Tower sweet Wansbeck's stream
Runs bickerin' to the sea;
Aloft, within the breeze o' morn,
The banner's wavin' free.

There's joy in Bothal's bonnie bowers,
There's mirth within the ha';
But owre the cheeks o' Lady Jean
The tricklin' tear-draps fa'.

She sits within her chamber high,
Her cousin by her side;

Yet sweer is she to don the dress
That's fitting for a bride.

"O haste! Lord Daere's on his way;
Ye hae nae time to spare:
Come let me clasp that girdle jimp,
And braid your glossy hair.

"O' a' the ladies i' the land,
Ye'se be surpass'd by nane;
The lace that's on your velvet robe
Wi' goud'll stand its lane.

¹ The scenery of this ballad is in Northumberland. Bothal Castle is beautifully situated on the Wansbeck, a few miles below Morpeth. At Otterburn stood a tower or castle which was long in possession of the

Umphrevelles, a distinguished family; and the place has acquired great celebrity in Border history and song from the battle fought there in 1388 between the heroes Douglas and Percy.—Ed.

“This jewell'd chaplet ye'll put on,
That broider'd necklace gay;
For we maun hae ye buskit weel
On this, your bridal day.”—

“Oh! Ellen, ye would think it hard
To wed against your will!
I never loo'd Lord Dacre yet;
I dinna like him still.

“He kens, though oft he sued for love
Upon his bended knee,
Ae tender word, ae kindly look,
He never gat frae me.

“And he has gained my mother's ear,
My father's stern command;
Yet this fond heart can ne'er be his,
Altho' he claim my hand.

“Oh! Ellen, softly list to me!
I still may 'scape the snare;
When morning raise o'er Otterburne,
The tidings would be there.

“And hurrying on comes Umfreville,—
His spur is sharp at need;
There's nane in a' Northumberland
Can moun't a flecter steed.

“Ah! weel I ken his heart is true,
He will—he must be here:
Aboon the garden wa' he'll wae
The pennon o' his spear.”—

“Far is the gate, the burns are deep,
The broken muirs are wide;
Fair lady, ere your true love come,
Ye'll be Lord Dacre's bride.

“Wi' stately, solemn step the priest
Climbs up the chapel stair:
Alas! alas! for Umfreville—
His heart may weel be sair!”

“Keep back! keep back! Lord Dacre's steed:
Ye maunna trot, but gang.
And haste ye! haste ye! Umfreville!
Your lady thinks ye lang.”—

in velvet sheen she wadna dress;
Nae pearls o'er her shone;
Nor broider'd necklace, sparkling bright,
Would Lady Jean put on.

Up raise she frae her cushion'd seat,
And totter'd like to fa';
Her cheek grew like the rose, and then
Turned whiter than the suaw.

“O Ellen! throw the casement up,
Let in the air to me:
Look down within the castle-yard,
And tell me what ye see.”—

“Your father's stan'in' on the steps,
Your mother's at the door;
Out thro' the gateway comes the train,
Lord Dacre rides before.

“Fu' yauld and gracefu' lights he doun,
Sae does his gallant band;
And low he doffs his bonnet plume,
And shakes your father's hand.

“List! lady, list a bugle note!
It sounds not loud but clear;—
Up! up! I see aboon the wa'
Your true love's pennon'd spear!”—

An' up fu' quick gat Lady Jean;—
Nae ailment had she mair:
Blythe was her look, and firm her step,
As she ran doun the stair.

An' thro' amang the apple trees,
An' up the walk she flew:
Until she reach'd her true love's side
Her breath she scarcely drew.

Lord Dacre fain would see the bride,
He sought her bower alane;
But dowf and blunkit grew his look
When Lady Jean was gane.

Sair did her father stamp an' rage,
Sair did her mother mourn;
She's up and aff wi' Umfreville
To bonnie Otterburne.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Fair Scotland, dear as life to me
Are thy majestic hills;
And sweet as purest melody
The music of thy rills.
The wildest cairn, the darkest dell,
Within thy rocky strand,
Possess o'er me a living spell,—
Thou art my native land!

I breathed in youth thy braicing air
For many a summer tide;
And saw with joy thy valleys fair
Beneath me stretching wide.
Amid thy classic haunts I found
My glowing heart expand;

For each to me was sacred ground,—
Mine own inspiring land!

Endear'd to me is every trace
Of what in thee hath been!
I prize each consecrated place,
Each thought-awakening scene.
I love thine ancient towers o'erthrow'n
By time's unsparring hand,
Where dwelt thy patriots of renown,
Thou independent land!

Loved country, when I muse upon
Thy dauntless men of old,
Whose swords in battle foremost shone
Beside thy Wallace bold,
And Bruce, who, for our liberty,
Did England's sway withstand,
I glory I was born in thee,
My own ennobled land!

Ah! precious is the dust of those
Who, by such heroes led,
For sake of thee, against thy foes,
In fiercest conflict bled!
All unremember'd though they be,
With steadfast heart and hand
They sold their lives to make thee free,
Thou spirit-rousing land!

Nor less thy martyrs I revere,
Who spent their latest breath
To seal the cause they held so dear,
And conquer'd even in death:
Their graves proclaim o'er hill and plain,
No bigot's stern command
Shall mould the faith thy sons maintain,
My dear, devoted land!

And thou hast ties around my heart—
Attraction stronger still,—
The gifted poet's sacred art,
The minstrel's matchless skill:
Yea, every scene that Burns and Scott
Have touch'd, with magic hand,
Is in my sight a hallow'd spot,—
Mine own distinguished land!

Due-reverenced be thy bards each one,
Whose lays of impulse deep
Abroad upon the world have gone
Far as the wind may sweep.
Be mine to linger where they moved—
Where once they stood to stand,
And muse on all they knew and loved
In thy romantic land!

O, when I wander'd far from thee,
I saw thee in my dreams,—

I mark'd thy forests waving free—
I heard thy rushing streams:
Thy mighty dead in life came forth:
I knew the honour'd band:
We spoke of thee—thy fame—thy worth,—
Thou high-exalted land!

What feelings through my bosom rush
To hear thy favour'd name!
And when I breathe an ardent wish,
'Tis mingled with thy fame.
If prayer of mine prevail on high,
Thou shalt for ever stand
The noblest realm beneath the sky,
My dearly-cherish'd land!

MORNING.

Awake, my love! the shades of night
Depart before the rising light;
The lovely sky, all dappled gray,
Gives welcome to the god of day;
Yet fair and brightly though he shine,
His radiance cannot equal thine!

Arise, my dearest! come away!
To mark the morning let us stray:
The genial air, so mild and calm,
Is fresher than the purest balm,
Where sweets from every shrub combine
To emulate that breath of thine!

O come, my gentlest! come with me!
The deep-green earth in splendour see;
But, gazing on her gorgeous dress
Throughout those vales of loveliness,
To where the distant hills decline,
Her beauty cannot vie with thine!

Come forth, my love, the sky is blue:
Both blade and flower are gemm'd with dew!
The rich unfolding rose appears
Blushing amid its pearly tears,
And with the lily would entwine,
As if to match that hue of thine!

Welcome, my love! both land and sky
Resound with vocal harmony;
Yet all the strains that warblers sing,
Of melting music, cannot bring
Such pure delight to ear of mine
As those mellifluous words of thine!

Come, let us go! the brightest flower,
The liveliest bird in forest bower,
Exult not in the season's pride
As I, when thou art by my side;

Nor shall I hence at aught repine,
Ennobled by that love of thine!

With thee all trial I can brave,
Wander o'er earth and stem the wave,
Though winter freeze or summer sigh,
Nor deem that harm shall come me nigh
While I possess a sacred shrine
Within that spotless breast of thine!

All praise to HIM whose wondrous care
Is mirror'd in a world so fair!
Whose goodness through the joyful spring
Awakes from sleep each living thing,
And, kinder still, whose power divine
Framed me that hand and heart of thine!

THE CAGED BIRD.

To other climes on changing wing
Has fled the wintry blast;
And, robed in verdure, joyful spring
Comes to our land at last.
The dew is on the daisied ground,
Leaves deck the forest tree;
But thus in weary thralldom bound
Can I delighted be?

In dark green foliage, nestling warm,
I first beheld the day;
'Mong all that eye or ear could charm,
I flew from spray to spray.
A happy dream my life was then—
An endless feast of joy:

Now drooping lone must I remain
A captive till I die!

No landscape fair attracts my sight;
No stream runs wimpling by;
I scarcely see the radiant light
That beams on earth and sky.
The breeze brings not to me its balm;
No pleasure comes with morn;
Nor will my fluttering heart be calm
When all its ties are torn.

Here, in a grated prison pent,
I cannot stretch my wing;
And did I give my bosom vent,
How sadly I would sing!
'Tis cruel if my lady deem
That I can warble clear;
Or raise, to suit a pleasing theme,
The music she would hear.

What pity! from the forest tree
That man should thus beguile
A little harmless bird to be
Shut up in durance vile!
May I consoling aid impart
To those who comfort seek?
Remove a sorrow from the heart,
A furrow from the cheek!

Oh! but it were a welcome time
Of harmony and mirth,
Could bondage base and wanton crime
Be banished from the earth!
Then love in dance with friendship dear,
And summer, strewing flowers,
Again would make the world appear
Like Eden's blissful bowers.

JOHN RAMSAY.

JOHN RAMSAY, the author of a small volume of poems entitled *Woodnotes of a Wanderer*, was born at Kilmarnock in 1802. He received but little education, and was early sent to learn the trade of a carpet-weaver in his native town. Whilst employed in the carpet-factory he contributed some very respectable verses to the columns of the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. He afterwards tried business on his own account as a grocer, but without success; and

he then formed the resolution of earning a livelihood by the publication of his poetical writings, and personally pushing the sale of the volume. For a period of fifteen years he travelled over Scotland selling his *Woodnotes*, when he became agent of a benevolent society in Edinburgh. Dr. Robert Chambers says of Ramsay's productions: "I have been struck with wonder at finding expressions so forcible and eloquent—for so they deserve to be termed—proceeding from an

individual who describes himself as occupying so obscure and remote a situation in society, and who might have been so little expected, when his education and circumstances were taken into account, to display accomplishments in such matters." Ramsay's two best productions, "Eglington Park Meeting" and the "Address to Dundonald Castle," are of considerable length; the latter contains much picturesque and pathetic beauty.

ON SEEING A REDBREAST SHOT.

All ruddy glowed the darkening west,
In azure were the mountains drest,
Her veil of mist had evening cast
O'er all the plain,
And slowly home the reapers passed,
A weary train,

On old Dundonald's hills I lay,
And watched the landscape fade away;
The owl come from the turret gray,
And skim the dell,
While leaves from autumn's sapless spray
Down rustling fell.

While on a thorn that widely spread
Its moss-grown lowly bending head,
Where long the winter's storm had shed
Its baneful power,
And oft returning summer clad
In leaf and flower;

A redbreast sang of sunshine gone,
And dreary winter coming on:
What though his strains had never known
The rules of art,
They woke to notes of sweetest tone
The trembling heart,

Bade days return that far had fled,
And hopes long laid among the dead,
And forms in fairy colours clad,
Confused appear:
While melting Feeling kindly shed
Her warmest tear.

When, lo! a flash, a thundering knell,
That startled Echo in her cell,

At once dissolved the pleasing spell,
And hushed the song;
The little warbler lifeless fell
The leaves among.

Thus the young bard, in some retreat
Remote from learning's lofty seat,
The critic, prowling, haps to meet,
And strikes the blow,
That lays him, with his prospects sweet,
For ever low.

FAREWELL TO CRAUFURDLAND.

Thou dark stream, slow wending thy deep rocky
way,
By foliage oft hid from the bright eye of day,
I've viewed thee with pleasure, but now must
with pain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Ye woods whence fond fancy a spirit would bring,
That trimmed the bright pinions of thought's
hallowed wing,
Your beauties will gladden some happier swain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

I've roamed you unknown to care's life-sapping
sigh,
When prospects seemed fair, and my young
hopes were high;
These prospects were false, and those hopes have
proved vain,
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

Soon distance shall bid my reft heart undergo
Those pangs that alone the poor exile can know—
Away! like a craven why should I complain?
Farewell! for I never may see you again.

WILLIAM M. HETHERINGTON.

BORN 1803 — DIED 1865.

WILLIAM MAXWELL HETHERINGTON, D.D., of Troqueer, which, though adjoining the town of Dumfries, is situated in the stewardry of L.L.D., was born June 4, 1803, in the parish

Kirkcudbright. His early education was of the most limited character, and he was nineteen years of age before he began the study of Latin or Greek. After nine months of instruction in the classics he enrolled himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh, where he afterwards attained a high rank for scholarship. During his college days he devoted much of his leisure to the cultivation of his poetic proclivities, celebrating the scenes and manners of his native county. In 1829 he published his first work, entitled "Twelve Dramatic Sketches, founded on the Pastoral Poetry of Scotland," full of gentle feelings, lively pastoral descriptions, and agreeable pictures of Scottish character; but the failure of Mr. Hetherington's publisher prevented the volume meeting with the success which it would otherwise have had. In these "Sketches" the young author introduced a number of songs in the style of the "Gentle Shepherd," many of them very beautiful and popular.

Mr. Hetherington was licensed as a probationer of the Established Church, and in 1836 was ordained to the ministerial charge of the parish of Torphichen, in the presbytery of Linlithgow. He proved an eloquent preacher, and although diligent in the discharge of his pastoral duties, he found time in his sequestered rural charge for the prosecution of literary composition. In 1838 he produced perhaps the most popular of his works, *The*

Minister's Family, which had a large circulation in Great Britain and the United States. Three years later he published the *History of the Church of Scotland*, his most important contribution to literature, and the one by which he will be best known to posterity. This was followed in 1843 by his *History of the Westminster Assembly of Divines*.

Mr. Hetherington took a leading part in the "Non-intrusion" controversy, and at the secession in 1843 he joined the Free Church of Scotland. He was afterwards transferred to St. Andrews, that his talents might be turned to account not only in gathering an influential congregation, but in instructing the Free Church students attending the university in that town. During the first year of his residence here he established the *Free Church Magazine*, which he continued to edit till the year 1848, when he accepted the position of minister of Free St. Paul's Church, Edinburgh. During his residence in Edinburgh he was a frequent contributor to the reviews and religious periodicals, especially the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*. In 1857 he was unanimously appointed by the General Assembly to the chair of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the Free Church College of Glasgow. He died May 23, 1865, and in accordance with his own request was buried in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, the last resting-place of Hugh Miller, Dr. Chalmers, and Dr. Guthrie.

THE HEART'S DIRGE.

I wake not thus at midnight's hour,
Resting my head, in mournful mood,
Upon my hand, to muse on power,
Begirt by all her battle brood;
Nor do I frame the lay to tell
How heroes, crown'd with victory, fell,
When war-fiends peal'd their frantic yell
Upon the fields of blood,

No! Midnight's smouldering passions urge
The wailings that I wake to pour;
An unheard, melancholy dirge,
A broken heart's sad relics o'er.
Poor sport of many a bitterest ill,
Of Misery's pang, and Rapture's thrill,
Soon may'st thou, must thou, slumber still,
Nor wish to waken more!

What wert thou when young life was thine?
Did Hope, the angel, round thee cast
Her glorious forms of joy divine
To tempt, then sweep in mockery past?
Did Passion, like the siroc wind,
That leaves no living thing behind,
Speed thy career, impetuous, blind,
To leave thee thus at last!

Say, wert thou one whose pulses rose
As the clear war-note swell'd the gale?
Joy'dst thou, amid encountering foes,
Grimly to bid Destruction hail?
When Victory her pæan rung,
Responsive to the cannon's tongue,
Hast thou from bloody housings sprung,
As rout roared down the vale?

Or did thy love-aspirings pant
 For that immortal, holiest fame,
 The bard's high lays alone can grant—
 A stainless and a star-like name?
 Had Nature in her bounty smil'd
 On thee, her desert-wandering child,
 While each oasis in the wild
 Show'd groves of verdant flame?

Or, had Love's wondrous magic wrought
 Around thy core a fatal spell,
 Till at a look, a word, a thought,
 Was brightest heaven, or darkest hell?
 And still, whatever doom was thine,
 Wert thou for aye a hallow'd shrine,
 Where One, an image all divine,
 In sanctity might dwell?

Aloft the warrior's war-brand rests
 In peace, when age has tamed his fire;
 The bard to future times intrusts
 His fame—his soul's one strong desire!
 The lover,—Ah! he ne'er may rest!
 No balm, no solace to his breast,
 Till, even in despairing blest,
 His breaking heart expire!

Yes! thine has been the lover's doom—
 The love that kills well hast thou known!
 Behind the darkness of the tomb
 Thy star of life is set and gone!
 Did she for whom thy pulse beat high,
 Turn from thy disregarded sigh
 Her proud ear, and imperious eye,
 And let thee break alone?

Warrior, or bard, or lover true,
 Whate'er thou wert, or mightst have been,
 Rest thee, while o'er thy wreck I strew
 Pale flowers, and leaves of darkest green;
 Primroses, snowdrops, lilies fair,
 Spring's firstlings—Autumn blossoms rare,
 That, trembling in the wintry air,
 Shrink from its breathings keen:

The eypress let me gather too,
 The willow boughs that ever weep,
 And blend them with the sable yew,
 To shade thy last, cold, dreamless sleep.
 Rest thee, sad heart! thy dirge is sung,
 The wreath funereal o'er thee hung,
 The pall of silence round thee flung,
 Long be thy rest, and deep!

THE TORWOOD OAK.

The Torwood Oak! How like a spell
 By potent wizard breathed, that name
 • Bids every Scottish bosom swell,
 And burn with all a patriot's flame!

The past before the rapt eye brings—
 Forth stalk the phantom shades of kings,
 And loud the warrior's bugle rings
 O'er gory fields of blood!

I see the Roman eagle whet
 Its hungry beak, I see it soar;
 It stoops, I see its pinions wet,
 Ruffled and wet with its own gore:
 I see the Danish raven sweep
 O'er the dark bosom of the deep,—
 Its scatter'd plumage strews the steep
 Of rugged Albin's shore.

Lo! England's Edward comes!—the plain
 Groans where his marshal'd thousands wheel,
 Grim Havoc stalks o'er heaps of slain,
 Gaunt Famine, prowling, dogs his heel!
 Ah! woe for Scotland! blood and woe!
 Fierce and relentless is the foe,
 And treason points the murderous blow,
 Edges the ruthless steel!

But who is he with dauntless brow,
 And dragon crest, and eagle eye,
 Whose proud form never knew to bow
 Its lofty port and bearing high?
 Around him close a glorious band,—
 Few—but the chosen of the land;
 Beneath the Torwood Tree they stand,
 Freedom to gain, or die!

'Tis he, the bravest of the brave!
 Champion of Scotland's liberty,
 Whose mighty arm and dreadful glaive
 His mother-land could thrice set free!
 That hero-patriot, whose great name
 Justly the foremost rank may claim
 Of all that grace the rolls of fame—
 WALLACE OF ELDERSLIE!

Yes, oft the Torwood Oak has bent
 Its broad boughs o'er his noble head;
 Oft, in his hour of peril, lent
 The shelter of its friendly shade;
 And though rude Time and stern Decay
 Its moulder'd stem have swept away,
 The hero's name there dwells for aye—
 A name that cannot fade!

THE HAWTHORN TREE.

O sweet are the blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
 The bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree,
 When the soft wastlin' wind, as it wanders o'er
 the lea,
 Comes laden wi' the breath o' the hawthorn tree.

Lovely is the rose in the dewy month o' June,
 And the lily gently bending beneath the sunny
 noon;

But the dewy rose, nor lily fair, is half sae sweet
to me,
As the bonnie milky blossoms o' the hawthorn tree.

O, blythe at fair and market fu' aften ha'e I been,
And wi' a crony frank and leal some happy hours
I've seen;
But the blythest hours I e'er enjoy'd were shar'd,
my love, wi' thee,
In the gloamin' 'neath the bonnie, bonnie haw-
thorn tree.

Sweetly sang the blackbird, low in the woody
glen,
And fragrance sweet spread on the gale, light
ower the dewy plain—
But thy saft voice and sighing breath were
sweeter far to me.
While whispering o' love beneath the hawthorn
tree.

Auld time may wave his dusky wing, and chance
may cast his die,
And the rainbow hues o' flattering hope may
darken in the sky,
Gay summer pass, and winter stalk stern ower
the frozen lea,
Nor leaf nor milky blossom deek the hawthorn
tree;

But still maun be the pulse that wakes this
glowing heart of mine,
For me nae mair the spring maun bud, nor sum-
mer blossoms shine,
And low maun be my hame, sweet maid, ere I be
false to thee,
Or forget the vows I breathed beneath the haw-
thorn tree.

ON VISITING THE GRAVES OF BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

'Tis hallow'd ground! hush'd be my breath!
Uncover'd be my head!
Let me the shadowy Court of Death
With softest footstep tread!
The spirit of the place I feel,
And on its sacred dust I kneel—
For here all lowly laid,
As ancient legends soothly say,
Rest Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

Scotia's brown pines in silent gloom
Commingle, broad and tall,
As Nature's self had o'er their tomb
Hung her own solemn pall;
A few faint straggling beams of day,
Amid the blent boughs shifting, stray,

And on their low homes fall;
The Almond, gurgling down the vale,
Pours, ever pours, their deep dirge-wail.

Where are the mounds, that, like twin waves,
Young children of the deep,
With gentle swell should mark the graves
Where side by side they sleep?
They, too, have melted quite away,
Like snow-wreaths, lessening day by day—
Time's wasting touch can sweep
Even Death's sad records from Earth's face,
Leaving of man no lingering trace.

And be it so! Their once fair clay,—
Like dew-drops in the stream,
Like leaves in the wan year's decay,
Like the sky-meteor's gleam,—
Though with its mother element,
Now undistinguishably blent,
That human dust may seem,
Refined and purified shall rise,
To bloom immortal in the skies.

How vain the pompous tomb appears
Piled o'er the mighty dead,
While viewing through the mist of tears
Where the beautiful are laid!
Yes! in the gales that round me moan,
The stream, the grove, the letter'd stone,
Even in the dust I tread,
I feel the presence of a power
Guarding this consecrated bowen.

Thrice hallow'd is this lonely dell,
Three spirits, all divine—
Love, Innocence, and Friendship—dwell
Here, in one common shrine;
Here youth and virgin fair may meet,
May plight their vows by moonlight sweet,
May heart and hand entwine:—
No faithless foot this turf may tread,
For here *they* reign—the Sacred Dead!

THE VOICE OF STREAMS.

Awake, awake! ye voices that dwell
In streams, as they race on their own bright
way!
Ye *are* awake! for I feel the spell
Around my heart of your mystic lay!
The shrill and the gleeful laugh of youth,
The timid sigh of the maiden fair,
The lover's lute, and his vows of truth,
And the moans of breaking hearts, are there.

There is innocent bliss in that playful song,
 Rolling its rippling voice on mine ear;
 Light leaps my heart as it glides along
 In spring-tide joyousness fresh and clear;
 For ne'er can the bosom-chords sleep to the sound
 Of the brooklet that lull'd pure childhood's rest;
 Recalling oft, as it flutters around,
 Sweet Eden dreams to the time-chill'd breast.

O, voice of the stream! thou art sweet and dear
 In the dewy eve of the flowery May,
 When thy Fairyland music, hovering near,
 Fills each soft pause in the lover's lay:
 But the young and the beautiful Deathspares not,
 The trysting-place—what is it now?
 Alas, alas! 'tis a haunted spect,
 And a gushing, endless wail art thou.

There is mirth and sport in thy altering voice,
 I hear it dancing adown the vale,
 While the shout and the song bid echo rejoice,
 And laughter rides on the joy-wing'd gale:—
 The bleating of lambs on the sunny braes,
 The lightsome maiden's petulant tongue,
 Blent with the shepherd-boy's rustic lays,
 Free on the wandering breeze are flung.

Hark! wild and dread is the swelling strain
 That booms on the mustering night wind by!
 Like the shout of strife, and the groan of pain,
 And the pæan of victory loud and high:
 Of manhood it tells in the noon of his might,
 When glory beams on his lofty brow—
 When bursts on his bosom the torrent of fight,
 And the powers of nature before him bow.

Now it saddens away from its war-note proud,
 And heaves its querulous murmurings forth,
 Beneath the gloom of night's one huge cloud,
 Like a dirge-wail sung o'er the shrouded earth!
 'Tis the plaint of age in his winter-eve dim,
 Laden with longings, regrets, and woes,
 When hope is a dream of the dead to him,
 And pall-like the grave shadows o'er him close.

Breathe on, breathe on! thou voice of the stream!
 To thousand fancies thy notes give birth
 In my musing spirit, and still they seem
 The storied records of man and earth:
 For thou hast partaken his mirth or moan,
 Since first from Eden his steps were driven;
 And his fate shall speak in thy changeful tone,
 Till the exile returns to his home in heaven.

ALEXANDER BETHUNE.

BORN 1804 — DIED 1843.

The elder of two remarkable brothers, ALEXANDER BETHUNE was born in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, in July, 1804. The extreme poverty of his parents enabled them to give him but a scanty education at the village school, which was supplemented by some instruction in writing and arithmetic at home. His boyhood was passed in the most abject poverty, and at fourteen he followed the occupation of a common labourer, working on farms, in a quarry, and in breaking stones on the public highways. In spite of these obstacles, however, he early contracted a taste for literature, and devoted his evening hours to reading and the composition of verses and tales. While employed in breaking stones in 1835 he wrote a very clear and characteristic letter to the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, in which he expressed a desire to submit some of his articles for inspection with a view to

their publication in the *Edinburgh Journal*. Several articles from his pen soon after appeared in the columns of that periodical, and thus began Bethune's literary career. *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry*, part of which was written by his brother John, appeared in 1838, and was most favourably received. The year following *Lectures on Practical Economy*, the joint production of the two brothers, was published. In 1843 another volume from Alexander's pen appeared, entitled *The Scottish Peasant's Fireside*, which met with the same kind reception extended to the *Tales and Sketches*. But this was the last of his intellectual efforts, and his life of struggle was drawing to a close. He had been offered the editorship of the *Dumfries Standard*, with a salary of £100 per annum, but impaired health compelled him to decline a position which would have been so congenial

to him, and for which his talents well fitted him. He became rapidly worse, and died at Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh, June 13, 1843, in his thirty-ninth year. His remains were interred in the grave of his brother John in Abdie churchyard. An interesting volume

of his *Life, Correspondence, and Literary Remains* was published in 1845 by William M'Combie. On the death of his brother in 1839, Alexander collected his poems, and prepared a memoir of his life, which was published the year following.

MUSINGS OF CONVALESCENCE.

After seclusion sad, and sad restraint,
Again the welcome breeze comes wafted far
Across the cooling bosom of the lake,
To fan my weary limbs and feverish brow,
Where yet the pulse beats audible and quick—
And I could number every passing throb,
Without the pressure which physicians use,
As easily as I could count the chimes
By which the clock sums up the flight of time.

Yet it is pleasing, from the bed of sickness,
And from the dingy cottage, to escape
For a short time to breathe the breath of heaven,
And ruminat abroad with less of pain.
Let those who never pressed the thorny pillow,
To which disease oft ties its victim down
For days and weeks of wakeful suffering—
Who never knew to turn or be turned
From side to side, and seek, and seek in vain,
For ease and a short season of repose—
Who never tried to circumvent a moan,
And tame the spirit with a tyrant's sway,
To bear what must be borne and not complain—
Who never strove to wring from the writhed lip
And rigid brow, the semblance of a smile,
To cheer a friend in sorrow sitting by,
Nor felt that time, in happy days so fleet,
Drags heavily along when dogged by pain,
Let those *talk* well of Nature's beauteous face,
And her sublimer scenes; her rocks and moun-
tains;

Her clustered hills and winding valleys deep;
Her lakes, her rivers, and her oceans vast,
In all the pomp of modern sentiment;
But still they cannot *feel* with half the force,
Which the pale invalid, imprisoned long,
Experiences upon his first escape
To the green fields and the wide world abroad:
Beauty *is* beauty—freshness, freshness, then;
And feeling *is* a something to be *felt*—
Not fancied—as is frequently the case.

These feelings lend an impulse now, and hope
Again would soar upon the wings of health;
Yet is it early to indulge his flight,
When death, short while ago, seem'd hovering
near;
And the next hour perhaps may bring him back,
And bring me to that "bourne" where I shall
sleep—

Not like the traveller, though he sleep well,
Not like the artisan or humble hind,
Or the day-labourer worn out with his toil,
Who pass the night scarce conscious of its passing,
Till morning with its balmy breath return,
And the shrill cock-crow warns them from their
bed—

That sleep shall be more lasting and more dream-
less

Than aught which living men on earth may know.

Well, be it so: methinks my life, though short,
Hath taught me that this sublunary world
Is something else than fancy wont to paint it—
A world of many cares and anxious thoughts,
Pains, sufferings, abstinence, and endless toil,
From which it were small penance to be gone.
Yet there are feelings in the heart of youth,
Howe'er depress'd by poverty or pain,
Which loathe the oblivious grave; and I would
live,

If it were only but to be convinced
That "all is vanity beneath the sun."
Yes! while these hands can earn what nature asks,
Or lessen, by one bitter drop, the cup
Of woe, which some must drink even to its dregs,
Or have it in their power to hold a crust
To the pale lip of famished indigence,
I would not murmur or repine though care,
The toil-worn, frame-tired arm, and heavy foot,
Should be my portion in this pilgrimage.
But when this ceases, let me also cease,
If such may be thy will, O God of Heaven!
Thou knowest all the weakness of my heart,
And it is such, I would not be a beggar
Nor ask an alms from charity's cold hand:
I would not buy existence at the price
Which the poor mendicant must stoop to pay.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Unlike all other things earth knows,
(All else may fail or change)
The love in a mother's heart that glows
Nought earthly can estrange.
Concentrated, and strong, and bright,
A vestal flame it glows
With pure, self-sacrificing light,
Which no cold shadow knows.

All that by mortal can be done
 A mother ventures for her son;
 If marked by worth or merit high,
 Her bosom beats with ecstasy;
 And though he own nor worth nor charm,
 To him her faithful heart is warm.
 Though wayward passions round him close,
 And fame and fortune prove his foes;
 Through every change of good and ill,
 Unchanged, a mother loves him still.
 Even love itself, than life more dear,—
 Its interchange of hope and fear;
 Its feeling oft akin to madness;
 Its fevered joys, and anguish-sadness;
 Its melting moods of tenderness,
 And fancied wrongs, and fond redress,
 Hath nought to form so strong a tie
 As her deep sympathies supply.
 And when those kindred chords are broken
 Which twine around the heart;
 When friends their farewell word have spoken,
 And to the grave depart;
 When parents, brothers, husband die.
 And desolation only
 At every step meets her dim eye,
 Inspiring visions lonely.—
 Love's last and strongest root below,
 Which widow'd mothers only know,

Watered by each successive grief,
 Puts forth a fresher, greener leaf:
 Divided streams unite in one,
 And deepen round her only son:
 And when her early friends are gone,
 She lives and breathes in him alone.

ON HIS BROTHER'S DEATH.

When evening's lengthened shadows fall
 On cottage roof and princely hall,
 Then brothers with their brothers meet,
 And kindred hearts each other greet,
 And children wildly, gladly press,
 To share a father's fond caress:
 But home to me no more can bring
 Those scenes which are life's sweetening.

No friendly heart remains for me,
 Like star to gild life's stormy sea,
 No brother, whose affection warm
 The gloomy passing hours might charm.
 Bereft of all who once were dear,
 Whose words or looks were wont to cheer;
 Parent, and friend, and brother gone,
 I stand upon the earth alone.

DUGALD MOORE.

BORN 1805—DIED 1841.

DUGALD MOORE, a poet of very superior power, well known in the west of Scotland, was born in Stockwell Street, Glasgow, August 12, 1805. His parents were in humble circumstances, and at an early age he was apprenticed to Mr. James Lumsden, stationer, Queen Street, in whom he found his earliest and most efficient patron. By Mr. Lumsden's exertions his first work, *The African, and other Poems*, was brought out in 1829. This was succeeded by no fewer than *five* other volumes of poems, all published between the years 1829 and 1839, and all liberally subscribed for. The pecuniary success of his early publications enabled Moore to set up as a bookseller and stationer in his native city, where he was gradually rising in wealth and reputation, when suddenly cut off

by inflammation, January 2, 1841. He died unmarried, having resided all his life with his mother, to whom he was much attached. In the Necropolis, where he lies buried, a massive monument surmounted by a bust was erected to his memory by his personal friends and admirers.

Moore was pre-eminently self-taught, his education at school having been of the most scanty description. All his works, though subject in some cases to objection on the score of accuracy or sound taste, display unequivocal marks of genius. He possessed a vigorous and fertile imagination, great force of diction, and freedom of versification. His muse loved to dwell on the vast, the grand, the terrible in nature. He dealt little in matters of everyday life or

everyday feeling. Professor Wilson said of his *African and other Poems*, and *Bard of the North*, "My ingenious friend Dugald Moore of Glasgow, whose poems—both volumes—are full of uncommon power and frequently exhibit touches of true genius."

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

Sister! is this an hour for sleep?—

Should slumber mar a daughter's prayer,
When drinks her father, on the deep,
Death's chalice in despair?
Though I have rested in the grave,
Long with oblivion's ghastly crowd,
Yet the wild tempest on the wave
Hath roused me from my shroud!

'Tis but a few short days since he,
Our father, left his native land,
And I was there, when by the sea
Ye wept,—and grasp'd each parting hand;
I hover'd o'er you, when alone
The farewell thrill'd each wounded heart—
The breeze then raised its warning tone,
And bade the ship depart.

I saw the bark in sunshine quit
Our own romantic shore;
Thou heard'st the tempest—it hath smit
The proudest—now no more;
Amid the ocean's solitude,
Unseen, I trod its armèd deck,
And watch'd our father when he stood
In battle and in wreck.

But stronger than a spirit's arm
Is His who measures out the sky—
Who rides upon the volley'd storm
When it comes sweeping by.
The tempest rose;—I saw it burst,
Like death upon the ocean's sleep;
The warriors nobly strove at first,
But perish'd in the deep.

High floating on the riven storm,
I hover'd o'er the staggering bark—
Oh God! I saw our father's form
Sink reeling in the dark!
I hung above the crew, and drank
Their wild—their last convulsive prayer;
One thunder roll, then down they sank,
And all was blackness there!

Our father strove in vain to brave
The hurricane in all its wrath,
My airy foot was on the wave
That quench'd his latest breath:
I smoothened the sea's tremendous brim,
The fearful moment that he died,
And spread a calmer couch for him
Than those who perish'd by his side.

The wild waves, flung by giant death
Above that lone, that struggling crew—
Shrunk backward, when my viewless breath
Came o'er their bosoms blue;
I saw beneath the lightning's frown,
Our father on the billows roll,
I smote the hissing tempest down,
And clasp'd his shrinking soul.

Then, hand in hand we journey'd on,
Far—far above the whirlwind's roar,
And laugh'd at death, the skeleton,
Who could not scathe us more!
Around, the stars in beauty flung
Their pure, their never-dying light,
Lamps by the Eternal's fiat hung
To guide the spirit's flight.

TO THE CLYDE.

When cities of old days
But meet the savage gaze,
Stream of my early ways,
Thou wilt roll,
Though fleets forsake thy breast,
And millions sink to rest,—
Of the bright and glorious west
Still the soul.

When the porch and stately arch,
Which now so proudly perch
O'er thy billows, on their march
To the sea,
Are but ashes in the shower;
Still the jocund summer hour,
From his cloud will weave a bower
Over thee.

When the voice of human power
Has ceased in mart and bower;
Still the broom and mountain flower
Will thee bless:
And the mists that love to stray
O'er the Highlands, far away,
Will come down their deserts gray
To thy kiss.

And the stranger, brown with toil,
From the far Atlantic's soil,
Like the pilgrim of the Nile,
Yet may come

To search the solemn heaps
That moulder by thy deeps,
Where desolation sleeps,
Ever dumb.

Though fetters yet should elank
O'er the gay and princely rank
Of cities on thy bank,
All sublime;
Still thou wilt wander on,
Till eternity has gone,
And broke the dial-stone
Of old Time.

HANNIBAL, ON DRINKING THE POISON.

And have I thus outlived the brave
Who wreath'd this wrinkled brow?—
And has earth nothing but a grave
To shield her conqueror now?
Ah, glory! thou'rt a fading leaf,—
Thy fragrance false—thy blossoms brief—
And those who to thee bow
Worship a falling star—whose path
Is lost in darkness and in death.

Yet I have twined the meed of fame
This ancient head around,
And made the echo of my name
A not undreaded sound;
Ay—there are hearts, Italia, yet
Within thee, who may not forget
Our battle's bloody mound,
When thy proud eagle on the wing
Fell to the earth, a nerveless thing!

Yes, 'mid thy vast and fair domains,
Thou sitt'st in terror still,
While this old heart, and these shrunk veins,
Have one scant drop to spill;
Even in the glory of thy fame
Thou shrinkest still at Afric's name,—
'Tis not a joyous thrill;
Thou hast not yet forgotten quite
The hurricane of Cannae's fight!

Though chased from shore to shore, I yet
Can smile, proud land, at thee;
And though my country's glory set,
Her warrior still is free!
On prostrate millions thou may'st tread,
But never on this aged head—
Ne'er forge base bands for me!
This arm, which made thy thousands vain,
May wither—but ne'er wear thy chain.

True, they are gone—those days of fame—
Those deeds of might—and I
Am nothing—but a dreaded name,
Heard like storms rushing by:
Then welcome, bitter draught—thou'rt sweet
To warrior spirits that would meet
Their end—as men should die,—
Hearts that would hail the darksome grave,
Ere yet degraded to a slave.

Carthage—farewell! My dust I lay
Not on thy summer strand;
Yet shall my spirit stretch away
To thee, my father's land.
I fought for thee—I bled for thee—
I perish now to keep thee free;
And when the invader's band
Thy children meet on battled plain,
My soul shall charge for thee again!

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

BORN 1805—DIED 1866.

WILLIAM ANDERSON, an industrious and prolific writer, was born at Edinburgh, December 10, 1805. After being educated in his native city he became clerk to a Leith merchant, but he afterwards gave up this situation and entered the office of a writer in Edinburgh, with the intention of making the law his profession. In 1830 he published a volume entitled *Poetical Aspirations*. In the year following he proceeded to London, where he formed the

acquaintance of Allan Cunningham and other men of letters. For some years after this he resided in Aberdeen, employed on the *Journal* and *Advertiser* newspapers of that city; and in 1836 he returned to London, where he contributed extensively to the magazines. In 1839 his *Landscape Lyrics* appeared in a handsome quarto volume, and in 1842 he published a valuable work, *The Popular Scottish Biography*. Mr. Anderson was also the editor of a

series of five volumes, *Treasury of History and Biography, Treasury of Nature, Science, and Art*, &c.; an edition of Lord Byron's works with a memoir and notes; and various other publications. He was connected for some time with the *Witness* newspaper, and in 1845 removed to Glasgow to assist in establishing the *Daily Mail*, the first daily newspaper issued in Scotland. In 1853 he began an important and extensive work, entitled *The Scottish Nation; or the Surnames, Families, Literature, Honours, and Biographical History of the People of Scotland*. This work, published by

Fullarton & Co. in three large volumes, engaged its author for nearly twelve years, and is likely to prove his most enduring literary monument. In 1855 he published the "Young Voyager," a poem descriptive of the search after Sir John Franklin, and intended for juvenile readers. Mr. Anderson ended a life of much literary activity August 2, 1866, aged sixty-one years. The following pieces are selected from a collected edition of his poems published in 1845, and from which the author omitted many of his earlier compositions, not deeming them "worthy of further reprint."

TO A WILD FLOWER.

In what delightful land,
Sweet-scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth?
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fanned!

Full oft my gladdened eye,
In pleasant glade, on river's marge has traced
(As if there planted by the hand of Taste),
Sweet flowers of every dye;

But never did I see,
In mead or mountain, or domestic bower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious flower,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart.—I know not how 'tis so,—
Quick-coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice:

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one o'erhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernac'lar words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits:

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of sights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green,
Smooth-running waters in the far-off ways,
The deep-voiced forest where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild,
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude;
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought!
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

AT E'ENING WHAN THE KYE.

At e'ening whan the kye war in,
An' lasses milking thrang,
A neebour laird cam' ben the byre,
The busy maids amang;
He stood ahint the routin' kye
An' round him glowered a wee,
Then stole to whar young Peggy sat,
The milk pail at her knee.

"Sweet Peggy, lass," thus spoke the laird,
 "Wilt listen to my tale?"

"Stan' out the gate, laird," Peggy cried,
 "Or you will coup the pail;

Mind, Hawkie here's a timorous beast,
 An' no acquent wi' you."

"N'e'er fash," quo' he, "the milking time's
 The sweetest time to woo.

"Ye ken, I've aften tauld ye that
 I've thretty kye and mair,

An' ye'd be better owning them
 Than sittin' milkin' there.

My house is bein, and stocket weel
 In hadden and in ha',

An' ye've but just to say the word
 Tae leddy be o' a'."

"Wheesh, laird," quo' Peggy, "dinna mak'
 Yersel' a fule an' me,

I thank ye, for your offer kind,
 But sae it canna be.

Maybe yer weel stocked house and farm,
 An' thretty lowing kine,

May win some ither lassie's heart,
 They hae nae charms for mine;

"For in the kirk I hae been cried,
 My troth is pledged and sworn,

An' tae the man I like mysel'
 I'll married be the morn."

The laird, dumfounded at her words,
 Had nae mair will to try'r;

But turned, and gaed far faster out,
 Than he'd come in the byre.

I'M NAEBODY NOO.

I'm naebody noo, though in days that are gane,
 When I'd hooses, and lands, and gear o' my ain,
 There war' plenty to flatter, and mony to praise,
 And wha but mysel' was sae proud in those days!

Ah! then roun' my table wad visitors thrang,
 Wha laughed at my joke, and applauded my sang,
 Though the tane had nae point, and the tither
 nae glee;
 But of coorse they war' grand when comin' frae me!

Whan I'd plenty to gie, o' my cheer and my crack,
 There war' plenty to come, and wi' joy to partak';
 But whanever the water grew scant at the well,
 I was welcome to drink all alane by mysel'.

Whan I'd nae need o' aid, there were plenty to
 proffer,
 And noo whan I want it, I ne'er get the offer;

I could greet whan I think hoo my siller decaest,
 In the feasting o' those who came only to feast.

The fulsome respee' to my gowd they did gie
 I thought a' the time was intended for me,
 But whanever the end o' my money they saw,
 Their friendship, like it, also flickered awa'.

My advice ance was sought for by folk far and
 near,
 Sic great wisdom I had ere I tint a' my gear,
 I'm as weel able yet to gie counsel, that's true,
 But I may jist haud my wheesh, for I'm naebody
 noo.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

By Tweed's fair stream, in a secluded spot,
 Rises an ivy-crowned monastic pile:
 Beneath its shadow sleeps the Wizard SCOTT;
 A ruin is his resting-place—no vile
 Unconsecrated graveyard is the soil;—
 Few moulder there, but these the loved, the
 good,
 The honoured, and the famed; and sweet
 flowers smile
 Around the precincts of the Abbeyhood,
 While cedar, oak, and yew adorn that solitude.

Hail, Dryburgh! to thy sylvan shades all hail!—
 As to a shrine, from places far away,
 With awe-struck spirit, to thy classic vale
 Shall pilgrims come, to muse, perchance to
 pray;
 More hallowed now than in thy elder day,
 For sacred is the earth wherein is laid
 The Poet's dust; and still his mind, his lay,
 And his renown, shall flourish undecayed,
 Like his loved country's fame, that is not
 doomed to fade.

THROUGH THE WOOD.

Through the wood, through the wood,
 Warbles the merle!

Through the wood, through the wood,
 Gallops the earl!

Yet he heeds not its song
 As it sinks on his ear,
 For he lists to a voice
 Than its music more dear.

Through the wood, through the wood,
 Once and away,
 The castle is gained,
 And the lady is gay;

When her smile waxes sad,
 And her eyes become dim,
 Her bosom is glad,
 If she gazes on him!

Through the wood, through the wood,
 Over the wold,
 Rides onward a band
 Of true warriors bold;
 They stop not for forest,
 They halt not for water;

Their chieftain in sorrow
 Is seeking his daughter.

Through the wood, through the wood,
 Warbles the merle;
 Through the wood, through the wood,
 Prances the earl;
 And on a gay palfrey
 Comes pacing his bride:
 While an old man sits smiling,
 In joy, by her side.

HENRY G. BELL.

BORN 1805 — DIED 1874.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, the son of James Bell, advocate, was born in Glasgow in 1805. His early life was spent chiefly in Edinburgh, to which city his father removed in 1811. Educated at the University of Edinburgh, he early exhibited a predilection for literature, and at the close of his college curriculum he wrote for *Constable's Miscellany* a "Memoir of Mary Queen of Scots," in two volumes, which was so popular as to pass through several editions and to be translated into several modern languages. In 1829 he established the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, which he conducted with marked ability for three years. As the editor of this periodical he formed an intimacy with many of the most distinguished literary men who lived in Edinburgh at the beginning of the second quarter of the present century. He was the friend and frequent companion of Professor Wilson, who speaks of Bell with respect and affection in his *Noctes*, where he appears under the name of Tallboys. In 1832 Mr. Bell was admitted to practise as an advocate, when his literary and artistic tastes became in some measure subordinated to the weightier business of his profession. In 1839 he was appointed a sheriff-substitute of Lanarkshire, a position in which his thorough knowledge of law and his sound judgment gave such satisfaction, that in 1867, on the death of Sir Archibald Alison, sheriff of Lanarkshire, he received the vacant sheriffdom, and he continued to fulfil the duties of this

important and honourable office with distinction until his death, January 7, 1874.

In 1831 Mr. Bell published a volume of poems entitled *Summer and Winter Hours*, followed the year after by *My Old Portfolio*, a collection of miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse. From time to time, at intervals snatched from the discharge of his professional duties, he gave to the world several volumes and poetical brochures, the latest of which appeared in 1865 with the title of *Romances and other Minor Poems*. This volume fairly entitles its author to a place in our Collection, containing as it does the fruits of mature thought, with which much of the poetic fervour of youthful feeling is beautifully blended. Mr. Bell was also an acknowledged connoisseur in art, and did inestimable service to the people of Scotland as well as to professional artists by his labours in establishing in 1833 the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. He frequently appeared on the public platform as an eloquent speaker on subjects relating to art, literature, and social science; and was for many years one of the best-known men in the western capital.

One of the journals of his native city said of Sheriff Bell: "There are two kinds of eminence, and among the men who have concentrated their lives on a single pursuit or a single problem Mr. Bell will not take a foremost rank. But rarely in the long list of our great lawyers has there been found one who has

combined a technical reputation so indisputably high with accomplishments and sympathies so varied and so acute. From the time when, amid the regrets of his friends the Ettrick Shepherd and others of the admiring circle which gathered round the brilliant young Edinburgh advocate, he left the gardens of the Muses for the courts of Themis, he devoted himself with an unsurpassed and unsurpassable assiduity to the duties of his profession. But, as has been the case with our greatest lawyers, his literary powers and tastes ever went hand in hand with his keen logical perceptions; and those who knew him best can recall no pleasanter hours of intellectual interest than those spent in his discussions of the speculative and practical points at issue in the cases on which he was engaged. Mr. Bell was a great lawyer and a great deal more. He was one of the first of our few good dramatic censors; among patrons of art a Mæcenas; of Scotch critics of poetry among the best that our century has produced, and himself no mean poet. Many of his writings in prose and verse will bear a favourable comparison with the most deserv-

edly popular volumes of recent times. But—and in this respect also he is associated with several of the most conspicuous of his countrymen—though his works were good and his work was excellent, the man was more excellent. As with Irving and Chalmers, and his old friend John Wilson, what he has left behind can give no adequate impression of the space he filled in the minds and hearts of those who were privileged to enjoy his companionship. Henry Glassford Bell was in some respects the last of a race—*ultimus Romanorum*—of the men who could think, and live, and talk, and revolve great problems in their minds, and yet keep a cheerful face before all the world. With that world he was always on good terms, but without surrendering an inch of his independence. He had almost the innocence of a child with the fortitude of a sage. If he had a fault, it was extreme good nature. His own inner convictions might have taken a more vivid and trenchant form had he been less chary of letting others into the secrets known only to those nearest to him."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Elle étoit de ce monde ou les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin.—MALHERBE.

I looked far back into the past, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages pass'd away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stone the ereeping shadow crept,
And, all around, the noonday light in drowsy radiance slept.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little reck'd they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,

That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long continuing light.

The scene was changed.—It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
Where, 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry;—
Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has pass'd a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children, stands, the first among his peers;

Next him the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assail'd,
 And walk'd ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have fail'd,—
 And higher yet their path shall be, and stronger wax their might,
 For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning light;
 There too the Prince of Condé wears his all unconquer'd sword,
 With great Coligni by his side,—each name a household word!
 And there walks she of Medici, that proud Italian line,
 The mother of a race of kings, the haughty Catherine!
 The forms that follow in her train a glorious sunshine make,
 A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering wake:
 But fairer far than all the crowd, who bask on fortune's tide,
 Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
 The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of one—
 The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,
 They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
 They sparkle on her open brow, and high-soul'd joy bespeak.
 Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
 She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed.—It was a bark that slowly held its way,
 And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
 And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
 Upon the fast receding hills that dim and distant rise.
 No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
 She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth:
 It was her mother's land; the land of childhood and of friends;
 It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends;
 The land where her dead husband slept; the land where she had known
 The tranquil convent's hush'd repose, and the splendours of a throne:
 No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France,
 The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!

The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
 The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!—
 One gaze again—one long last gaze; “Adieu, fair France, to thee!”
 The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed.—It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
 And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
 Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
 That seem'd to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
 The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek, her smile was sadder now;
 The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy on her brow;
 And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
 The Stuart *sceptre* well she sway'd, but the *sword* she could not wield.
 She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's brief day,
 And summon'd Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
 The songs she loved in other years, the songs of gay Navarre,
 The songs, perchance, that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
 They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
 They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils.
 But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
 They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
 Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, her words, her prayers are vain,
 The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
 Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears that trickling fell;
 “Now for my father's arm,” she said, “my woman's heart, farewell!”

The scene was changed.—It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
 And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
 Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
 The traitorous scroll that snatch'd the crown from her ancestral line:
 “My lords, my lords!” the captive cried, “were I but once more free,
 With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every
breeze that blows,
And once more reign, a Stuart queen o'er my
remorseless foes!"

A red spot burn'd upon her cheek, stream'd her
rich tresses down;
She wrote the words—she stood erect, a queen
without a crown!

The scene was changed.—A royal host a royal
banner bore;
The faithful of the land stood round their smiling
queen once more:
She staid her steed upon a hill, she saw them
marching by,
She heard their shouts, she read success in every
flashing eye:
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies
away,
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers
—where are they?

Scatter'd, and strew'd, and flying far, defenceless
and undone—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what
guilt has won;
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no lag-
gard's part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow
in thy heart.

The scene was changed.—Beside the block a
sullen headsman stood,
And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand, that soon
must drip with blood,
With slow and steady step there came a lady
through the hall,
And breathless silence chain'd the lips, and
touch'd the hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore, her white
veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung the cross—that
cross she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted
was its bloom,
I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offering
for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once
so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrill'd
with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of
living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step, that sym-
metry of mould.
Even now I see her far away, in that calm con-
vent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her
holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal
morn,

A new star in the firmament, to light and glory
born!
Alas, the change! she placed her foot upon a
triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands, beside the
block, *alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all
the crowd
Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance, and
round her footsteps bow'd!
Her neck is bar'd—the blow is struck—the soul
has pass'd away!
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece
of clay!
A solemn text! Go, think of it, in silence and
alone,
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of
a throne!

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

It was a lord and a gentle maid
Sat in a greenwood bower,
And thus the brave Sir Alfred said
To the greenwood's fairest flower:—

“I have loved thee well, sweet Rosalie,—
With thee I could live and die;
But thou art a maid of low degree,
And of princely race am I.

“I have loved thee well, sweet Rosalie,
I have loved a year and a day;
But a different fate is in store for me,
And I must no longer stay.

“Thou art a cottage maiden, love,
And know not thy own pedigree;
And I must marry the king's daughter,
For she is betrothed to me.”

There was a smile on Rosalie's lip,
But a tear in her blue eye shone;
The smile was all for her lover's fate,
The tear perchance for her own.

And down fell her ringlets of chestnut hair,
Down in a shower of gold;
And she hid her face in her lover's arms,
With feelings best left untold.

Then slowly rose she in her bower,
With something of pride and scorn,
And she look'd like a tall and dewy flow'r
That lifts up its head to the morn.

She flung her golden ringlets aside,
And a deep blush crimson'd her cheek,—

"Heaven bless thee, Alfred, and thy young
bride,
Heaven give you the joy you seek!

"Thou wert not born for a cottage, love,
Nor yet for a maiden of low degree;
Thou wilt find thy mate in the king's daughter—
Forget and forgive thy Rosalie."

Sir Alfred has flung him upon his steed,
But he rides at a laggard pace;
Of the road he is travelling he takes no heed,
And a deadly paleness is on his face.

Sir Alfred has come to the king's palace,
And slowly Sir Alfred has lighted down;
He sigh'd when he thought of the king's
daughter—
He sigh'd when he thought of her father's
crown.

"O! that my home were the greenwood bower,
Under the shelter of the greenwood tree!
O! that my strength had been all my dower,
All my possessions Rosalie!"

Sir Alfred has entered the royal hall
'Midst a thousand nobles in rich array;
But he who was once more gay than all,
Has never, I ween, one word to say.

The king sat high on his royal throne,
Though his hairs were gray, his arm was
strong;
"Good cousin," he said, in a joeund tone,
"Is it thou or thy steed that has stay'd so
long?"

"But it boots not now—Bring forth the bride!
Thou hast never yet my daughter seen;
A woeful fate it is thine to bide,
For her hair is red and her eyes are green!"

The bride came forth in a costly veil,
And nought of her face could Alfred see;
But his cheek grew yet more deadly pale,
And he fell down faltering upon his knee:

"Pardon! pardon! my liege, my king!
And let me speak while I yet am free;
But were she fair as the flowers of spring,
To your daughter I never can husband be."

Lightning flash'd from the king's fierce eye,
And thunder spoke in his angry tone,—
"Then the death of a traitor thou shalt die,
And thy marriage peal shall be torture's
moan!"

"I never feared to die, Sir King,
But my plighted faith I fear to break;
I never fear'd the grave's deep rest,
But the pangs of conscience I fear to wake."

Out then spoke the king's daughter,
And haughtily spoke she,—
"If Sir Alfred is vow'd to another love,
He shall never be claim'd by me;—

"If Sir Alfred is vow'd to another love,
Why, let the knight go free;
Let him give his hand to his other love,
There are hundreds as good as he!"

With a careless touch she threw back her veil,
As if it by chance might be;
And who do you think was the king's daughter!
His own—his long-loved Rosalie!

First he stood like a marble stone,
And she like a lily sweet,
Then a sunny smile o'er his features shone,
And then he was at her feet.

BLOSSOMS.

It is a lesson sad and true,
Of human life to me,
To mark the swelling fruit push off
The blossoms from the tree,—

The silver blossoms, ruby streak'd,
That scent the summer air,
That gleam among the dark green leaves,
And make a sunshine there;

The dew-drop's fragrant dwelling-place
Through all the gentle night;
The latticed window's fairy screen
From morning's flush of light.

No wonder that the young bird sits
Among the boughs and sings;
He finds companionship in them,—
Soft-breathing lovely things!

No wonder that the fair child wreathes
Their riches round her brow;
They are themselves an emblem meet
Of what that child is now.

Alas! like childhood's thoughts they die—
They drop—they fade away;
A week—a little week—and then,
The blossoms—where are they?

You tell me they make room for fruit,
A more substantial store;
But often stolen ere 'tis ripe,
Oft rotten at the core.

I do not love the worthless gifts,
That bend our childhood down,
And give us for our chaplet wreath
Ambition's leaden crown;

I do not love the fruits that push
Our flowery hopes away,—
The silver blossoms, ruby-streak'd,
Ah! dearer far are they!

I LOVED THEE.

I loved thee till I knew
That thou had'st loved before,
Then love to coldness grew,
And passion's reign was o'er;
What care I for the lip,
Ruby although it be,
If another once might sip
Those sweets now given to me?
What care I for the glance of soft affection full,
If for another once it beamed as beautiful?

That ringlet of dark hair—
'Twas worth a miser's store;
It was a spell 'gainst care
That next my heart I wore;
But if another once
Could boast as fair a prize,
My ringlet I renounce,—
'Tis worthless in my eyes:

I envy not the smiles in which a score may bask,
I value not the gift which all may have who ask.

A maiden heart give me,
That lock'd and sacred lay,
Though tried by many a key
That ne'er could find the way,
Till I, by gentler art,
Touch'd the long-hidden spring,
And found that maiden heart
In beauty glittering;—
Amidst its herbage buried like a flower,
Or like a bird that sings deep in its leafy bower.

No more shall sigh of mine
Be heaved for what is past;
Take back that gift of thine,
It was the first—the last:—
Thou mayst not love him now
So fondly as thou didst,
But shall a broken vow
Be prized because thou bid'st—

Be welcomed as the love for which my soul doth
long?
No, lady! love ne'er sprang out of deceit and
wrong.

MY VIS-À-VIS.

- That olden lady!—can it be?
Well, well, how seasons slip away!
Do let me hand her cup of tea
That I may gently to her say—
“Dear madam, thirty years ago,
When both our hearts were full of glee,
In many a dance and courtly show
I had you for my vis-à-vis.
- “That pale blue robe, those chestnut curls,
That Eastern jewel on your wrist,
That neck-encircling string of pearls
Whence hung a cross of amethyst,—
I see them all,—I see the tulle
Looped up with roses at the knee,
Good Lord! how fresh and beautiful
Was then your cheek, my vis-à-vis!
- “I hear the whispered praises yet,
The buzz of pleasure when you came,
The rushing eagerness to get
Like moths within the fatal flame:
As April blossoms, faint and sweet,
As apples when you shake the tree,
So hearts fell showering at your feet
In those glad days, my vis-à-vis.
- “And as for me, my breast was filled
With silvery light in every cell;
My blood was some rich juice distilled
From amaranth and asphodel;
My thoughts were airier than the lark
That carols o'er the flowery lea;
They well might breathlessly remark:
‘By Jove! that is a vis-à-vis!’
- “O time and change, what is't you mean?
Ye gods! can I believe my ears?
Has that bald portly person been
Your husband, ma'am, for twenty years?
That six-foot officer your son,
Who looks o'er his monstache at me!
Why did not Joshua stop *our* sun
When I was first your vis-à-vis?
- “Forgive me, if I've been too bold,
Permit me to return your cup;
My heart was beating as of old,
One drop of youth still bubbled up.”

So spoke I: then, like cold December,
 Only these brief words said she:
 "I do not in the least remember
 I ever was your vis-à-vis."

THE END.

I know at length the truth, my friend,—
 Some ten or fifteen seasons more,
 And then for me there comes the end—
 My joys and sorrows will be o'er.

Nor deem I the remaining years,
 Which soon most come and soon must go,
 Which wake no hopes, excite no fears,
 Will teach me more than now I know.

They'll bring the same unfruitful round,
 The nightly rest, the daily toil,
 The smiles that soothe, the slights that wound,
 The little gain, the feverish moil.

As manhood's fire burns less and less,
 The languid heart grows cold and dull,
 Alike indifferent to success,
 And careless of the beautiful.

Nought but the past awakes a throb,
 And even the past begins to die,—
 The burning tear, the anguished sob,
 Give place to listless apathy.

And when at last death turns the key,
 And throws the earth and green turf on,
 Whate'er it was that made up *me*,
 Is it, my friend, for ever gone?

Dear friend, is all we see a dream?
 Does this brief glimpse of time and space
 Exhaust the aims, fulfil the scheme
 Intended for the human race?

Shall even the star-exploring mind,
 Which thrills with spiritual desire,
 Be, like a breath of summer wind,
 Absorbed in sunshine and expire!

Or will what men call death restore
 The living myriads of the past?
 Is dying but to go before
 The myriads who will come at last?

If not, whence sprung the thought? and whence
 Perception of a power divine,
 Who symbols forth omnipotence
 In flowers that bloom, in suns that shine?

'Tis not these fleshly limbs that think,
 'Tis not these filmy eyes that see;
 Tho' mind and matter break the link,
 Mind does not therefore cease to be.

Such end is but an end in part,
 Such death is but the body's goal;
 Blood makes the pulses of the heart,
 But not the emotions of the soul.

WHY IS MY SPIRIT SAD?

Why is my spirit sad?
 Because 'tis parting, each succeeding year,
 With something that it used to hold more dear
 Than aught that now remains;
 Because the past, like a receding sail,
 Flits into dimness, and the lonely gale
 O'er vacant waters reigns.

Why is my spirit sad?
 Because no more within my soul there dwell
 Thoughts fresh as flowers that fill the moun-
 tain dell
 With innocent delight;
 Because I am aware of the strife
 That with hot fever taints the springs of life,
 Making the day seem night.

Why is my spirit sad?
 Alas! ye did not know the lost—the dead,
 Who loved with me of yore green paths to
 tread—
 The paths of young romance;
 Ye never stood with us 'neath summer skies,
 Nor saw the rich light of their tender eyes—
 The Eden of their glance.

Why is my spirit sad?
 Have not the beautiful been ta'en away,—
 Are not the noble-hearted turned to clay—
 Wither'd in root and stem?
 I see that others, in whose looks are lit
 The radiant joys of youth, are round me yet,—
 But not—but not like them!

I would not be less sad!
 My days of mirth are past. Droops o'er my brow
 The sheaf of care in sickly paleness now,—
 The present is around me;
 Would that the future were both come and
 gone,
 And that I lay where, 'neath a nameless stone,
 Crush'd feelings could not wound me!

GEORGE ALLAN.

BORN 1806 — DIED 1835.

GEORGE ALLAN was the youngest son of a farmer at Paradykes, near Edinburgh, where he was born February 2, 1806. In his thirteenth year he lost both his parents. He became an apprentice to a writer to the signet, and in course of time a member of the profession, but soon abandoned legal pursuits and proceeded to London to begin the career of an author. Here he formed the acquaintance of Allan Cunningham and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, who recognized his talents and encouraged his literary aspirations. But his health did not correspond with his literary enthusiasm, and in 1829 he accepted an appointment in Jamaica. The climate of the West Indies not suiting him, he resigned his appointment and returned home in 1830. Soon after he obtained the editorship of the *Dumfries Journal*, a Conservative newspaper, and this situation he held for three years with great popularity and success. His next connection was as literary assistant to the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh. Whilst here he contributed many excellent articles to the *Edinburgh Journal* and wrote extensively for the *Scotsman* newspaper. He was also the author of a *Life of Sir*

Walter Scott, which enjoyed for years a wide popularity; and he assisted Mr. Peter Macleod in preparing the *Original National Melodies of Scotland*, to which he furnished several contributions.

In 1831 Mr. Allan married Mrs. Mary Hill, a widow, the eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Pagan of Curriestanes and niece of Allan Cunningham. In 1834 he obtained a situation in the stamp office, which insured him a moderate competence without depriving him of opportunity to prosecute his literary occupations. But soon after this promising point was reached his career was suddenly terminated. His intellectual and poetical ardour had been too much for the frame it tenanted; the delicate nervous organization, which had both animated and enfeebled him, sank under the too close application of his mind, and he died suddenly at Janefield, near Leith, August 15, 1835, in the thirtieth year of his age, leaving behind him a name both as a prose writer and a poet which few so young are fortunate to establish. A large amount of unpublished manuscript, left behind by Mr. Allan, is now in the possession of his family.

IS YOUR WAR-PIPE ASLEEP?

CLANSMAN.

Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever, M'Crimman?
 Is your war-pipe asleep, and for ever?
 Shall the pibroch that welcom'd the foe to Benaer,
 Be hushed when we seek the dark wolf in his lair,
 To give back our wrongs to the giver?
 To the raid and the onslaught our chieftains have
 gone,
 Like the course of the fire-flaught their clansmen
 passed on,
 With the lance and the shield 'gainst the foe
 they have bound them,
 And have ta'en to the field with their vassals
 around them.
 Then raise your wild slogan-ery—on to the foray!

Sons of the heather-hill, pinewood, and glen,
 Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
 Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

M'CRIMMAN.

Youth of the daring heart! bright be thy doom,
 As the bodings which light up thy bold spirit now;
 But the fate of M'Crimman is closing in gloom,
 And the breath of the gray wraith hath pass'd
 o'er his brow.
 Victorious, in joy, thou'lt return to Benaer,
 And be elased to the hearts of thy best beloved
 there;
 But M'Crimman, M'Crimman, M'Crimman,
 never—
 Never! Never! Never!

CLANSMAN.

Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun
not, M'Crimman?
Wilt thou shrink from the doom thou canst shun
not?
If thy course must be brief, let the proud Saxon
know
That the soul of M'Crimman ne'er quail'd when
a foe
Bared his blade in the land he had won not!
Where the light-footed roe leaves the wild breeze
behind,
And the red heather-bloom gives its sweets to
the wind,
There our broad pennon flies, and the keen steeds
are prancing,
'Mid the startling war-cries, and the war-weapons
glancing,
Then raise your wild slogan-cry—on to the foray!
Sons of the heather-hill, pinewood, and glen;
Shout for M'Pherson, M'Leod, and the Moray,
Till the Lomonds re-echo the challenge again!

OLD SCOTLAND.

The breeze blows fresh, my gallant mates,
Our vessel cleaves her way,
Down ocean's depths, o'er heaven's heights,
Through darkness and through spray.
No loving moon shines out for us,
No star our course to tell—
And must we leave old Scotland thus?
My native land, farewell!

Then fast spread out the flowing sheet,
Give welcome to the wind!
Is there a gale we'd shrink to meet
When treachery's behind?
The foaming deep our couch will be,
The storm our vesper bell,
The low'ring heaven our canopy,
My native land, farewell!

Away, away across the main,
We'll seek some happier clime,
Where daring is not deemed a stain,
Nor loyalty a crime.
Our hearts are wrung, our minds are toss'd,
Wild as the ocean's swell;
A kingdom and a birthright lost!
Old Scotland, fare thee well!

YOUNG DONALD.

An eiry night, a cheerless day,
A lanchy hame at gloamin' hour,

When o'er the heart come thoughts o' wae,
Like shadows on Glenfillan's tower.
Is this the weird that I mann dree,
And a' around sae glad and gay,
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

The winter snaw nae mair does fa',
The rose blooms in our mountain bower,
The wild flowers on the castle wa'
Are gliantin' in the summer shower.
But what are summer's smiles to me,
When he nae langer here could stay;
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

For Scotland's crown, and Charlie's right,
The fire-cross o'er our hills did flee,
And loyal swords were glancin' bright,
And Scotia's bluid was warm and free.
And though nae gleam of hope I see,
My prayer is for a brighter day:
Oh hon an righ, oh hon an righ,
Young Donald frae his love's away.

I WILL THINK OF THEE YET.

I will think of thee yet, though afar I may be,
In the land of the stranger, deserted and lone,
Though the flowers of this earth are all wither'd
to me,
And the hopes which once blo' m'd in my bosom
are gone;

I will think of thee yet, and the vision of night
Will oft bring thine image again to my sight,
And the tokens will be, as the dream passes by,
A sigh from the heart and a tear from the eye.

I will think of thee yet though misfortune fall chill
O'er my path, as yon storm-cloud that low'rs on
the lea,

And I'll deem that this life is worth cherishing still,
While I know that one heart still beats warmly
for me.

Yes! grief and despair may enc compass me round,
'Till not e'en the shadow of peace can be found;
But mine anguish will cease when my thoughts
turn to you,
And the wild mountain land which my infancy
knew.

I will think of thee; oh! if I e'er can forget
The love that grew warm as all others grew cold,
'Twill but be when the sun of my reason hath set,
Or memory fled from her care-haunted hold;
But while life and its woes to bear on is my doom,
Shall my love like a flower in the wilderness bloom,
And thine still shall be, as so long it hath been,
A light to my soul when no other is seen.