JAMES HEDDERWICK.

James Hedderwick was born in Glasgow, January 18, 1814.[1] At an early age he was put to the printing business in his father's establishment. His tastes, however, being more literary than mechanical, he became dissatisfied with his position, and devoted all his leisure hours to study and composition, contributing in prose and verse to various newspapers and periodicals. In his sixteenth year he went to London. While there he attended the university, and gained the first prize in the rhetoric class. Before he was twenty-three he became sub-editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper. In 1842 he returned to his native city and established the *Glasgow Citizen*, a weekly newspaper which long maintained a respectable position. In this journal Alexander Smith made his first appearance as a poet, and in later years poor David Gray first saw his beautiful lines in its columns, bearing the *nom-de-plume* of "Will Gurney." Among others who made their *début* in the *Citizen* was Mr. William Black, who has since attained great popularity as a journalist and writer of fiction.

Previous to leaving Edinburgh Mr. Hedderwick was entertained at a public dinner, at which the late Mr. Charles Maclaren, editor of the *Scotsman*, presided, and Mr. John Hill Burton, advocate, officiated as croupier, while the company included many literary men and artists of distinction. In 1844 he collected some of his poems which had appeared at various times in different periodicals, and published them in an elegant volume. After the death of the gifted David Gray Mr. Hedderwick prepared a most interesting memoir of his life, which was prefixed to his poems, together with an introductory notice written by Mr. Richard Monckton Milnes (now Lord Houghton). In 1859 Mr. Hedderwick published another volume of poems, under the title of *Lays of Middle Age*. From this, his principal work, we make the subjoined selections.

In 1864 Mr. Hedderwick established the *Evening Citizen*, one of the first Scottish half-penny daily newspapers, which under his control maintains a high character, and is said to have the largest circulation of any daily paper in Scotland.

FIRST GRIEF.

They tell me first and early love
  Outlives all after dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
  To me more lasting seems;

The grief that marks our dawning youth
  To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
  A lengthen'd shadow flings.

[1] "When I was eight years old," Mr. Hedderwick writes to the Editor, "I was in America for a few months, my father having emigrated thither with his family. Not liking the country, he returned somewhat abruptly, so that I narrowly escaped being a Yankee!" —Ed.

Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came—an uninvited guest—
From his dwelling in the tomb!
I had not seen his face before,
I shudder'd at the sight,
And I shudder still to think upon
The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.
Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fix'd and dim;
And one there mourn'd a brother dead
Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,
I know not if 'twas spring,
But if the birds sang on the trees
I did not hear them sing!
If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see;
I look'd upon one wither'd flower,
And none else bloom'd for me!

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe,
All eyes were dull and overcast,
And every voice was low!
And from each cheek at intervals
The blood appear'd to start,
As if recall'd in sudden haste
To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his pale face
For memory to keep!
With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
Like odour from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar
From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life!
His every look—his every word—
His very voice's tone—
Come back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone!

The grief has pass'd with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is oft remember'd
And the other soon forgot.
The gayest hours trip lightest by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears
Time never can efface!

THE EMIGRANTS.

The daylight was dying, the twilight was dreary,
And eerie the face of the fast-falling night,
But closing the shutters, we made ourselves cheery
With gas-light and firelight, and young faces bright.

When, hark! came a chorus of wailing and anguish!
We ran to the door and look'd out through the dark;
Till gazing, at length we began to distinguish
The slow-moving masts of an ocean-bound bark.

Alas! 'twas the emigrants leaving the river,
Their homes in the city, their haunts in the dell;
From kindred and friends they had parted for ever,
But their voices still blended in cries of farewell.

We saw not the eyes that their last looks were taking;
We heard but the shouts that were meant to be cheers,
But which told of the aching of hearts that were breaking,
A past of delight and a future of tears.

And long as we listen'd, in lulls of the night breeze,
On our ears the sad shouting in faint music fell,
Till methought it seem'd lost in the roll of the white seas,
And the rocks and the winds only echoed farewell.

More bright was our home-hearth, more bright and more cosy,
As we shut out the night and its darkness once more;
But pale were the cheeks, that so radiant and rosy,
Were flush'd with delight a few moments before.

So I told how the morning, all lovely and tender,
Sweet dew on the hills, and soft light on the sea,
Would follow the exiles and float with its splendour,
To gild the far land where their homes were to be.

In the eyes of my children were gladness and gleaming,
Their little prayer utter'd, how calm was their sleep!

But I in my dreaming could hear the wind screaming,
And fancy I heard hoarse replies from the deep.

And often, when slumber had cool'd my brow's fever,
A dream-utter'd shriek of despair broke the spell;
'Twas the voice of the emigrants leaving the river,
And startling the night with their cries of farewell.

SORROW AND SONG.

Weep not over poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

Rills o'er rocky beds are borne,
Ere they gush in whiteness;
Pebbles are wave-chafed and worn
Ere they show their brightness.

Sweetest gleam the morning flowers
When in tears they waken;
Earth enjoys refreshing showers
When the boughs are shaken.

Ceylon's glistening pearls are sought
In its deepest waters;
From the darkest mines are brought
Gems for beauty's daughters.

Through the rent and shiver'd rock
Limpid water breaketh;
'Tis but when the chords are struck
That their music waketh.

Flowers, by heedless footstep press'd,
All their sweets surrender;
Gold must brook the fiery test
Ere it show its splendour.

When the twilight, cold and damp,
Gloom and silence bringeth,
Then the glow-worm lights its lamp,
And the bulbul singeth.

Stars come forth when night her shroud
Draws as daylight fainteth;
Only on the tearful cloud
God his rainbow painteth.

Weep not, then, o'er poet's wrong,
Mourn not his mischances;
Sorrow is the source of song,
And of gentle fancies.

THE LAND FOR ME.

I've been upon the moonlit deep
When the wind had died away,
And like an ocean-god asleep
The bark majestic lay;
But lovelier is the varied scene,
The hill, the lake, the tree,
When bathed in light of midnight's queen;
The land! the land! for me.

The glancing waves I've glided o'er
When gently blew the breeze;
But sweeter was the distant shore,
The zephyr 'mong the trees.
The murmur of the mountain rill,
The blossoms waving free,
The song of birds on every hill,
The land! the land! for me.

The billows I have been among
When they roll'd in mountains dark,
And night her blackest curtain hung
Around our heaving bark;
But give me, when the storm is fierce,
My home and fireside glee,
Where winds may howl, but dare not pierce.
The land! the land! for me.

And when around the lightning flash'd,
I've been upon the deep,
And to the gulf beneath I've dash'd
Adown the liquid steep;
But now that I am safe on shore,
There let me ever be;
The sea let others wander o'er,
The land! the land! for me.

MIDDLE AGE.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought!
Quiet half-way hostelry on life's long road,
In which to rest and re-adjust our load!
High table-land to which we have been brought
By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil!
Season when not to achieve is to despair!
Last field for us of a full fruitful soil!
Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought!

How art thou changed! Once to our youthful eyes
Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs;
But now these trophies ours, we recognize
Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
And a weak tottering step as marks of eld,
None are so far but some are on before;

Thus still at distance is the goal beheld,
And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges! and the deep
Thick green of summer on the matted bough!
The languid autumn mellows round us now;
Yet fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
Is all that poor humanity demands
To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

Now he stroll'd along the pebbles, now he
saunter'd on the pier,
Now the summit of the nearest hill he clomb:
His looks were full of straining, through all
weathers foul and clear,
For the ship that he was weary wishing home.
On the white wings of the dawn, far as human
eye could reach,
Went his vision like a sea-gull's o'er the deep;
While the fishers' boats lay silent in the bay
and on the beach,
And the houses and the mountains were
asleep.

'Mid the chat of boys and men, and the laugh
from women's lips,
When the labours of the morning were begun,
On the far horizon's dreary edge his soul was
with the ships,
As they caught a gleam of welcome from
the sun.
Through the gray of eve he peer'd when the
stars were in the sky—
They were watchers which the angels seem'd
to send;
And he bless'd the faithful lighthouse, with its
large and ruddy eye,
For it cheer'd him like the bright eye of a friend.

The gentle waves came lisping things of pro-
mise at his feet,
Then they ebb'd as if to vex him with delay;
The soothing winds against his face came
blowing strong and sweet,
Then they blew as blowing all his hope away.
One day a wiseling argued how the ship might
be delay'd—
"'Twas odd," quoth he, "I thought so from
the first;"
But a man of many voyages was standing by
and said—
"It is best to be prepared against the worst."

A keen-eyed old coast-guardsman, with his
telescope in hand,
And his cheeks in countless puckers 'gainst
the rain,
Here shook his large and grizzled head, that
all might understand
How he knew that hoping longer was in vain.
Then silent thought the stranger of his wife
and children five,
As he slowly turn'd with trembling lip aside;
Yet with his heart to feed upon his hopes were
kept alive,
So for months he watch'd and wander'd by
the tide.

"Lo! what wretched man is that," asked an
idler at the coast,
"Who looks as if he something seem'd to
lack?"
Then answer made a villager—"His wife and
babes are lost,
Yet he thinks that ere to-morrow they'll be
back."

Oh! a fresh hale man he flourish'd in the
spring-time of the year,
But before the wintry rains began to drip—
No more he climb'd the headland, but sat
sickly on the pier,
Saying sadly—"I am waiting for the ship."
On a morn, of all the blackest, only whiten'd
by the spray
Of the billows wild for shelter of the shore,
He came not in the dawning forth, he came
not all the day;
And the morrow came—but never came he
more.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Charles Mackay, LL.D., one of the most popular poets of the day, is of honourable extraction, his paternal ancestors being the Mackays of Strathnaver in Sutherlandshire, while, on his mother's side, he is descended from the Roses of Kilravock, near Inverness.

He was born at Perth in 1814, but his early years were spent in London, his parents having removed there during his infancy, and he received the rudiments of his education in London, which was afterwards completed in the schools of Belgium and Germany. Young Mackay early manifested poetic genius, and in 1836 he gave his first volume of poems to the public. It attracted the attention of the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, who at once offered him a place on the paper, which was accepted, and filled with such ability that he was rapidly promoted to the responsible position of sub-editor. He soon became well known in London literary society. In 1839 a second volume appeared from his pen, entitled the *Hope of the World*, a poem in heroic verse. Soon afterwards he published *The Thames and its Tributaries*, a pleasant gossiping work; followed in 1841 by his *History of Popular Delusions*, a very entertaining and successful book.

In 1842 Mr. Mackay published his romance of *Longbeard, Lord of London*. His next publication was *The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality*, which appeared in 1842, and gave him an honourable position in the front rank of contemporary poets.[1] In 1844 he became editor of the *Glasgow Argus*, a journal devoted to the advocacy of advanced liberal opinions. His residence in Scotland enabled him to visit many places famous in Scottish history, the results of which were his *Legends of the Isles*, published in 1845, his *Voices from the Crowd* in 1846, and his *Voices from the Mountains* in 1847. A few months before the publication of the last-named volume the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. After conducting the *Argus* with ability and success for a period of three years, he received the appointment of editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and returned to the metropolis. The same year appeared his *Town Lyrics*, a series of ballads exhibiting the lights and shadows of the town. In 1850 was published his poem of "Egeria," probably the most artistic of his productions; and in 1856 he gave to the world two more volumes of poetry with the respective titles of *The Lump of Gold* and *Under Green Leaves*.

In 1857 Dr. Mackay visited the United States, delivering lectures there upon a theme which few have so well illustrated by their own genius—Songs National, Historical, and Popular. On his return to England he published *Life and Liberty in America*, one of his most popular works. In 1860 he issued another poetical volume entitled *A Man's Heart*. His *Studies from the Antique*, universally recognized as his noblest poetical work, appeared in 1863 during his absence in America. Dr. Mackay resided in New York from 1862 to 1865. In 1869 his poem *The Souls of the Children*, which originally appeared in 1856, and was distributed gratuitously all over the country in aid of the cause of popular education, was reproduced to stimulate the efforts of Mr. Gladstone's administration. In 1871 he published *Under the Blue Sky*, a collection of his contributions to *All the Year Round* and other periodicals. "*The Lost Beauties of the English Language:* an Appeal to Authors, Poets, Clergymen, and Public Speakers," appeared in 1874. Dr. Mackay, who enjoys a pension on the civil list, has edited various works, including *The Book of English Songs, The Songs of Scotland, The Home Affections Portrayed by the Poets*, and *Allan Ramsay and the Scottish Poets before Burns*.

A critic awards high praise to Charles Mackay as a poet, and remarks: "His verse is exceedingly sweet, flowing, and melodious; and his skill in the musical art has given him a command over the resources of rhythm which few English song-writers possess. In his happiest effusions he has combined the force of Burns with the elegance and polish of Moore." We may add that in all of Dr. Mackay's poetical writings is discernible the same high estimate of his calling and the objects to which he has dedicated his talent. The purification of literature and the advancement of mankind are both marked objects of his life. He has successfully achieved the dignified and proud position of the poet of the people, and is richly entitled to the compliment it is proposed to pay to him as such by the presentation of a substantial testimonial, to which his countrymen in all quarters of the globe where his songs and poems are known will be proud to contribute.

[1] Hugh Miller remarks of this work that "it was written while the author was conducting the sub-editorial department of a daily London paper, nor did he ever write anything superior to it."—Ed.

THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled,
And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopped to listen to the strain.

Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed;
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listened to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Softened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it the music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe,
The strain recurred, when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all."

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger,
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword;
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger:
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger.
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

REMEMBRANCES OF NATURE.

I remember the time, thou roaring sea,
When thy voice was the voice of infinity—
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May flowers,
When your odours and hues in the fields and bowers
Fell on my soul as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,
When thy voice in the woods, to my youthful mind,
Seem'd the sigh of the earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye suns and stars,
When ye raised my soul from its mortal bars
And bore it through heaven on your golden cars.

And has it then vanish'd, that happy time?
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah, no! ah, no! amid sorrow and pain,
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove—I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight
In the luxuries of sound and sight—
In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill,
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill.

Every flower is a lover of mine,
Every star is a friend divine;
For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy the oceans roll,
They breathe their secrets to my soul,
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man cannot harm me if he would,
I have such friends for my every mood
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me: nothing can stir
To put disunion or hate of her
'Twixt nature and her worshipper.

Sing to me, flowers! preach to me, skies!
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes!
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries!

Sigh to me, wind! ye forests, nod!
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod!
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

O YE TEARS!

O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refused to flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart—thawing, thawing like the snow,
I feel the hard clod soften, and the early snowdrops spring,
And the healing fountains gush, and the wildernesses sing.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye run;
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glitter in the sun;

The rainbow cannot shine if the rain refuse to fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt you on my cheek,
I was selfish in my sorrow, I was stubborn, I was weak,
Ye have given me strength to conquer, and I stand erect and free,
And know that I am human by the light of sympathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain;
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once again;
Like the rock that Moses smote, amid Horeb's burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the land.

There is a light upon my path, there is sunshine in my heart,
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly depart.
Ye restore to me the freshness and the bloom of long ago—
O ye tears! happy tears! I am thankful that ye flow.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinned against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now—
Be links no longer broken;—
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Mother, and sire, and child,
Young man, and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder,
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye with o'erburden'd mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

A CANDID WOOING.

I cannot give thee all my heart,
Lady, lady,
My faith and country claim a part,
My sweet lady;

But yet I'll pledge thee word of mine
That all the rest is truly thine;—
The raving passion of a boy,
Warm though it be, will quickly cloy—
Confide thou rather in the man
Who vows to love thee all he can,
My sweet lady.

Affection, founded on respect,
Lady, lady,
Can never dwindle to neglect,
My sweet lady:
And, while thy gentle virtues live,
Such is the love that I will give.
The torrent leaves its channel dry,
The brook runs on incessantly;
The storm of passion lasts a day;
But deep, true love endures alway,
My sweet lady.

Accept then a divided heart,
Lady, lady,
Faith, friendship, honour, each have part,
My sweet lady.
While at one altar we adore,
Faith shall but make us love the more;
And friendship, true to all beside,
Will ne'er be fickle to a bride;
And honour, based on manly truth,
Shall live in age as well as youth,
My sweet lady.

LITTLE AND GREAT.

A traveller, through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He wall'd it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought;
'Twas old—and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true.
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied, from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

A LOVER'S DREAMS.

I dream'd thou wert a fairy harp
Untouch'd by mortal hand,
And I the voiceless, sweet west wind,
A roamer through the land.
I touch'd, I kiss'd thy trembling strings,
And lo! my common air
Throbb'd with emotion caught from thee,
And turn'd to music rare.

I dream'd thou wert a rose in bloom,
And I the gale of spring,
That sought the odours of thy breath,
And bore them on my wing.
No poorer thou, but richer I—
So rich that far at sea
The grateful mariners were glad,
And bless'd both thee and me.

I dream'd thou wert the evening star,
And I a lake at rest,
That saw thine image all the night
Reflected on my breast.
Too far!—too far!—come dwell on earth!
Be harp and rose of May;—
I need thy music in my heart,
Thy fragrance on my way.

TO THE WEST.

To the West! to the West! to the land of the free,
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil!
Where children are blessings, and he who hath most
Hath aid for his fortune and riches to boast!
Where the young may exult and the aged may rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West! to the West! where the rivers that flow
Run thousands of miles, spreading out as they go!
Where the green waving forests that echo our call
Are wide as old England, and free to us all!
Where the prairies, like seas where the billows have rolled,
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old!
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
Away, far away, to the land of the West!

To the West! to the West! there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done;
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
While there's light in the sunshine and breath in the air.
The bold independence that labour shall buy
Shall strengthen our hands, and forbid us to sigh,
Away, far away! let us hope for the best,
And build up a home in the land of the West!

APOLOGUE FROM "EGERIA."

In ancient time, two acorns, in their cups,
Shaken by winds and ripeness from the tree,
Dropped side by side into the ferns and grass;
"Where have I fallen—to what base region come?"
Exclaimed the one. "The joyous breeze no more
Rocks me to slumber on the sheltering bough;
The sunlight streams no longer on my face;
I look no more from attitudes serene
Upon the world reposing far below;
Its plains, its hills, its rivers, and its woods.
To me the nightingale sings hymns no more;
But I am made companion of the worm,
And rot on the chill earth. Around me grow
Nothing but useless weeds, and grass, and fern,
Unfit to hold companionship with me.
Ah, me! most wretched! rain, and frost, and dew,
And all the pangs and penalties of earth,
Corrupt me where I lie—degenerate."
And thus the acorn made its daily moan.
The other raised no murmur of complaint,
And looked with no contempt upon the grass,
Nor called the branching fern a worthless weed,
Nor scorned the woodland flowers that round it blew.
All silently and piously it lay
Upon the kindly bosom of the earth.
It blessed the warmth with which the noonday sun
Made fruitful all the ground; it loved the dews,
The moonlight and the snow, the frost and rain,
And all the change of seasons as they passed.
It sank into the bosom of the soil;
The bursting life, inclosed within its husk,
Broke through its fetters; it extended roots,
And twined them freely in the grateful ground;
It sprouted up, and looked upon the light;
The sunshine fed it; the embracing air
Endowed it with vitality and strength;
The rains of heaven supplied it nourishment,
And so from month to month, and year to year,
It grew in beauty and in usefulness,
Until its large circumference inclosed
Shelter for flocks and herds; until its boughs
Afforded homes for happy multitudes,
The dormouse, and the chaffinch, and the jay,
And countless myriads of minuter life;
Until its bole, too vast for the embrace
Of human arms, stood in the forest depths,
The model and the glory of the wood:
Its sister acorn perished in its pride.

LAMENT OF CONA FOR THE UNPEOPLING OF SCOTLAND.[1]

Low o'er Ben Nevis the mists of the sunrise are trailing,
Dimly he stands, by the tempests of centuries worn;
Lonely Lochaber and gray Ballachulish are veiling
Their cold jagged peaks in the thick drooping vapours of morn;
Red gleams the sun o'er the ocean,
Lochlin with angry commotion
Batters the shore, making moan in its innermost caves;
While from each mountain height,
Fed by the rains of night,
Torrents come bounding to mingle their voice with the waves.

On through Glen Cona, the valley of murder and rapine,
Dark with the crimes and the sorrows of days that are past;

[1] Cona is the name given by Ossian to the river Coe, and one that ought to supersede the modern word.

On by the track where the three giant sphinxes of Appin
Loom through the moorland, unshapely, majestic, and vast;
On by the turbulent river,
Darting the spray from her quiver,
Bounding and rolling in glory and beauty along;
On by the rocky path,
Far through the gloomy strath,
Lonely I wander by Cona, the river of song.

Cona! sad Cona! I hear the loud psalm of thy sorrow;
Weird are thy melodies, filling with music the glen;
Dark is the day of the people, and shall no to-morrow
Gleaming with brightness bring joy to these true-hearted men?
Not for the past and its sadness,
Not for its guilt and its madness,
Mourn we, oh Cona! To-day has a grief of its own.
Forth go the young and old,
Forth go the free and bold,
Albyn is desolate! Rachel of nations! Alone!

Roll on, ye dark mists, and take shape as ye marshal before me,
One is among you—I see her, dejected and pale!
Mournful she glides; it is Cona, who hov'ring over me,
Chants in the roar of the stream her lament for the Gael.
Words from her echoes are fashioned
Surging like pibrochs impassioned;
Mourning for Scotland, and sobbing her useless appeals;
Sprite of the mountain stream,
Telling a truth—or dream!—
Reason is in it;—come, hear what the spirit reveals!

"Weep, Albyn, weep!" she exclaims, "for this dark desolation,
Green are thy mountains and blue are thy streams as of yore;
Broad are thy valleys to feed and to nurture a nation,
Mother of nations, but nation thyself never more!
Men of strong heart and endeavour
Sigh as they leave thee for ever;
Those who remain are down stricken, and weary, and few;
Low in the dust they lie,
Careless to live or die;
Misery conquers them foemen could never subdue.

"Once thou wert home of a people of heroes and sages;
Strong in the battle and wise in the counsel were they,
Firm in all duty, as rocks in the tempests of ages,
Loving and loyal, and honest and open as day.
Pure were their actions in story,
Clear was the light of their glory,
Proud were the chiefs of the clansmen who came to their call,
Proud of their race and laws,
Proud of their country's cause,
Proud of their faith, of their liberty prouder than all.

"Each Highland hut was the home of domestic affection;
Honour and Industry sat at the hearth of the poor;
Piety prompted the day's and the night's genuflexion;
Those who felt sorrow could still be erect and endure.
Born in no bright summer bowers,
Sweet were the fair human flowers—
Maids of the Highlands, array'd in their glory of smiles;
Blessings of good men's lives,
Thrifty and sober wives,
Mothers of heroes, the charm and the pride of the Isles.

"Where are they now? Tell us where are thy sons and daughters?
Albyn! sad mother! no more in thy bosom they dwell!
Far, far away, they have found a new home o'er the waters,
Yearning for thee with a love that no language can tell.
Cold are the hearths of their childhood,
Roofless their huts in the wild wood,
Bends the red heather no more to the feet of the clan;
Where once the clachan stood,
Come the shy grouse and brood,
Fearing no danger so far from the presence of man.

"Where the fair-headed, blue-eyed rosy babes of the Norland
Bathed in the burn, making merry the long summer noon,
Comes the red-deer undismay'd from his haunts in the moorland,
Slaking his thirst, where the pool shows its breast to the moon,
Where in the days long departed,
Maidens sat singing, light-hearted,
Sounds but the roar of the flood, or the whisper of rills;
Voices of human kind,
Freight not the vacant wind,
Music and laughter are mute on the tenantless hills.

"Nimrods and hunters are lords of the mount and the forest,
Men but encumber the soil where their forefathers trod;
Tho' for their country they fought when its need was the sorest,
Forth they must wander, their hope not in man but in God.
Roaming alone o'er the heather,
Naught but the bleat of the wether,
The bark of the collie, or crack of the grouse-slayer's gun,
Breaks on the lonely ear,
Land of the sheep and deer!
Albyn of heroes! the day of thy glory is done!"

Cona! sad Cona! I hear the loud psalm of thy sorrow;
Weird are thy melodies filling with music the glen;
Dark is the day of the people, and shall no to-morrow
Gleaming with brightness bring joy to these desolate men?
Yes; but not here shall they find it;
Darkness has darkness behind it;
Far o'er the rolling Atlantic the day-star shall shine;
Young o'er the western main
Albyn shall bloom again,
Rearing new blossoms, old land! as majestic as thine.

MARION PAUL AIRD.

Miss Marion Paul Aird, the authoress of many sweet songs and sacred verses, is a native of Glasgow, where she was born in 1815. Her mother, a niece of the poet Hamilton Paul, was descended from an ancient family in the district of Cunningham, Ayrshire.[1] Miss Aird was educated at Glasgow, and in early life resided in the vicinity of that city; but for a number of years past she has lived at Kilmarnock. In 1846 appeared her first work, *The Home of the Heart, and other Poems;* followed in 1853 by a volume of prose and verse, entitled *Heart Histories.* She has also issued a large volume of poetry entitled *Sun and Shade,* and she received a grant from the royal bounty fund for her "Immortelle" on the late Prince Consort. At present (May, 1876) she is engaged in preparing for the press a new volume of *Sacred Songs and Leaflets,* and a series of articles entitled *The Poets' Garland.*

Miss Aird's beautiful hymn beginning "Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly," is sung in almost every Sunday-school in Scotland. It has been said, "Burns would have owned her as a sister—as animated by the spirit, clothed in the true mantle, and speaking the genuine language of poesy. She has a thousand-fold more of the poetical temperament than many he lauded as 'brithers'—far above the common grade of newspaper poetry."

HOPE.

Hope on, though happiness the heart may leave,
And beauty all around thee fade and die—
Let Hope her roses o'er thy future weave,
And paint her rainbow o'er the darkest sky;—
Hope, like a prisoned bird of promise, sings
Amid the storm, and beats her gilded bar—
Bright o'er the billow spreads her silver wings,
And points to lands of "living green" afar;
The dawn of glory in the heart that's riven,
Where faith gets glimpses of an opening heaven.

A purple glory, bright as Sharon's rose,
Glowed o'er the vine-clad hills of Galilee,
But clouds soon gathered o'er that eve's repose,
Fretting with silver waves the deep blue sea:
A little bark was toiling o'er the wave,
All tempest-torn, when, lo! a radiant form
Rose like the star of Hope above the grave,
And smoothed the ruffled spirit of the storm;

[1] The venerable poet Ainslie, writing to the Editor (Feb. 23, 1875), says—"Miss Aird is, I can see of verity, the child of my 'Margaret,' and her uncle Hamilton Paul used to make our house his home when he came to Bargeny; and though I was a wee boy then, I can recollect how he would set the table in a roar by his wit and humour."—Ed.

Peace o'er the night like dewy morning shone—
To the green shore the barque came floating on.

Hope on—though far, like Hagar in the wild,
From love and home—athirst—the water spent—
Alone—an empty cup—a dying child—
Cast off—her broken heart with anguish rent;
Far o'er the desert strains her weary eye—
No friend—no help of man can comfort bring;
"My child! my child! let me not see him die,"
The lone one cried, when, lo! a crystal spring.
Though love, and hope, and all but life be gone,
Think of the desert-well—and still hope on.

In yon green vale bereavèd ones are weeping—
Two loving sisters mourn a brother dead—
Their cherished one beneath the olive sleeping,
With him all beauty dies, all joy is fled;
Dark is the cloud that gathers o'er their home,
The sun of Hope upon the heart is set,—
Had *He* been here, they might not weep alone—
Can Jesus leave them?—can *He* e'er forget?
They see not *yet* the glory in the cloud!
He comes! the Comforter! and rends the shroud!

What though the tree, cut down, moss-shrouded lie,
And long beneath the tangled grass it sleep?
Like fountain waters, though the stream be dry,
The trampled root its golden sap may keep;
While round its withered heart a silver vein
Of fresh'ning waters like a sunbeam stray,
The tender branch may bud and bloom again,
And flowery verdure spring from dark decay;
Hope!—though the greenness of the bough be gone,
The *life is in its heart*—then still hope on.

THE FA' O' THE LEAF.

'Tis the fa' o' the leaf, and the cauld winds are blawin',
The wee birds, a' sangless, are dowie and wae;
The green leaf is sear, an' the brown leaf is fa'in',
Wan Nature lamentin' o'er simmer's decay.

Noo drumlie an' dark row the siller-like waters,
No a gowden-e'ed gowan on a' the green lea;
Her snell breath, wi' anger, in darkness noo scatters
The wee flowers, that danced to the sang o' the bee.

The green leaves o' simmer sing hopefu' an' cheerie,
When bonnie they smile in the sun's gowden ray;
But dowie when sear leaves in autumn winds eerie
Sigh, "Life, love, and beauty, as flowers ye decay."

How waefu' the heart where young hopes that gather,
Like spring-flowers in simmer, "are a' wede awa';"
An' the rose-bloom o' beauty, e'er autumn winds wither,
Like green leaves unfaded, lie cauld in the snaw.

But waefu' to see, as a naked tree lanely,
Man shake like a wan leaf in poortith's cauld blast,
The last o' his kin, sighin', "Autumn is gane by,"
An' the wrinkles o' eild tell "his simmer is past."

The fire that's blawn out, ance mair may be lighted,
An' a wee spark o' hope in the cauld heart may burn;
An' the "morning-star" break on the traveller benighted,
An' day, wi' its fresh gushing glories, return.

But dool, dool the fa', when shakes the clay shielin',
An' the last keek o' day sets for ever in night!
When no ae wee star through the dark clud is stealin',
Through the cauld wave o' death his dark spirit to light.

The spring-flowers o' life, a' sae blythesome and bonnie,
Though wither'd and torn frae the heart far awa',
An' the flower we thought fadeless, the fairest o' onie,
May spring up again whar nae freezin' winds blaw.

Kin' spring 'll woo back the green "bud to the timmer,"
Its heart burst in blossom 'neath simmer's warm breath;
But when shall the warm blush o' life's faded simmer
Bring back the rose-bloom frae the winter o' death?

How kin' should the heart be, aye warm an' forgi'en,
When sune, like a leaf, we maun a' fade awa';
When life's winter day as a shadow is fleein'—
But simmer aye shines whar nae autumn leaves fa'!

FAR, FAR AWAY.

Had I the wings of a dove, I would fly
Far, far away; far, far away;
Where not a cloud ever darkens the sky,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Fadeless the flowers in yon Eden that blow,
Green, green the bowers where the still waters flow,

Hearts, like their garments, as pure as the snow,
Far, far away; far away.

There never trembles a sigh of regret,
Far, far away; far, far away;
Stars of the morning in glory ne'er set,
Far, far away; far, far away;
There I from sorrow for ever would rest,
Leaning in joy on Immanuel's breast;
Tears never fall in the homes of the blest,
Far, far away; far away.

Friends, there united in glory, ne'er part,
Far, far away; far, far away;
One is their temple, their home, and their heart,
Far, far away; far, far away;
The river of crystal, the city of gold,
The portals of pearl, such glory unfold,
Thought cannot image, and tongue hath not told,
Far, far away; far away.

List! what yon harpers on golden harps play;
Come, come away; come, come away;
Falling and frail is your cottage of clay;
Come, come away; come, come away;
Come to these mansions, there's room yet for you,
Dwell with the Friend ever faithful and true;
Sing ye the song, ever old, ever new;
Come, come away; come away.

THE AULD KIRK-YARD.

Calm sleep the village dead
In the auld kirk-yard;
But softly, slowly tread
In the auld kirk-yard.
For the weary, weary rest,
Wi' the green turf on their breast,
And the ashes o' the blest
Flower the auld kirk-yard.

Oh! many a tale it hath
The auld kirk-yard,
Of life's crooked, thorny path
To the auld kirk-yard.
But mortality's thick gloom
Clouds the sunny world's bloom,
Veils the mystery of doom
In the auld kirk-yard.

A thousand memories spring
In the auld kirk-yard,
Though time's death-brooding wing
Shade the auld kirk-yard.
The light of many a hearth,
Its music and its mirth,
Sleep in the deep, dark earth
Of the auld kirk-yard.

Nae dreams disturb their sleep
In the auld kirk-yard;
They hear nae kindred weep
In the auld kirk-yard.
The sire, with silver hair,
The mother's heart of care,
The young, the gay, the fair,
Crowd the auld kirk-yard.

So live that ye may lie
In the auld kirk-yard,
Wi' a passport to the sky
Frae the auld kirk-yard;
That when thy sand is run,
And life's weary warfare done,
Ye may sing o' victory won
Where there's nae kirk-yard.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

Like an arrow through the air,
Or the fountain-flow of light,
Ministering angels fair,
Cleave the deep of night:
Quick as thought's electric glow,
Down into earth's chambers dark,
Fire-wheels running to and fro,
Like the eye of God, they dart;
Watching o'er the earth's green bound,
Searching all in cities round.

Flitting, flitting, ever near thee,
Sitting, sitting, by thy side,
Like your shadow, all unweary,
Angel legions guard and guide—
Mantle, with their wing, your heart,
As a mother folds her child;
Light, in cloud pavilions dark,
Shielding from the tempest wild;
Silent, as the moonlight creeping,
Viewless as the ether breath,
Round the weary head when weeping,
Soothing with the peace of death,
Star-like shoots each holy one,
With sword of temper bright,
Casting the Almighty shield
Round the heir of light.

THE HERD LADDIE.

A herd laddie sat, in his plaidie o' gray,
Neath the beild o' a bush in the howe o' a brae,
On the moss-theekit stump o' an auld aiken tree,

By a wee wimplin' burnie that sang to the sea,
And silvered the hem o' a bonnie green knowe,
Whare the broom-bush, and breckan, and primroses grow:
As wee stars that glimmer like sprinklins o' gowd,
As they blink through the blue o' the gray e'ening cloud,
His sheep lay bespreut on the green mountain's breast,
As white as the snaw-cleeded gowan they prest—
Where the lammies were bleatin', an' jumpin' wi' glee,
An' nibblin' the gowan that spangled the lea;
Noo laughin' and dancin' like youth's mornin' wave,
Ere it wanders an' yammers awa' to the grave.
The herd laddie doffed his wee bonnet, an' smiled,
But a tear in his dark ee my heart near him wyled,
Like an amber bead trickled adown his brown cheek,
Clear as pearlins o' dew-draps that glanced at his feet:
I said, "Wee herd laddie, what maks you sae wae,
A' nature around you is smilin' an' gay—
Come, tell me your story, I'll sit by your side—
What book's that you're hidin' aneath the gray plaid?
Are ye cauld, are ye hungry? is't far frae your hame?
Hae ye faither or mither?" He sighed—"I hae nane.
Yon bonnie cot house in the lap o' the glen,
When a bairnie, I toddled its but an' its ben;
When I leuk till't I greet—for that ance was my hame—
Noo faither, and mither, an' help I hae nane;
Syne the nicht faither dee't gushes back to my mind,
Though maister and mistress to me are fu' kind;
An' there is the psalm round his bed that we sung—
I hear his last words drappin' yet frae his tongue:
O, the tears happit fast frae his dim closin' e'e!
When he blest us, an' tauld us his bairns he maun lea'e;
An' that is his Bible he gied me, an' said,
'Mind your Father in heaven, my bairns, when I'm dead;'
When my wee brithers grat round the auld elbow chair—
For he learned us the psalms on the Sabbath e'en there;
And we kneeled on that hearth-stane where uncos noo meet;
When I think I've nae hame, oh! what wonder I greet;
But I leuk to the skies, an' I ken there is ane
Wha lo'es me an' guides me, tho' on earth I ha'e nane."
Oh! the heart that ne'er warms for the faitherless bairn
Is hard as the millstane, an' cauld as the airn;
Oh! daut them and cleed them, wi' mitherly care—
They are nurslings o' heaven—oh! nurse them wi' prayer.

A MEMORY DEAR.

FOR THE NEW YEAR 1876.[1]

O sing me the song
Of years long agone,
When we met in gloamins
So cheery,

For my heart oft is sore
For the loved ones of yore,
Who come nae mair back,
When I am eerie;

Wherever ye be,
By shore or by sea,
Ye still sing to me
When aweary!

There's a throne wi' nae sea,
Tho' friends parted be,
Where we'll rest in the lea
When life-weary.

THEODORE MARTIN.

THEODORE MARTIN, who has earned high repute as a translator from the Danish, French, German, Italian, and Latin, and as the literary partner of Professor Aytoun, is a native of

[1] Miss Aird writes: "I have lost many friends of late: you might insert this, as it is a pet piece."—ED.

Edinburgh, where he was born, September 16, 1816. He is a son of Mr. James Martin, solicitor in the supreme court of Scotland, and afterwards one of the depute clerks of Session. Young Martin, on the completion of his studies in Edinburgh, adopted the profession of a solicitor, and thereafter formed a partnership with Mr. Robert Roy, W.S. At this period he, in connection with his friend Aytoun, wrote the comic ballads published under the pseudonym of *Bon Gaultier*,[1] the portion of the collection referring to American matters being attributed to Martin. In his memoir of Aytoun he says on this subject: "Some papers of a humorous kind which I had published under the *nom-de-plume* of 'Bon Gaultier,' had hit Aytoun's fancy; and when I proposed to go on with others in a similar vein he fell readily into the plan, and agreed to assist in it. In this way a kind of Beaumont-and-Fletcher partnership commenced in a series of humorous papers which appeared in *Tait's* and *Fraser's Magazines* during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844."

In 1846 Mr. Martin established himself in London as a parliamentary agent and solicitor, and some years afterwards (1857) was married to the distinguished actress Miss Helen Faucit. He has always been actively engaged in his profession, in which he occupies a prominent place; but during his thirty years' residence in the metropolis he has found or made leisure for much literary labour. In conjunction with Professor Aytoun he translated a number of Goethe's poems and ballads, which were published in 1858; and after his friend's death he wrote an admirable memoir of his life. Their joint work, the *Bon Gaultier Ballads*, has passed through twelve editions. In 1860 Mr. Martin delighted the public with a volume of Horace's Odes, which is allowed to be the best translation of that author that has yet been published —the Horatian manner and *curiosa felicitas* being preserved in a way deemed impossible in the earlier stages of our literature. This work has passed through several editions. Among Mr. Martin's other works may be mentioned an edition of Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation of Rabelais's Romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel; translations of the "Vita Nuova" of Dante; Oehlenschlaeger's Danish dramas of "Aladdin" and "Correggio;" Goethe's "Faust;" "King Rene's Daughter," by Henrik Hertz; and "Catullus;" "Essays on the Drama;" a "Memoir of the Prince Consort," prepared by authority of the Queen, of which the first volume was published in 1875; and a handsome volume of miscellaneous poems, from which the following pieces have been selected. This volume is entitled "Poems, Original and Translated, by Theodore Martin: London, printed for Private Circulation, 1863." Several of his works have been republished in the United States, where they enjoy a wide popularity.

THE INTERMENT OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.[2]

See, where eager throngs are pouring inwards from the busy street!
Lo, the Abbey's hush is broken with the stir of many feet!
Hark! St. Margaret's bell is tolling, but it is no common clay
To that dull and rueful anthem shall be laid in dust to-day!
In yon minster's hallow'd corner, where the bards and sages rest,
Is a silent chamber waiting to receive another guest.
There is sadness in the heavens, and a veil against the sun,—
Who shall mourn so well as Nature when a poet's course is run?
Let us in and join the gazers, meek of heart and bare of brow,
For the shadows of the mighty dead are hovering o'er us now!
Souls that kept their trust immortal, dwelling from the herd apart,
Souls that wrote their noble being deep into a nation's heart,
Names that on great England's forehead are the jewels of her pride,
Brother Scot, be proud, a brother soon shall slumber by their side!

[1] The name is taken from the prologue to the first book of *Rabelais*.—Ed.

[2] Written *currente calamo* just after the author had witnessed that very impressive ceremony in July, 1844.

Ay, thy cheek is flushing redly, tears are crowding to thine eyes,
And thy heart, like mine, is rushing back where Scotland's mountains rise.
Thou, like me, hast seen another grave would suit our poet well,
Greenly braided by the breckan in a lonely Highland dell,
Looking on the solemn waters of a mighty inland sea,
In the shadow of a mountain where the lonely eagles be;
Thou hast seen the kindly heather bloom around his simple bed,
Heard the loch and torrent mingle dirges for the poet dead.
Brother, thou hast seen him lying, as it is thy hope to lie,
Looking from the soil of Scotland up into a Scottish sky.
It may be such grave were better—better rain and dew should fall,
Tears of hopeful love to freshen Nature's ever-verdant pall;
Better that the sun should kindle on his grave in golden smiles,
Better, than in palsied glimmer stray along these sculptured aisles,
Better aftertimes should find him—to his rest in homage bound,—
Lying in the land that bore him, with its glories piled around.
Such, at least, must be the fancy that in such a time must start—
For we love our country dearly—in each burning Scottish heart;
Yet a rest so great, so noble, as awaits the minstrel here,
'Mong the best of England's children, can be no unworthy bier.
Hark! a rush of feet! They bear him, him the singer to his tomb;
Yonder what of him is mortal rests beneath yon sable plume;
Tears along mine eyes are rushing, but the proudest tears they be,
Which on manly eyes may gather—tears 'twere never shame to see,
Tears that water lofty purpose, tears of welcome to the fame
Of the bard that hath ennobled Scotland's dear and noble name.
Sadder, sadder let the anthem yearn aloft in wailing strain,
Not for him, for he is happy, but for us and all our pain!
Louder, louder let the organ like a seraph anthem roll,
Hymning to its home of glory our departed brother's soul!
He has laid him down to slumber to awake to nobler trust,
Give his frame to kindred ashes, earth to earth and dust to dust!
Louder yet, and yet more loudly, let the organ's thunder rise!
Hark! a louder thunder answers, deepening inwards to the skies!
Heaven's majestic diapason, pealing on from east to west,
Never grander music anthem'd poet to his home of rest!

THE DYING GIRL'S SONG.

Toll no sullen bell for me,
None, when I am dying;
Let my spirit's requiem be
But the zephyr's sighing,
And the wood-bird's melody,
When the day is dying.

Rear no solemn marble where
Low my head reposes,
Let earth's sweet flowers blossom there,
Lilies pure and roses,
And beside it children fair
Sport and gather posies.

I have loved, and life was dear
All its pulses thorough;
He is dead, and life is drear,
Why, then, should ye sorrow?
Strew no cypress on my bier,
We shall meet to-morrow.

MARK BOZZARI.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MÜLLER.)

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy lofty portals, open wide thy vaults profound,
Up and scatter laurel garlands to the breeze and on the ground.
Mark Bozzari's noble body is the freight to thee we bear,
Mark Bozzari's! Who for hero great as he to weep will dare!

Tell his wounds, his victories over! Which in
number greatest be?
Every victory hath its wound, and every wound
its victory!
See, a turban'd head is grimly set on all our
lances here!
See, how the Osmanli's banner swathes in
purple folds his bier!
See, oh see, the latest trophies, which our hero's
glory seal'd,
When his glaive with gore was drunken on
great Karpinissi's field!
In the murkiest hour of midnight did we at his
call arise,
Through the gloom, like lightning flashes,
flash'd the fury from our eyes,
With a shout, across our knees we snapp'd the
scabbards of our swords,
Better down to mow the harvest of the mellow
Turkish hordes;
And we clasp'd our hands together, and each
warrior stroked his beard,
And one stamp'd the sward, another rubb'd his
blade and vow'd its weird.
Then Bozzari's voice resounded: "On, to the
barbarian's lair!
On, and follow me, my brothers, see you keep
together there!
Should you miss me, you will find me surely in
the Pasha's tent!
On with God! through Him our foemen, death
itself through Him is shent.
On!" and swift he snatched the bugle from
the hands of him that blew,
And himself awoke a summons that o'er dale
and mountain flew,
Till each rock and cliff made answer, clear and
clearer to the call;
But a clearer echo sounded in the bosom of us
all!
As from midnight's battlemented keep the
lightnings of the Lord
Sweep, so swept our swords and smote the
tyrants and their slavish horde;
As the trump of doom shall waken sinners in
their graves that lie—
So through all the Turkish leaguer thunder'd
his appalling cry,
"Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! Suliotes smite
them in their lair!"
Such the goodly morning greeting that we gave
the sleepers there.
And they stagger'd from their slumber, and
they ran from street to street,
Ran like sheep without a shepherd, striking
wild at all they meet,
Ran and frenzied by death's angels, who amidst
their myriads stray'd,
Brother, in bewildered fury, dash'd and fell on
brother's blade.
Ask the night of our achievements! It beheld
us in the fight;
But the day will never credit what we did in
yonder night.
Greeks by hundreds, Turks by thousands, there
like scatter'd seed they lay
On the field of Karpinissi, when the morning
broke in grey.
Mark Bozzari! Mark Bozzari! and we found thee
gash'd and mown,
By thy sword alone we knew thee, knew thee
by thy wounds alone,
By the wounds thy hand had cloven, by the
wounds that seam'd thy breast,
Lying, as thou hadst foretold us, in the Pasha's
tent at rest!

Open wide, proud Missolonghi, open wide thy
portals high,
Where repose the bones of heroes, teach us
cheerfully to die!
Open wide thy vaults! Within their holy
bounds a coueh we'd make,
Where our hero, laid with heroes, may his long
last slumber take!
Rest beside that rock of honour, brave Count
Normann, rest thy head,
Till, at the archangel's trumpet, all the graves
give up their dead!

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON JOSEPH CHRISTIAN VON ZEDLITZ.[1])

At midnight, from the sullen sleep of death
the drummer rose,
The night winds wail, the moonbeams pale are
hid as forth he goes,
With solemn air and measured step he paces
on his rounds,
And ever and anon with might the doubling
drum he sounds.

His fleshless arms alternately the rattling sticks
let fall,
By turns they beat in rattlings meet reveillé
and roll-call;

[1] Joseph Christian Von Zedlitz, a German poet, is credited with the authorship of "The Midnight Review," in Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe*.—ED.

Oh! strangely drear fell on the ear the echoes
of that drum,
Old soldiers from their graves start up and to
its summons come.

They who repose 'mong northern snows, in icy
cerements lapp'd,
Or in the mould of Italy all sweltering are
wrapp'd,
Who sleep beneath the oozy Nile, or desert's
whirling sand,
Break from their graves, and armèd all spring
up at the command.

And at midnight from death's sullen sleep the
trumpeter arose,
He mounts his steed, and loud and long his
pealing trumpet blows;
Each horseman heard it, as he lay deep in his
gory shroud,
And to the call these heroes all on airy coursers
crowd.

Deep gash and scar their bodies mar—they
were a ghastly file—
And underneath the glittering casques their
blench'd skulls grimly smile;
With haughty mien they grasp their swords
within their bony hands,—
'Twould fright the brave to see them wave their
long and gleaming brands.

And at midnight from the sullen sleep of death
the chief arose,
Behind him move his officers, as slowly forth he
goes.
His hat is small—upon his coat no star or crest
is strung,
And by his side a little sword—his only arms
—is hung.

The wan moon threw a livid hue across the
mighty plain,
As he that wore the little hat stepp'd proudly
forth again—
And well these grizzly warriors their little
chieftain knew,
For whom they left their graves that night to
muster in review.

"Present—recover arms!" The cry runs round
in eager hum,
Before him all that host defiles while rolls the
doubling drum.
Halt!—then he calls—his generals and captains
cluster near—
He turns to one that stands beside and whis-
pers in his ear.

From rank to rank, from rear to flank it wings
along the Seine,
The word that chieftain gives is "France!"
the answer—"Sainte-Hélène!"
And thus departed Cæsar holds, at midnight
hour alway,
The grand review of his old bands in the
Champs Elysées.

THE SERENADE.

(TRANSLATION FROM LUDWIG UHLAND.)

What soft low sounds are these I hear,
That come my dreams between?
Oh! mother, look, who may it be
That plays so late at e'en.

"I hear no voice, I see no form,
Oh! rest in slumber mild!
They'll bring no music to thee now,
My poor, my ailing child."

It is not music of the earth
That makes my heart so light,
The angels call me with their songs—
Oh, mother dear, good night!

JOHN CRAWFORD.

BORN 1816 — DIED 1873.

JOHN CRAWFORD was born in 1816 at Greenock, in the same apartment where, thirty years previous, had died his mother's cousin, the "Highland Mary" of Burns' song. He was from boyhood obliged to work for a livelihood, and learned the trade of a house-painter. In his eighteenth year he removed to Alloa, where he resided till his death, Dec. 13, 1873.

He early made himself acquainted with the pleasures of literature, and lost no opportunity of cultivating his mind. In 1850 he published a small volume entitled *Doric Lays: being Snatches of Song and Ballad.* Miss Mitford wrote of this little work: "There is an originality in his writings very rare in a follower of Burns. . . . This is the true thing—a flower springing from the soil, not merely cut and stuck into the earth. Will you tell Mr. Crawford how much pleasure he has given to a poor invalid?" His poetry was also highly commended by Lord Jeffrey.

In 1860 Mr. Crawford produced a second series of *Doric Lays,* a volume of considerable merit, which was published in Edinburgh. An interesting and entertaining volume entitled *Memorials of the Town of Alloa,* containing a historical and descriptive account of the town and parish, written by Crawford, and edited by Dr. Charles Rogers, was published a few months after the poet's death.

MY AULD WIFE JEAN.

My couthie auld wifie, aye blythesome to see,
As years slip awa' aye the dearer to me;
For ferlies o' fashion I carena ae preen
When I cleek to the kirk wi' my auld wifie Jean.

The thoughts o' the past are aye pleasin' to me,
And mair sae when love lights my auld wifie's e'e;
For then I can speak o' the days I ha'e seen,
When care found nae hame i' the heart o' my Jean.

A hantle we've borne since that moment o' bliss,
Frae thy lips, breathin' balm, when I stole the first kiss,
When I read a response to my vows in thy een,
An', blushin', I prest to my bosom my Jean.

Like a rose set in snaw was the bloom on thy cheek,
Thy hair, wi' its silken snood, glossy and sleek,
When the Laird o' Drumlochie, sae lithless and lean,
Wad ha'e gane a lang mile for ae glisk o' my Jean.

Thy mither was dead, and thy faither was fain
That the lang-luggit lairdie wad ca' thee his ain;
But auld age and frailty could ne'er gang atween
The vows I had niffer'd wi' bonnie young Jean.

I canna weel work, an' ye're weary an' worn,
The gudes and the ills lang o' life we ha'e borne;
But we ha'e a hame, an' we're cozie and bein,
And the thrift I've to thank o' my auld wifie Jean.

Baith beddin' an' cleadin' o' a' kind ha'e we,
A sowp for the needy we've aye had to gie,
A bite and a drap for baith fremit an' frien',
Was aye the warst wish o' my auld wifie Jean.

The puir beildless body has scugg'd the cauld blast,
'Yont our hallan he's houft till the gurl gaed past,
An' a bite aff our board, aye sae tidy an' clean,
He's gat wi' gudewill frae my auld wifie Jean.

Our hopes we ha'e set where our bairnies ha'e gaen;
Though lyart we've grown since they frae us were ta'en;
The thoughts o' them yet brings the tears to our een,
And aft I've to comfort my auld wifie Jean.

The paughty and proud ha'e been laid i' the dust,
Since the first hairst I shore, since the first clod I cuist;
And soon we'll lie laigh; but aboon we've a Frien',
And bright days are comin' for me an' my Jean.

THE LAND O' THE BONNET AND PLAID.

Hurra! for the land o' the broom-cover'd brae,
The land o' the rowan, the haw, and the slae;
Where waves the blue harebell in dingle and glade—
The land o' the pibroch, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the hills o' the cromlech and cairn,
Where blossoms the thistle by hillocks o' fern;
There Freedom in triumph an altar has made
For holiest rites in the land o' the plaid.

A coronal wreath, where the wild flowers bloom,
To garnish the martyr and patriot's tomb:
Shall their names ever perish—their fame ever fade,
Who ennobled the land o' the bonnet and plaid?

Oh, hame o' my bairnhood, ye hills o' my love!
The haunt o' the freeman for aye may ye prove;
And honour'd for ever be matron and maid
In the land o' the heather, the bonnet, and plaid.

Hurra! for the land o' the deer and the rae,
O' the gowany glen and the bracken-clad brae,
Where blooms our ain thistle, in sunshine and shade—
Dear badge o' the land o' the bonnet and plaid.

ANN O' CORNYLEE.

I'll twine a gowany garland
Wi' lilies frae the spring;
The fairest flowers by Clutha's side
In a' their bloom I'll bring.
I'll wreathe a flowery wreath to shade
My lassie's scornfu' e'e—
For oh, I canna bide the frown
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

Nae gilded ha', nae downie bed,
My lowly cot maun cheer,
A sheilin' on the banks o' Gryfe
Is a' my worldly gear;
A lanely cot, wi' moss o'ergrown,
Is a' I ha'e to gie;
A leal heart, sinking 'neath the scorn
O' Ann o' Cornylee.

The lintie 'mang the yellow broom,
The laverock in the lift,
Ha'e never sang the waes o' love
O' hope and joy bereft;
Nor has the mavis ever sang
The ills I ha'e to dree,
For lovin' o' a paughty maid,
Fair Ann o' Cornylee.

THE WAES O' EILD.

The cranreuch's on my heid,
The mist's now on my een,
A lanesome life I lead,
I'm no what I ha'e been.

Ther're runkles on my broo,
Ther're furrows on my cheek,
My wither'd heart fills fu'
Whan o' bygone days I speak.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary o' care—
Whare my bairnies ha'e gane,
Oh, let me gang there.

I ance was fu' o' glee,
And wha was then sae gay,
Whan dreamin' life wad be
But ae lang simmer day?
My feet like lichtnin' flew
Roun' pleasure's dizzy ring,
They gimply staucher noo
Aneath a feckless thing.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary o' care—
Whare my first luve lies cauld,
Oh, let me lie there.

The eurie breath o' eild
Has blown ilk frien' frae me;
They come na near my beild
I ha'e dauted on my knee;
They hand awa their heids,
My frailties no to see;
My blessings on them, ane and a'—
I've naething else to gie.
For I'm weary,
I'm weary,
I'm weary and worn—
To the friens o' my youth
I maun soon, soon return.

HUGH MACDONALD.

BORN 1817—DIED 1860.

HUGH MACDONALD was of Highland parentage, and was born in Bridgeton, Glasgow, April 4, 1817. After receiving a very limited education he was apprenticed to the block-printing business, and was first employed in the Barrowfield Works, which he has described in one of his poems as "The Guid Auld Field." He early became noted for his love of country rambles, and was familiar with every hill and dale from the Mearns Moor to Campsie Glen, and along the whole course of the Clyde from Stonebyres Linn to Bowling Braes. In this way the education which he was not privileged to derive from books he acquired in his youth from nature. He especially became no mean proficient in the science of botany, in all his excursions carrying his vasculum with him for the collection of wild plants. This knowledge stood him in good stead at a later period by giving precision and accuracy to what he

wrote, while it quickened his appreciation of and sympathy with nature. Having by his industry saved a little money he began a small business in Glasgow, but it proved unsuccessful, and Macdonald, after honourably discharging all his liabilities, retired from it with a mere trifle in his possession. He then returned to his trade of block-printing in a work near Paisley, to and from which he walked every day from Glasgow, a distance of sixteen miles!

It was about this time that Macdonald's literary career began. His first effusions were poetical, and were followed by a series of letters in defence of the character of Robert Burns from an inconsiderate and ill-advised attack made upon it by a popular Scottish writer. These letters were published in the *Glasgow Citizen*, a paper in which Macdonald's name was afterwards frequently met with in the poets' corner. In 1849 the block-printer fairly embarked in the career of a man of letters by becoming sub-editor of that newspaper. Soon after occupying his new position he began his series of "Rambles Round Glasgow," which appeared in the *Citizen* under the signature of "Caleb." The companion series of sketches descriptive of the Firth of Clyde, and entitled "Days at the Coast," were also commenced during his connection with the *Citizen*, and concluded in the columns of the *Glasgow Times*. Both these delightful volumes, abounding in charming description and enriched with poetic effusions, have been repeatedly republished, and have met with an extensive circulation.

In 1855 Mr. Macdonald connected himself with the *Glasgow Sentinel*, and was soon after appointed editor of the *Glasgow Times*. In June, 1858, when the *Morning Journal* was established, he accepted the position of literary editor, and the connection continued until his death. In this capacity sketches, essays, and reviews were constantly appearing from his pen; and among the rest a "Series of Pilgrimages to Remarkable Places," on the same plan as his two preceding volumes. But they lacked the freshness of his earlier efforts; and his friends saw painful evidences that his health was failing. After eleven years of laborious exertion for the amusement and instruction of the public, the genial and admired Macdonald died, March 16, 1860, in the forty-third year of his age. At the time of his decease he was engaged in the preparation of a work on "Old-Folk Lore," the aim of which was to gather legends, traditions, and auld-warld stories of the west of Scotland.

Mr. Macdonald was a member of various literary and scientific societies, in whose proceedings he took a prominent part. He presided at the celebration of the centenary of the birth-day of Robert Burns in Glasgow; and the year previous had the honour of being entertained at a public dinner in his native city. To show the estimation in which he was held by all sections of the community, it may be stated that after his death a sum of £900 was raised by subscription, and invested for behoof of his widow and children.

In 1863 a volume of Macdonald's poems and songs, with a memoir of his life, was published in Glasgow. The writer says of him that he "was emphatically a man of the people—a representative man. Not only did he excel as a journalist and as a writer of prose which will be permanent, but he was a true poet, to the manner born. Sprung from the industrial classes, he was proud of his origin, and always ready to uphold the dignity of labour and defend the rights of the working man. . . . A kinder-hearted man never breathed, and he was guileless even to a fault." He was especially free from literary jealousy, and was generous and prompt to acknowledge the merits of others. In especial he was among the first to recognize and call attention to the real genius of Alexander Smith, whose firm friend he remained till death.

WEE ANNIE O' AUCHINEDEN.

A gowden dream thou art to me,
From shades of earth and evil free;
An angel form of love and glee,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

I never saw thy winsome face,
Thy bairnly beauty rowed in grace;
Yet thou art with me every place,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Where flick'ring beams beneath the trees
Flit playful in the summer breeze,
The eye of fancy ever sees
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's cheek was wet and pale,
And aft in sighs her words wad fail,
When in mine ear she breathed thy tale,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

That low, sweet voice through many a year,
If life is mine, shall haunt my ear,
Which pictured thee with smile and tear,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Lone was thy hame upon the moor,
'Mang dark brown heaths and mountains hoar;
Thou wert a sunbeam at the door,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Blue curling reek on the breeze afloat
Quiet hover'd abune thy snaw-white cot,
And strange wild birds of eeriest note
Swept ever o'er Auchineden.

Sweet scented nurslings o' sun and dew,
In the bosky faulds o' the burn that grew,
Were the only mates thy bairnhood knew,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the swallow biggit aneath the eaves,
And the bonnie cock-shilfa 'mang the leaves
Aft l'lted to thee in the silent eves,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Ilk fairy blossom ye kent by name,
And birds to thy side all fearless came,
Thy winning tongue could the wildest tame,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's a deep, deep lore in hearts o' love,
And kindness has charms a' charms above;
'Twas thine the cauldest breast to move,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

But the auld folk shook their heads to see
Sic wisdom lent to a bairn like thee;
"Lang here," they sighed, "ye wadna be,"
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

And thou wert ta'en frae this world o' tears,
Unstained by the sorrow or sin of years;
Thy voice is now in the angels' ears,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Thy mither's e'e has been dimmed with wae—
The auld kirkyard has her darling's clay;
But a better hame is thine for aye,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

There's an eerie blank at yon fireside,
And sorrow has crushed the hearts of pride;
For sair in thy loss their faith was tried,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

The primrose glints on the spring's return,
The merle sings blithe to the dancin' burn;
But there's ae sweet flower we aye shall mourn,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

Life's waning day wears fast awa'—
The mirk, mirk gloamin' sune shall fa';
To death's dark porch we journey a',
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

When the weary wark o' the warld is dune,
And the purple stream has ceased to rin,
May we meet wi' thee in thy hame abune,
Wee Annie o' Auchineden.

THE BIRDS OF SCOTLAND.

O the birds of bonnie Scotland,
I love them one and all—
The eagle soaring high in pride,
The wren so blithe and small.
I love the cushat in the wood,
The heron by the stream,
The lark that sings the stars asleep,
The merle that wakes their beam.

O the birds of dear old Scotland,
I love them every one—
The owl that leaves the tower by night,
The swallow in the sun.
I love the raven on the rock,
The sea-bird on the shore,
The merry chaffinch in the wood,
And the curlew on the moor.

O the birds of bonnie Scotland,
How lovely are they all!
The oozel by the forest spring
Or lonely waterfall!
The thrush that from the leafless bough
Delights the infant year,
The redbreast wailing sad and lone,
When leaves are falling sear.

O for the time when first I roamed
The woodland and the field,
A silent sharer in the joy
Each summer minstrel pealed.
Their nests I knew them every one—
In bank, or bush, or tree;

Familiar as a voice of home,
Their every tone of glee.

They tell of birds in other climes
In richest plumage gay,
With gorgeous tints that far outshine
An eastern king's array.
Strangers to song! more dear to me
The linnet, modest gray,
That pipes among the yellow broom
His wild, heart-witching lay.

More dear than all their shining hues,
The wells of glee that lie
In throstle's matchless mottled breast
Or merle's of ebon dye.
And though a lordling's wealth were mine,
In some far sunny spot,
My heart could never own a home
Where minstrel birds were not.

Sweet wilding birds of Scotland,
I loved ye when a boy,
And to my soul your names are linked
With dreams of vanished joy.
And I could wish, when death's cold hand
Has stilled this heart of mine,
That o'er my last low bed of earth
Might swell your notes divine.

TO THE CLYDE.

O'er all the streams that Scotia pours
Deep murmuring to the sea,
With warmest love my heart still turns,
Fair, winding Clyde, to thee!
Through scenes where brightest beauty smiles,
Thy placid waters glide,
Linked to a thousand mem'ries sweet,
My own, my native Clyde!

Let others love the tangled Forth,
Or mountain-shadowed Spey;
The Don, the Dee, wake others' glee,
Fair Tweed, or queenly Tay;
From all their charms of wood or wild,
I ever turn with pride
To where the golden apple gleams,
On thy green banks, sweet Clyde!

It is not that thy heaving breast
A kingdom's wealth has borne,
That pregnant barques, a gorgeous crowd,
Thy spacious ports adorn;
'Tis not thy cities fair to see,
Thy castled homes of pride,
That knit this heart in love to thee,
Thou proudly rolling Clyde!

An heir of poverty and toil,
Thy wealth to me is naught,
Yet thou hast treasures to my soul,
With deepest pleasure fraught—
The homes of living, and the graves
Of parted friends are thine—
The loving hearts, the tried, the true,
Bright gems of sweet "Langsyne."

Oh! honied were my joys, I ween,
When 'side thee, lovely stream!
Life dawned upon my wakening soul,
Bright as a poet's dream,
Then daisied fields to me were wealth,
Thy waters were a sea,
And angel voices in the clouds
The larks' far showers of glee.

How loved I, on thy pebbled marge,
To watch the minnows play!
Or on thy rippled breast to set
My tiny barque away!
Or chasing wide the painted fly,
Along thy skirt of flowers,
While on the swallow-wings of joy
Flew past the laughing hours.

Each smiling season then had charms—
Spring came with buds and flowers,
And wild-bird nests, with bead-like eggs,
Leaf-screened in woodland bowers;
Summer brought aye the rushy cap,
The dandelion chain;
While hips and haws, like gems were strewn
O'er autumn's yellow train.

But years of mingled weal and woe,
Like bubbles on thy wave,
Have passed: and friends are scatter'd now,
Or slumbering in the grave.
The dust of time has dimmed my soul,
And 'neath vile passion's sway,
Its freshness and its bloom have passed
For evermore away.

Yet still I love thee, gentle Clyde;
For aye, as with a spell,
Thou bring'st me back the cherished forms
In mem'ry's haunts that dwell.
Like sunshine on the distant hills,
Life's early joys I see:
And from the brightness of the past,
I dream what heaven may be.

Dear stream, long may thy hills be green,
Thy woods in beauty wave,

Thy daughters still be chaste and fair,
Thy sons be true and brave!
And, oh! when from this weary heart
Has ebbed life's purple tide,
May it be mine, 'mongst those I've loved,
To rest on thy green side.

THE BONNIE WEE WELL.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
That skinkles sae cauld in the sweet smile o' day,
And croons a laigh sang a' to pleasure itsel'
As it jinks 'neath the breckan and genty blue-bell.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Seems an image to me o' a bairnie at play;
For it springs frae the yird wi' a flicker o' glee,
And it kisses the flowers, while its ripple they pree.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae
Wins blessings and blessings fu' monie ilk day;
For the wayworn and weary aft rest by its side,
And man, wife, and wean a' are richly supplied.

The bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
Where the hare steals to drink in the gloamin' sae gray,
Where the wild moorlan' birds dip their nebs and tak' wing,
And the lark weets his whistle ere mounting to sing.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My mem'ry aft haunts thee by nicht and by day;
For the friends I ha'e loved in the years that are gane,
Ha'e knelt by thy brim, and thy gush ha'e pa'ta'en.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
While I stoop to thy bosom, my thirst to allay,
I will drink to the loved ones who come back nae mair,
And my tears will but hallow thy bosom sae fair.

Thou bonnie wee well on the breist o' the brae,
My blessing rests with thee, wherever I stray;
In joy and in sorrow, in sunshine and gloom,
I will dream of thy beauty, thy freshness, and bloom.

In the depths of the city, midst turmoil and noise,
I'll oft hear with rapture thy lone trickling voice,
While fancy takes wing to thy rich fringe of green,
And quaffs thy cool waters in noon's gowden sheen.

TO OCTOBER.

Gorgeous are thy woods, October!
Clad in glowing mantles scar;
Brightest tints of beauty blending,
Like the west, when day's descending,
Thou'rt the sunset of the year.

Beauteous are thy rowan trees, glowing
With their beads of coral dye;
Beauteous are thy wild-rose bushes,
Where the hip in ripeness blushes,
Like a maid whose lover's nigh.

Sweet to see thy dark eyes peeping
From the tangled blackthorn bough,
Sweet thy elder's purple fruitage,
Clustering o'er the woodland cottage;
Sweet thy hawthorn's crimson glow.

Fading flowers are thine, October!
Droopeth sad the sweet bluebell.
Gone the blossoms April cherished—
Violet, lily, rose, all perished—
Fragrance fled from field and dell.

Songless are thy woods, October!
Save when redbreast's mournful lay
Through the calm gray morn is swelling,
To the list'ning echoes telling
Tales of darkness and decay.

Saddest sounds are thine, October!
Music of the falling leaf
O'er the pensive spirit stealing,
To its inmost depths revealing:
"Thus all gladness sinks in grief."

I do love thee, drear October!
More than budding, blooming Spring,
Hers is hope, delusive smiling,
Trusting hearts to grief beguiling;
Mem'ry loves thy dusky wing.

Joyous hearts may love the summer,
Bright with sunshine, song, and flower;
But the heart whose hopes are blighted,
In the gloom of woe benighted,
Better loves thy kindred bower.

'Twas in thee, thou sad October!
Death laid low my bosom flower.
Life hath been a wintry river
O'er whose ripple gladness never
Gleameth brightly since that hour.

Hearts would fain be with their treasure,
Mine is slumb'ring in the clay;
Wandering here alone, uncheery,
Deem't not strange this heart should weary
For its own October day.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Alexander M'Lachlan, a well-known Scoto-Canadian poet, was born at Johnstone, in Renfrewshire, August 12, 1818. His father, Charles M'Lachlan, was a mechanic and the author of some very respectable verses. In 1820, in company with a brother, he went to Canada and purchased land, which he partially cleared, and set out on his return to Scotland for his family, but died on the way, leaving a wife and four children unprovided for. Alexander, the only son, was sent by the mother as soon as he was able to work to the cotton factory, where the pittance which he earned helped to support the family. But he soon grew weary of the thirteen hours' daily imprisonment in the factory, and left it to become a tailor's apprentice. At this time he devoted all his leisure hours to reading Burns, and ere long became passionately fond of poetry and oratory. He went far and near to hear celebrated speakers; and he says in a letter to us dated Oct. 31, 1865, "I still recollect the feelings of rapture with which I listened to Chalmers and O'Connell." He soon began to try his powers as a poet and also as a public speaker.

In 1841 M'Lachlan removed to Canada and settled on a farm, but for many years he has followed the vocation of a lecturer on literary and other topics. In 1862 he was sent by the Canadian government to set before his countrymen in Scotland the advantages to be gained by emigrating to Canada. From his friends and admirers in Johnstone he received a public ovation, and was at the same time presented with an elegant walking-stick, bearing this inscription: "Presented to Alexander M'Lachlan, Esq., Poet, by his friends at a public supper given him in Johnstone, his native town, as a mark of respect, and as a memorial of his visit to this country from Canada. Nov. 14, 1862." Twelve years later he was again entertained by his fellow-townsmen, and received a handsome gift of books.

M'Lachlan's first volume, entitled *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, was published in Canada in 1855. Three years later another volume with the title *Lyrics* appeared, followed in 1861 by *The Emigrant, and other Poems*. His latest publication, a handsome octavo volume entitled *Poems and Songs*, appeared in 1874.

I WINNA GAE HAME.

I winna gae back to my youthfu' haunts,
  For they are nae langer fair—
The spoiler has been in the glades so green
  And sad are the changes there;
The plou' has been to the very brink
  O' the lovely Locher fa',
And beauty has fled wi' the auld yew-trees
  And the bonnie wee birds awa'.

Young spring aye cam' the earliest there,
  Alang wi' her dear cuckoo,
And the weary autumn lingered lang
  Wi' her lonely cusha-doo;
And peace aye nestled in ilka nook
  O' the bonnie gowany glen,
For it's always Sabbath among the flowers,
  Awa' frae the haunts o' men.

How aft hae I paused in thae green retreats
  O' the hare and the foggy-bee,
While the lintie lilted to his love—
  As blythe as a bird could be;
And the yorlin sang on the whinny knowe,
  In the cheery morn o' spring,
And the laverock drapt frae the cloud at e'en,
  To fauld up her weary wing.

And the mavis sang in the thorny brake,
  And the blackbird on the tree,
And the lintwhite tauld his tale of love,
  Far down in the gowany lea;
And the moss an' the cress an' the crawflow'r crept
  Sae close to the crystal spring,
And the water cam' wi' a laughin' loup,
  And awa' like a living thing.

And it sang its way through the green retreats,
In a voice so sweet and clear,
That the rowan listened on the rock,
And the hazel leaned to hear;
And the water-lilies raised their heads,
And the bells in clusters blue,
And the primrose came wi' its modest face,
A' wat wi' the balmy dew.

And the hoary hawthorn hung its head—
As lapt in a blissfu' dream,
While the honeysuckle strained to catch
The murmurs o' that stream;
And the buttercup and the cowslip pale,
To the green, green margin drew,
And the gowan cam' and brought wi' her
The bonnie wee violet blue.

And the red red rose and the eglantine,
And the stately foxglove came,
And mony an' mony a sweet wee flower,
That has died without a name;
While the burnie brattled doun the brae,
In her ain blithe merry din,
And leapt the rocks in a cloud o' spray,
And roared in the boiling linn;

And churned hersel' into silver white,
Into bubbles green and gay,
And rumbled round in her wild delight,
'Neath the rainbow's lovely ray;
And swirled, and sank, and rose to the brim,
Like the snawdrift on the lee,
And then in bells o' the rainbow's rim,
She sang awa' to the sea.

But the trees are felled and the birds are gane,
And the banks are lone and bare,
And wearily now she drags her lane
Wi' the heavy sough o' care;
And fond lovers there shall meet nae mair,
In the lang, lang simmer's e'en,
To pledge their vows 'neath the spreading boughs,
Of the birk and the beech sae green.

In a' my wanderings far or near,
Through thir woods sae wild and lane,
There was still ae spot to memory dear,
That I hoped to see again;
But I'll no gae back, I'll no gae back,
For my heart is sick and sair,
And I couldna bide to see the wreck
O' a place sae sweet and fair.

OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew,
And the sunbeams gleam
Like a blessed dream
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
In her faded widow's cap;
She is sitting alone
On the old gray stone,
With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging o'er her head,
And the burn is wimpling by;
The primroses peep
From their sylvan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children played,
But they're all away with Death,
And she sits alone
On the old gray stone
To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are o'er threescore and ten,
And her eyes are waxing dim,
But the page is bright
With a living light,
And her heart leaps up to Him
Who pours the mystic harmony
Which the soul can only hear!
She is not alone
On the old gray stone,
Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now;
But the Eye that never sleeps
Looks on her in love
From the heavens above,
And with quiet joy she weeps:
She feels the balm of bliss is pour'd
In her lone heart's deepest rut;
And the widow lone
On the old gray stone,
Has a peace the world knows not.

THE HALLS OF HOLYROOD.

O let me sit as evening falls
In sad and solemn mood,
Among the now deserted halls
Of ancient Holyrood;
And think how human power and pride
Must sink into decay,
Or like the bubbles on the tide,
Pass, pass away.

No more the joyous crowd resorts
To see the archers good
Draw bow within the ringing courts
Of merry Holyrood;

Ah! where's that high and haughty race
That here so long held sway,
And where the phantoms they would chase?
Past, past away!

And where the monks and friars gray,
That oft in jovial mood
Would revel till the break of day
In merry Holyrood!
The flagons deep are emptied out,
The revellers all away;
They come not to renew the bout—
Where, where are they?

And where the plaided chieftains bold
That round their monarch stood?
And where the damsels that of old
Made merry Holyrood;
And where that fair, ill-fated queen,
And where the minstrels gray
That made those vaulted arches ring—
Where, where are they?

Tho' mould'ring are the minstrels' bones,
Their thoughts have time withstood—
They live in snatches of old songs
Of ancient Holyrood.
For thrones and dynasties depart,
And diadems decay—
But those old gushings of the heart
Never pass away.

MAY.

O sing and rejoice!
Give to gladness a voice,
Shout a welcome to beautiful May!
Rejoice with the flowers,
And the birds 'mong the bowers,
And away to the greenwoods, away!
O blithe as the fawn,
Let us dance in the dawn
Of this life-giving, glorious day;
'Tis bright as the first
Over Eden that burst—
Thou'rt welcome, young joy-giving May!

The cataract's horn
Has awaken'd the morn,
Her tresses are dripping with dew;
O hush thee, and hark!
'Tis her herald, the lark,
That's singing afar in the blue.
Its happy heart's rushing,
In strains wildly gushing,
That reach to the revelling earth,
And sink through the deeps
Of the soul, till it leaps
Into raptures far deeper than mirth.

All nature's in keeping!
The live streams are leaping
And laughing in gladness along;
The great hills are heaving,
The dark clouds are leaving,
The valleys have burst into song.
We'll range through the dells
Of the bonnie bluebells,
And sing with the streams on their way:
We'll lie in the shades
Of the flower-covered glades
And hear what the primroses say.

O, crown me flowers
'Neath the green spreading bowers,
With the gems, and the jewels May brings;
In the light of her eyes,
And the depth of her dyes,
We'll smile at the purple of kings.
We'll throw off our years
With their sorrows and tears,
And time will not number the hours
We'll spend in the woods,
Where no sorrow intrudes,
With the streams, and the birds, and the flowers.

LORD LINDSAY'S RETURN.

O weel I mind of that happy morn,
When I blew the hunter's bugle-horn,
And the sound through the leafy lane was borne.

And the joyous brothers, fair and tall,
Came bounding forth from the castle hall,
With their ringing welcome, one and all.

And a sister came with her fairy feet,
The happy sprite of that green retreat;
Oh why! oh why! did we ever meet?

And we ranged the dells and the forest free,
And O, what a joyous band were we,
Happy as only young hearts can be!

No sorrow came to those bowers so green,
For we had no time to think, I ween,
On the what might be, or the what had been.

But I left them all for a distant land,
Where the lakes and the woods are wild and grand,
But my heart still turn'd to that joyous band.

Aweary of fortune's fickle gleams,
I sat me down by the stranger's streams,
And wander'd away to the land of dreams.

Again we rang'd through the forest free,
And sang our songs 'neath the greenwood tree,
Happy as only young hearts can be!

When many a year had roll'd away,
And mine auburn locks were tinged with gray,
I homeward went on a joyous day.

And on to the hall I hurried fast,
And the green lanes knew me as I past,
And the old hills said, "Thou art come at last."

Again, as on the happy morn
I blew the hunter's bugle-horn,
And the sound through the leafy lane was borne.

With hope and fear my heart did bound,
But no one came at the welcome sound,
And Echo only answer'd round.

And I rush'd into the castle hall,
But I found, for the true hearts one and all,
But pictures hanging on the wall.

For the joyous ones were dead and gone,
And their names inscrib'd on a mould'ring stone
In the village churchyard old and lone.

And the forester was old and gray,
And he said, that like the flowers of May,
He saw them one by one decay.

And I sought once more the greenwood tree,
And I sat me down and sighed, "Ah me!"
Sorry as only old hearts can be!

SCOTLAND REVISITED, OR THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

When mony a year had come and gane,
And I'd grown auld and hoary,
And mony a hope had proven vain,
And mony a dream o' glory;
Then backward to my childhood's hame
A weary langing sent me,
I found my native vale the same,
But very few that kent me.

There were the hills my childhood saw,
They look'd as if they knew me;
And well they might!—when far awa'
Oh how they did pursue me!
And there amang the broomy braes
I often paus'd and ponder'd
Upon the joys o' ither days,
Then on again I wander'd.

At length our cot appear'd in view,
O weel I kent the biggin,
There was the same o'erhanging yew
And thack upon the riggin';
And there the winnock in the en'
Wi' woodbine train'd sae trimly,
And up aboon the cosie den
Reek swirlin' frae the chimly.

O how my heart leapt at the sicht,
Till I could hardly bear it;
I felt as if I wad gang gite,
For I was maist delecrit.
And hurrying to the sacred spot,
Ilk thump cam' quick and quicker,
I tried to pray, but in my throat
The words grew thick and thicker.

To hide my tears I vainly strove,
For nae ane cam' to meet me,
Nae mother wi' her look o' love,
Nae sister cam' tae greet me:
For gane were they, baith ane an' a',
The dear hearts that I cherish'd,
Gane, like the flowers o' spring awa',
Or like a vision perished.

This was the spot of all most dear,
Where all my dreams were centr'd;
And yet, wi' trembling and wi' fear,
Beneath that roof I enter'd.
There was the place my father sat,
Beside my mother spinning,
An' a' the bairns, wi' merry chat,
In joy around her rinning.

There in the cottage of my birth,
The same roof-tree above me,
I stood, a wanderer on the earth,
With nae ane left to love me.
Oh! I had often stood alone
On many a post of danger,
But never wept till standing on
My native hearth—a stranger!

I sought the auld kirkyard alane,
Where a' the lov'd are sleeping,
And only the memorial stane
Its watch aboon them keeping;
It only said that they were dead—
Once here, but now departed;
A' gane! a' gane! to their lang hame,
The true, the gentle-hearted.

O life, I cried, is all a woe,
A journey lang and dreary:
Is there nae hame to which we go,
Nae heart-hame for the weary?
I cleared the weeds frae aff the stane,
And lang I sat and ponder'd
Upon the days for ever gane,
Then weary on I wander'd.

WILLIAM STIRLING MAXWELL.

Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., an influential member of the Conservative party, was born at Kenmure, near Glasgow, March 8, 1818. He is the only son of the late Archibald Stirling of Keir, Perthshire, the representative of an old and wealthy family; his mother was a daughter of Sir John Maxwell, Bart., of Pollock, Renfrewshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1839 and M.A. in 1843. Soon after he printed for private circulation a small volume of poems entitled *The Songs of the Holy Land,* composed chiefly during a visit to Palestine. Having turned his attention to the study of Spanish history, literature, and art, he resided some time in France and Spain for the prosecution of his researches. He wrote *The Annals of the Artists of Spain,* issued in three volumes in 1848; *The Cloister Life of Charles V.*, published in 1852, for which he had carefully prepared himself by visiting the convent of Yuste, the place to which the monarch retired, as well as by a most diligent search for materials in the archives of France; *Velasquez and his Works,* issued in 1855; and *The Chief Victories of the Emperor Charles V., designed* by Martin Heimskereh *in 1555, and now illustrated with portraits, prints, and notes:* London, 1870, folio, privately printed.

At the general election in 1852 Stirling was returned to the House of Commons as member for Perthshire, which county he continues to represent. In 1865, by the death of his maternal uncle Sir John Maxwell, he became heir to the baronetcy, and assumed the name of Maxwell. He was elected rector of St. Andrews University in 1863, when he received the degree of LL.D.; and he was honoured with the same high office by the University of Edinburgh in 1872. Three years later he was elected chancellor of the University of Glasgow as successor to the late Duke of Montrose. Sir William married in 1865 Lady Anna Maria Melville, third daughter of David, eighth earl of Leven and Melville, who died December 8, 1874, leaving two sons.

Among various published or privately-printed books edited or written by Sir William, may be mentioned *Lemmata Proverbialia;* Catalogues of Books relating to Proverbs, Emblems, and Ana, and to the Arts of Design, in the Library at Keir, 1860, two vols. 8vo; a handsome volume issued in 1873, entitled *The Turks in 1533;* a series of drawings made in that year at Constantinople by Peter Coeck of Aelst; and in 1875 two volumes folio, entitled *The Entry of the Emperor Charles V. into Bologna, Nov. 5, 1529;* and *The Procession of Pope Clement VII. and the Emperor Charles V. on the occasion of the Coronation, Bologna, February 24, 1530.* These magnificent series of engravings were drawn and designed the first by an anonymous Venetian, and the second by Nicholas Hogenberg, and have been reproduced in fac-simile from the very rare originals.

RUTH.

The golden smile of morning
On the hills of Moab play'd,
When at the city's western gate
Their steps three women stay'd.
One laden was with years and care,
A gray and faded dame,
Of Judah's ancient lineage,
And Naomi her name;
And two were daughters of the land,
Fair Orpah and sweet Ruth,
Their faces wearing still the bloom,
Their eyes the light of youth;
But all were childless widows,
And garb'd in weeds of woe,
And their hearts were full of sorrow.
And fast their tears did flow.
For the Lord God from Naomi
Her spouse and sons had taken,
And she and these that were their wives,
Are widow'd and forsaken;

And wish or hope her bosom knows
None other but to die,
And lay her bones in Bethlehem,
Where all her kindred lie.
So gives she now upon the way
To Jordan's western waters—
Her farewell kisses and her tears
Unto her weeping daughters:
"Sweet daughters mine, now turn again
Unto your homes," she said,
"And for the love ye bear to me,
The love ye bear the dead,
The Lord with you deal kindly,
And give you joy and rest,
And send to each a faithful mate
To cheer her widow'd breast."

Then long and loud their weeping was,
And sore was their lament,
And Orpah kiss'd sad Naomi,
And back to Moab went;
But gentle Ruth to Naomi
Did cleave with close embrace,
And earnest spoke, with loving eyes
Up-gazing in her face—
"Entreat me not to leave thee,
Nor sever from thy side,
For where thou goest I will go,
Where thou bidest I will bide;
Thy people still my people,
And thy God my God shall be;
And where thou diest I will die,
And make my grave with thee."

So Naomi, not loath, was won
Unto her gentle will;
And thence with faces westward set,
They fared o'er plain and hill;
The Lord their staff, till Bethlehem
Rose fair upon their sight,
A rock-built town with towery crown,
In evening's purple light,
'Midst slopes in vine and olive clad,
And spread along the brook,
White fields, with barley waving,
That woo'd the reaper's hook.

. . . . . .

Now for the sunny harvest field
Sweet Ruth her mother leaves,
And goes a-gleaning after
The maids that bind the sheaves.
And the great lord of the harvest
Is of her husband's race,
And looks upon the lonely one
With gentleness and grace;
And he loves her for the brightness
And freshness of her youth,
And for her unforgetting love,
Her firm enduring truth—
The love and truth that guided Ruth
The border mountains o'er,
Where her people and her own land
She left for evermore.

So he took her to his home and heart,
And years of soft repose
Did recompense her patient faith,
Her meekly-suffer'd woes;
And she became the noblest dame
Of palmy Palestine,
And the stranger was the mother
Of that grand and glorious line
Whence sprang our royal David,
In the tide of generations,
The anointed king of Israel,
The terror of the nations:
Of whose pure seed hath God decreed
Messiah shall be born,
When the day-spring from on high shall light
The golden lands of morn;
Then heathen tongues shall tell the tale
Of tenderness and truth—
Of the gentle deed of Boaz,
And the tender love of Ruth.

THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V.[1]

In Bruxelles Emperor Charles abode, fifth
Cæsar of the name:
Weary with life's long toil was he, and rack'd
with gout his frame;
His cheek was pale, his step was frail, seldom
he crossed the door,
He could not rule as he had ruled in the good
days of yore,
Nor meet the French in field and trench as he
was wont to do,
When o'er the Flemish border the lilied banner
flew;
Wherefore he had devis'd and dealt to lay the
burden down
Of pomp, and power, and majesty; of sceptre,
orb, and crown;
And all his world-wide heritage, and all his
sword had won,
To give unto Don Philip now, his dear and
only son,

[1] This poem is a translation of a Spanish ballad or romance, printed in the *Cancionero General*, Antwerp, 1577, descriptive of the abdication of the sovereignty of the Low Countries by the emperor at Brussels. The abdication took place in the same hall in which, more than forty years before, Charles had been presented by his aunt Margaret to a similar audience as reigning sovereign of the Netherlands.—ED.

Don Philip, King of England, who that noble
realm had brought
Back to Christ's faith from heresy by rebel
Luther taught.
So Cæsar and the English King in Bruxelles
town were met,
And paction was between them made, and
time of signing set;
The year of grace one thousand was, five hun-
dred fifty-five,
The famous year that saw the morn of this
great deed arrive,
Friday, October twenty-five, three afternoon,
the day
And hour, when Cæsar sign'd and seal'd his
diadems away.

At Bruxelles, in the ancient hall within the
castle gate,
Where valiant Dukes of Burgundy erst kept
their royal state,
Upon the dais richly dight, beneath the
canopy,
The throne was set, and all a-row stood chairs
of honour three.
Fair Flanders' looms had spread the walls with
storied hangings o'er;
And Cæsar and Don Philip came, with trum-
pets blown before,
With Mary, Queen of Hungary, high lady wise
and wight,
And Savoy's Duke of iron mould, and many a
lord and knight
Of broad Brabant and proud Castille, great
chiefs of war and peace,
Grave magistrates of towns and states, and
knights of Golden Fleece.

Then Cæsar sat upon his throne with calm and
gracious mien,
And right and left on either hand, bade sit the
King and Queen;
And near the Queen the Duke was set; and
down below, the floor
Scarce held the folk that throng'd to see, a
thousand souls and more.
So when the heralds silence call'd, the whis-
pering hum was still,
And rose the Chancellor of the Fleece to speak
the Emperor's will;
In weighty, well-grac'd words he said how
Cæsar's Majesty
Would pass the evening of his days from broil
and battle free,
And giving to Don Philip now his royal place
and state,
Will'd that his loving people's will the gift
should consecrate.

Then slowly, when the Chancellor ceas'd, the
Emperor arose,
And told of all his toils at home, and wars
with foreign foes,
How twice to heathen Barbary his Christian
flag he bore,
And now eleven times had passed the stormy
ocean o'er,
And how one passage more, the twelfth, for
him did yet remain,
If God should grant his sole desire, to end his
days in Spain.
From his first hour of royal power it had been
his endeavour
Justice to mete and right to do with equal
balance ever;
But if in absence, or by chance or frailty led
astray,
Wrong he had done, he pray'd them all to
pardon him that day:
And so he bade them all farewell, and left
them to his son,
Their lord, whose rule in other realms the
people's hearts had won;
This witting, he, for such a son, could joyfully
lay down
The sacred trust he else had kept, of sceptre,
sword, and crown;
And last of all, in earnest wise three things he
did commend
Unto their care, and bid them hold in honour
to the end:
Their holy faith, their country's peace, their
duty to their lord,
Who lov'd them, and would win their love:
this was his parting word.

Then rose the King unbonneted, and stood
before the throne,
And for his father's gracious words, and grace
and favour done,
Gave thanks; and humbly kneeling down he
sought to kiss his hand,
But Cæsar threw his arms about his neck and
bade him stand;
And many a tear was shed the while by loving
sire and son,
And by the Queen, and Duke, and Knights,
and nobles every one.

Next for the Cities and Estates a learnèd jurist
spake,
And told the Emperor how well they were con-
tent to take
His hopeful son their lord to be; whereon Don
Philip bade
The reverend Lord of Arras speak, who cour-
teous answer made.

Then last the good Queen Mary rose, of her long reign to tell,
And bid in fair and gentle speech her people all farewell;
Foremost of lands to make their land—for this she still had striven,
And now for faults and errors past she sued to be forgiven.

In courtly words th' Estates replied they mourn'd to see her go,
But with them still was law her will, and she would have it so.
Wherewith the goodly company arose and went their way
As evening fell; and so the King became our Lord that day.

SHALLUM.

Oh, waste not thy woe on the dead, nor bemoan him,
Who finds with his fathers the grave of his rest;
Sweet slumber is his, who at night-fall hath thrown him
Near bosoms that waking did love him the best.

But sorely bewail him, the weary world-ranger,
Shall ne'er to the home of his people return;
His weeping worn eyes must be closed by the stranger,
No tear of true sorrow shall hallow his urn.

And mourn for the monarch that went out of Zion,
King Shallum, the son of Josiah the Just;
For he the cold bed of the captive shall die on,
Afar from his land, nor return to its dust.

THOMAS C. LATTO.

Thomas Carstairs Latto, author of the fine song "When we were at the Schule," was born in the parish of Kingsbarns, Fifeshire, Dec. 1, 1818. His father, Alexander Latto, was the parish schoolmaster; his mother's name was Christina Anderson. After receiving his elementary education in his father's school Latto entered the University of St. Andrews, where he proved himself a good student during the five sessions that he continued there. In 1838 he went to Edinburgh, and entered the office of John Hunter, auditor of the Court of Session, where he acted as the Parliament House and conveyancing clerk. He was afterwards employed in the office of William Mackenzie of Muriston, W.S., agent for the Duke of Sutherland and the Seaforth family. He subsequently acted as clerk to Professor Aytoun, and at a later period became managing clerk to a solicitor in Dundee. Latto in a letter to the Editor, dated May 10, 1872, says:—"My connection with Professor Aytoun was merely nominal. I did no work for him, and received no compensation! . . . Hunter was a man of fine literary abilities, and would fain have been a poet, but lacked the power of expression. He was of the gentlest nature, and one of the most genial of men. Muriston was quite a character, and noted for his high temper, but in the three years that I was with him—and I was constantly in his room—we never had a tiff. He did not require my presence after three o'clock, so that I was pretty much my own master. It was a great mistake I made when I left him to go to Dundee."

In 1852 Latto entered into business in Glasgow as a commission merchant, and subsequently went to New York. He adds: "My life since I came to America has not been very eventful, but it has been somewhat chequered. Poets, if I may reckon myself among the number, have rarely much of the money-making faculty, and in this regard I am a true *rates*. I have always, however, been prudent, steady, and careful; and if I have not commanded success, have at least endeavoured to deserve it. . . . I started the *Scottish American Journal*, a number of my friends taking shares, but the financial troubles of 1857 compelled me to leave the paper, which was continued and is now flourishing." Latto then entered the publishing house of Ivison & Co. of New York, where he remained for eleven years—"the most peaceful period of my life," he says. In 1871 he began business as a real-estate agent in Brooklyn, where he at present resides with his family.

Latto's first poetical effusions appeared in

the *Fife Herald* while he was at college, but always anonymously or with the name of some other student affixed—a liberty at which it appears no offence was ever taken. Many of his later songs appeared in the pages of *Whistlebinkie* and the *Book of Scottish Song*. In 1845 he edited a poem entitled "The Minister's Kail-yard," which, with a number of his own compositions, was published in Edinburgh in that year. Mr. Latto's principal work, "The Village-school Examination," completed some years ago, is still in manuscript; but it is his intention to have it published, with other tales and songs, in Scotland. We have pleasure in presenting to our readers an extract from this fine picture of Scottish life, exhibiting so many interesting reminiscences of home and boyhood. Mr. Latto has been a frequent contributor to the periodicals of his adopted country, as he was before leaving Scotland to those of his native land, including *Tait's Magazine*. His lines on the American novelist J. Fenimore Cooper, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1870, are among the finest that he has written, and are worthy of the author of "The Grave of Sir Walter Scott," first published in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE GRAVE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'Twas gloamin', and the autumn sun
Had shed his last and loveliest smile,
When late I ferried o'er the stream,
To Dryburgh's mouldering pile:
For I had wander'd from afar,
And brav'd the wild Atlantic's wave,
To see the poet's resting-place—
The "mighty Wizard's" grave.

I stood within the ruin'd fane,
Beside Saint Mary's grated aisle,
No sound was in that lonely spot,
No voice was on the gale,
Save when at intervals there came
A mournful music sweet and slow—
The murmur of his own loved Tweed
That calmly roll'd below.

I linger'd till the harvest-moon
Peer'd through the ivied loopholes there,
And still delay'd to quit a scene
So gloomy, yet so fair.
And was it here, life's fever o'er,
In this sequester'd holy spot,
Lay mingling with its kindred clay
The dust of Walter Scott?

I gazed with feelings strange and sad,
Fulfill'd the cherish'd wish of years,
I leant my brow against the stone,
And melted into tears.
Ah! where is now the flashing eye
That kindled up at Flodden field—
That saw in fancy onsets fierce,
And clashing spear and shield?

The eager and untiring step
That urged the search for Border lore,
To make Old Scotland's heroes known
On every peopled shore?
The wondrous spell that summon'd up
The charging squadrons fierce and fast,
And garnish'd every cottage wall
With pictures of the past?

The graphic pen that drew at once
The traits alike so truly shown
In Bertram's faithful pedagogue
And haughty Marmion?
The hand that equally could paint,
And give to each proportion fair,
The stern, the wild Meg Merrilees,
And lovely Lady Clare?

The glowing dreams of bright romance,
That teeming fill'd his ample brow—
Where is his darling chivalry—
Where are his visions now?
The open hand, the generous heart,
That joy'd to soothe a neighbour's pains?
Nought, nought I see save grass and weeds,
And solemn silence reigns.

The flashing eye is dimm'd for aye,
The stalwart limb is stiff and cold,
No longer pours his trumpet-note
To wake the jousts of old.
The generous heart, the open hand,
The ruddy cheek, the silver hair,
Are mouldering in the silent dust—
All, all is lonely there.

What if it be? his fame resounds
To far creation's farthest rim;
No forest, lake, or mountain gray
But speaks and breathes of him.

Why pours yon stream by Holyrood?
'Mong weeds they look for Muschat's pile:
Why dart yon boats from fair Kinross?
They seek Lochleven's isle.

Why flock yon crowds up Benvenue,
What marvels there their gaze await?
Dost thou not know the meanest cairn
Genius can consecrate?
Yes! castle, lake, and moated wall—
The outlaw's glen and cavern grim,
Have each a tongue, if thou canst feel,
To speak and breathe of him.

The victor on the battle-field
Looks proudly round, and claims the prize;
But thou beneath us hast achieved
Far mightier victories.
The hero when in death he falls,
Nations may hail his deeds divine;
Ah! bought with blood and widows' tears,
His fame is poor to thine!

"Give me," the Syracusan cried,
And saw a globe in fancy hurled—
"Give me but where to plant my foot,
And I will move the world!"
Now Scotland! triumph in a son
Who triumphed in a grander thought;
Great Archimedes, now outdone,
Bows to thy Walter Scott—

Who the gigantic lever plied,
And plies while we his fame rehearse,
Swaying, obedient to his will,
A moral universe.
Behold thick Prejudice dispell'd!
And whose the blest, the god-like boon?
The Sun of Waverley arose
And made the darkness noon.

Deem ye his tales an idle task?
They joined the poles in kindly span—
Made seas but highways to our friends,
And man to feel for man.
They showed the proud what worth might glow
Beneath a breast that russet wore:
They gave the hind a rank and place
He had not known before.

Yes! persecuted Hebrew! tell
Where'er a Jewish maid may roam,
She knows, she feels, in every heart
Rebecca has a home.
The Paynim in a hostile land
Throws down his sword and counts us kin,
Proud that a Briton's bosom glows
For noble Saladin.

Courage in high or low he hails,
King, squire, with equal eye he saw:
Brave Richard of the Lion heart,
And the heroic Shaw.
Yon cottar feels his class is rich
In Nature's nobles—shaming queens:
Ah! not a prattler climbs his knee
But lisps of Jeanie Deans.

Praise, deathless love, to him who thus
A stubborn tide could backward roll;
Rein in the chafing pride of man,
And triumph in the soul.
The grave, the gay—the child, the sage—
The lovers 'neath the hawthorn hoar—
All for a while their dreams forget,
And o'er his pictures pore.

The force of truth and nature see!
For all peruse, and all admire,
The duchess in her ducal hall—
Her milkmaid by the fire.
We laugh, we weep, as he may choose,
To blend our willing tears with smiles,
At Lucy Ashton's hapless fate,
And Caleb's honest wiles.

We see before us strut in pride
The Bailie, "pawky, hard, and slee,"
The wily lawyers tangling yet
Poor Peter Peebles' plea.
Again we glow with Ivanhoe,
His burning words so charm the sense,
And hear the Covenanter pour
His strange wild eloquence.

The Antiquary, stern and gruff,
Rejoicing in the caustic joke,
Stamp at the name of Aikin Drum,
And quail 'neath Eddie's mock.
Tell him of Steenie's fate, or hint
Of dreams his own young days beguil'd;
The soul within that rugged husk
Is gentle as a child.

Where'er the winds of heaven have blown,
We hear his numbers borne along
In martial strain or tender plaint—
The magic of his song.
Long Beauty's lips shall chant those lays
In Music's bower for ever green,
Bold Ettrick's Border march renown'd,
And Jock o' Hazeldean.

Yet pause awhile! among the names
Thy genius steep'd in Pity's dew;
Though thou didst sigh o'er Mary's griefs,
Thine own have not been few.

Who has not wept when—dropped the veil
O'er homes and hearts to us unknown—
Thou gav'st us, but for one brief hour,
A glimpse into thine own!

Ah! bitter were thy thoughts, I ween,
With old Sir Henry 'neath the tree—
The gentle Alice by his side,
Thy darling Anne and thee.
Yet though the cloud of ruin fell,
Thy fair horizon to deform,
Thou stood'st serene and unappall'd,
Erect amid the storm.

The last sad scene we would forget,
For kind loved friends were round thy bed,
So milder fell the parting gales
Upon thy aged head.
Yet, oh! how terrible the shock
When cracked that strong and manly heart,
Sure Death with faltering tongue pronounce
The dread command, "Depart!"

I feel a joy that at the last
The sounds thou loved the best to hear,
The lapsing ripple of the Tweed,
Made music in thine ear.
And more than lapse of murmuring streams,
That he thy eldest born was by,
To hold thee on his manly breast,
To kiss and close thine eye.

The grass is trodden by the feet
Of thousands from a thousand lands—
The prince, the peasant, tottering age,
And rosy schoolboy bands—
All crowd to fairy Abbotsford,
And lingering gaze, and gaze the more—
Hang o'er the chair in which he sat,
The latest dress he wore.

Thou wondrous being, fare thee well!
Thou noblest, best of humankind,
Who joined to a Nathaniel's heart
A Shakspere's master mind!
Light be the turf upon thy breast,
For pleasant was in life thy mood,
And rare thy fate, proclaim'd at once
The glorious and the good!

May flow'rets fair long blossom here;
Sweet birds the choiring concert lead,
To swell thy dear eternal dirge
Sung by the "silver Tweed!"
Farewell! farewell! my bosom throbs
With grief and ecstacy to pain,
"Take thee for all in all, we ne'er
Shall see thy like again."

THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

(EXTRACT.)

If I forget thee, temple low and rude,
If I forget thee, guardian of my youth,
Epitome of all that's kind and good,
To duty firm, but punishing in ruth,
Turning bright metal out of stuff uncouth,
Old as thou art, still in the harness yet,
Be mute the tongue thou taught to love the truth,
May black misfortune snare me in her net,
And the right hand thou train'd its cunning all forget.

From lowly fanes like these the giants rushed,
Resistless callants, born to make their mark.
And hew their way, whoever might be crush'd;
A pale-faced genius watch'd the infant spark;
He nurs'd it, sweeping up like mounting lark,
Until it tower'd unto the sky of fame;
He heard the victor shouts, *he* from the dark
Moss-covered cabin hail'd the deathless name,
Whose dawning streak *he* fann'd into immortal flame.

Aye! Abercromby, gallant Scot, was train'd
For after coolness 'mid the cannon's roar;
The fighting Napiers their great muscle strain'd
At "Scotch and English" by the school-house door.
Stout Hope and Lynedoch, Clyde and many more;
And, early call'd, old Glasgow's bravest son,[1]
Who breath'd his last upon Corunna's shore,
Confess'd the sage who shrunk from pike and gun
Was captain of them all, and show'd how fields were won.

Who first swart Afric's deserts ventur'd through,
Fainting and weary 'neath a burning sun,
The wanderings of the Niger to pursue?[2]
Who first thro' Nubian wilds the course begun,
Which, following up, intrepid Speke has run,
And Nile's disjointed story render'd whole?[3]
Nor might a Highland lad[4] with honour shun
The *Franklin* tracks, but scal'd with dauntless soul
The frost-rear'd peaks that guard the secrets of the Pole.

Some village teacher with a throbbing brow
Noted in Scott the heaven-descending fire;
Another to whose beck o'en Burns must bow,
Placed in his hands the primer of the lyre,

[1] Sir John Moore.
[2] Mungo Park.
[3] James Bruce.
[4] Sir L. M'Clintock.

Wink'd at asklent by his unbending sire.
Who saw in Chalmers' dreaming, sleepy gaze
The spunk would lighten o'er a Scottish shire,
Sound to the depths men's hearts in every phase,
And in meridian power a startled world amaze?

In arts, in science, law and arms and lore,
The dominie evok'd the spirits bright
Whose haloed radiance streams from shore to shore,
Whose footsteps echo in the halls of might,—
The Brougham, the Erskine for the wordy fight
Prepar'd and girded,—Jeffrey of the eye
Whose irideseent brilliance flash'd like light,
Watt, Brewster, Miller; on my memory
There crowds a starry host whose names can never die.

From bleak Leadhills the artless Allan sprung,
Auld Reekie's haunts gave Fergusson his power,
In Ednam's vale the tuneful Thomson sung,
The shepherd deck'd on Ettrick shaws his bower,
St. Mungo's Campbell graced in happy hour,
By fair Kinross sought Bruce the muse's rill,
Found by M'Neil where high the Ochils tower,
From Laurencekirk rose Beattie's classic trill,
From Paisley Wilson bold and tender Tannahill.

And who shall paint the rapture of *his* soul,
Who from his calm retreat the conflict sees,—
Beholds the swaying tide of battle roll,—
His brawny offspring floating on the breeze.
The "ramping Lion" red with victories,[1]—
Of bloodless victories bringing no alloy?
His warm emotion brings him to his knees;
He thanks his Maker in ecstatic joy;
"Heaven help me, taught by Thee, *I* taught the noble boy."

Transcendant gifts like these what can repay;
Shall worldly treasure, honours, love, be laid
Before him as the savage Kaffirs lay
Theirs on the altar of a hideous shade,—
What the reward and rich endowment made
For sacrifices render'd so complete,—
What in the social caste is this man's grade,—
Do monarchs hasten his approach to greet,—
Does a great nation stand in reverence at his feet?

Alas! alas! I never blush'd with shame
To own my land three thousand miles away,
Save *once*, when casually asked to name
His full emoluments,—his yearly pay;
Silent I stood, nor made the vain essay
To figure up the literary *plum*;[2]
Honest reply had met with mocking "nay;"
And doubt it not, in other regions some
Like me have writhing stood, indignant, sad and dumb.

O Scotland! what a heavy debt is thine,
A debt, alas! thou grudgest still to pay,
To those who in the van made thee to shine
Alike in prosperous and in evil day.
Honour the schoolmaster while yet you may,
Let British senates give the cue and tone;
Shed from thy brow austere the genial ray,
On him thy sober sense will justly own
Prop of thine altar pure and pillar of thy throne.

He made thee what thou art, a crowned queen
And ruler 'mong the nations of the earth;
But canst thou say, with truth, "These hands are clean!"
Ingrate to him who gave thee second birth?
In all the peopled globe's great circling girth,
There is no land mocks her instructors so,
By leaving them in penury and dearth;
Arise, my country, to the rescue go!
Then, show thy palm as white as Jura's drifted snow.

Haply, some worldling, lounging o'er the page,
Its trivial fond regrets may scorn away;
The weak garrulity of doting age
May rouse impatience at the homely lay;
Let sneering Fashion mock it as she may,
So sad for mirth to me the theme appears,
I lay the record down of life's young day
To fade and moulder with the wreck of years,
A frail memorial wet and blister'd with my tears.

[1] The royal arms of Scotland.

"The ruddy Lion ramping
In the field of tressur'd gold."—*Aytoun.*

[2] A fortune—£100,000.

WHEN WE WERE AT THE SCHULE.[1]

The laddies plague me for a sang,
I e'en maun play the fule;
I'll sing them ane about the days
When we were at the schule—
Tho' now the frosty pow is seen
Whaur wav'd the curly hair,
And many a blythesome heart is cauld—
Sin' first we sported there.
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule;
Nae after days are like the days
When we were at the schule.

Yet muckle Jock is to the fore,
And canny, creepin' Hugh,

[1] This fine lyric was first published anonymously in the *Book of Scottish Song*. It was written by Mr. Latto in the vaults of the Parliament House, Edinburgh, while waiting for a debate.—Ed.

And Bob the pest, an' Sugar-pouch,
The best o' a' the crew:
And raggit Willie is the laird
O' twa-three landart farms;
And Katie Spence, the pridefu' thing,
Now cuddles in his arms.

O' do ye mind the maister's hat,
Sae auld, sae bare an' brown,
We carried to the burnie's side,
An' sent it soomin' down?
We thought how clever a' was plann'd,
When—whatna voice was that?
A head is raised aboon the hedge—
"I'll thank ye for *my* hat!"

O weel I mind our hingin' lugs,
Our het an' tinglin' paws;
O weel I mind his solemn look,
An' weel I mind the tawse.
What awfu' snuffs that day he took,
An' panged them up his nose,
An' rapped the box as if to strike
A terror to his foes.

An' do ye mind, at countin' time,
How watchfu' he has lain,
To catch us steal frae ithers' slates,
An' jot it on our ain:
An' how we feared, at writin' hour,
His glunches and his glooms—
How many times a day he said
Our fingers a' were thooms!

An' weel I min' that afternoon,
'Twas manfu' like yersel',
Ye took the pawmies an' the shame,
To save wee Johnnie Bell.
The maister found it out belyve;
He took ye on his knee;
And as he look'd into your face,
The tear was in his e'e.

But mind ye, lad, yon afternoon,
How fleet ye skipp'd awa',
For ye had crack'd auld Jenny's pane,
When playin' at the ba'?
Nae pennies had we—Jenny grat;
It cut us to the core:
Ye took your mither's hen at nicht,
An' left it at her door!

And sic a steer his granny made,
When talepyet Jamie Rae
We dookit roarin' at the pump,
Syne row'd him down the brae.
But how the very maister leugh,
When lecin' Saddler Wat
Cam' in an' threepit that cripple Tam
Had chas'd an' kill'd his cat!

Aye, laddies, ye may wink awa'—
Truth shouldna a' be tauld;
I fear the schules o' modern days
Are no unlike the auld.
And are nae we but laddies yet,
Wha get the name o' men,
And living by the ingle-side
Thae happy days again.
When we were at the schule, my frien',
When we were at the schule?
We're no sae wise—we're learning aye—
We never leave the schule!

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

There's meikle bliss in ae fond kiss,
Whyles mair than in a score;
But wae betak' the stouin smack
I took ahint the door.

"O laddie, wheesht! for sic a frieht
I ne'er was in afore,
Fu' brawly did my mither hear
The kiss ahint the door."
The wa's are thick—ye needna fear;
But gin they jeer an' mock,
I'll swear it was a startit cork,
Or wyte the rusty lock.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

We stappit ben, while Maggie's face
Was like a lowin' coal;
And as for me, I could ha'e crept
Into a rabbit's hole.
The mither look'd—saff's how she look't!
Thae mithers are a bore,
An' gleg as ony cat to hear
A kiss ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

The douce gudeman, though he was there,
As weel micht been in Rome,
For by the fire he puff'd his pipe,
An' never fash'd his thoom.
But tittrin' in a corner stood
The gawky sisters four—
A winter's nicht for me they micht
Ha'e stood ahint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

"How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here?"
The bauld gudewife began,
Wi' that a foursome yell gat up—
I to my heels an' ran;
A besom whiskit by my lug,
And dishclouts half-a-score,

Catch me again, though fidgin' fain,
At kissin' 'hint the door.
There's meikle bliss, &c.

TELL ME, DEAR.

Tell me, dear! in mercy speak,
Has Heaven heard my prayer, lassie?
Faint the rose is on thy cheek,
But still the rose is there, lassie!
Away, away each dark foreboding,
Heavy days with anguish clouding,
Youthfu' love in sorrow shrouding,
Heaven could ne'er allow, lassie!
Day and night I've tended thee,
Watching, love, thy changing e'e;
Dearest gift that Heaven could gie,
Say thou'rt happy now, lassie!

Willie, lay thy cheek to mine—
Kiss me, oh! my ain laddie!
Never mair may lip o' thine
Press where it hath lain, laddie!
Hark! I hear the angels calling,
Heavenly strains are round me falling,
But the stroke—thy soul appalling—
'Tis my only pain, laddie!
Yet the love I bear to thee
Shall follow where I soon maun be;
I'll tell how gude thou wert to me—
We part to meet again, laddie!

Lay thine arm beneath my head—
Grieve na sae for me, laddie!
I'll thole the doom that lays me dead,
But no' a tear frae thee, laddie!
Aft where yon dark tree is spreading,
When the sun's last beam is shedding,
Where no earthly foot is treading,
By my grave thou'lt be, laddie!
Though my sleep be wi' the dead,
Frae on high my soul shall speed,
And hover nightly round thy head,
Although thou wilt na see, laddie.

THE BLIND LASSIE.

O hark to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin',
And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea,
Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin',
It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see.
Round yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',
Sae toilin' her pitifu' pittance is won.
Hersel' tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne come autumn she cam' wi' her mither,
A sodger's puir widow sair wasted and gane;
As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither
And left the sweet child on the wide world her lane.
She left Jeanie weepin' in His holy keepin',
Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win',
We had little siller, yet a' were gude till her,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

An' blythe now an' cheerfu', frae mornin' to e'enin',
She sits through the simmer, an' gladdens ilk ear,
Baith auld and young daut her, sae gentle and winnin',
To a' the folks round the wee lassie is dear.
Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her,
The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun,
For though she has naething, proud-hearted this wee thing,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

SLY WIDOW SKINNER.

O the days when I strutted (to think o't I'm sad)
The heir to a cozy bit mailen,
When sly Widow Skinner gat round me, the jaud!
For she thocht my auld daddy was failin', was failin',
For she thocht my auld daddy was failin'.

I promised to tak' her for better for worse,
Though sma' was my chance to be happy,
For I found she had courted na me, but my purse;
What's waur—that she liket a drappy, a drappy,
What's waur, that she liket a drappy.

Then ae nicht at a kirn I saw Maggy Hay,
To see her was straight to adore her;
The widow look'd blue when I pass'd her neist day,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her, speer for her,
An' waited na e'en to speer for her.

O pity my case, I was terribly raw,
And she was a terrible Tartar;
She spak' about "measures" and "takin' the law,"
And I set mysel' down for a martyr, a martyr,
And I set mysel' down for a martyr.

Weel! I buckled wi' Meg, an' the blythe honeymoon
Scarce was ower when the widow I met her,
She girningly whisper'd, "Hech! weel ha'e ye dune,
But tent me, lad, I can do better, do better,
But tent me, lad, I can do better:—
"Gin ye canna get berries, put up wi' the hools;"
Her proverb I counted a' blether,
But,—widows for ever for hookin' auld fules,—
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther, my feyther!
Neist week she was cryed wi' my feyther!

JOHN R. MACDUFF.

Rev. John R. Macduff, D.D., is the second son of Alexander Macduff of Bonhard, Perthshire, where he was born in 1818. He received the principal part of his education at the High-school of Edinburgh, and then studied for the Church in the University of that city, being for three years a student of the illustrious Dr. Chalmers. He was licensed as a minister of the Established Church in 1842, and the same year received the charge of the parish of Kettins in Forfarshire. He was afterwards removed to the parish of St. Madoes in Perthshire, and from thence was translated to one of the west-end churches in Glasgow, where he ministered for fifteen years, and became well known as one of the most talented preachers in the Church. Dr. Macduff received the degree of D.D. from both the universities of Glasgow and New York. Whilst in Glasgow, he was presented by the Crown to the ministerial charge of the Cathedral of that city, vacant by the death of Principal Macfarlan; but this charge, although one of the few prizes in the Church of Scotland, he declined to accept, through attachment to the congregation among whom he laboured.

In 1871 Dr. Macduff resigned the laborious duties of a city clergyman, and has since resided in England, devoting himself to religious authorship. For many years no writer has been more popular in this department of literature. His *Memories of Patmos, Sunsets on the Hebrew Mountains, Memories of Bethany,* and many other religious works, are highly appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic, and are stated to have attained a circulation of a million and a half. In 1875 he issued a volume of poetry entitled *The Gates of Praise,* from which we make the following selections, which fully establish his claim to a place in our Collection.

IN MEMORIAM:

THE PRINCE CONSORT. *Balmoral, 14th Dec. 1861.*

Go silence your pibrochs; go sound the wild coronach;
Wail loudest dirges o'er mountain and vale:
The Chief of our chieftains lies silent and shrouded,
The Prince of the land, and the pride of the Gael!

This morning our hill-tops were gloomy with mist-clouds,
They curtained each crag, and then melted in rain:
It was Nature attired in her garments of sackcloth,
And weeping for him she shall ne'er see again.

Ye dumb mountain mourners, how fondly he loved you!
In glory of sunshine or grandeur of gloom:
Your carpets of heather, your jungles of bracken,
The plumes of your rock-pines, the gold of your broom!

Begin the plaint moaning, ye forests of Athole!
For yours are the corries his eyes first beheld:
Let it sigh through the glens of the Garry and Tummel,
The straths of Breadalbane—the woods of Dunkeld.

Grampian heights echo it! Bold Ben-muich-dhui;
Ben Dearg, Ben-e-vrackie, and lone Ben-y-Gloe;
Schehallion, respond to the wail of Ben-Voirlich,
Till it die far away in the wilds of Glencoe.

Come, Dee's gentle waters, and lend your soft music,
As plaintive ye flow through the forests of Mar;
While louder your dirges, ye torrents of Muick,
Your tribute-grief bringing from loved Lochnagar.

Garrawalt, pour out your thunder of teardrops;
The rainbow forbid to encircle your spray:
More fitting, by far, are the wrack and the driftwood,
Which chafe in each eddy and cauldron to-day!

Take up the coronach, cottage and clachan;
Shepherd's lone shieling on mountain or moor;
For he whom we mourn had alike ever ready
A word for the great and a smile for the poor.

Sad change! Oh, how lately these heights that surround me
Were silvered with birches or purple with bloom:
To-day the moist winds seem to sob all around me,
And load the bared tresses with tears for his tomb!

How recent the Castle halls rang with the bagpipe,
As mustered his gillies in pride to display,
By long autumn "gloamin'," or weird blaze of torchlight,
The spoils Balloch-buie had yielded each day!

The stag hounds, unheeded, now bay in their kennels;
The torchlight no longer shall redden the hills;
The wild deer may slumber in peace in their corries,
Or drink undisturbed at their lone mountain rills.

He lived not in times when our bale-fires were lighted:
When yelled forth the war-pipes o'er moorland and glade;
The fiery cross carried from hamlet to hamlet,
And shieling and homestead in ashes were laid.

Not his were the lips that could sound the fierce slogan,
When claymore met broadsword in battle array;
When chieftain and clansmen stood shoulder to shoulder,
Impatient to join in the heat of the fray.

Far nobler his mission, far grander his triumphs;
Their glories unreckoned by booty and slain;
The battle with wrong, and the conquest of baseness,
The proudest of trophies—a life without stain.

We wail for the dead,—but we wail for the living;
Great God of the mourner! with Thee do we plead
For the heart that is broken with anguish unspoken;
Alone in her greatness,—"a widow indeed!"

For her are the dirges—for her the wild coronach—
For her we may weep till our eyes become dim:
But with our thoughts centred on the bliss he has entered,
All tears may be dried that are falling for HIM!

DAVID LIVINGSTONE:

HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

CHITAMBO, *May 1st*, 1873;
WESTMINSTER ABBEY, *April 18th*, 1874.

Now the end of all was nearing
Underneath the tattered awning;
Angels would relieve their vigils
Ere another morrow's dawning.
First they raised him from the mud-floor,
Leaves and grass his pallet only,
Then they smoothed a downless pillow
In that desert drear and lonely;
While the faithful boy Majwara
Lay close by his dying master,
Knowing well how helpless was he
To avert the dire disaster.
As the waves of life were ebbing,
Thoughts about the past were ever
Mingling in the feverish wanderings
Over mountain, lake, and river.
"Say, is this the Lnapula?
This the chill Lofuko's water?"
"No, my Bwana,"[1] answered Susi,

[1] "Master"—the name by which they addressed him.

Nursing like a tender daughter;—
"We are near the Mulilamo,
We are in Chitambo's village,
You may sleep assured of safety,
Fearing neither blood nor pillage."

Then he sank in broken slumber;
Who can tell what he was dreaming?
Of his childhood days at Blantyre;
Of the golden sunlight gleaming
Through old Bothwell's storied castle,
Lighting its umbrageous meadows;
Or when in the silver moonlight
He had watched the tender shadows?
Or it may be of the mother
Who the mission torch first lighted,
Which her son had borne to regions
By the direst curse benighted?
Or, perchance, the sainted partner
Who in life had shared his dangers,
Dreaming she had closed his eyelids
In the far-off land of strangers?

Now his sight is quickly fading,—
"Susi—come and light the candle;
Fill my med'cine-cup with water,
Guide my fingers to the handle."
Promptly were his wishes answered,
Half were guessed from speech so broken;
"You can go," in feeble whispers,
Were the last words that were spoken.

It was four in summer morning,
When the herbs with dewdrops glisten,
That the wakeful negro rises,
Creeping to the couch to listen.
But all watchings now are needless,
Footsteps gliding soft and slowly;
For his fond, devoted master
Resteth with the good and holy!

Forth he speeds to faithful Susi,
Rousing him from fitful slumber;
"Come to Bwana—follow quickly,
Chumah, come with all our number!"
Hastily they ran together,
Entering the silent shieling,
There they gazed upon the dead man
To his God devoutly kneeling!
"Hush! our master still is praying,"
For they deemed they were mistaken,
Thinking he had slept from weakness,
And would by-and-by awaken.
"Yet, come, feel how cold his cheek is;
Matthew! can you hear no breathing?
Has the forehead ceased its throbbing?
And the chest its ernel heaving?"
Yes, indeed, it all was over;
Pain, unrest, and toil are ended;
He has gone to meet his kindred,
Spirit hath with spirit blended:
On Almighty strength, the hero
In the hour of death reposes;
Prayer began his noble warfare,
And with prayer the battle closes.
He has gone to get the welcome,
"Good and faithful servant enter;"
Summon in no hirèd minstrels,
AFRICA! be his lamenter.
As "All Israel" mourned for Samuel,
Let your millions, broken-hearted,
Gather round in tears and sackcloth,
And bewail the Great Departed!

. . . . . .

Within England's reverend minster,
Proud custodier of the ages,
Resting-place of kings and princes,
Poets, heroes, statesmen, sages;
Every head is bowed in silence
As the mourner's tread is sounding:
Strange, unwonted is the homage
Of the tear-dimmed crowd surrounding.
Who this honoured entrant? counted
Worthy of these precincts hoary;
Brotherhood assigned with sleepers
"Each one lying in his glory?"

'Tis the good man we have gazed on
On his desert bier reposing,
Tender children of his wanderings
Closing eyes and limbs composing.
When the burst of grief was over,
And the public days to mourn him,
Through a thousand miles of desert
These his faithful sons had borne him.
Only, first the clamant favour
AFRICA had made with weeping,
"If you will his dust to England,
Let his heart be in my keeping!"
It was done:—the lowly casket
Safe was laid beneath a mvula;[1]
Then the funeral cortege slowly
Wended towards the Luapula.
Over sandy wastes they traversed,
Scorning toil or leagues to measure;
Bating heart or hope no moment,
On they bore their priceless treasure.

In that ancient fane are gathered
Men of every clime and order,
Brothers from his native Clydesdale,
Clansmen from beyond the border:
Best and choicest sons of England

[1] A large tree standing by the place, and on which Jacob Wainwright carved the name and date of death.

In the common grief are sharing,
Peer and statesman—royal depute,
Each his *immortelle* is bearing:
Hushed the shibboleth of party,
"All the creeds" these aisles are thronging;
Champion he of no mean faction,
But to Christendom belonging.
Rise! ye warrior dead around him,
Solemn shades of the departed!
Rise! and give ungrudging welcome
To the true and noble-hearted.
Well may costliest rites be paid him,
Gush of song and organ pealing;
Wake to life your holiest echoes,
Fretted aisle and gilded ceiling!

. . . . . .

Now the obsequies are over:
Dust with kindred dust has blended;
But as Sabbath's sun is westering,
Multitudes anew have wended
To the shrine which holds his ashes:
Crowds again of every station
Throng within the spacious precincts
For the funeral oration.
Who among the favoured listeners
Can forget that music thrilling,
Like the voice of many waters,
Choir and nave and transept filling,
As the words of inspiration
Sweetly told the pilgrim's story,
Or portrayed his noble life-work
Haloed with prophetic glory;—
"When the wilderness shall blossom,
Fountains in the desert springing,
And like Lebanon and Carmel
Break forth into joy and singing."[1]
Or when rose "O God of Bethel,"[2]
Simple words, so dearly cherished,
By the great man from his childhood,
To the day he nobly perished.

Silent then the strains of music;
And amid a hush unbroken,
Lofty words of panegyric
By befitting lips were spoken.

. . . . . .

Rites are ended:—and the "Dead March,"
With a cadence slow and measured,
Wailed its dirges o'er the ashes
Which the nation's crypt had treasured.
Rest in peace, thou hero-martyr!
Grandly simple is thy story:
Scotland gave thee—England keeps thee,
And to God we give the glory.

---

[1] Isa. xxxi. 1, 2. The anthem selected.

[2] The well known paraphrase, placed at the end of Scottish Bibles, and so peculiarly appropriate to the occasion—

> "O God of Bethel, by whose hand
> Thy people still are fed;
> Who through this weary pilgrimage
> Hast all our fathers led.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "O spread thy covering wings around
> Till all our wanderings cease,
> And at our Father's loved abode
> Our souls arrive in peace," &c.

FAREWELL TO PALESTINE.

Banias, Mount Hermon, April 3, 1867.

Though many be the shores and lands
My pilgrim steps have wandered o'er,
From Alpine heights to classic lands;—
Oh, never have I felt before

The effort, to pronounce farewell
To all those varied scenes of thine;
No other spot can share thy spell,
Unique, beloved Palestine!

Yet, not thy outward form can claim
This tribute-tear in parting now;
These fields so drear, these hills so tame,
The laurels faded on thy brow.

Dare I conceal the inward taunt,
As over mount and vale I trod,
"Is this indeed the angel-haunt,
The seraph-land—the home of God?"

Beneath my childhood's skies, I ween,
A thousand spots I can recall,
Far lovelier than your loveliest scene,
Of wood, and lake, and waterfall.

In vain I looked for limpid rills,
Where Syrian shepherd led his flock,
No herbage on your blighted hills,
No pine-tree in "the rifted rock."

Greater your charms, ye streams of home,
Which verdant meadows gently lave,
Than Jordan, with its turgid foam,
Fast hastening to its Dead Sea grave.

Or Kishon, by whose crimsoned tide
Confronting hosts their trumpets blew;
What is your scanty stream, beside
My own loved Con or Avondhu?

What are the hills of Ephraim bared,
What Moab's sombre mountain-chain,

What Judah's limestone heights, compared
With Grampians seen from Dunsinnane?

Grander Ben Nevis' rugged slope
Than Carmel's cliffs of sombre hue;
Tabor and Hermon vain can cope
With Cruachan or Ben-Venue.

No bosky dells with lichen gray,
No tresses wave on birchen-tree,
No limpid torrent sings its way
Mid copse and heather to the sea.

And as the golden daylight fades,
No antlered monarchs of the hill
Are seen to steal through forest glades
And slake their thirst at lake or rill.

. . . . . .

But hush!—the one absorbing thought
Transfigures all the passing scene,
And makes the present time forgot
In musing what the past has been:—

Here patriarchs lived, here prophets trod,
Here angels on their errands sped;
The home of sainted men of God,
The resting-place of holy dead!

More wondrous still:—on these same hills
The eye of God incarnate fell;
He walked these paths, He drank these rills,
He sat Him by yon wayside well.

Oft by that Kedron brook He heard
The rustle of its olives gray,
Or carol of the matin-bird
Which greeted the first eastern ray.

In Temple court or noisy street,
When wearied with the wrangling cry,
How oft he found a calm retreat
In thee, thrice-hallowed Bethany:

Watching the evening shadows fall,
Or glow of sunbeam from the west,
Transmuting Moab's mountain-wall
Into a blaze of amethyst.

Or thou, Gennesaret! favoured lake,
How fragrant with His presence still:
The deeds of love—the words He spake
Graved on thy shores indelible!

Thy green hills oft were altar-stairs
Up which his weary footsteps trod,
For morning praise and midnight prayers,
Away from man, alone with God.

He loved the flowers which fringed thy sea,
He trod thy groves of stately palm,
Thy carpets of anemone,
Thy vine-clad hills, and bowers of balm.

. . . . . .

Enough.—With kindred interest teems
Each scene, where'er I gaze around:
The land throughout a Bethel seems,
And "every place is hallowed ground."

Adieu! each shrine of holy thought,
Each ruined heap—each storied "Tel."
I pluck the last "Forget-me-not,"
And now I take a fond farewell!

To-night, on Hermon's northern brow,
The stars upon our tents shall shine;
Set up the stone! record the vow!
"Forget thee, never—Palestine!"

The lifelong wish and dream to see
Thy blessed acres, God has given:
A lingering tear I drop to thee,
Thou earthly vestibule of heaven!

NATURE'S HYMN.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."—Psalm cl. 6.

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye ministering seraphim!
Praise ye Jehovah enthronèd on high:
Awake every harp, ye archangels, and tell of Him
Shrouded in glory, yet graciously nigh.

Praise Him, bright sun, in the glow of thy splendour:
Praise Him, thou moon, silver queen of the night;
Ye stars, who like virgin retainers attend her,
O praise the great Lord who hath robed you with light!

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye soft-flowing fountains,
Amid the lone valleys go murmur your song;
Uplift the loud anthem, ye thunder-voiced mountains,
Let peak answer peak and re-echo the song!

Ye forests—ye need no cathedral of marble,
No Thurifer's censer to perfume your shrine;
Your own wingèd choirs will His praises best warble,
Your woodland flowers scatter sweet incense divine!

Praise Him, ye mists which on mountain tops hoary,
Like white wings of cherub the rock-clefts enfold;
Praise Him, ye sunset-clouds, piled in your glory,
Resplendent with amber, vermilion, and gold.

Praise Him, O praise Him, ye deeps with your wonders,
Discourse of His glory to earth's farthest shore;
In lullaby ripples, in hoarse-booming thunders,
In stillness and storm, lend your voice and adore!

All nature arise! the great anthem intoning;
And from your vast store-house a tribute-lay bring:
No voice can be silent, let all join in owning
Jehovah as Maker, Redeemer, and King!

"THE CITY OF THE CRYSTAL SEA."

"I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem."—Rev. xxi. 2.
"And he showed me a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it," &c.—Rev. xxii. 1, 2.

"Come, father, mother, Elsie dear, I like you near me now,
For I feel the icy finger laid already on my brow;
Come near and sit beside me, as my strength is failing fast;
Could I only take you with me, then death's anguish would be past;
My Saviour-God is calling me—I know it is His voice,
For you I grieve, but for myself I only can rejoice:
Oh, do not weep—for short the time our parting is to be:
We shall meet in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"I hoped to live for longer years, and even now I seem
At times to think this death-bed is but a passing dream:
I gladly would have lengthened out my childhood's sunny years,
I never liked to hear this earth miscalled a vale of tears.
As winter came and winter went, I never seemed to tire,
As merrily our voices rang around the parlour fire;
But round that winter hearth now, a vacant seat must be:
For I'm going to the City of the Crystal Sea.

"I had hoped that, as in years gone by, so still would I have been
A happy joyous playmate upon the village green:
I had hoped to go in spring-time with my basket and my hood,
To search for yellow primroses with Elsie in the wood.
Yes, when spring and early summer came, to pluck the hawthorn spray,
And roam o'er banks of wild flowers throughout the livelong day:
To listen to the singing birds and humming of the bee;
Far distant seemed the City of the Crystal Sea.

"It was this day, three months ago, I spoke of Christmas time,
When the bells above the snow-wreaths would ring their merry chime,
How busy then I thought would my fingers now have been,
In decking porch and lych-gate in their drapery of green;
In decking all the church too, till the short day's sunshine fails,
The pillars and the lectern and the pulpit's oaken rails;
But other and far better things are in reserve for me,
When I enter God's own City of the Crystal Sea.

"I had wished, I own, to serve Him some time longer here below,
And on little kindly errands now and then to come and go;
I had purposed, on next New Year's Day, to walk to Poynder's mill
With the book-stand and the flower-glass for Mabel's window-sill,
The cushion and the pillows I was working for her chair,
A bunch of holly berries, and my plant of maiden hair;
You can take her still these little things as keepsakes sent by me,
When I've left you for the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Oh! often have I thought, too, when not so strong as now,
When age would overtake you with wrinkles on your brow,

How happy it would make me to help you, parents dear,
And do the little best I could your closing days to cheer;
How nice for me and Elsie, in our turn to sit at night,
To smooth your ruffled pillows, and to watch you till daylight;
I had hoped to pay you back again for all you've been to me;
But we'll meet in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"When you come to visit the spot, mother, where I shall silent lie,
The thought may sometimes startle you, 'How came she thus to die?
Why were the angels sent so soon to bear her far away?
Why did the sun of life go down while yet 'twas early day?'
Oh, trust God's love and wisdom, which though often now concealed,
Will one day in His own bright world come all to be revealed;
Yes, all that now is dark to us, we then shall clearly see,
In the light of the City of the Crystal Sea.

"When first upon a couch of pain my throbbing head was laid,
That God might raise me up again, how fervently I prayed;
But He, perhaps, foresaw too well the briar and the thorn,
Which might, like other wand'ring sheep, my straying feet have torn;
Too surely would His wisdom know, that with a longer life
I might have proved unequal for the battle and the strife,
And therefore the unanswered prayer was all in love to me,
So He took me to the City of the Crystal Sea.

"And when all this is over, and time has onward rolled;
O father, mother, Elsie, never think of me as old.
Never think of me but as I am, without an earthly care,
No wrinkle on my forehead—no white-lock in my hair;
Never think of me as dying—never think of me as dead,
But think of me only as by guardian angels led:
Yes, think of me, I pray you, as young as now I be,
A child still in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"And if at any future time should sorrow be in store,
Should poverty or sickness come across your cottage door;
Accept of every trial as God's messenger of love
To raise your heart's affections to my better home above;
A few short years at farthest, and beyond this scene of woe
We shall meet where partings are unknown, and sorrow cannot go:
From all temptations 'clean escaped'—from all afflictions free,
Safe for ever in the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Yes, I'm going to a region which is ever fair and bright,
Where all the blessed angels walk in fields of golden light,
Where the cherubim and seraphim surround the Great I AM,
And the armies of the ransomed sing the praises of the Lamb;
Oh, wondrous thought! this feeble tongue shall soon take up the strain,
And join in 'Worthy is the Lamb—the Lamb for sinners slain;'
My dearly loved Redeemer in His beauty I shall see,
The glory of the City of the Crystal Sea.

"Come nearer, come yet nearer, I like you near me now,
For I feel Death's icy finger still colder on my brow;
The angels are all standing round, I hear my Saviour's voice,
The gates of glory stand ajar, I cannot but rejoice.
My eyesight fast is dimming—the lengthening shadows fall,
I dare not longer tarry and resist the Master's call;
Farewell!—I mayn't return to you: but you can come to me"—

. . . . . .

She entered then the City of the Crystal Sea.

JOHN CAMPBELL SHAIRP.

John Campbell Shairp, LL.D., Principal of the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, was born at Houstoun House, Linlithgowshire, July 30, 1819. He received his education at the Edinburgh Academy, Glasgow University, and Balliol College, Oxford. After his graduation at the latter university he was appointed by Dr. Tait, now Archbishop of Canterbury, an assistant master of Rugby School, where he remained until 1857, when he undertook the duties of the Humanity chair in the University of St. Andrews, and soon afterwards was appointed to that professorship. In 1868 Professor Shairp was appointed Principal of his college, a position for which his talents and attainments admirably qualify him. His claim for a place in this Work rests chiefly upon a volume issued in 1864, entitled *Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral, with other Poems.* The scene of Kilmahoe is laid on the western shores of Argyleshire, and the poem describes the life and manners of a laird's family in that region, as these existed towards the close of last and the opening of the present century. The other poems are short lyrics entitled "From the Highlands," "From the Borders," "From the Lowlands." Of these the two best known pieces are "The Moor of Rannoch" and "The Bush aboon Traquair." Besides these poems he has since contributed various pieces to *Good Words* and other periodicals. Principal Shairp is also the author of *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, 1868; *Lectures on Culture and Religion*, 1870; and the biographical part of the life of Principal James Forbes. An announcement has just appeared that he intends to contribute to the pages of the *Celtic Magazine* a poem of some length, entitled "The Clearing of the Glens."

A recent writer in *St. James's Magazine* remarks:—"Principal Shairp and Professor Blackie are two excellent instances of combined scholarship and independent originality. When Principal Shairp was professor of Humanity one of the points of his teaching most valued, next to his range and accuracy, was his extempore translation, into glowing English prose, of some flowing *ore rotundo* passage from one of the poets. Lucretius, Horace, and Juvenal were all thus covered with glory, but the charming metaphors and the tender descriptions of Virgil were treated with special sympathetic touch and delicate grace. As an instance, we may mention the simile in the fifth book of the Æneid, line 213, where a pigeon is described as fluttering out of a cave, and then skimming away through the air on outstretched noiseless wings:—

> 'Fertur in arva volans, plausumque exterrita pennis
> Dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapso quieto
> Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.'

There is an echo of this passage in Principal Shairp's poem 'Kilmahoe,' in the lyrical division entitled 'The Glen'—

> 'With laughter and shout the rock doves we will flout,
> Till, flapping the loud cave-roof,
> They 'scape overhead and their poised wings spread
> To the calm heavens aloof.'

Prose translation has not yet by any means been overdone (except, of course, that kind of it which has been so ill done as not to be worth counting at all), and it would be for the advantage of literature were Principal Shairp, without abating his devotion to Wordsworth, or neglecting his other multifarious duties, to do some work in this sphere. Few could do it as well, and none could do it better."

THE SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

'Mid the folding mountains,
Old Kilcieran's lone kirkyard
Round its ruined chapel gathers,
Age by age, the gray hill-fathers
Underneath the heathery sward.
Centuries gone the saint from Erin

Hither came on Christ's behest,
Taught and toiled, and when was ended
Life's long labour, here found rest;
And all ages since have followed
To the ground his grave hath blessed.

Up the long glen narrowing
Inland from the eastern deep,
In the kirkyard o'er the river,
Where dead generations sleep,
Living men on summer Sabbaths
Worship long have loved to keep.

There o'er graves lean lichened crosses,
Placed long since by hands unknown,
Sleeps the ancient warrior under
The blue claymore-sculptured stone,
And the holy well still trickles
From rock basin, grass-o'ergrown.

Lulled the sea this Sabbath morning,
Calm the golden-misted glens,
And the white clouds upward passing
Leave unveiled the azure Bens,
Altars pure to lift to heaven
Human hearts' unheard amens.

And the folk are flowing
Both from near and far, enticed
By old wont and reverent feeling
Here to keep the hallowed tryst,
This calm sacramental Sabbath,
Far among the hills, with Christ.

Dwellers on this side the country
Take the shore-road, near their doors,
Poor blue-coated fishers, plaided
Crofters from the glens and moors,
Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters,
Hither trooping, threes and fours.

Plaids were there that only Sabbath
Saw, and wives' best tartan hoods,
Grannies' white coifs, and bareheaded
Maidens with their silken snoods;
Many-hued, home-woven tartans,
Brightening these grave solitudes.

You might see on old white horses
Aged farmers slowly ride,
With their wives behind them seated,
And the collie by their side;
While the young folk follow after,
Son and daughter, groom and bride.

There a boat or two is coming
From lone isle or headland o'er,
Many more, each following other,
Slowly pull along the shore,
Fore and aft to gunwale freighted
With the old, the weak, the poor,

The bowed down, the lame, the palsied,
Those with panting breath oppressed,
Widows poor, in mutch and tartan
Cloak, for one day lent them, drest,
And the young and ruddy mother,
With the bairnie at her breast.

And the western shores Atlantic,
All the rough side of Kintyre,
Send small bands since morn, far-travelled
O'er hill, river, moss, and mire,
Down the mountain shoulders moving
Toward this haven of their desire.

Sends each glen and hidden corry,
As they pass, its little train,
To increase the throng that thickens
Kirkward, like the growing gain
From hill burns, which some vale-river
Broadening beareth to the main.

While the kirkyard throng and thronger
Groweth, some their kindred greet;
Others in lone nooks and corners
To some grass-grown grave retreat,
There heed not the living, busy
With the dead beneath their feet.

Here on green mound sits a widow,
Rocking crooningly to and fro,
Over him with whom so gladly
To God's house she used to go;
There the tears of wife and husband
Blend o'er a small grave below.

There you might o'erhear some old man,
Palsied, speaking to his son,
"See thou underneath this headstone
Make my bed, when all is done.
There long since I laid my father,
There his forebears lie, each one."

They too, all a kindly household
From morn-gladdened Kilmahoe,
Steek their door, and maid and mistress
Toward the Sabbath gathering go,
Lady lone, and four fair daughters,
By the lulled sea murmuring low.

Upward from the shingly sea-beach,
By the long glen's grassy road,
First the white-haired lady mother,
Then the elder sisters, trode,
Last came Moira fair, and Marion,
All their spirits overawed.

Meek and very lowly
Souls, bowed down with reverent fear,
This their first communion day!
To the awful presence holy
Dread it is to draw so near,
Pain it were to turn away.

So of old the Hebrew maiden,
'Mid the Galilean mountains
Leaving all her childhood time,
With her kinsfolk, incense-laden,
By Kedron's brook, Siloah's fountain,
Zion's hill awe-struck would climb.

As they pass within the kirkyard,
Some old eyes long used to stoop
Rose and brightened on these maidens,
Youngest of the family group,
Marion's flaxen ringlets, Moira's
Large soft eyes with downward droop.

Loved ones of the country people,
They had dandled them on their knees,
Watched them with their bairnies ranging
The shore coves and mountain leas;
Year by year beheld their beauty
Like a summer dawn increase:
Now on this their first communion
Those old eyes look blessing and peace.

Sweet the chime from ruined belfry
Stealeth: at its peaceful call
Round the knoll whereon the preacher
Takes his stand, they gather all:
In whole families seated, o'er them
Hallowed stillness seems to fall.

There they sit, the men bareheaded
By their wives; in reverence meek
Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
Many lips, not heard to speak,
Mutely moving, on their worship
From on high a blessing seek.

Some on gray-mossed headstones seated,
Some on mounds of wild thyme balm,
Grave-browed men and tartaned matrons
Swell the mighty Celtic psalm,
On from glen to peak repeated,
Far into the mountain calm.

Then the aged pastor rose,
White with many a winter's snows
Fallen o'er his ample brows;
And his voice of pleading prayer,
Cleaving slow the still blue air,
All his people's need laid bare.

Laden with o'erflowing feeling
Then streamed on his fervid chant,
In the old Highland tongue appealing
To each soul's most hidden want,
With the life and deep soul-healing
He who died now lives to grant.

Slow the people round the table
Outspread, white as mountain sleet,
Gather, the blue heaven above them,
And their dead beneath their feet;
There in perfect reconcilement
Death and life immortal meet.

Noiseless round that fair white table
'Mid their fathers' tombstones spread,
Hoary-headed elders moving,
Bear the hallowed wine and bread,
While devoutly still the people
Low in prayer bow the head.

Tender hearts, their first communion,
Many a one was in that crowd;
With them in mute adoration,
Breathless Moira and Marion bowed,
While far up on yon blue summit
Paused the silver cloud.

And no sound was heard—save only
Distance-lulled the Atlantic roar,
Over the calm mountains coming
From far Machrahanish shore,
Like an audible eternity
Brooding the hushed people o'er.

Soon they go—but ere another
Day of hallowed bread and wine,
Some now here shall have ascended
To communion more divine,
Some have changed their old hill-dwellings,
Some have swept the tropic line.

THE CLEARANCE SONG.

From Lochourn to Glenfinnan the gray mountains ranging,
Naught falls on the eye but the changed and the changing;
From the hut by the lochside, the farm by the river,
Macdonalds and Cameron pass—and for ever.

The flocks of one stranger the long glens are roaming,
Where a hundred bien homesteads smoked bonny at gloaming,
Our wee crofts run wild wi' the bracken and heather,
And our gables stand ruinous, bare to the weather.

To the green mountain shealings went up in old summers
From farm-town and clachan how mony blithe comers!
Though green the hill pastures lie, cloudless the heaven,
No milker is singing there, morning or even.

Where high Mam-clach-ard by the ballach is breasted,
Ye may see the gray cairns where old funerals rested,
They who built them have long in their green graves been sleeping,
And their sons gone to exile, or willing or weeping.

The chiefs, whom for ages our claymores defended,
Whom landless and exiled our fathers befriended,
From their homes drive their clansmen, when famine is sorest,
Cast out to make room for the deer of the forest.

Yet on far fields of fame, when the red ranks were reeling,
Who prest to the van like the men from the shealing?
Ye were fain in your need Highland broadswords to borrow,
Where, where are they now, should the foe come to-morrow?

Alas for the day of the mournful Culloden!
The clans from that hour down to dust have been trodden,
They were leal to their Prince, when red wrath was pursuing,
And have reaped in return but oppression and ruin.

It's plaintive in harvest, when lambs are a-spaining,
To hear the hills loud with ewe-mothers complaining—
Ah! sadder that cry comes from mainland and islands,
The sons of the Gael have no home in the Highlands.

THE MOOR OF RANNOCH.

O'er the dreary moor of Rannoch
Calm these hours of Sabbath shine;
But no kirk-bell here divideth
Week-day toil from rest divine.

Ages pass, but save the tempest,
Nothing here makes toil or haste;
Busy weeks nor restful Sabbath
Visit this abandoned waste.

Long ere prow of earliest savage
Grated on blank Albyn's shore,
Lay these drifts of granite boulders,
Weather-bleached and lichened o'er.

Benchaille Etive's furrowed visage
To Schihallion looked sublime,
O'er a wide and wasted desert,
Old and unreclaimed as time.

Yea! a desert wide and wasted,
Washed by rain-floods to the bones;
League on league of heather blasted,
Storm-gashed moss, gray boulder-stones;

And along these dreary levels,
As by some stern destiny placed,
Yon sad lochs of black moss water
Grimly gleaming on the waste;

East and west, and northward sweeping,
Limitless the mountain plain,
Like a vast low heaving ocean,
Girdled by its mountain chain:

Plain, o'er which the kingliest eagle,
Ever screamed by dark Lochawe,
Fain would droop a laggard pinion,
Ere he touched Ben-Aulder's brow.

Mountain-girdled,—there Bendoran
To Schihallion calls aloud,
Beckons he to lone Ben-Aulder,
He to Nevis crowned with cloud.

Cradled here old Highland rivers,
Etive, Cona, regal Tay,
Like the shout of clans to battle,
Down the gorges break away.

And the Atlantic sends his pipers
Up yon thunder-throated glen,
O'er the moor at midnight sounding
Pibrochs never heard by men.

Clouds, and mists, and rains before them
Crowding to the wild wind tune,
Here to wage their all-night battle,
Unbeheld by star and moon.

Loud the while down all his hollows,
Flashing with a hundred streams,
Corrie-bah from out the darkness
To the desert roars and gleams.

Sterner still, more drearly driven,
There o' nights the north wind raves
His long homeless lamentation,
As from Arctic seamen's graves,

Till his mighty snow-sieve shaken
Down hath blinded all the lift,
Hid the mountains, plunged the moorland
Fathom-deep in mounded drift.

Such a time, while yells of slaughter
Burst at midnight on Glencoe,
Hither flying babes and mothers
Perished 'mid the waste of snow.

Countless storms have scrawled unheeded
Characters o'er these houseless moors;
But that night engraven forever
In all human hearts endures.

Yet the heaven denies not healing
To the darkest human things,
And to-day some kindlier feeling
Sunshine o'er the desert flings.

Though the long deer-grass is moveless,
And the corrie-burns are dry,
Music comes in gleams and shadows
Woven beneath the dreaming eye.

Desert not deserted wholly!
Where such calms as these can come,—
Never tempest more majestic
Than this boundless silence dumb.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Will ye gang wi' me and fare
To the bush aboon Traquair?
Ower the high Minchmuir we'll up and awa',
This bonny summer noon,
While the sun shines fair aboon,
And the licht sklents saftly doun on holm and ha'.

And what would ye do there,
At the bush aboon Traquair?
A lang drieeh road, ye had better let it be,
Save some auld skrunts o' birk
I' the hill-side lirk,
There's nocht i' the warld for man to see.

But the blithe lilt o' that air,
"The bush aboon Traquair,"
I need nae mair, it's eneuch for me;
Owre my cradle its sweet chime
Cam' soughin' frae auld time,
Sae tide what may, I'll awa' and see.

And what saw ye there
At the bush aboon Traquair?
Or what did ye hear that was worth your heed?
I heard the cushies croon
Through the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing down to the Vale o' Tweed.

And birks saw I three or four,
Wi' gray moss bearded owre,
The last that are left o' the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer e'en
Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonny bonny gloamins that are lang awa'.

Frae mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam' ane hour to spen' on the greenwood sward,
But lang hae lad and lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green green grass o' Traquair kirkyard.

They were blest beyond compare,
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun.
And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyard when a' was dune.

Now the birks to dust may rot,
Names o' luvers be forgot,
Nae lads and lasses there ony mair convene;
But the blithe lilt o' yon air
Keeps the bush aboon Traquair,
And the luve that ance was there, aye fresh and green.

JOSEPH NOEL PATON.

Among the *dii minores* of Scottish poetry entitled to mention in this volume is Sir Joseph Noel Paton, R.S.A., who was born at Dunfermline, Fifeshire, December 13, 1821. "My education," writes Sir Noel to the Editor, "which was of a very desultory kind, was

received at Dunfermline. In 1843 I was admitted a student at the Royal Academy of London, but did not subsequently study there. Indeed I may say I never *formally* studied anywhere." In 1845 he gained one of the three equal premiums awarded by the royal commissioners at the Westminster Hall competition of that year, and in a similar competition two years later he won a prize in the second class for his pictures of "Christ Bearing his Cross," and "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." In 1850 he became an academician of the Royal Scottish Academy; in 1858 he married, and the following year was senior officer of the first volunteer artillery corps in Scotland. In 1865 he was appointed limner to the Queen for Scotland, an office of ancient standing in the Scottish royal household; and two years later he received the honour of knighthood at Windsor Castle from the hand of the Queen. He is a commissioner of the Hon. the Board of Manufactures, and one of the vice-presidents of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. In 1876 he received from the University of Edinburgh the honorary degree of LL.D.

Of Sir Noel's numerous works in various departments of art we are not here called upon to speak in detail. They comprise illustrations of classical and of northern mythology, of scriptural and of poetical subjects; and are almost all characterized more or less by an allegorical or didactic tendency. But it is not only as an artist that he has won reputation. A volume which he issued in 1861, entitled *Poems by a Painter*, was favourably received, and speedily won for him recognition as a worthy member of the literary guild. This was followed in 1867 by a second poetical volume, under the title of *Spindrift*. Sir Noel is an occasional contributor to the current periodical literature of the day, and has also, as he says, "*entombed* in the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries profoundly uninteresting papers on antiquarian subjects."

THE TOMB IN THE CHANCEL.

TO W. H. P.

I.

Up from the willowy Wharfe the white haze crept,
The yellow leaves were falling one by one;
When through the Priory nave we softly stept
To where—his clangorous life-moil long since done—
Sir Everard Raby in his hauberk slept,
In the still chancel corner, all alone.
Ah, time had used him roughly! Helm and shield,
All banged and battered, as in mortal field;
The knightly baldric brast, the brave sword gone,
That won his spurs at dusty Ascalon.
But broken harness or dishonoured crest
Boots not to him so meekly slumbering there,
With stony feet crossed in eternal rest,
And stony fingers locked in everlasting prayer.

II.

The autumn sunlight touched his carven mail
With ghostly radiance—cyclas, belt, and lace;
Scattered wan splendours all about the place,
And with fantastic necromancy played
Amongst the dust our quiet moving made;
While o'er his suppliant hands and heavenward face
It hung a mournful glory, soft and pale,
As if, through mist of half-remembered tears,
It shone from far, the light of buried years!—
We leaned in silence on the oaken rail,
And, 'mid the hush, this thought swelled like a psalm
In my heart's sanctuary: O that we, too, might bear
Our cross through life's stern conflict, as to wear
In death, like him, the crown of everlasting calm.

SONG.

With the sunshine, and the swallows, and the flowers,
She is coming, my belovèd, o'er the sea!
And I sit alone and count the weary hours,
Till she cometh in her beauty back to me;
And my heart will not be quiet,
But, in a "purple riot,"
Keeps ever madly beating
At the thought of that sweet meeting,
When she cometh with the summer o'er the sea;
All the sweetness of the south
On the roses of her mouth,
All the fervour of its skies
In her gentle northern eyes,
As she cometh, my belovèd, home to me!

No more, o' nights, the shivering north complains,
But blithe birds twitter in the crimson dawn;
No more the fairy frost-flowers fret the panes,
But snowdrops gleam by garden-path and lawn;
And at times a white cloud wingeth
From the southland up, and bringeth
A warm wind, odour-laden,
From the bowers of that fair Aden
Where she lingers by the blue Tyrrhenian Sea;
And I turn my lips to meet
Its kisses faint and sweet;
For I know from hers they've brought
The message, rapture-fraught:
"I am coming, love, with summer, home to thee!"

SIR LAUNCELOT.

"Had not Sir Launcelot been in his secret thoughts and in his mind set inwardly to the Queen, as he was in seeming outward unto God, there had no knight passed him in the quest of the Sangreall."—*La Mort d'Arthur.*

Past sleeping thorp and guarded tower,
By star-gleams and in moonlight pale,
By mount and mere, through shine and shower,
Flasht the wan lightning of his mail.

But loose the jewelled bridle hung,
And backward listless drooped the spear—
God's holy name was on his tongue,
Thine in his heart—Queen Guenivere.

Deep in a wood at dead of night
He felt the white wings winnowing by,
He saw the flood of mystic light,
He heard the chanting clear and high.

"O, heal me, blood of Christ!" he said—
A low voice murmured in his ear,
And all the saintly vision fled.
The voice was thine—Queen Guenivere.

Bravest of all the brave art thou—
Of guileless heart—of stainless name;
But, traitor to thy sacred vow,
Thou rid'st to ruin and to shame.

No joy on earth for evermore!
No rest for thee but on thy bier!—
Ah! blessed Lord, our sins who bore,
Save him—and sinful Guenivere!

ULYSSES IN OGYGIA.

Was it in very deed, or but in dream,
I, King Odysseus, girt with brazen spears,
Princes, and long-haired warriors of the Isles,
Sailed with the dawn from weeping Ithaca,
To battle round the God-built walls of Troy
For that fair, faithless Pest—so long ago?
So long ago! It seems as many lives
Had waxed and waned, since, bending to our oars,
And singing to our singing sails, we swept
From high Aëtos, down the echoing gulf
Towards the sunrise; while from many a fane
Rose the white smoke of sacrificial fires,
And the wild wail of women:—for they knew
We should return no more. Long years have past:
Long, weary years;—yet still, when daylight fades,
And Hesper from the purple heaven looks down,
And the dim wave moans on the shadowy shore,—
From out the awful darkness of the woods,
From out the silence of the twilight air,
In unforgotten accents, fond and low,
The voices of the dead seem calling me:
And through the mist of slowly gathering tears
The faces of the loved revisit me:
Thine, my Penelope, and his, our child,
Our fair Telemachus—wearing the dear home-smiles
They wore of old, ere yet the Atridæ came,
Breathing of Eris, to our peaceful shores,
And our bold hearts blazed up in quenchless fire
And irrepressible lust of glorious war.
Ai me! what reeked we then the streaming tears
Of wife or virgin, and their clinging hands!
Exulting in our strength we scorned the lures
Of Aphroditè—scorned the ignoble ease
Of gray ancestral honours. Deathless names
We, too, the sons of Heroes, should achieve
Among the brass-mailed Greeks! A thousand deaths
Too slight a price for immortality!

O golden dreams! O god-like rage of youth!
Quenched in black blood, or the remorseless brine,
Alas! so soon. Yet ere They sorrowing went,
All-beauteous, to the shadowy realms of Death
And unsubstantial Hades, their young souls,
Amid the clang of shields and rush of spears,
Beneath the deep eyes of the watchful gods,
Drank the delirious wine of victory!
Thrice happy they, by whom the agony
Of withered hopes, of wasted life, of long
And vain endeavour after noble ends,
Was all unproved. What different doom is mine!
On barren seas a wanderer, growing old,
And full of bitter knowledge, best unknown.
Ah! comrades, would that in the exultant hour
Of triumph, when, our mighty travail o'er,
The towers of Ilion sank in roaring flame,
I, too, had perished;—or in that wild flash
Of vengeance for the herds of Phoibos slain,
When the black ship went down, and I alone
Of all was left. But the high Gods are just,
The Fates inscrutable; and I will bear
My portion unsubdued until the end.
Greatly to do is great, but greater still

Greatly to suffer. So with steadfast mind
I wait the issues. But the doom is hard:
Far from the councils of illustrious men,
Far from my sea-girt realm, and god-like toils
Of governance,—from noble uses far,
And wife, and child, and honourable rest,
To waste inglorious all these golden years;
Nursing one sickly hope—more like despair—
That the blest Gods will hear me, and restore
My life, thus dead to duty.—As he told,
The eyeless phantom, on that night of fear
In Orcus, when around the bloody trench,
From out the Stygian gloom, with shriek and groan,
Crowded the dim eidolons of the dead,
And with my naked sword I held them back,
Till each pale mouth, drinking the reeking gore,
Answered my quest, and vanished.
Shall it be?—
Or now, while yet my arm is strong to wield
The kingly sceptre and avenge its wrongs?
Or when, bowed down with years and many woes,
My deeds forgotten and my dear ones dead,
The children of my slaves shall jeer at me,
Mocking my powerless limbs, and strangers ask,
Is *this* the great Odysseus?—But I wait.

Man is the puppet of the Gods: they mould
His destiny, and mete him good or ill—
Lords of his fate, from whom, alas! in vain
He seeks escape. But he to whom nor good
Brings insolence, nor ill abasement, stands
Whole in himself—lord of his own firm heart.
The sword may drink his blood; the irascible sea
May whelm him; life bitterer than many deaths
May lead his steps to Hades; still his soul
Unconquered stands; and even among the shades
Shall win the reverence haply here denied.

Hark! from the myrtle-thickets on the height
Divine Calypso calls me; to her lute
Singing the low, sweet song I made for her—
A low, sweet song of passionate content—
When weary from the inexorable deep,
Weary and lone, I touched this woody isle,
And found a haven in her circling arms,
And all Elysium on her bounteous breast.
Cease, cease, Divine One! in my yearning ear
Another song is echoing: one more meet
For me to hearken. Out beneath the stars—
The old companions of my wanderings—
Far out at sea, amid the deepening dark
The winds are shouting, as a gathering host
Shouts on the eve of battle; and the gulls—
Lovers of tempest and my mates of old!
Flit, dive, and, screaming, summon me once more
To plough the unfruitful wastes of weltering brine—
The mid-sea's moaning solitudes,—to where,
Somewhere beyond the trackless waters, lie
The bights and bluffs and blue peaks of my home—
For my heart tells me that the hour draws near!

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

A CONCEIT.

Sweet! in the flowery garland of our love,
Where fancy, folly, frenzy interwove,
Our diverse destinies, not all unkind,
A secret strand of purest gold entwined.

While bloomed the magic flowers we scarcely knew,
The gold was there. But now their petals strew
Life's pathway; and instead, with scarce a sigh,
We see the cold but fadeless circlet lie.

With scarce a sigh!—and yet the flowers were fair,
Fed by youth's dew and love's enchanted air:
Ay, fair as youth and love; but doomed, alas!
Like these and all things beautiful, to pass.

But this bright thread of unadulterate ore—
Friendship—will last though Love exist no more;
And though it lack the fragrance of the wreath,—
Unlike the flowers, it hides no thorn beneath.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S CORONACH.

EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER, 1866.

Far from his mountain-peaks and moorlands brown,
Far from the rushing thunder of the Spey,
Amid the din and turmoil of the town
A Highland Chieftain on his death-bed lay;
Dying in pride of manhood, ere to gray
One lock had turned, or from his eagle face
And stag-like form Time's touch of slow decay
Had reft the strength and beauty of his race:
And as the feverish night drew sadly on,
"Music!" they heard him breathe, in low beseeching tone.

From where beside his couch she weeping leant,
Uprose the fair-haired daughter of his love,
And touched with tremulous hand the instrument,
Singing, with tremulous voice that vainly strove
To still its faltering, songs that wont to move
His heart to mirth in many a dear home-hour;
But not to-night thy strains, sweet, sorrowing dove,
To fill the hungering of his heart have power!
And hark! he calls—aloud—with kindling eye,
"Ah! might I hear a pibroch once before I die!"

Was it the gathering silence of the grave
Lent ghostly prescience to his yearning ear?
Was it the pitying God who heard, and gave
Swift answer to his heart's wild cry?—For clear,
Though far, but swelling nearer and more near,
Sounded the mighty war-pipe of the Gaël
Upon the night-wind! In his eye a tear
Of sadness gleamed; but flusht his visage pale
With the old martial rapture. On his bed
They raised him. When it past—the Mountaineer
was dead!

Yet ere it past, ah! doubt not he was borne
Away in spirit to the ancestral home
Beyond the Grampians, where, in life's fresh
morn,
He scaled the crag and stemmed the torrent's
foam;
Where the lone corrie he was wont to roam,
A light-foot hunter of the deer! But where,
Alas! to-day, beneath the cloudless dome
Of this blue autumn heaven, the clansmen bear
His ashes, with the coronach's piercing knell,
To sleep amid the wilds he loved in life so well.

SONG.

There is a wail in the wind to-night,
A dirge in the plashing rain,
That brings old yearnings round my heart,
Old dreams into my brain,
As I gaze into the wintry dark
Through the blurred and blackened pane:
Far memories of golden hours
That will not come again,—
Alas!
That never will come again.

Wild woodland odours wander by—
Warm breath of new-mown hay—
I hear the broad, brown river's flow
Half-hid in bowering may;
While eyes of love look through my soul,
As on that last sweet day;
But a chilly shadow floats between
That will not pass away—
Ah, no!
That never will pass away.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

Born 1822 — Died 1869.

Robert Leighton, the eighth of a family of fourteen children, was born in the Murraygate, Dundee, February 20, 1822. He was early deprived of his father, and after some years of widowhood his mother married Mr. Fleming of the "East Friarton" farm in Fife, and removed thither, taking with her, among her younger children, Robert, then in his twelfth year. It was at this period that he got the "wee, wee tasting o' the herdie's blithesome ways," embodied in his "Wee Herd Loon," but they were soon disturbed by the untimely death of his mother, when the farm was given up, and his step-father retired to a cottage of his own at East Newport. This pleasant spot on the banks of the Tay was ever open to Robert and his brothers and sisters; but having to finish his education at the Academy, his settled home was now with an elder brother in Dundee.

On leaving school Robert spent some time in mercantile pursuits in Dundee, and afterwards took a voyage round the world as a supercargo, going to Sydney and returning *via* Valparaiso. Shortly after his return in 1843, he entered the service of the London and North Western Railway Co. at Preston, as clerk in the locomotive department. After his settlement there he contributed upwards of a dozen poems to a small pamphlet entitled *A Feast of Literary Crumbs by Foo Foozle and Friends, ancient citizens of Dundee.* In 1855 he published a volume entitled *Rhymes and Poems by Robin*, containing "Records" one to nine, with Scotch and other poems, and in 1861 and 1866 successive volumes were published, the former containing fifteen "Records," the latter twenty-five.

While residing in Preston Leighton married Miss Elizabeth Jane Campbell of Liverpool, the "Eliza" of his poem "Reuben;" and throughout the "Records" and "Musings" he frequently alludes to the happiness of this union. In 1851 he accepted a responsible

position in Ayr, as manager of a branch of a Liverpool house, and removed there with his family. After four or five years the Ayrshire branch was amalgamated with the main business in Liverpool, and before deciding to remain in the same employment Mr. Leighton took advantage of some leisure time to visit his brother William, who had settled in America. After some months spent in pleasant travel he returned to England, and shortly resumed his connection with his former employers, travelling during a large portion of the year in England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was on one of these journeys in 1867 that during a rough drive he met with an accident which brought on almost the only illness he had ever experienced, and which ultimately proved fatal. In quest of relief he passed some time in the Isle of Bute. During his residence there he produced his last two poems, the "Dandelion," and the "Bapteesement o' the Bairn," which has since become so popular. His case was pronounced incurable, and his sufferings became so severe that it was with the utmost difficulty he was able to reach his home in Liverpool. His naturally robust constitution only prolonged his sufferings, and his patience under these no words can adequately express. Many friends visited him, bringing flowers, the most precious consolation to the invalid whose soul hungered for that sight of Nature of which he could only dream, or spy in glimpses from his window. A piece of the rich blossom of the whin roused him to an ecstasy by its sweet mountain odour, though he said in a regretful tone, "To think that I can never get out amongst the whins again!" During the winter of 1868–69, while able in the intervals of relief from pain to give attention to literary matters, he translated from a shorthand of his own poems which had been written on odd scraps of paper, many of which appear in the volume published in 1875. After a period of much suffering Mr. Leighton expired on May 10, 1869, aged forty-seven.

Leighton's poems have met with a hearty reception in America. The American Congress acknowledged his Sonnet on the Death of President Lincoln, by a copy of the *Tributes of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln*, a book which was always regarded by Leighton as one of his most valuable possessions. His habit of recording either in diary or poem the incidents and impressions of his life, was not only a pleasure to his friends, but occasionally brought him into pleasing communication with various celebrities. Thus Jenny Lind, upon receiving from a friend of its author a copy of the poem addressed to herself, writes, "That your 'bashful poet' has spoken words which even to my *worn-out* ears sounded fresh, perhaps you will kindly let him know, and that my highest ambition in life has been to give just such an impression as he seems to have received."

THE BAPTEESEMENT O' THE BAIRN.[1]

"Od, Andra, man! I doot ye may be wrang
To keep the bairn's bapteesement aff sae lang.
Supposin' the fivver, or some quick mischance,
Or even the kinkhost, whup it aff at once
To fire and brimstane, in the black domains
Of unbelievers and unchristen'd weans—
I'm sure ye never could forgie yoursel',
Or cock your head in heaven, wi' it in hell."
"Weesht, Meggie, weesht! name not the wicked place,
I ken I'm wrang, but Heaven will grant us grace.
I havena been unmindfu' o' the bairn,
Na, thocht on't till my bowels begin to yearn.
But, woman, to my sorrow, I have found
Our minister is anything but sound;
I'd sooner break the half o' the commands
Than trust a bairn's bapteesement in his hands.
I wadna say our minister's depraved;
In fact, in all respects he's weel behaved:
He veesits the haill pairish, rich and puir;
A worthier man, in warldly ways, I'm sure
We couldna hae; but, och! wae's me, wae's me!
In doctrine points his head is all agley.
Wi' him there's no Elect—all are the same;
An honest heart, and conduct free frae blame,
He thinks mair likely, in the hour o' death,
To comfort ane than a' your Bible faith:

[1] Hew Ainslie says of this poem: "It is excellent, and comes in good time to give record to a Scotch 'institution,' that like the Holy Fair and Halloween are now things of the past;" and another of Leighton's admirers remarks "that nothing in the form of Scottish satirical humour more genuinely graphic and characteristic has appeared since the days of Burns."—Ed.

And e'en the Atonement, woman, he lichtlies so,
It's doubtfu' whether he believes't or no!
Redemption, too, he almost sets aside,
He leaves us hopeless, wandering far and wide,
And whether saved or damn'd we canna tell,
For every man must e'en redeem himsel'!
Then on the Resurrection he's clean wrang;
'Wherefore,' says he, 'lie in your graves sae lang?
The speerit is the man, and it aseends
The very instant that your breathing ends;
The body's buried, and will rise nae mair,
Though a' the horns in heaven should rowt and
rair.'
Sometimes he'll glint at Robbie Burns's deil,
As if he were a decent kind o' chiel;
But to the doonricht Satan o' the Word,
Wae's me! he disna pay the least regard.
And Hell he treats sae brief and counts sae sma'
That it amounts to nae sic place ava.
O dear, to think our prayers and holy chaunts,
And all the self-denyings of us saunts,
Are not to be repaid by the delight
Of hearing from that region black as night,
The yelling, gnashing, and despairing cry
Of wretches that in fire and brimstane lie!
'Twill never do, guidwife; this daft divine
Shall ne'er lay hands on bairn o' yours and
mine."

"Ye're richt, gudeman, rather than hands like
his
Bapteese the bairn, we'll keep it as it is—
For aye an outlin' wi' its kith and kin—
A hottentot, a heathen steep'd in sin!"

"Sin, did ye say, guidwife? ay, there again
Our minister's the erringest of men.
Original sin he almost lauchs to seorn,
And says the purest thing's a babe new born,
Quite free from guile, corruption, guilt, and all
The eurses of a veesionary fall—
Yes, 'veesionary,' was his very word!
Bapteese our bairn! it's morally absurd!"

"Then, Andra, we'll just let the baptism be,
And pray to Heaven the bairn may never dee.
If Providence, for ends known to itsel',
Has ower us plaeed this darken'd infidel,
Let's trust that Providenee will keep us richt,
And aiblins turn our present dark to licht."

"Meggie, my woman, ye're baith richt and
wrang:
Trust Providenee, but dinna sit ower lang
In idle hope that Providence will bring
Licht to your feet, or ony ither thing.
The Lord helps them that strive as weel as trust,
While idle faith gets naething but a crust.
So says this heathen man—the only truth
We've ever gotten frae his graceless mooth.
Let's use the means, and Heaven will bless the
end;
And, Meggie, this is what I now intend—
That you and I, the morn's morn, go forth
Bearing the bairn along unto the north,
Like favoured ones of old, until we find
A man of upricht life, and godly mind,
Sound in the faith, matured in all his powers,
Fit to bapteese a weel-born bairn like ours.—
Now then, the parritch—flesh maun e'en be fed—
And I'll wale out a chapter;—syne to bed."

"Eh, but the mornin's grand! that mottled
gray
Is certain promise o' a famous day.
But Meggie, lass, you're gettin' tired, I doot;
Gie me the bairn; we'll tak' it time aboot."

"I'm no that tired, and yet the road looks lang;
But Andra, man, whar do you mean to gang?"

"No very far; just north the road a wee,
To Leuchars manse; I'se warrant there we'll see
A very saunt—the Reverend Maister Whyte—
Most worthy to perform the saered rite;
A man of holy zeal, sound as a bell,
In all things perfeet as the Word itsel';
Striet in his goings out and eomings in;
A man that knoweth not the taste of sin—
Exeept original. Yon's the manse. Wi' him
There's nae new readin's o' the text, nae whim
That veetiates the essentials of our creed,
But scriptural in thought, in word, and deed.—
Now let's walk up demurely to the door,
And gie a modest knoek—one knoek, no more,
Or else they'll think we're gentles. Some ane's
here.
Stand back a little, Meggie, and I'll speir
If Maister Whyte—Braw day, my lass! we came
To see if Mr. Whyte—" "He's no at hame!
But he'll be back some time the nicht, belyve;
He started aff, I reckon, aboot five
This mornin', to the fishin'—" "Save us a'!
We're ower lang here—come, Meggie, come awa.
Let's shake the very dust frae aff our feet;
A fishin' minister! And so discreet
In all his ministrations! But he's young—
Maybe this shred of wickedness has clung
This lang aboot him, as a warning sign
That he should never touch your bairn and mine—
We'll just haud north to Forgan manse, and get
Auld Doctor Maule—in every way most fit—
To consecrate the wean. He's a divine
Of auld experience, and stood high langsyne,
Ere we were born; in doctrine clear and sound,
He'll no be at the fishin', I'll be bound.
Wae's me, to think the pious Maister Whyte
In catchin' troots should tak' the least delight!"

"But, Andra, man, just hover for a blink,
He mayna be sae wicked as we think.
What do the Scriptures say? There we are told
Andrew and Peter, James and John of old,
And others mentioned in the Holy Word,
Were fishermen—the chosen of the Lord."

"I'm weel aware o' that, but ye forget,
That when the apostles fished 'twas wi' the net.
They didna flee about like Hieland kerns,
Wi' hair lines and lang wands whuppin' the burns;

No, no, they fished i' the lake o' Galilee,
A Bible loch, almost as big's the sea.
They had their cobbles, too, wi' sails and oars,
And plied their usefu' trade beyond the shores.
Besides, though first their trade was catchin' fish—
An honest craft as ony ane could wish—
They gave it up when called upon, and then,
Though they were fishers still, it was o' men.
But this young Maister Whyte first got a call
To fish for men, and—oh, how sad his fall!—
The learned, pious, yet unworthy skoot
Neglects his sacred trust to catch a troot!
Now here comes Forgan manse amang the trees,
A cozy spot, weel skoogit frae the breeze.
We'll just walk ane by ane up to the door,
And knock and do the same's we did before.
The doctor's been a bachelor a' his life;
Ye'd almost tak' the servant for his wife,
She's such command ower a' that's said and dune—
Hush! this maun be the cheepin' o' her shune—
How do you do, mem? there's a bonnie day,
And like to keep sae. We've come a' the way
Frae Edenside to get this bairn bapteesed
By doctor Maule, if you and he be pleased."

"We've no objections; but the Doctor's gone
A-shootin': since the shootin' time cam' on
Ae minute frae the gun he's hardly been."

"The Lord protect us! Was the like e'er seen?
A shootin' minister! Think shame, auld wife!
Were he the only minister in Fife
He'd never lay a hand on bairn o' mine;
Irreverent poachin', poother-an'-lead divine!
Let's shake the dust frae aff our shune again;
Come, Meggie, come awa; I hardly ken
Which o' the twa's the warst; but I wad say
The shootin' minister—he's auld and gray,
Gray in the service o' the kirk, and hence
Wi' age and service should hae gathered sense.
Now let's consider, as we stap alang:
Doon to the Waterside we needna gang:
I'm tauld the ministers preach naething there
But cauld morality—new-fangled ware
That draps all faith and trusts to warks alone,
That gangs skin-deep, but never cleaves the bone.
We'll just haud ower—for troth it's wearin' late—
By Pickletillim, and then west the gate
To auld Kilmeny—it slants hafflins hame,
Which, for the sake o' this toom, grumblin' wame,
I wish were nearer. Heeh! to save my saul,
I never can get ower auld Doctor Maule!
It plainly cowes all things aneath the sun!
Whaur, Meggie, whaur's your Scripture for the gun?"

"Od, Andra, as we've come alang the road
I've just been kirnin' through the Word o' God,
Baith auld and new, as far as I can mind,
But not the least iota can I find.
That maks the Doctor waur than Maister Whyte,
And on his ain auld head brings a' the wyte."

"It does. The Word gives not the merest hint
O' guns, an' poother's never mentioned in't.
They had their bows and arrows, and their slings.
And implements o' war—auld-fashioned things,
I reckon—for the dingin' doon o' toons,
And spears, and swords, and clubs for crackin' croons;
But as for guns and shot, puir hares to kill,
There's nae authority, look whaur ye will—
Losh, see! the sun's gaen red, and looks askance;
The gloamin' fa's; but here's Kilmeny manse."

"Hark, Andra! is that music that we hear,
Louder an' louder, as we're drawin' near?
It's naething else! I'se wager my new goon
The minister's frae hame, and some wild loon
Comes fiddlin' to the lasses. O, the jads!
The minister's awa—they've in their lads,
And turned the very manse into a barn,
Fiddlin' and dancin'—drinkin' too, I'se warran'!"

"Tod, Meggie, but ye're richt; I fear ye're richt;
And here's gray gloamin' sinkin' into nicht,
While we're as near our errand's end as whan
This mornin' wi' the sunrise we began.
We'll e'en gang roond upon the kitchen door,
And catch the ill-bred herpies at their splore!
Hush! saftly: 'od, I dinna hear their feet,
And yet the fiddle lilts fu' deft and sweet.
It's no the little squeakin' fiddle, though;
But ane that bums dowff in its wame and low.
They hear us speakin'—here's the lassie comin'.—
The minister's frae hame, I hear, my woman?"

"The minister frae hame! he's nae sic thing;
He's ben the hoose there, playin' himsel' a spring."

"The minister a fiddler! sinfu' shame!
I'd sooner far that he had been frae hame.
Though he should live as lang's Methusalem,
I'll never bring anither bairn to him;
Nor will he get the ane we've brocht; na, na;
Come, Meggie, tak' the bairn and come awa;
I wadna let him look upon its face:
Young woman, you're in danger; leave this place!
Hear how the sinner rasps the rosiny strings!
And nocht but reels and ither warldly springs!
Let's shake the dust anee mair frae aff our shune,
And leave the pagan to his wicked tune."

"But, Andra, let's consider: it's sae late,
We canna now gang ony ither gate,
And as we're here we'll better just haud back
And get the bairn bapteesed. What does it mak'
Altho' he scrapes a fiddle now and then?
King David was preferred above all men,
And yet 'twas known he played upon the harp;
And stringèd instruments, baith flat and sharp,
Are mentioned many a time in Holy Writ.
I dinna think it signifees a bit—
The more especially sinee, as we hear,
It's no the little thing sae sereech and skeer
That drunken fiddlers play in barns and booths,
But the big gauey fiddle that sae soothes
The speerit into holiness and calm,
That e'en some kirks hae thocht it mends the psalm."

"Tempt not the man, O woman! Meggie, I say—
Get thee behind us, Satan!—come away!
For he, the Evil One, has aye a sicht
Of arguments, to turn wrang into richt.
He's crammed wi' pleasant reasons that assail
Weak woman first, and maistly aye prevail;
Then she, of course, must try her wiles on man,
As Eve on Adam did. Thus sin began,
And thus goes on, I fear, unto this day,
In spite of a' the kirks can do or say.
And what can we expect but sin and woe,
When manses are the hotbeds where they grow?
I grieve for puir Kilmeny, and I grieve
For Leuchars and for Forgan—yea, believe
For Sodom and Gomorrah there will be
A better chance than ony o' the three,
Especially Kilmeny. I maintain—
For a' your reasons, sacred and profane,
The minister that plays the fiddle's waur
Than either o' the ither twa, by far.
And yet, weak woman, ye wad e'en return
And get this fiddler to bapteese our bairn!
Na, na; we'll tak' the bairn to whence it came,
And get our ain brave minister at hame.
Altho' he may be wrang on mony a point,
And his salvation scheme sair out o' joint,
He lays it doon without the slightest fear,
And wius the heart because he's so sincere.
And he's a man that disna need to care
Wha looks into his life; there's naething there,
Nae sin, nae slip of either hand or tongue
That ane can tak' and say, 'Thou doest wrong.'
His theologic veesion may be skew'd;
But, though the broken cistern he has hew'd
May let the water through it like a riddle,
He neither fishes, shoots, nor plays the fiddle."

———

SCOTCH WORDS.

They speak in riddles north beyond the Tweed.
The plain, pure English they can deftly read;
Yet when without the book they come to speak,
Their lingo seems half English and half Greek.

Their jaws are *chafts;* their hands, when closed, are *neives;*
Their bread's not cut in slices, but in *sheives;*
Their armpits are their *oxters;* palms are *luifs;*
Their men are *cheilds;* their timid fools are *cuiffs;*
Their lads are *callants,* and their women *kimmers;*
Good lasses *denty queans,* and bad ones *limmers.*
They *thole* when they endure, *scart* when they scratch;
And when they give a sample it's a *scratch.*
Scolding is *flytin',* and a long palaver
Is nothing but a *blether* or a *haver.*
This room they call the *butt,* and that the *ben;*
And what they do not know they *dinna ken.*
On keen cold days they say the wind *blaws snell.*
And when they wipe their nose they *dicht* their *byke;*
And they have words that Johnson could not spell,
As *umph'm,* which means—anything you like:
While some, though purely English, and well known,
Have yet a Scottish meaning of their own:—
To *prig's* to plead, beat down a thing in cost;
To *caff's* to purchase, and a cough's a *host;*
To *crack* is to converse; the *lift's* the sky;
And *bairns* are said to *greet* when children cry.
When lost, folk never ask the way they want—
They *speir* the *gate;* and when they yawn they *gaunt.*
Beetle with them is *clock;* a flame's a *lowe;*
Their straw is *straw;* chaff *cauff,* and hollow *howe;*
A *pickle* means a few; *mackle* is big,
And a piece of crockeryware is called a *pig.*

Speaking of pigs—when Lady Delacour
Was on her celebrated Scottish tour,
One night she made her quarters at the "Crown,"
The head inn of a well-known county town.
The chambermaid, on lighting her to bed,
Before withdrawing, curtsied low, and said—
"This nicht is cauld, my leddy, wad ye please,
To hae a pig i' the bed to warm your taes?"
"A pig in bed to tease! What's that you say?
You are impertinent—away, away!"
"Me impudent! no, mem—I meant nae harm,
But just the greybeard pig to keep ye warm."
"Insolent hussy, to confront me so!
This very instant shall your mistress know.
The bell—there's none, of course—go, send her here."
"My mistress, mem, I dinna need to fear;
In sooth, it was hersel' that bade me speir.
Nae insult, mem; we thocht ye wad be gled,
On this cauld nicht, to hae a pig i' the bed."
"Stay, girl; your words are strangely out of place,
And yet I see no insult in your face.
Is it a custom in your country, then,
For ladies to have pigs in bed wi' them?"
"Oh, quite a custom wi' the gentles, mem—
Wi' gentle ladies, ay, and gentle men;
And, troth, if single, they wad sairly miss
Their het pig on a cauldrife nicht like this."
"I've seen strange countries—but this surely beats
Their rudest makeshift for a warming-pan.
Suppose, my girl, I should adopt your plan,
You would not put the pig between the sheets?"
"Surely, my leddy, and nae itherwhere:
Please, mem, ye'll find it do the maist guid there."
"Fie, fie, 'twould dirty them, and if I keep
In fear of that, you know, I shall not sleep."
"Ye'll sleep far better, mem. Tak' my advice;
The nicht blaws snell—the sheets are cauld as ice;

I'll fetch ye up a fine, warm, cozy pig;
I'll mak' ye sae comfortable and trig,
Wi' coortains, blankets, every kind o' hap,
And warrant ye to sleep as soond's a tap.
As for the fylin' o' the sheets—dear me,
The pig's as clean outside as pig can be.
A weel-closed mooth's eneuch for ither folk,
But if ye like, I'll put it in a poke."
"But, Effie—that's your name, I think you said—
Do you, yourself, now, take a pig to bed?"
"Eh! na, mem, pigs are only for the great,
Wha lie on feather beds, and sit up late.
Feathers and pigs are no for puir riff-raff—
Me and my neibour lassie lies on cauff."
"What's that—a calf! If I your sense can gather,
You and the other lassie sleep together,—
Two in a bed, and with the calf between:
That, I suppose, my girl, is what you mean?"
"Na, na, my leddy—'od ye're jokin' noo—
We sleep thegither, that is very true—
But nocht between us: wi' our claes all aff,
Except our sarks, we lie *upon* the cauff."
"Well, well, my girl! I am surprised to hear
That we of English habits live so near
Such barbarous customs.—Effie, you may go:
As for the pig, I thank you, but—no, no—
Ha, ha! good night—excuse me if I laugh—
I'd rather be without both pig and calf."

On the return of Lady Delaecur,
She wrote a book about her northern tour,
Wherein the facts are graphically told,
That Scottish gentlefolks, when nights are cold,
Take into bed fat pigs to keep them warm;
While common folk, who share their beds in halves—
Denied the richer comforts of the farm—
Can only warm their sheets with lean, cheap calves.

INCENSE OF FLOWERS.

This rich abundance of the rose, its breath
On which I almost think my soul could live,
This sweet ambrosia, which even in death
Its leaves hold on to give.

Whence is it? From dank earth or scentless air?
Or from the inner sanctuaries of heaven?
We probe the branch, the root—no incense there—
O God, whence is it given?

Is it the essence of the morning dew,
Or distillation of a purer sphere—
The breath of the immortals coming through
To us immortals here?

Exquisite mystery, my heart devours
The living inspiration, and I know
Sweet revelations with the breath of flowers
Into our beings flow.

JAMES D. BURNS.

Born 1823 — Died 1864.

Rev. James Drummond Burns, M.A., the author of many admired poems, chiefly of a sacred character, was born in Edinburgh, Feb. 18, 1823. He was educated at Heriot's Hospital and the High School, and afterwards entered the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated with honours. On completing his theological studies at the Free Church College, he was ordained in 1845 to the ministry at Dunblane.

Never of a robust constitution, his assiduous labours soon broke down his health and obliged him in 1847 to seek a more genial climate in the island of Madeira. He came home during the following summer, but only, to the sorrow of all, to resign his much-loved charge at Dunblane; the state of his health not permitting him to continue his labours in Scotland. He was appointed to the charge of the Presbyterian Church at Funchal, Madeira, and carried on his ministrations there, almost without interruption, for the next five years. Before returning to Britain in 1853, he made a tour through Spain and Italy, the records of which were expanded into a goodly sized MS. volume, which, however, was not published. After a few months' ministration at Brighton and in Jersey, he accepted the call presented to him by the Presbyterian Church of Hampstead, near London. In this quiet sphere he laboured for eight years, with much acceptance to a devoted flock. In 1864 his rapidly failing

health compelled him once more to seek a milder climate, and he proceeded to Mentone on the Mediterranean, where, after a short sojourn in Switzerland, he returned to die, Nov. 27, 1864.

In 1854 Mr. Burns published his volume of poetry under the title of *The Vision of Prophecy and other Poems*, which was well received and has passed through two editions. He also published two small books, *The Evening Hymn* and *The Heavenly Jerusalem*, both of which have been highly appreciated. He contributed a good many articles both in prose and verse to the *Family Treasury*, and wrote occasionally in other periodicals. But to his highly strung and sensitive temperament, authorship was a somewhat exhausting task, and during his later years he was obliged to lay the pen aside almost entirely—except for his ministerial work. The last work written by the late Dr. James Hamilton of London was a memoir of Mr. Burns.

Hugh Miller says:—"We are greatly mistaken if Mr. Burns be not a genuine poet, skilled, as becomes a scholar and a student of classic lore, in giving to his verse the true artistic form, but not the less born to inherit the 'vision and the faculty' which cannot be acquired. . . . The vein of strong sense which runs through all the poetry of Mr. Burns, and imparts to it solidity and coherency, is, we think, not less admirable than the poetry itself, and is, we are sure, quite as little common. . . . There runs through Mr. Burns's volume a rich vein of scriptural imagery and allusion, and much oriental description—rather quiet, however, than gorgeous—that bears in its unexaggerated sobriety the impress of truth."

PORTO SANTO,

AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH OF MADEIRA.[1]

The sun is dim,—upon the sea
A sultry mist hangs heavily,—
  The water, air, and sky
Wear each the same dull, sober gleam;
So that one element they seem,
  Confused upon the eye.

Beyond these dusky clumps of pine
The sea slopes upward to the line
  Of light that streaks the west;
The waves are murmuring faint and far,
And heaving languidly,—they are
  The very type of rest.

Glance northward through the haze, and mark
That shadowy island floating dark
  Amidst the seas serene;
It seems some fair enchanted isle,
Like that which saw Miranda smile
  When Ariel sung unseen.

O happy, after all their fears,
Were those old Lusian mariners
  Who hailed that land the first,—
Upon whose seared and aching eyes,
With an enrapturing surprise,
  Its bloom of verdure burst!

Their anchor in a creek, shell-paven,
They dropped—and hence the "Holy Haven"
  They named the welcome land;

The breezes strained their masts no more,—
And all around the sunny shore
  Was summer, laughing bland.

They wandered on through green arcades,
Where fruits were hanging in the shades,
  And blossoms clustering fair:
Strange gorgeous insects shimmered by,
And from the brakes sweet minstrelsy
  Entranced the woodland air.

Years passed, and to the island came
A mariner of unknown name,
  And grave Castilian speech;
The spirit of a great emprise
Aroused him, and with flashing eyes
  He paced the pebbled beach.

What time the sun was sinking slow,
And twilight spread a rosy glow
  Around its single star,
His eye the western sea's expanse
Would search, creating by its glance
  Some cloudy land afar.

[1] Written in Madeira, and suggested by the view of the neighbouring island of Porto Santo, one of the first colonized by the Portuguese adventurers of the fifteenth century. Columbus married a daughter of Bartolomeo Perestrello, the first governor of this island, and after his marriage lived in it for some time with his father-in-law.—Ed.

He saw it when translucent even
Shed mystic light o'er earth and heaven,
  Dim shadowed on the deep;
His fancy tinged each passing cloud
With the fine phantom, and he bowed
  Before it in his sleep.

He hears gray-bearded sailors tell
How the discoveries befel
  That glorify their time;
"And forth I go, my friends," he cries,
"To a severer enterprise
  Than tasked your glorious prime.

"Time was when these green isles, that stud
The expanse of this familiar flood,
  Lived but in fancy fond.
Earth's limits,—think you here they are?
Here has the Almighty fixed his bar,
  Forbidding glance beyond?

"Each shell is murmuring on the shore,
And wild sea-voices evermore
  Are sounding in my ear;
I long to meet the eastern gale,
And with a free and stretching sail
  Through virgin seas to steer.

"Two galleys trim, some comrades stanch,
And I with hopeful heart would launch
  Upon this shoreless sea.
Till I have searched it through and through
And seen some far land looming blue,
  My heart will not play free."

Forth fared he through the deep to rove,—
For months with angry winds he strove,
  And passions fiercer still,
Until he found the long-sought land,
And leaped upon the savage strand
  With an exulting thrill.

The tide of life now eddies strong
Through that broad wilderness, where long
  The eagle fearless flew;
Where forests waved, fair cities rise,
And science, art, and enterprise
  Their restless aims pursue.

There dwells a people, at whose birth
The shout of freedom shook the earth,—
  Whose fame through all the lands
Has travelled,—and before whose eyes,
Bright with their glorious destinies,
  A proud career expands.

I see their life by passion wrought
To intense endeavour, and my thought
  Stoops backward in its reach
To him who, in that early time,
Revolved his enterprise sublime
  On Porto Santo's beach.

Methinks that solitary soul
Held, in its ark, this radiant roll
  Of human hopes upfurled,—
That there in germ this vigorous life
Was sheathed, which now in earnest strife
  Is working through the world.

Still on our way, with care-worn face,
Abstracted eye, and sauntering pace,
  May pass one such as he,
Whose mind heaves with a secret force,
That shall be felt along the course
  Of far futurity.

Call him not fanatic or fool,
Thou Stoic of the modern school;
  Columbus-like, his aim
Points forward with a true presage,
And nations of a later age
  May rise to bless his name.

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

Strait of Ill Hope! thy frozen lips at last
  Unclose, to teach our seamen how to sift
  A passage where blue icebergs clash and drift,
And the shore loosely rattles in the blast.
We hold the secret thou hast clenched so fast
  For ages,—our best blood has earned the gift,—
  Blood spilt, or hoarded up in patient thrift,
Through sunless months in ceaseless peril passed.
But what of daring Franklin? Who may know
  The pangs that wrung that heart so proud and
    brave,
In secret wrestling with its deadly woe,
  And no kind voice to reach him o'er the wave!
Now he sleeps fast beneath his shroud of snow,
  And the cold Pole-star only knows his grave.

Alone, on some sharp cliff I see him strain,
  O'er the white waste, his keen, sagacious eye,
  Or scan the signs of the snow-muffled sky,
In hope of quick deliverance,—but in vain;
Then, faring to his icy tent again,
  To cheer his mates with his familiar smile,
  And talk of home and kinsfolk, to beguile
Slow hours, which freeze the blood and numb the
    brain.
Long let our hero's memory be enshrined
  In all true British hearts! He calmly stood
In danger's foremost rank, nor looked behind.
  He did his work, not with the fevered blood

Of battle, but with hard-tried fortitude,
In peril dauntless, and in death resigned.

Despond not, Britain! Should this sacred hold
Of freedom, still inviolate, be assailed,
The high, unblenching spirit which prevailed
In ancient days is neither dead nor cold.
Men are still in thee of heroic mould,—
Men whom thy grand old sea-kings would have hailed
As worthy peers, invulnerably mailed,
Because by duty's sternest law controlled.
Thou yet wilt rise, and send abroad thy voice
Among the nations, battling for the right,
In the unrusted armour of thy youth;
And the oppressed shall hear it and rejoice,
For on thy side is the resistless might
Of freedom, justice, and eternal truth!

THE WANDERER.

Though long the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.
To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tend'rest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still through absence grows
The memory of the past.

Though nature on another shore
Her softest smile may wear,
The vales, the hills he loved before
To him are far more fair.
The heavens that met his childhood's eye,
All clouded though they be,
Seem brighter than the sunniest sky
Of climes beyond the sea.

So Faith, a stranger on the earth,
Still turns its eye above;
The child of an immortal birth
Seeks more than mortal love.
The scenes of earth, though very fair,
Want home's endearing spell;
And all his heart and hope are where
His God and Saviour dwell.

He may behold them dimly here,
And see them as not nigh,
But all he loves will yet appear
Unclouded to his eye.
To that fair city, now so far,
Rejoicing he will come,
A better light than Bethlehem's star
Guides every wanderer home.

RISE, LITTLE STAR!

Rise, little star!
O'er the dusky hill,—
See the bright course open
Thou hast to fulfil.

Climb, little star!
Higher still and higher,
With a silent swiftness,
And a pulse of fire.

Stand, little star!
On the peak of heaven;
But for one brief moment
Is the triumph given.

Sink, little star!
Yet make heaven bright,
Even while thou art sinking,
With thy gentle light.

Set, little star!
Gladly fade and die,
With the blush of morning
Coming up the sky.

Each little star
Crieth, Life, O man!
Should have one clear purpose
Shining round its span.

FRIENDS I LOVE.

Friends I love may die or leave me,
Friends I trust may treacherous prove;
But Thou never wilt deceive me,
O my Saviour! in Thy love.
Change can ne'er this union sever,
Death its links may never part;
Yesterday, to-day, for ever,
Thou the same Redeemer art!

On the cross, love made Thee bearer
Of transgressions not Thine own;
And that love still makes Thee sharer
In our sorrows on the throne.
From Thy glory Thou art bending
Still on earth a pitying eye,
And 'mid angels' songs ascending,
Hearest every mourner's cry.

In the days of worldly gladness,
Cold and proud our hearts may be;
But to whom, in fear and sadness,
Can we go but unto Thee?

From that depth of gloom and sorrow,
Where Thy love to man was shown,
Every bleeding heart may borrow
Hope and strength to bear its own.

Though the cup I drink be bitter,
Yet since Thou hast made it mine,
This, Thy love, will make it sweeter
Than the world's best mingled wine.
Darker days may yet betide me,
Sharper sorrows I may prove;
But the worst will ne'er divide me,
O my Saviour! from Thy love.

CHASTENING.

O Thou whose sacred feet have trod
The thorny path of woe,
Forbid that I should slight the rod,
Or faint beneath the blow.

My spirit to its chastening stroke
I meekly would resign,
Nor murmur at the heaviest yoke
That tells me I am Thine.

Give me the spirit of Thy trust,
To suffer as a son,—
To say, though lying in the dust,
My Father's will be done!

I know that trial works for ends
Too high for sense to trace,—
That oft in dark attire He sends
Some embassy of grace.

May none depart till I have gain'd
The blessing which it bears;
And learn, though late, I entertain'd
An angel unawares.

So shall I bless the hour that sent
The mercy of the rod,
And build an altar by the tent
Where I have met with God.

THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

Acts xii.

The apostle sleeps,—a light shines in the prison,
An angel touched his side,
"Arise!" he said, and quickly he hath risen,
His fettered arms untied.

The watchmen saw no light at midnight gleaming,—
They heard no sound of feet;
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street.

So when the Christian's eyelid droops and closes
In nature's parting strife,
A friendly angel stands where he reposes
To wake him up to life.

He gives a gentle blow, and so releases
The spirit from its clay;
From sin's temptations, and from life's distresses,
He bids it come away.

It rises up, and from its darksome mansion
It takes its silent flight,
And feels its freedom in the large expansion
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,—
It is now far from them,
For it has reached the city of the saintly,
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bell tolls slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro;

And saying as they meet, "Rejoice! another
Long waited for is come;
The Saviour's heart is glad; a younger brother
Hath reached the Father's home!"

WILLIAM MURDOCH.

William Murdoch, the son of a Paisley shoemaker, was born in that town, February 24, 1823. By the side of his father's bench in their humble home at the "Townhead" of Paisley, he learned to read, and he says in a note to the Editor, "I remember the rapturous

delight I experienced while reading, beside my father's bench in the evenings, my first novel, *Roderick Random*, spelling the *muckle words* to have the assistance of his pronunciation." Among the first uses to which William put his pen after learning to write was to indite rhymes; and in his fourteenth year he was gratified by hearing a hymn of his own composition sung in the Sabbath-school, and by being told by one of the teachers that "it was a bonnie and a godly composition." He pursued his father's vocation of a *souter*, attending at the same time an evening school, and occupying any leisure moments he could command in his favourite amusement of rhyming. In his twenty-first year he married, and at the same time his father became blind and could no longer work at his trade, in which helpless condition he remained for eight years, and had nothing to depend upon but the exertions of his son. "Our circumstances during these years," writes Murdoch, "were pretty tight-laced, but we 'warsled and toiled thro' the fair and the foul,' to the best of our ability, and finally succeeded in laying his honoured head in the grave free of debt, on Nov. 19, 1852."

Two years after Murdoch emigrated to New Brunswick. Before leaving Paisley he was entertained in public and received a handsome sum of money from his fellow-townsmen. In April, 1855, he was appointed to take charge of the gas-work on Partridge Island, which supplies the lighthouse. Here he remained for three years, during which he had considerable leisure time, and composed "The Bagpipes," and many other of his best known poems and songs. In 1860 he returned to St. John, and published a small volume, entitled *Poems and Songs, by William Murdoch.* A second edition, enlarged and improved, appeared in 1872. He again resumed his old vocation, at which he continued until the summer of 1865, when he obtained a place on the editorial staff of the *Morning News*, published at St. John, New Brunswick. Mr. Murdoch has recently completed a Scottish poem of some three thousand lines, entitled "A Fireside Drama," which he proposes to publish at an early day.

THE BAGPIPES.

Let ither poets rave and rant,
How fiddles can the saul enchant,
How harps and organs lift the sant
To heaven aboon;
For me, my lugs I winna grant
To siclike din.

The swelling horn, and sounding drum,
Yield pleasing notes nae doubt to some,
And chields wha at pianos thrum,
Think nought's sae braw;
But Scotland's skirling bagpipes' bum
Is worth them a'.

O, weel I lo'e the martial strains,
That swell'd our forbears' hearts and veins,
And led them on thro' reeking plains
O' death and gore,
To drive oppression, and its chains,
Frae Scotia's shore.

Foul fa' the Scot o' modern days,
Wha kens o' Scotland's former waes,
Can tamely sit, while Donald plays
A pibroch peal;
Nor feels his bosom in a blaze
O' patriot zeal.

In yore, when Roman lads were boun'
To rieve us o' our royal crown,
Frae Highland hills our sires came doun
To deadly gripes;
Fir'd by the bauld inspiring soun'
O' Scotland's pipes.

And weel the Dane and Roman chiels
Ken'd when they heard the bagpipe's peals,
That Donald was upon their heels
In martial raw;
Sae faith they took to southern fiel's
And were na slaw.

The Saxon thocht he micht afford
To reign supreme, as Scotland's lord;
Sae pour'd his troops, horde after horde,
On Scottish plains;
And claim'd dominion by the sword,
O'er our domains.

His flags were waving on ilk height,
When stern, undaunted, Wallace wight,
His claymore wav'd for freedom's right
And Scotland's weal;
And dar'd proud Edward's vaunted might
In mony a fiel'.

He led his men to battle's brunt,
The pipers marching at the front,
Wi' stirring peal and solemn grunt
They cheer'd the way,
Nor tarried, be't for brose or strunt,
Till bang'd the fae.

And syne, when Bruce display'd his ranks
For battle on red Bannock's banks,
He plac'd the pipers at the flanks,
Wha blew sae weel,
That trembling seiz'd the southron shanks,
And play'd the deil.

They couldna bide the clours, and paicks,
That shower'd frae our Lochaber aix;
They shook, as coward only shakes
When touch'd by steel.
Then curs'd our land o' hills and cakes,
And fled the fiel'.

And when that shout o' victory rose,
Which rent the veil o' Scottish woes,
The swelling pibroch spurr'd our foes
To quicker bound,
And stamp'd the land where Bannock flows
As sacred ground.

Thy bagpipes, Scotland, lang hae been
Thy vera best and truest frien',
On bluidy field or dewy green,
At gloamings gray,
When lads and lasses wad convene
To dance and play.

When charm'd by our dear bagpipes' din,
What ither race beneath the sun
Can match our hardy Highland kin
At reel or jig?
They loup, and fling, and jink, and rin,
Nor ever lig.

But change the tune to martial air,
Their shouts will mak' the mountains rair;
Their courage danger ne'er could scare,
When Scotland's guid
Requir'd their helps, or aiblins mair,
Their very bluid.

Just sound one swelling pibroch peal,
And say Victoria needs their steel,
Nae twa ways then; ilk hardy chiel
His kilt puts on,
And bids his native hills fareweel
Without a groan.

And when they meet their country's faes,
Their courage kindles to a blaze;
See Scotland's gallant, daring "Grays"
And Forty-twa,
Lead on the charge, that wing'd the days
O' Bonna's fa'.

"These kilted savages," he swore,
"That came from Scotland's rocky shore—
Stern, as their fathers were in yore,
With dirk and plaid—
Have grieved my gallant heroes more
Than ought beside."

And see them on the Crimean plains,
Where slavery still eternal reigns;
Nae odds could cool their boiling veins,
Nor quench their zeal;
The rust of cowardice ne'er stains
The Scottish steel.

My country's pipes! while life is mine
I'll love thy strains, as air divine;
Link'd as ye are wi' auld langsyne,
My Scottish heart,
Tho' frae you sunder'd by the brine,
Will never part.

And when on death's cold bier I'm laid,
Let pipers round me serenade:
And wrap me in a Scottish plaid
For sheet and shroud;
And o'er my grave be tribute paid
One PIBROCH LOUD.

ADDRESS TO MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

Let fools wi' muckle purses haver
'Bout hats o' silk, or costly beaver,
And flirts o' beaux and menseless chaps
Brag o'er their one-pound-four light naps;
But nane o' them deserves a sonnet
Sae much as you, my auld blue bonnet.
For mony years noo past and gane
Ye've happ'd my pow frae wind and rain;
The equinoxial gales micht blaw,
The lammas tide in torrents fa';
Auld winter too micht show his form,
Deep wrapp'd in clouds, and cloth'd in storm,
Wi' frost, hail, snaw, and blashy sleet,
Shroud nature like a winding sheet,
But capp'd by thee, my bonnet blue,
His storms as yet I've wudd'led thro',
Nor car'd I for his wrath a bodle,
Ye lent sic comfort to my noddle.
Since first ye left thy native toon,
Sae fam'd for nicht-caps and for shoon,
Richt mony ups and downs I've seen,
Wi' pleasant blinks at times between;
I've tasted bliss, I've shed saut tears,
I've sprung frae youth to manhood's years,
I've wander'd far, I've wander'd wide,
Frae hame, and a' I lov'd beside;
But thanks to fate, I'm here again,
Snug seated by my ain hearthstane.

Dear comrade of my youthful glee,
What memories fond are link'd wi' thee!
What joyous transports have I felt
When at the shrine of love I knelt,
And sued, nor did I sue in vain,
For Meg's love in return again.
O happy, mair than happy days,
When 'mang fair Cart's green banks and braes,
On gloamings gray I wont to stroll,
Wi' her whose love enwrapt my soul.
I sigh'd a' day, and dream'd a' nicht,
And she, poor thing, was never richt,
Till baith grew tir'd o' living single,
And bairns noo ramp around our ingle.
An' still I bless the page o' life
That gied me Peggy for a wife.
My guid auld frien', it mak's me wae,
That fashions should be changing sae;
In youth ye was my very pride,
Ye was sae braw, sae blue, and wide;
Gang whar I micht, be't up, be't down,
Ye was my comforter an' crown.
Ilk height and howe, ilk moss and moor,
'Tween this and Scotland's southern shore,
And far awa 'mong Highland shiels,
I've trod wi' thee and blister'd heels;
But noo, alake! my guid auld frien',
Nae gate wi' thee daur I be seen,
Or modern folks will jibe and joke,
And ca' thee beggar's aumos pock.
Ochon-a-nee! and lack-a-day!
That e'er we should grow auld or gray;
Poor worn-out men, and threadbare claes,
Are no the things for noo-a-days;
When young, and strong, and fit for use,
They're aye made welcome in the house,
But ance turn auld, be't man or bonnet,
The fire or hook, they're taught to shun it.
By youthful pomp, and youthful pride,
Like auld worn boots they're cast aside,
Or aiblins sent, for guid or ill,
To almshouse or the carding mill:
Sae gae your wa's, ye're out o' date,
And e'en maun just submit to fate:
My conscience winna let me steer ye,
And fashion says I maunna wear ye,
Sae we maun part! and nae remeid,
But buy a beaver in your stead,
And swap you wi' some gangrel body,
For tea-cup, or a dish for crowdy:
But aye whene'er I glance upon it,
I'll mind o' you—MY AULD BLUE BONNET.

THE HIGHLANDER'S WIFE.

Steek the door like guid bairns, an' creep close to the fire,
This nicht fills my bosom wi' dread;
The snaw's driftin' sair o'er the hill, an' the win'
Like a demon rairs at the lum head.
The puir weary traveller, whae'er he may be,
God sen' him a beild dry an' warm;
And the mariner tossing afar o'er the sea—
O! shield him frae shipwreck or harm.

The stars are shut out frae the face of the sky,
That us'd sae to cheer me at e'en,
For they brocht to my mind the blythe hinncy days,
When wi' Donald I stray'd 'neath their sheen.
But he's noo far awa' amidst danger an' strife,
Whaur bluid flows in torrents like rain,
I ken that his heart's wi' his bairns and his wife;
But I fear he'll ne'er see them again.

In the dreams o' last nicht my dear Donald I saw,
Love's tears sparkled bright in his e'en;
Yet I felt as if death held him back frae my arms,
An' a bluidy shroud hang us between.
He spak' na a word; but O! sairly I fear
His heart-strings are cut by the glaive;
Wer't no for my bairns I could rush to my dear
Through the portals o' death and the grave.

Dinna greet, my sweet bairns, I'll be cheerfu' the morn—
'Tis the sough o' the wind mak's me wae,
An' the thocht that your faither may never return
Frae the bluid-thirsty Muscovite fae;
But aiblins I'm wrang, for God wha can haud
The vast sea in the howe o' his han',
Can shield him frae scaith, an' may yet sen' him back
To his wife, bairns, an' dear native lan'.

God! what did I hear? 'twas my Donald's ain voice,
Borne alang on the wings o' the blast—
He said—"Flora, I've come noo to join you for aye,
Haste, dearest, and follow me fast."
O Heavens! I see him, mair pale than the snaw,
The bluid's gushing out frae his broo;
I'm coming, dear Donald—fareweel my lov'd bairns!
I'm coming to Heaven an' you.

Thus wail'd the brave Highlander's heart-stricken wife,
In her cot 'mang the heather-clad cairns,
Then frantic arose, clasp'd her hands o'er her heart,
Swoon'd and died in the arms of her bairns.
Next day brought the tidings of sorrow and woe
That Donald, the flower of his clan,
Afar 'midst the Crimean deserts of snow,
Fell, fighting for freedom and man.

JAMES SMITH.

There have been literary printers from the days of Benjamin Franklin down to our own time, which has produced among others James Smith, the author of numerous tender and touching poems in the Scottish dialect. He was born in Edinburgh, March 2, 1824, and in early life was apprenticed to a printer, a business which, together with proof-reading, he pursued in his native city until 1869, when he was appointed librarian to the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library, a position which he still continues to fill.

In 1865 Mr. Smith's poems appeared in a quarto volume, a few copies of which were set up and pulled at the press by the author, when manager of a law-printing establishment, during one of the long vacations. "There is," says Cowper, "a pleasure in poetic pains which only poets know," and only printers, it may be supposed, can experience the joy of setting up "copy" of their own composition. In 1866 the first published edition of his poems appeared, entitled *Poems, Songs, and Ballads,* which has since passed through three editions. Alluding to his poetical efforts the author says: "They are for the most part children of impulse—verses prompted by the immediate influence of whatever feeling happened to predominate at the time, and having little or no pretension to elaborate study,—that being rendered well-nigh impossible by the exigencies of a life of incessant toil, and by the anxieties that harass, more or less, every man struggling for those dependent on him. The author would not have it inferred that he craves the reader's indulgence on this ground, or that he advances it as a plea for mollifying the impartial verdict of criticism. He only mentions it as a fact, which it is but fair any one who may peruse these pages should know."

Mr. Smith is also the author of *Humorous Scotch Stories, Jenny Blair's Maunderings, Habbie and Madge, Peggy Pinkerton's Recollections,* and *Archie and Bess,* five amusing little volumes containing graphic descriptions of the customs and conversations of the Scottish peasantry. On May-day, 1875, a number of the poet's friends and admirers, including the Earl of Rosebery, presented him with a handsome silver salver and two hundred sovereigns as a tribute of their esteem.

A critic has truthfully said that "James Smith is unmistakably a poet—musical, tender, and true. With a sense of humour which, from Carlyle downwards, is almost universally seen bound up with a great sadness, he combines a pathetic sweetness and a command of wailing melody sure to find its way to the popular heart, and to make him a household favourite."

WEE COCKIELORUM.

There's the spunkie o' the toun;
  Tak my word, he's worth the seein';
Was there ever sic a loun,
  A' his duds in tatters fleein'?
On he darts, like lichtnin' flashin',
Swift his dumpy bare feet splashin',
Through the rain in torrents dashin'—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Turnin' on the water crans;
  Breakin' windows; cowpin' shutters;
Up amang the chimley cans;
  Doun amang the dubs an' gutters;
Never oot o' fechts an' quarrels;
Plague o' wives an' nervous carles;
Ranger o' the sugar barrels—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Kippin' frae the schule, the rogue,
  Carritch sailin' doun the syver;
Linkin' ower the Hunter's Bog,
  Fleein' high his ha'p'ny diver;
Whiles at Leith, in harbour nookies,
Sprauchlin' wi' his worms an' hookies,
Catchin' podlies, eels, an' flookies—
    Wee Cockielorum.

Rinnin', jumpin', stottin' ba's,
Playin' shinty, wha can match him?
Firin' whins, an' frichtnin' craws;
Rangers tryin' sair to catch him;
Riever dire o' neeps an' berries,
Pears an' apples, plooms an' cherries,
Paips an' bools, an' taps an' peeries—
Wee Cockielorum.

Blithe when Queen's birth-day comes roun',
Liltin' on his bawbee-whistle;
Kilties, fogies, braw dragoons,
Makin' sic a joyfu' bustle;
Bauld at nicht wi' jinglin' pockets,
Firin' crackers, squeebs, an' rockets;
Black wi' pouther to the sockets—
Wee Cockielorum.

Speelin' trees, an' herryin' nests
(Fine the auld birds ken his habits);
Cats the birkie aye molests;
Fond o' duggies, doos, an' rabbits;
Kind to bits o' weanies tottin';
Keen o' soomin', divin', floatin';
Aft on seaside cuddies trottin'—
Wee Cockielorum.

Proud when stormy tempests blaw;
Winter haps wi' scorn deridin';
Strampin' cheery through the snaw;
Owre the Loch wi' ardour slidin'.
Cauld an' hunger tame the rogue;
Hame through closes dark an' foggy,
Thinkin' on his parritch-coggie—
Wee Cockielorum.

Puir wee man! 'tis hard for thee,
Reckless faither, feckless mither;
Laddie wi' the sparklin' e'e—
Sturdy, stuffy little brither!
Soon may thou, true wisdom learnin',
Ca' thy girr wi' mair discernin',
Manhood's noblest honours earnin'—
Wee Cockielorum.

WEE JOUKYDAIDLES.

Wee Joukydaidles,
Toddlin' oot an' in;
Oh, but she's a cuttie,
Makin' sic a din!
Aye sae fou o' mischief,
An' minds nae what I say:
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
Fifty times a day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where's the stumpie noo?
She's tumblin' i' the cruivie,
An' lauchin' to the soo!
Noo she sees my angry e'e,
An' aff she's like a hare!
Lassie, when I get ye,
I'll scud ye till I'm sair!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Noo she's breakin' dishes—
Noo she's soakit i' the burn,
Catchin' little fishes;
Noo she's i' the barnyard,
Playin' wi' the fouls—
Feedin' them wi' butter-bakes,
Snaps, an' sugar-bools.

Wee Joukydaidles—
Oh, my heart it's broke!
She's torn my braw new wincey,
To mak' a dolly's frock.
There's the goblet owre the fire!
The jaud! she weel may rin!
No a tattie ready yet,
An' faither comin' in!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Wha's sae tired as me!
See! the kettle's doun at last!
Wae's me for my tea!
Oh! it's angersome, atweel,
An' sune'll mak' me gray;
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
Fifty times a day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Where's the smoukie noo?
She's hidin' i' the coal-hole,
Cryin' "Keekybo!"
Noo she's at the fireside,
Pu'in' pussy's tail—
Noo she's at the broun bowl
Suppin' a' the kail!

Wee Joukydaidles—
Paidlin' i' the shower—
There she's at the windy!
Haud her, or she's owre!
Noo she's slippit frae my sicht:
Where's the wean at last?
In the byre amang the kye,
Sleepin' soun' an' fast!

Wee Joukydaidles—
For a' ye gi'e me pain,
Ye're aye my darlin' tottie yet—
My ain wee wean!

An' gin I'm spared to ither days—
Oh, may they come to pass—
I'll see my bonnie bairnie
A braw, braw lass!

BURD AILIE.

Burd Ailie sat doun by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
An' bricht was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
As her heart throbbed fast and sair.
An' aye as she look'd on ilk clear wee wave,
She murmur'd her true luve's name,
An' sigh'd when she thocht on the distant sea,
An' the ship sae far frae hame!

The robin flew hie owre the gowden broom,
An' he warbled fu' cheerilie.
"Oh, tell me—oh, tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Will I ever my true luve see?"
Then saftly an' sweetly the robin sang:
"Puir Ailie! I'm laith to tell;
For the ship's i' the howe o' a roaring wave,
An' thy luve's i' the merlin's cell!"

"Oh, tell me—oh, tell me, thou bonnie wee bird,
Did he mind on the nicht langsyne,
When we plichted our troth by the trystin' tree?
Was his heart aye true to mine?"
"Oh, fond an' true," the sweet robin sang;
"But the merlin he noo maun wed;
For the sea-weed's twined in his yellow hair,
An' the coral's his bridal bed!"

Burd Ailie lay low by the wimplin' burn,
Wi' the red, red rose in her hair;
But gane was the glance o' her bonnie black e'e,
An' the robin sang nae mair.
For an angel cam' doun at the fa' o' the nicht,
As she murmur'd her true luve's name;
An' took her awa' frae a broken heart,
And the ship that wad ne'er come hame!

DOUN FAIR DALMENY'S ROSY DELLS.

Doun fair Dalmeny's[1] rosy dells,
Sweet Mary wander'd, sad an' wae;
The sunlicht faded owre the lea,
An' cheerless fell the simmer day.
The warblin' mavis sang nae mair,
As aft she sighed, in heavy sorrow:
"O lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"By yonder hoary castle wa',[2]
Where murmurs deep the dark blue sea,
I wearied sair the langsome nicht,
Till tears bedimm'd my sleepless e'e.
The boat gaed doun by Cramond's isle—
O weary fa' that nicht o' sorrow!
For lanely, lanely lies my luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

"O foaming waves, that took my luve—
My ain true luve, beyond compare!
O will I see his winsome form,
And hear his dear lo'ed voice nae mair?"
Fu' deep the snaw-white surges moaned:
"O sair's the burden o' thy sorrow;
For lanely, lanely lies thy luve,
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

She wander'd weary by the shore,
An' murmur'd aft his name sae dear;
Till owre Dalmeny's dewy dells
The silver moon shone sweet an' clear.
An' saft the trembling breezes sigh'd,
As far she strayed, in hopeless sorrow:
"O lanely, lanely lies thy luve;
An' cauld's the nicht that brings nae morrow!"

THE LINTWHITE.

A lintwhite sat in her mossy nest,
Ae eerie morn in spring,
An' lang she look'd at the cauld gray lift,
Wi' the wee birds under her wing.
An' aye as she lookit, wi' shiverin' breist,
Sae waesomely she sang:
"O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?

"I've socht him doun i' the fairy glen,
An' far owre the lanely lea—
I've socht him doun i' yon saft green yird,
An' high on the birken tree;—
I've socht till the wee things cried me hame,
Wi' mony a heavy pang;
O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

"O waly!" the norland breezes moan'd;
"Sae weel may thy heart be sair;
For the hawk's awa' wi' thy ain true luve,
An' he'll sing thee a sang nae mair!
Fu' wae was his fate on yon auld aik tree,
That aft wi' his warblin' rang!
Noo speir nae mair, wee shiverin' bird,
Why tarries thy luve sae lang?"

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[1] The estate of the Earl of Rosebery, a few miles from Edinburgh.

[2] The ruins of Barnbougle Castle.

The lintwhite flew frae her mossy nest,
For she couldna thole the sting;
An' she flichter'd east, an' she flichter'd west,
Till she droukit her downy wing;
An' aye as she flutter'd the lee-lang day,
Sae wild an' sae shrill she sang:
"O tell me—tell me true, ye winds,
Why tarries my luve sae lang?"

LILLY LORN.

Lilly Lorn gaed doun the shaw,
Far frae her minnie's dwellin';
An' lang she stray'd wi' restless e'e,
Till curfew bells were knellin';
An' aye the warblers blithely sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

She socht her lordly lover's ha',
An' moan'd in vain her sorrow;
Till dew lay on her silken hair,
An' cheerless dawn'd the morrow.
Then twinin' sad a rowan wreath,
She sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"
Syne wander'd through the gowden mist,
As westlin' winds were sighin'!

"Gae hame, gae hame, sweet Lilly Lorn!"
She heard the cushet wailin';
"Ye're cauld an' lanely i' the shaw,
Far frae yer minnie's dwellin'."
The tears ran doun her bonnie face,
To hear the cushet cryin';
But aye she twin'd the rowan wreath,
An' sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"

She laid her doun beneath a birk,
Wi' cauld an' deidly shiver;
An' sigh'd ance mair Glenlyon's name,
Syne clos'd her e'en for ever.
An' saft an' wae the warblers sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

CLAP, CLAP HANDIES.

Clap, clap handies!
Clap hands again;
Mammy's sonsy tot-tot,
Mammy's bonnie wean!

I'll buy ye a fishie,
In a little dishie:
Clap, clap handies,
My wee wean!

Clap, clap handies!
Deddy's comin' ben
Wi' siller bells an' coral shells,
Three score an' ten;
A' to gie his laddie—
His bonnie wee bit laddie:
Clap, clap handies,
Deddy's comin' ben!

Clap, clap handies!
Craw, cocky, craw,
Blithely to my wee bird,
Cockyleerielaw!
Craw awa' sae cheery
To mammy's bonnie dearie;
Clap, clap handies!
Cockyleerielaw!

Clap, clap handies,
My muckle man:
I'll buy ye a coachy
To ride thro' a' the lan'!
Wi' a mappie an' a puggie,
An' a bonnie barkin' duggie:
Clap, clap handies,
My muckle man!

Clap, clap handies,
Kissy mammy noo!
Eh! where's my sugar-ploom!
Eh! where's my doo!
Cuddle in, my trootie—
Mammy's tootie-lootie!
Clap, clap handies!
Kissy mammy noo!

Clap, clap handies!
Lammie dear to me!
May ye never grieve my heart,
Or dim yer deddy's e'e!
Laueh awa', my petty—
Mammy's pretty pretty:
Clap, clap handies!
Lammie dear to me!

THE HAREBELL BLOSSOMED RARELY.

Bonnie Jeanie sleepit in a lanesome rushy dell,
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree:
An' she dreamt she saw her dearie in the lanesome rushy dell,

Wi' a lassie by his side, but her name she
couldna tell;
For her hame was in yon bonnie land where
happy spirits dwell—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Sair her heart was thrabbin' as she lookit at
the twa—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
An' aye at ilka fond word her buirdly luve
let fa',
A gowden ray o' glory stream'd in beauty owre
them a';
While the siller-bells were chimin' thro' the
lanely leafy shaw—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

"Now, by Our Lady's benison, dear maiden,
ye'll be mine!"—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree;
She waved her angel wings an' sigh'd, wi'
glance o' love divine,
Then clasp'd her lily hands, an' said, "I
daurna weel be thine;
For I'm a bride in heaven, an' my love I
winna tyne"—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

"'Mang myrtle groves my lover dwells in yon
dear land sae fair"—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree—
"Where the radiant beams o' glory kiss the
balmy simmer air;
Where the crystal seas o' emerald are shinin'
evermair;
Where the birds are warblin' bonnily, for nocht
o' sorrow's there"—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Saft sigh'd the wind amang the shady bowers
sae green—
Sweet sang the mavis on the birken tree—
Her sunny locks were waved aside—a rosy face
was seen;
'Twas the face o' bonnie Jeanie, wi' her spark-
lin' lauchin' een;
Syne she faded frae his bosom in a cloud o'
siller sheen—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

Lichtly Jeanie waukent as the dewy gloamin'
fell—
Hush'd was the mavis on the birken tree—
Oh the joy that filled her tender breast nae
tongue could ever tell,
For the bonnie angel o' her dream was Jeanie's
bonnie sel';
Sae she wander'd blithely singin' owre the
lanesome rushy dell—
An' the harebell blossom'd rarely.

GEORGE MAC DONALD.

George Mac Donald, one of the most popular of living Scottish poets and novelists, was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, December 10, 1824. He early gave tokens of his future literary distinction, for we are told that when a boy at school he would sometimes attract a circle of listeners to his improvised tales. On leaving school he entered King's College, Aberdeen, where he took the degree of A.M. He was educated for the Congregational Church, of which his father was a stanch supporter, but he afterwards became a member of the Church of England.

Mr. Mac Donald first became known to the literary world by the publication of "Within and Without," a dramatic poem with a dedicatory sonnet to the author's wife, which appeared in 1855, and was received with almost universal favour. It is a thrilling story in verse, interspersed with many sweet and tender songs, such as "Love me, Beloved." It was followed in 1857 by *A Hidden Life, and other Poems*, containing a number of exquisite lyrics; and in 1867 by *The Disciple, and other Poems*. These collections, with some other poems and prose writings, have been published in ten handsome pocket volumes, entitled *Works of Fancy and Imagination*. Some of Mac Donald's poems, as the "Disciple," "The Gospel Women," and the "Organ Songs," will, should he write no more, long keep his memory green. *Alec Forbes of Howglen, David Elginbrod, Robert Falconer*, and his other numerous prose works, have been extremely popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

He is especially successful in his writings for the young. He is also favourably known as a lecturer on literary topics, and in the winter of 1872–73 he visited the United States for the purpose of lecturing in the principal cities of the North. A few years since Mr. Mac Donald received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen. Occasionally he appears in the pulpit.

It has been truthfully said that in all his writings, both prose and verse, Mr. Mac Donald's powers of mind and heart are consecrated to the service of humanity. "His works display delicate perception of character and poetical sympathy with nature; but above all, and foremost evidently in the writer's thought, is the earnest aspiration to reveal the conditions and beauties of a pure spiritual life."

THE SHEEP AND THE GOAT.

The thousand streets of London gray
  Repel all country sights;
But bar not winds upon their way,
Nor quench the scent of new-mown hay
  In depth of summer nights.

And here and there an open spot,
  Still bare to light and dark,
With grass receives the wanderer hot;
There trees are growing, houses not—
  They call the place a park.

Soft creatures, with ungentle guides,
  God's sheep from hill and plain,
Flow thitherward in fitful tides,
There weary lie on woolly sides,
  Or crop the grass amain.

And from dark alley, yard, and den,
  In ragged skirts and coats,
Troop hither tiny sons of men,
Wild things, untaught of word or pen—
  The little human goats.

In Regent's Park one cloudless day,
  An overdriven sheep,
Arrived from long and dusty way,
Throbbing with thirst and hotness lay,
  A panting woollen heap.

But help is nearer than we know
  For ills of every name:
Ragged enough to scare the crow,
But with a heart to pity woe,
  A quick-eyed urchin came.

Little he knew of field or fold,
  Yet knew what ailed; his cap
Was ready cup for water cold;
Though rumpled, stained, and very old,
  Its rents were small—good hap!

Shaping the rim and crown he went,
  Till crown from rim was deep.
The water gushed from pore and rent;
Before he came one half was spent—
  The other saved the sheep.

O little goat, born, bred in ill,
  Unwashed, half-fed, unshorn!
Thou to the sheep from breezy hill
Wast bishop, pastor, what you will,
  In London dry and lorn.

And let priests say the thing they please,
  My hope, though very dim,
Thinks he will say who alway sees,
In doing it to one of these
  Thou didst it unto him.

AN OLD SERMON WITH A NEW TEXT.

My wife contrived a fleecy thing
  Her husband to infold,
For 'tis the pride of woman still,
  To cover from the cold:
My daughter made it a new text
  For a sermon very old.

The child came trotting to her side,
  Ready with bootless aid:
"Lily will make one for papa,"
  The tiny woman said:
Her mother gave the needful things,
  With a knot upon the thread.

"The knot, mamma!—it won't come through.
  Mamma! mamma!" she cried.
Her mother cut away the knot,
  And she was satisfied,
Pulling the long thread through and through,
  In fabricating pride.

Her mother told me this: I caught
  A glimpse of something more:

Great meanings often hide themselves
With little words before:
And I brooded over the new text,
Till the seed a sermon bore.

Nannie, to you I preach it now—
A little sermon, low:
Is it not thus a thousand times,
As through the world we go,
When we pull, murmur, fret, and cry,
Instead of "Yes, Lord," "No"?

For all the rough things that we meet,
Which will not move a jot—
The hindrances to heart and feet—
The Crook in every Lot—
What mean they, but that children's threads
Have at the end a knot?

For *circumstance* is God's great web—
He gives it free of cost,
But we must make it into clothes
To shield our hearts from frost:
Shall we, because the thread holds fast,
Count all our labour lost?

If he should cut away the knot,
And yield each fancy wild,
The hidden life within our hearts—
His life, the undefiled—
Would fare as ill as I should fare
From the needle of my child.

For as the cordage to the sail;
As to my verse the rhyme;
As mountains to the low green earth—
So fair, so hard to climb;
As call of striking clock, amid
The quiet flow of time;

As sculptor's mallet to the birth
Of the slow-dawning face;
As knot upon my Lily's thread,
When she would work apace;
God's *Nay* is such, and worketh so
For his children's coming grace.

Who knowing his ideal end,
Such birthright would refuse?
What makes us what we have to be
Is the only thing to choose:
We neither know his end nor means,
And yet his will accuse!

This is my sermon. It is preached
Against all fretful strife.
Chafe not with anything that is,
Nor cut it with thy knife.
Ah! be not angry with the knot
That holdeth fast thy life.

WHAT MAKES SUMMER?

A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Winter froze the brook and well;
Fast and fast the snow-flakes fell:
Children gathered round the hearth,
Made a summer of their mirth.
One—a child so lately come
That his life was yet one sum
Of delights—all games and rambles,
Nights of dreams, and days of gambols—
Thought aloud: "I wish I knew
What makes summer—that I do!"
And the answer to his question
Held the truth, half in suggestion.

'Tis the sun that rises early,
Shining, shining all day rarely;
Drawing up the larks to meet him,
Earth's bird-angels, wild to greet him;
Drawing up the clouds, to pour
Down again a shining shower;
Drawing out the grass and clover—
Blossoms breaking out all over;
Drawing out the flowers to stare
At their father in the air—
He all light, they how much duller!
Yet son-suns of every colour;
Drawing out the flying things—
Out of eggs, fast flapping wings;
Out of lumps like frozen snails,
Butterflies with splendid sails;
Drawing buds from all the trees;
From their hives the busy bees;
Living gold from earthy cracks—
Beetles with their burnished backs;
Drawing laughter out of water,
Smiling small suns as he taught her;
Sending winds to every nook,
That no creature be forsook;
Drawing children out of doors,
On two legs, or on all fours;
Drawing out of gloom and sadness,
Hope and blessing, peace and gladness;
Making man's heart sing and shine
With his brilliancy divine.

Slow at length, adown the west,
Lingering, he goes to rest;
Like a child, who, blissful yet,
Is unwilling to forget,
And, though sleepy, heels and head,
Thinks he cannot go to bed.
Even when down behind the hill,
Back his bright look shineth still,
Whose keen glory with the night
Makes the lovely gray twilight,

Drawing out the downy owl,
With his musical bird-howl;
Drawing out the leathery bats—
Mice they are, turned airy cats—
Noiseless, sly, and slippery things,
Swimming through the air on wings;
Drawing out the feathery moth,
Lazy, drowsy, very loath:
She by daylight never flits—
Sleeps and nurses her five wits:
Drawing light from glow-worms' tails,
Glimmering green in grassy dales;
Drawing children to the door,
For one goodnight-frolic more.

Then the moon comes up the hill,
Wide awake, but dreaming still;
Soft and slow, as if in fear
Lest her path should not be clear,
Like a timid lady she
Looks around her daintily,
Begs the clouds to come about her,
Tells the stars to shine without her;
But when we are lying like dead,
Sleeping in God's summer-bed,
She unveiled and bolder grown
Climbs the steps of her blue throne,
Stately in a calm delight,
Mistress of a whole fair night,
Drawing dreams, lovely and wild,
Out of father, mother, child.

But what fun is all about,
When the humans are shut out!
Night is then a dream opaque,
Full of creatures wide awake!
Noiseless then on feet or wings,
Out they come, all moon-eyed things'
Mice creep out of cracks in holes;
I don't know—but mayn't the moles
Come up stairs to open their eyes?
Stars peep from their holes in the skies;—
There they sparkle, pop, and play—
Have it all their own wild way;
Fly and frolic, scamper, glow—
Treat the moon, for all her show,
State, and opal diadem,
Like a nursemaid watching them.

'Tis the sun both day and night,
Shining here, or out of sight—
'Tis, I say, that fire of his
'Makes the summer what it is.
He, across dividing fate
Seeks the moon disconsolate,
Like a lonely lady high
In a turret of the sky;
Comforts her with comfort such
That she gives us her too-much.
Even when all his light is gone,
Still his warmth is working on,
With a hidden gentle might
Stretching summer through the night.—

But the nightingale—ah, rare!
Turns it all, mighty and fair,
To a diamond hoop of song,
Which he trundles all night long.—

When I heard him last, he sang
That the woody echoes rang—
Loud the secret out did call
In a wordless madrigal:
Through the early summer wood,
All the creatures understood.

What without a word he spoke,
I will tell the older folk,
Making it articulate,
Less divine and more sedate:
Here's the song the creatures heard
From the tiny, mighty bird:

Beautiful mother is busy all day—
So busy she neither can sing nor say;
But lovely thoughts, in a ceaseless flow,
Through her eyes, and her ears, and her bosom go—
Motion, sight, and sound, and scent,
Weaving a royal, rich content.—

But when night is come, and her children sleep,
And beautiful mother her watch would keep—
With glowing stars in her dusky hair,
Down she sits to her music rare:
And her instrument that never fails,
Is the hearts and the throats of her nightingales.

BABY.

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

———

O LASSIE AYONT THE HILL!

O lassie ayont the hill,
  Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill,
  For I want ye sair the nicht.
  I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel'.
  A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht:
O lassie, come ower the hill!

Gin a body cud be a thocht o' grace,
  And no a sel' ava!
I'm sick o' my heid and my han's and my face,
  O my thochts and mysel' an' a'.
  I'm sick o' the warl' an' a';
The win' gangs by wi' a hiss:
  Throu my starin' een the sunbeams fa',
But my weary hert they miss.
  O lassie ayont the hill!
    Come ower the tap o' the hill,
  Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill;
    Bidena ayont the hill.

For gin I but saw yer bonnie heid,
  And the sunlicht o' yer hair,
The ghaist o' mysel' wad fa' doun deid,
  I wad be mysel' nae mair.
  I wad be mysel' nae mair,
Filled o' the sole remeid—
  Slain by the arrows o' licht frae yer hair,
Killed by yer body and heid.
    O lassie ayont the hill! &c.

Mysel' micht wauk up at the saft fitfa'
  O' my bonnie depairtin' dame;
But gin she lo'ed me ever sae sma',
  I micht bide it—the weary same;
  Noo, sick o' my body and name,
Whan it lifts its upsettin' heid,
  I turn frae the claes that cover my frame,
As gin they war roun' the deid.
    O lassie ayont the hill! &c.

But gin ye lo'ed me as I lo'e you,
  I wad ring my ain deid knell;
The spectre wad melt, shot through and through
  Wi' the shine o' your sunny sel'.—
  By the shine o' yer sunny sel',
By the licht aneath yer broo,
  I wad dee to mysel', ring my ain deid-bell,
And live for ever in you.

O lassie ayont the hill!
  Come ower the tap o' the hill,
Come ower the tap wi' the breeze o' the hill,
  For I want ye sair the nicht.
  I'm needin' ye sair the nicht,
For I'm tired and sick o' mysel'.
  A body's sel' 's the sairest weicht:
O lassie, come ower the hill!

———

THE WAESOME CARL.

There cam a man to our toon-en',
  An' a waesome carl was he;
Snipie-nebbit, and crookit-mou'd,
  And gleyt o' ae blinterin ee.
Muckle he spied, and muckle he spak,
  But the owercome o' his sang,
Whatever the tune, was aye the same:—
  There's nane o' ye a' but's wrang.
    Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
    And a'thegither a' wrang;
    There's no a man aboot the toon
    But's a'thegither a' wrang.

That's no the gait to fire the breid,
  Nor yet to brew the yill;
That's no the gait to haud the pleuch,
  Nor yet to ca' the mill;
That's no the gait to milk the coo,
  Nor yet to spean the calf;
Nor yet to tramp the girnel-meal—
  Ye kenna yer wark by half!
    Ye're a' wrang, &c.

The minister wasna fit to pray,
  And lat alane to preach:
He nowther had the gift o' grace,
  Nor yet the gift o' speech.

He mind't him o' Balaäm's ass,
Wi' a differ ye may ken:
The Lord he opened the ass's mou',
The minister opened's ain.
He's a' wrang, &c.

The puir precentor cudna sing,
He gruntit like a swine;
The verra elders cudna pass
The ladles till his min'.
And for the rulin'-elder's grace,
It wasna worth a horn;
He didna half uncurse the meat,
Nor pray for mair the morn.
He's a' wrang, &c.

And aye he gied his nose a thraw,
And aye he crook't his mou';
And aye he cockit up his ee,
And said—Tak tent the noo.
We snichert hint oor loof, man,
But never said him nay;
As gin he had been a prophet, man,
We loot him say his say:
Ye're a' wrang, &c.

Quo' oor gudeman: The crater's daft!—
Heard ye ever sic a claik?
Lat's see gin he can turn a han',
Or only luik and craik.
It's true we maunna lippen till him—
He's fairly crack wi' pride;
But he maun live—we canna kill him—
Gin he can work, he s' bide.
He was a' wrang, &c.

It's true it's but a laddie's turn,
But we'll begin wi' a sma' thing:
There's a' thae weyds to gaither and burn—
And he's the man for a' thing!—
We yokit for yon heich peat-moss—
There was peats to cast and ca'—
Weel rid, we reckon, o' him and his
Lang tongue till gloamin'-fa';
But we're a' wrang, &c.

For, losh! or it was denner-time,
The toon was in a low!
The reek rase up as it had been
Frae Sodom-flames, I vow.
We lowst and rade like mad, for byre
And ruck war blazin' fell,
As gin the deil had brocht the fire
To mak anither hell!
'Twas a' wrang, &c.

And there, on-luikin', the carl stude,
Wi' 's han's aneath his tails;
To see him maisthan' drave us wud,
We ill could haud oorsels.
It's a' your wite; I tauld ye sae;
Ye're a' wrang to the last:
What gart ye burn thae deevilich weyds
Whan the win' blew frae the wast?
Ye're a' wrang, and a' wrang,
And a'thegither a' wrang;
There's no a man in a' the warl'
But's a'thegither a' wrang.

TIME AND TIDE.

As I was walkin' on the strand,
I spied ane auld man sit
On ane auld black rock; and aye the waves
Cam washin' up its fit;
His lips they gaed as gin they wad lilt,
But his sang he cud only say;
An' it was but an owercome, waesome and dreigh—
O' the words he had nae mae:
Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns;
They played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"What can the auld man mean," quo' I,
"Sittin' o' the auld black rock?
The tide creeps up wi' a moan an' a cry,
And a hiss 'maist like a mock.
The words he mutters maun be the en'
O' some weary dreary sang—
A deid thing floatin' aboot in his brain,
'At the tide will no lat gang."
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns;
They played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"Hoo pairtit it them, auld man?" I said;
"Was't the sea cam up ower strang?
But gin thegither the twa' o' them gaed,
Their pairtin' wasna lang.
Or was ane ta'en, and the ither left—
Ane to sing, ane to greit?
It's unco sair to be sae bereft—
But there's ither tides at yer feet."
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
And they played thegither i' the gloamin's hush:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa wi' a glint an' a gush."

"Was't the sea o' space wi' its tide o' time?
Sic droonin' 's waur to bide;

But Death's a diver, seekin' ye
Aneath its chokin' tide;
And ye'll gaze again in ither's ee,
Far abune space and time."
Never ae word he answered me,
But he changed a word in his rhyme:
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
And they played thegither upo' the shore:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And pairtit the twa for evermore."

"May be, auld man, 'twas the tide o' change
That crap atween the twa?
Hech! that's a droonin' awfu' strange,
And waur than ane an' a!"
He said nae mair. I luikit, and saw
The lips nae mair cud gang;
Ane o' the tides had ta'en him awa'—
An' ower him I croont his ain sang:
"Robbie and Jeannie war twa bonnie bairns,
And they played thegither upo' the shore:
Up cam the tide and the mune and the sterns,
And souft them awa' throu a mirksome door!"

ANNIE SHE'S DOWIE.

Annie she's dowie, and Willie he's wae.
What can be the maitter wi' siccan a twae—
For Annie she's fair as the first o' the day,
And Willie he's honest and stalwart and gay?

Oh! the tane has a daddy is poor and is proud,
And the tither a minnie that cleiks at the goud:
They lo'ed ane anither, and said their say—
But the daddy and minnie they pairtit the twae.

A PARABLE: TELL ME.

"Traveller, what lies over the hill?
Traveller, tell to me:
Tiptoe-high on the window-sill,
Over I cannot see."

"My child, a valley green lies there,
Lovely with trees, and shy;
And a tiny brook that says—'Take care,
Or I'll drown you by-and-by.'"

"And what comes next?"—"A little town,
And a towering hill again;
More hills and valleys, up and down,
And a river now and then."

"And what comes next?"—"A lonely moor,
Without one beaten way:
And slow clouds drifting dull before
A wind that will not stay."

"And then?"—"Dark rocks and yellow sand,
Blue sea and a moaning tide."
And then?"—"More sea, more sea, more land,
With rivers deep and wide."

"And then?"—"Oh—rock and mountain and vale,
Ocean and shores and men,
Over and over—a weary tale—
And round to your home again!"

"And is that all? From day to day—
As with a long chain bound—
Oh! never to get right away,
But go round and round and round?"

"No, no; I have not told the best—
Neither the best nor the end:
On summer eves, away in the west,
You may see a stair ascend,

"Built of all colours of lovely stones—
A stair up into the sky,
Where no one is weary, and no one moans,
Or wants to be laid by."

"Is it far away?" "I do not know.
You must fix your eyes thereon,
And travel, travel, through thunder and snow,
Till the weary way is gone.

"All day, though you never see it shine,
You must travel, nor turn aside,
Through blinding sunlight and moonbeams fine,
And mist and darkness wide."

"When I am older." "Nay, not so."
"I have hardly opened my eyes!"
"He who to the old sunset would go,
Starts best with the young sunrise."

"But the stair—is it very very steep?"
"Too steep for you to climb;
You must lie at the foot of the glorious heap,
And patient wait your time."

"How long?" "Nay, that I cannot tell."
"In wind, and rain, and frost?"
"It may be." "Ah!—ah!" "It is well
That you should count the cost.

"Yea, travellers many on you will stand."
"That will be hard to bear."
"But One with wounded foot and hand
Will carry you up the stair."

ANDREW J. SYMINGTON.

Andrew James Symington was born in Paisley, July 27, 1825. His father, Robert Brown Symington, was a merchant, and three of his father's brothers were clergymen. His mother's name was Margaret Macalaster, a woman of sterling worth and refined taste. On leaving the grammar school where he was educated Andrew joined the firm of his father, which business he and an elder brother conducted in Glasgow until recently, when he retired from the firm.

From an early period Mr. Symington has been devoted to literary and artistic studies, and during leisure hours has enjoyed the personal intercourse and correspondence of many eminent scientific men, artists, and men of letters. In 1848 he published a volume of poems entitled *Harebell Chimes, or Summer Memories and Musings.* In 1855 a volume entitled *Geneviere and other Poems* was printed for private circulation. This was followed in 1857 by two volumes entitled *The Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life,* on which the author was engaged for the greater part of ten years. In 1859, induced by an ardent love of northern literature and antiquities, he visited Iceland, and afterwards published the results of his travels in "*Pen and Pencil Sketches of Faröe and Iceland,* with an appendix containing translations from the Icelandic, and fifty-one illustrations by Linton, from drawings by the author." In 1862 a second edition of *Harebell Chimes* appeared, containing many additional poems; and in 1870 his latest volume was issued, entitled "The Reasonableness of Faith: with an Appendix containing Hymns and Verses of Consolation and Hope."

In 1851 Mr. Symington travelled in France, Germany, Switzerland, and the north of Italy. He also spent some time in the United States during the years 1874–75, when he contributed to some of the leading magazines and journals. In 1863 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen. His poetry has found many admirers. *Harebell Chimes,* when first published, was highly praised by Samuel Rogers; and another eminent critic has said, "Every line in the volume is in fullest sympathy with what is lovely and honest, and of good report."

ON HEARING JESSICA PLAY SWEET MUSIC.

Shapes of loveliness, like angel-dreams,
  Float before my all-entranced sense:
List'ning to sweet melody that streams,
  With a deep and soul-like influence,

From thy fingers; as they, o'er the keys,
  Run thro' mazes intricate and wild;
Now, evolving mystic harmonies—
  Now, a simple air for laughing child.

Every passion o'er the heart doth sweep,
  Calling forth, as from a spirit lyre,
Sympathetic tones of meaning deep,
  Love—Hope—Fear—or Patriotic fire.

Hark! Beethoven wields his potent wand—
  Floods of wild unearthly melody
Roll, in mighty waves—majestic—grand,—
  Now, in ripples, o'er a moonlit sea!

Sweet andante! passionate and low,
  Wail of saddest, plaintive loveliness:
Hearts are melted, tears of pity flow
  For a gentle love-lorn maid's distress.

Now, a dazzling wild chromatic run
  Modulates into a dulcet air,
Starry minors melting every one
  In a murmuring cadence, rich and rare!

Cheerful scenes before the fancy spread;
  Weary pilgrim—sun-changed sailor boy—
Home returneth, long given up as dead;
  Sorrow merging into tears of joy.

Lowering, gathers fast the thunder cloud—
  Murky vapours on the tempest flee—
Peal on peal reverberating loud;
  Lightnings glimmer on the darkling sea.

Now, in lonely depth of forest drear,
Branches creak—oak trees uprooted lie:
Dirge-like wailings fall upon the ear,
Storm-blasts winging thro' a troubled sky.

Weird-like—horrible—witch, kobold, sprite;
Goblin, fiend, and imp of every kind
Whirlwind-mingled—changing in moonlight,
Troop, fantasque, before my wondering mind!

Strange sonata! with thy varied tone,
Dream-like riseth many a changeful scene—
Boundless waste of sand, in desert lone,
With an island-like oásis green.

Now, I hear brave Körner's prayer rise,
'Mid the cannon's roar, from thickest fray:
Wafted, like sweet incense, to the skies,
In th' empyrian blue, it fades away!

Harmonies! how gorgeous—massive—bold!
Falling worlds, like hail, are tempest driven—
Wonders thicken—giant strains unfold—
Panting—are we now in earth or heaven?

Weary sun sinks slowly in the west;
Through the boles shoot gleams of crimson light:
Glowing all, with gold and amethyst,
Like a minster-window stainèd bright:

Seemeth all, like old cathedral pile
Shook by sound of mighty instrument
Pealing hallelujahs: through each aisle
Rolls the murmuring accompaniment.

Dying now, in wild Æolian swells,
Gently floating, on the fitful breeze,
Like a faery chime of blue harebells,
Heard in dreams, beneath the forest trees.

When, in robe of sheeny gossamer,
Cometh forth the gentle faery Queen:
Rainbow of sweet sounds o'er-arching her:
Dapper elves light tripping o'er the green.

Sparkling notes, a brilliant starry shower!
Now, a gentle fall of golden rain—
Dewy fragrance breathes from every flower—
Joyous birds are carolling again!

Child-like, here, the laughing dancing brook
Gurgles, flowing clear and musical:
There, o'er shelving rock in shady nook,
Leaps a silvery tinkling waterfall.

Music! how the witching spell doth sweep
O'er my soul with more than magic sway:
Waking thoughts, long hid in memory deep,
Urging now towards the far away!

Lost in deep "abyssmal agonies:"
Yearning ever—ah! it is not given
Here to fathom soul-like harmonies—
Music's power shall be revealed in Heaven!

THE DREAM HARP.

Methought I was alone, and feelings strange
Of utter dreariness weighed on my spirit.
The stars were sparkling clear, but they on me
Shed no sweet influence. Nature's secrets all
Were locked from me, and sealed as with seven seals;
Nor inner light was there whereby to read
Her mysteries. I sadly wandered on
In silence, questioning the universe
And my own soul: impenetrable clouds,
Heavy and dark, seemed resting upon both,
Which even the stars—the beauteous friendly stars
Now quivering in the brook which crossed my path—
Could no-wise dissipate.
Now, dreamy sounds,
As from Æolian harp, faint, sweet and low,
From the far distance, trembled into being,
Aye waxing nearer, clearer, in the air,
Swelling in dulcet, breezy, murmuring chords.
Angels, descending, bore with them a harp
The waving of their pinions pulsing waves
Of sound in ripples through the summer air—
And, to my tranced ear its heavenly tones
Were tones of peace. The nearing harp itself
Was of rare beauty—the device was this:—
On either side, an alabaster cross
Of snowy whiteness twined with dew-sprent flowers,
Roses of Sharon—Lilies of the vale:
Above—a rainbow spanned from cross to cross,
From whose seven colours, seven golden chords
Stretched downwards to a circle, emblcming
Eternity—each chord from its own colour—
And through the circle, in the azure sky,
A white dove with an olive branch was seen
Descending. Through the golden chords there shone,
As if through furnace bars, a dull blood-red
Apocalyptic sun, shorn of its rays.
Above the rainbow, in the deep serene—
As 'twere the key-note of the whole device—
The morning-star shed lambent peaceful light.
The dream I felt to be symbolical
Of the great universal harmonies,
(For in the music these expressed themselves)
All cent'ring in pure Christianity;
And of that time, when Love's great tidal wave
Shall sweep the world, and bring its Sabbath rest.
Melodious strains of penetrating sweetness
Now waxèd louder, richer, till—o'erpowered,
Dissolving in luxurious pain, delight
Ineffable—I should have died, had they
Not then, all but insensibly, become
Softer and fainter; angels and the harp
In distance dimming gradually away;

Its tones all fading in ethereal beauty,
Till lost in dreamy *morientlos*.
Rapt,
I there stood gazing upward, after it
Had long ceased to be heard: The heavy cloud
Was lifted from my spirit; all shone clear,
For, through the chords and colours Seven, had streamed
Into my trancèd soul one ray of light
From the Seventh Heavens: and therein vibrate still
The echoes of that heavenly harmony,
Even though the dream has long since passed away!

SUMMER EVENING.

How sweet this summer eve,
To sit amidst the golden furze and broom,
Sister, with thee!
To hear at once the insects' drowsy hum,
And murmur of the sea!

Shore-like those purple hills
Seem to that boundless flood of golden light
Which fires the west:
Yon roseate clouds, so pure, so peaceful, might
Be islands of the blest.

The butterfly and the bee
Still light upon the flowers; that mellow note
Is sweet to hear,
Which floateth warbled from the mavis' throat
In tones wild, rich, and clear.

The sun-glare falling on
The sea, then streams along this fragrant bank
Where tufted stems
Of spiry sorrel-seed, translucent, rank,
Show bright as ruby gems.

Wild Goatfell's rocky peaks
Rise clear-defined against the glowing sky,
Though dim and gray:
A vapour, floating from its summits high,
De-films, and melts away!

On Kelburne's woody heights,
The sunbeams slant their parting golden rays
Of mellow light:
Around, now falls a thin empurpled haze—
The spirit veil of night—

Through which one star alone,
O'er Bute's fair isle, is trembling on the deep—
The star of love;—
All nature seemeth lulled in balmy sleep,
While spirits watch above!

And, sister, spirits may,
For aught we know, surround us everywhere,
In heavenly sheen;
Sphere-music-like, with presence pure and rare,
Aye watching though unseen.

Yon dream-like moon becomes,
Upsailing in the blue, more bright and clear;
And mark the wake
Left by that little boat, whose oar we hear,
As in a placid lake.

Sweet, even the double call
Of corn-craik, in the green-eared fields behind,
When joy intense,
From every sound, or flower, on summer wind
Floats, filling heart and sense.

In scenes thus bright and fair,
Some read the glory of the type alone,
And have no eye
For deep and spirit meanings, traced thereon,
All pointing to the sky.

The beauty of the star,
Or dew-drop, twinkling on the open flower,
In clear sunshine,
Is but the impress of a higher power,
Beneficent—Divine!

Night stealeth on apace;
And, sister, homewards wending, let us pray
That there be given
Us hearts to love God's beauteous works alway;
With pure high thoughts of heaven!

BERTRAM'S LAST PICTURE.

A youth lay prisoned in a cavern dark
Which bordered on the desert: near there passed,
With wild flowers in her hair, a radiant maiden
Surrounded with bright glory, like a saint,
Which falling through the bars in chequered light
Revealed his woe-worn face. Heart, brain, and soul
Were in that wistful look; and yet his eyes,
Though sad, were calm. In them one read that love,
Pure and intense, which gladly would have given
All things, even life itself, for her sweet sake.
He knew she saw him not, yet strangely spelled
As night-mared, he could neither move, speak, cry;
Nay, almost seemed as if he would have feared
To startle her, by words, in that lone place,
Though free to speak, and speaking would have brought
Light, peace, and joy—so reverent was his love.

Lilies and pansies sprung beneath her feet;
Stars trembled o'er her; rainbow-vistas arched
Her opening path, evanishing where'er
She, passing, left all in the gloom behind her.
Leaning his weary head upon his hand
The youth saw only her—and she was passing by,
Passing from him, like music all too sweet
E'er to be heard by mortal ears again.
Such was the picture—Bertram's last; first seen
Upon his easel that bright autumn morn,
We trembling forced his studio door and found
Him lying dead, with eyes still fixed upon
The radiant vision he had conjured up.
A golden sunbeam touched his dreamless brow:
Some white moss-roses, dropping in a glass,
Had shed their fragrant leaves upon his breast,
And all was peace. They say the canvas told
The story of his life: it may be so,
For many lives are sad:—But who can tell?

HOW MUCH OW'ST THOU?

"How much ow'st thou?"
Is said to each, by the great Lord of earth and heaven;
For all of good we have is only lent, not given.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The children of this world are prudent in their day,
And gather wealth, from which they soon must pass away.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Should'st thou, with hopes beyond the grave—a child of light—
Less eager strive than they whose only goal is night?

"How much ow'st thou?"
Be here a good and faithful steward, just and wise,
So shalt thou lay up lasting treasure in the skies.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Though poor thy earthly lot, yet seek thou, in His sight,
The blessing of the "inasmuch," or widow's mite.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The Master's time is not thine own to waste or spend;
Work while 'tis called to-day:—the longest day must end.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The influence He gives thee, be it great or small,
In thy good Master's service seek to use it all.

"How much ow'st thou?"
Each talent—genius, intellect, or gift—of thine,
If consecrated, star-like, will the brighter shine.

"How much ow'st thou?"
O'er all thou hast and art, a faithful steward be,
That, when the Lord appears, "well done" may welcome thee!

"How much ow'st thou?"
Some trench on sleep and health to gain an earthly goal:
As earnest be, to lay up treasure for thy soul.

"How much ow'st thou?"
So live, that, when clay dwellings fall, the soul may rise
And soar to everlasting mansions in the skies.

"How much ow'st thou?"
The Lord from heaven, who spake this parable, is He
Who "shall appear" as Judge,—who gave His life for thee.

DAVID WINGATE.

David Wingate was born at Cowglen, in the parish of Eastwood, Renfrewshire, January 4, 1828. His father, who was employed in the colliery at Cowglen, was killed there when David was in his fifth year. In his sixth year he was sent to the parish school, and was put to work in the coal-pit at nine! In 1850 he was married, and the same year he first had the honour of public notice, when a few of his pieces appeared, with a flattering notice by the author of *Rambles Round Glasgow*, in the *Glasgow Citizen*. In 1862 Blackwood & Sons of Edinburgh published a volume of Wingate's poems, which were favourably received. In his preface the poet says: "I confess that I see no reason why I should write a preface, and, unadvised, would probably have left it unwritten. But some friends—men of learning and taste—assure me it is absolutely necessary. What can I say? Shall I tell you

I have no learning? The book itself will tell you that. Shall I whine, and say to my critic, 'Have mercy on me!—think of my position in life?' No, indeed! On the contrary I say, Weigh the book alone: my peculiar circumstances (if they be peculiar) have no right to go in with it. If I have sung badly, or thought sillily, let it be no excuse for me that I am, and have been, a collier since my ninth year. Probably the fact of my being a collier should have been suppressed altogether; but I thought, If any reader wishes to know what I am, the information is here for him. If the book has any merit apart from whatever that fact may suggest, it may live; if not, it deserves to die."

The profits derived from the sale of this book enabled its author to attend the School of Mining at Glasgow for a year and a half, and for many years he has occupied the responsible position of a colliery manager. In 1866 he issued a second volume, entitled *Annie Weir, and other Poems.* Of this collection the *Athenæum* spoke in high commendation, and in alluding to the author said, "The earnestness with which he has cherished his sense of beauty through a life of severe and perilous toil demands from us sympathy and respect." Mr. Wingate has been a frequent contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and *Good Words.*

THE STREAMLET.

Lately in the songless gloaming
Of a sunny winter day,
Stroll'd I by a stream that, nameless,
Free from finny tribes and fameless,
Wander'd on its Clyde-ward way.

Vacantly its windings tracing,
From its freshness nought I sought—
Nothing wish'd in verse to treasure;
Love, or hate, or care, or pleasure,
Craved or won no passing thought.

Like a lullaby its music
Rose beside me, and my soul,
To resist its spell unarmour'd,
Scarcely hearing what it murmur'd—
Yielded to its soft control.

Like a dreamless midnight slumber,
Pass'd away the fruitless hour;
Memory kept her lamp extinguished;
Fancy for the time relinquished
All her world-creating power.

Nought I of the young moon's presence,
Nor the first star's rising knew,
Till a robin—like a spirit—
I could less observe than hear it,
Close before me flitting flew.

Suddenly the darkness deepen'd—
Presence to the moon was given;
Night's first star was twinkling o'er me;
Burning mine-heaps glared before me,
On the knowes like Mars in heaven.

Trees that slept as erst I pass'd them
Now to graceful wavings stirr'd;
For my reverie was broken,—
Some all-potent charm was spoken
In the flitting of that bird.

And the stream itself, how alter'd!
Full of life it onward dash'd:
Music mingled with its wimple,
Moons and stars in every dimple
Broke and shimmer'd, danced and flash'd.

"In its babble there's a sermon,"
Mutter'd I, and straight began,
Nothing of my folly weening,
Something of its hidden meaning
To interpret as it ran.

Pausing oft, intently listening,
All my wits to work were thrown;
But the language of its streaming,
Though of most familiar seeming,
Was, to me, a tongue unknown.

Yet the low and dreamy murmur
Of its dimly rippling flow,
And the whisper of its laving
Round the last year's rushes, waving
In the shadow to and fro,

Would not from my thoughts be driven—
Would like human sayings seem;
Though the language of its streaming
Did not seem so much the dreaming
As the reading of a dream.

"Yes," I said, "there is a sermon
Utter'd in its gentle roll;
But I must interpret poorly,

For the strange-tongued talker surely
Speaks the promptings of my soul."

All at once my memory wander'd
Backward far along the past;
Boyhood's ventures and achievements,
Manhood's troubles and bereavements,
Came before me crowding fast.

And the while my memory travell'd
Early love and joys among,
Lo! the stream a lyric quoted,
Syllables and rhymes I noted,
And I knew the song it sung.

Never was there such a preacher!
Now my soul was filled with glee;
Smitten now with fear and wonder,
When aloud it seem'd to thunder
Things but known to Heaven and me.

Now, 'tis an accusing spirit,
Torturing while it holds in thrall;
Like an angry eye it glistens,
No delightful reminiscence
Suffering memory to recall.

Now a flattering nymph, my merits
Telling o'er with siren art,
Could a meed so sweetly number'd
Leave asleep the pride that slumber'd,
Cloak'd and hidden in my heart?

Now, while round its boulders rushing,
Witch-like, in my ears it dinn'd
Thoughts of suicide once utter'd,
Curses deep in madness mutter'd;
Tales of sins in secret sinn'd.

Feelings nourish'd in the struggle
For existence, o'er it conn'd,
"Mine's a care that has no waning,
Sin is not in my complaining,"
Like a wearied slave it groan'd.

Then, while with an almost voiceless
Motion gliding underneath,
Budless brambles o'er it bending,
From its breast there seem'd ascending
Wailings of decay and death.

Lispings of long silent voices
Thrill'd me, and four names most dear,
Whisper'd low in anguish'd falter—
Agnes, Mary, Cath'rine, Walter,
In its murmur I could hear.

Then where rounded pebbles glisten'd,
Scarcely cover'd in the stream,
All its sweetly murmur'd story
Was of love, and hope, and glory,
Brighter than the brightest dream.

Musing as I homeward hasted
Through Garscadden's flowerless vales,
This appear'd a truth the surest—
They whose hearts and lives are purest
Hear from streams the sweetest tales.

OCTOBER.

A song for dun October,
That tints the woods wi' broon,
And fills wi' pensive rustling
The wooded dells aroun';
While lintie, merle, and mavis
Nae langer pipe wi' pride,
Nor larks wi' song salute us
On the green hill-side.
Auld nests are now beginning
To peep frae woods fast thinning,
And wi' nae thocht o' sinning
Lairds death are scatterin' wide;
While some are grumblin' sairly
O' fields that yield but sparely;
But nature yet looks rarely
On the green hill-side.

What though our posie borders
In waefu' plight are seen,
Though stocks and staring dahlias
Hae tint their summer sheen?
Thy hoary dawns, October,
They ne'er were meant to bide,—
Unlike the halesome clover
On the green hill-side.
Though robin's town-notes swelling
O' summer's flight are telling,
A sober thought compelling
That nane would seek to hide,
Shall we at hame sit chaunnering,
O' frost and famine maundering,
While wiser folks are wandering
On the green hill-side?

We'll see the souchin' peesweeps
In gatherin' flocks prepared,
To leave the glens and meadows,
Whare love's delights they shared;
Their cheerfu' cries we'll hear nae
As ower our heads they glide,
Poor birds! they part in silence
Wi' the green hill-side.
And though nae lambkins' gambols
May cheer us on our rambles,

O' hips, and haws, and brambles
Ilk brake we'll reive wi' pride,
And pu' the lingering gowan,
Whare, late, the cluster'd rowan,
In scarlet grandeur glowin',
Graced the green hill-side.

When streams the gouden sunset
Frae 'tween the hills and cluds;
While hangs the double rainbow
Aboon the sparkling woods,
In the herald lull that tells us
The storm-king by will ride,
Oh! wha would haste in terror
Frae the green hill-side?
What though the cluds close o'er us,
And glens grow dark before us,
Sume bush frae blustering Boreas
Will ample beil' provide;
While thoughts we lang shall treasure—
The bairns o' purest pleasure—
Shall leap in canty measure
On the green hill-side.

Oh ye wha life are wearin'
Amid the city's smeek—
It's no' in noisy taverns
Ye pleasure's face should seek.
'Mang "social tankards foamin'"
She cares nae lang to bide;
But weel she lo'es the freshness
O' the green hill-side.
For summer's flight she cares nae;
And winter's frown she fears nae;
To slight poor toil she dares nae,
Nor frae him seeks to hide;
By burnies murmuring sweetly,
At morn or e'en she'll meet ye,
And wi' a smile will greet ye
On the green hill-side.

THE DEEIN' FISHER.

Gang, Jenny, bring my fishing-book,
And lay't doon by my side,
That I ance mair may view the lines
And flees that were my pride:
I'll spread them out upon the mat,
And sort them ane by ane,
And think I'm on some burnie's bank,
Some cloudy day in June.

And have I on ye spent, my flees,
Sae mony hours in vain?
And will ye ne'er in haun's o' mine
Deceive a trout again?

Maun I ne'er mair in Avon drook
Your wings, my bonnie flees,
Nor fin' the ealler water plash
Sae kindly ower my knees?

There, Jenny, lay them by again,
I'm jist like ony wean,
Wi' trifles for a moment pleased,
Wi' trifles filled wi' pain.
Oh, sirs! but they've a weary time
On ereeping doom wha wait,
Expectin' morn and e'en to hear
His trumpet at the gate.

Dear Jenny, we in wedlock's yoke
Hae drawn thegither weel;
Though ae trout meltit[1] frae a tak',
Ye didna often squeel.
Ye ne'er wi' gloomy leuks against
My only pleasure stood,
Nor grudged an antrin idle day
When streams were in the tid.

In vain the shirra warn't me, Jen',
In vain he fin't me sair;
To hae our hard-won siller back
I us't my rod the mair.
I ken I should the salmon spared
That socht oor streams to spawn;
But them that law forbids to fish
Maun tak' jist when they can.

But, Jenny, noo it's ower; nae mair
I'll paidle in the Clyde,
Nae mair my rod ower Avon wave
Wi' a' a fisher's pride.
Thy stream, Carbarns, I'll roop nae mair,
Nor up the water steer,
And frae thy dark deep pools, Dalserf,
The pike in triumph bear.

This worl' is jist a river, Jen',
Wi' human shoals aye thrang;
Some strugglin' aye against the stream,
Some cannie borne alang.
And Death stauns ower't wi' otter-line,
Oot liftin' ten by ten,
Syne whare we're taen, or hoo we're us't,
We guess, but naething ken.

And I am jist a puir lean trout
That in the pan wad burn,
And, strugglin' past the otter-line,
Am liftit in my turn.
Oh! but to leeve and shield the bairns,
When want or winter ca's,

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[1] *Meltit*—was exchanged for whisky.

I wad gie a' that ever swam
'Tween Ailsa and the Fa's.

Ay, Jenny, weel the tear o' grief
May shimmer in thy e'e;
Though wee and feckless, I hae been
A kin' guidman to thee.
He's coming fast, that creditor
Wha maun hae a' that's awn;
I see the settin' sun, but when
Or whare will come the dawn?

Oh, Jenny, when the time comes roun'
To lay me 'neath the swaird,
Say will ye try and get me laid
In auld Cam'nethan yaird?
For when the last lood trumpet note
Frae death's grip sets me free,
I like to think I'll rise and hae
The water in my e'e.

A DAY AMANG THE HAWS.

When the beech-nuts fast are drappin',
And the days are creepin' in.
When ilk carefu' mither's thinkin'
O' the winter's hose and shoon;
When the mornin' bells loud ringin'
To the Fast-day worship ca's,
Out comes the city callan'
For his day amang the haws.
O' the dangers that await him
Ne'er a troublous thought has he,
Nought cares he for the tearin'
He his claes is sure to gie;
But the light o' comin' pleasure
On his heart like sunshine fa's,
For dear as stolen waters
Is a day amang the haws.

Frae the mill where stourie "jennies"
Round him aye are whirrin' thrang;
Or the forge where pondrous "Condies"
Dunt and dirl the hale day lang;
Or the press-room's inky regions,
And the gaffer's cuff and ire;
Or the needle, or the lingle,
On he plods through mud and mire.
Frae the lane where Vice holds revel,
Where beneath fair Virtue's shield,
Like birds escaped the snarer,
Aye a gratefu' few find beild;
Frae the stench that kens nae sweetenin',
And the din that has nae pause,
To the freshness and the freedom
O' a day amang the haws.

Think ye thus?—"The graceless callan'
To the kirk should rather gang;
Does his mither never warn him
That sic Fast-day traikin's wrang?
If her heart is for him pleadin',
Kennin' weel how sair he's wrought,
For the customs o' her faithers
Has she ne'er a reverend thought?"
Oh, rather thus excuse her:
"She was born amang the hills,
And she minds the autumn grandeur
O' the thorns beside the rills;
There are memories fresh frae girlhood
Crowdin' fast to plead his cause,
And she canna keep the callan'
Frae his day amang the haws."

Like a flood the rain's been pourin',
But the sun beams through at last,
As amang a host o' ithers
Frae the toun he hastens fast;
On the whinny slopes o' Cathkin,
Or on Pollock's woody knowes,
He already roams in fancy
Where he kens the haw-tree grows.
On the bitter blast that's brewin'
He looks west wi' hopefu' e'e,
For he kens the woods frae keepers
In sic weather will be free.
If the bells around him ringin'
Whisper whiles o' broken laws,
"Oh!" he thinks, "there's surely pardon
For ae day amang the haws."

Fu' boldly has he ventured,
And in darin' weel has thriven;
He the ripest, richest branches
Frae the sweetest trees has riven.
See his jacket hangs in tatters,
Ower his hands the bluid-draps steal;
But his mither mends fu' neatly,
And his scarts again will heal.
Frae his hair the rain is dreepin',
But he never thinks o' harm,
For pleasure, wanderin' wi' him,
Wi' her mantle keeps him warm.
How his heart wi' pride is swellin',
As he near the city draws,
For he kens he comes joy-laden
Frae his days amang the haws.

Wha thinks he frae his ramble
Winna better come, but worse,
Wi' its memory hangin' ower him
Like an angry father's curse?
In nature's face what is there
That a city bairn should fear?
In the woodland's autumn whisper
Is there ought he shouldna hear?

Wha kens what heavenly music
May be stirred his breast within,
As the sapless leaf's faint rustlin'
Turns the sparklin' e'e aboon,
While his fancy paints the Painter
O' the million-tainted shaws,
And the poet-spark is kindled
In his soul, amang the haws?

Oh! keepers, spare the callan'—
And sweet dreams ye shall not lack—
For the wee things' sake that weary
Wait the wanderer's coming back;
They hae shared the city's hardships,
And o' plenty little ken—
Let them taste in rich abundance
O' the spoils o' hill and glen.
Owre the priceless feast they'll linger,
Till their lips and teeth grow brown;
Or wi' the ruddy treasure
In their bosoms cuddle down.
Oh, there's nane the joy can measure,
That a boon sae sma' may cause!
Tears are dried and sorrow's lightened
Wi' a day amang the haws.

And ye wha's lot is coosten
Aye amang the caller air,
Wha on a gift sae common
May a thought but seldom wair,
Oh! think if Heaven had placed ye
Far frae glen and mountain stream,
Where the woods are things o' fancy,
And the yorlin's sang a dream—
Oh! think how ye would weary
But to hear ae laverock sing.
And to watch the matron peesweep
Chase the hawk with daring wing—
How wild would be your longin'
For the breeze on hills that blaws!
How muckle would ye venture
For ae day amang the haws!

JOHN FROST.

(SUGGESTED BY THE PRATTLE OF A CHILD.)

Oh, mither, John Frost cam' yestreen,
And ower a' the garden he's been,
He's on the kail-stocks,
And my twa printed frocks
That Mary left out on the green,
Yestreen,
John Frost foun' them out on the green.

And he's been on the trees, the auld loon,
And heaps o' brown leaves shooken doon;
He's been fleein' a' nicht,
Frae the dark to the licht,
And missed nae a house in the toun,
The auld loon—
He's missed nae a house in the toun.

And, mither, he's killed every flee—
Noo ane on the wa's ye'll no see;
On the windows there's nane,
For the last leevin' ane
Fell doun frae the rape in oor tea,
Puir thing!—
Just drappit doun dead in oor tea.

And, mither, the path's frostit a';
If ye gang the least fast ye jist fa'.
Oh, ye ne'er saw sic fun!
I got ae curran'-bun,
And wee Annie Kenzie got twa,
Daft wee thing;
She jist slade a wee bit and got twa.

And my auntie her een couldnae close,
For she said her auld bluid he just froze.
He cam' in below the claes,
And he nippit oor taes—
And he maist taen awa Bobby's nose,
Puir wee man;
Sure, he couldnae dae wantin' his nose.

And my uncle was chitterin' to death,
And John Frost wadna let him get breath;
And the fire wadna heat
Uncle's twa starvin' feet,
Till the soles o' his socks were burned baith,
Birslet brown,
And the reek comin' oot o' them baith.

But what brings John Frost here ava,
Wi' his frost and his cranreugh and snaw?
It's a bonnie-like thing!
He just waff't his lang wing,
And a' oor wee flowers flew awa',
Every ane;
And Ross's red dawlies and a'.

And, mither, he gangs through the street,
Just looking for weans wi' bare feet;
And he nips at their heels,
And the skin aff them peels,
And thinks it's fine fun when they greet,
The auld loon;
He nips them the mair when they greet.

Wi' his capers the folk shouldna thole.
D'ye ken?—He breathed in through a bole
Whare a wee lassie lay,

And she dee't the next day,
And they laid her doun in the kirk-hole,
Puir wee lamb—
And covered her in the kirk-hole.

But guess what my auntie tell't me?
She says the wee weans, when they dee,
Flee awa' ower the moon,
And need nae claes nor shoon,
To a place whare John Frost they'll ne'er see,
Far awa'—
To a place whare John Frost daurna be.

And she says our wee Katie gaed there,
And she'll never be hoastin' nae mair.
Sure, we'll gang there ana'—
We'll flee up and no fa'—
And we'll see her jist in her wee chair—
And she'll lauch
In her bonnie wee red cushioned chair.

JOHN VEITCH.

John Veitch, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of Glasgow, was born at Peebles, Oct. 24, 1829. He was educated first at the grammar-school of his native town, and in 1845 entered the University of Edinburgh, where he completed the Arts curriculum, and distinguished himself especially as a student in logic and moral philosophy. Shortly after the completion of his course the university presented him with the honorary degree of M.A., and afterwards that of LL.D.

At the request of the Stewart trustees, Mr. Veitch wrote the memoir of Dugald Stewart for the new edition of that author's Collected Works, published in 1858. On the death of Sir W. Hamilton in 1856, he acted as joint editor with Dean Mansel in superintending the publication of the "Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic by Sir W. Hamilton, Bart.," published in 1859–60; and in 1869 he published a "Memoir of Sir W. Hamilton," whose assistant he had been. He is also the author of a translation of the "Works of Descartes, with an Introductory Essay," and of "Lucretius and the Atomic Theory." In 1860 Dr. Veitch was appointed to the chair of Logic and Rhetoric in the University of St. Andrews, and in 1864 he received the same appointment in the University of Glasgow, which he now holds.

Besides the above-mentioned works, which testify to his ripe scholarship, Professor Veitch has won a place among the poetic brotherhood by the publication in 1872 of a volume entitled *Hillside Rhymes*, followed in 1875 by another entitled *The Tweed, and other Poems*. Of the former volume a critic says:—"Let any one who cares for fine reflective poetry read for himself and judge. Besides the solid substance of thought which pervades it, he will find here and there those quick insights, those spontaneous felicities of language, which distinguish the man of natural power from the man of mere cultivation. . . . Next to an autumn day among the hills themselves, commend us to poems like these, in which so much of the finer breath and spirit of those pathetic hills is distilled into melody."

CADEMUIR.

(FROM THE TWEED.)

Dear hill! of ever-changing light and shade,
And faded battle-fame in by-gone time,
'Tis thine to charm as thou canst awe the soul.
Let me but speak thee as I've seen thee oft
On a sweet day in early June; o'erhead,
White streaks of wind-slashed clouds calmed on the blue;
Around, the hill spring-green, save where the sod
Is pranked with tiny tormentil that loves
The mountain slopes, and yellow violets

Of nunlike mien, that groupe themselves afield
In gentle sisterhoods; rock-rose, dear child
Of sun-smote heights, unfolds its fluttering flowers
Of gold beside the heather dark and slow
To greet the sun: in watered hollows green
The slender cardamine, first lilac hued,
Then growing white and pure 'neath influence
Of heaven, a welcome waves to gentle winds
Now vocal with the cuckoo's echoing note.

Frail passing flowers, soft-tinted things of spring,
Sweet dawn of colour, simple grace of form!
Prelude ye are of richer bolder hues,
Of flowering thyme, the heather-bell and bloom,
And ferns of broad green leafage; yet no charm
Have these like yours, first risen from the grave
Of winter, when the spirit at your heart
Slept calm, not doubting that in sunny hours
To come, ye'd make a joy on barëd steeps,
Where ceaseless winds were raving day and night,
And all was lone despair; nor any more,
As flows th' unwavering order of the world,
And autumn draws you back within the veil,
Has that same God-born spirit e'er a dread
Lest ye shall triumph o'er earth's elements,
And live your simple graceful life again,—
Symbols of faith, of innocence, and love,
By doubt unshaken and by fear unpaled!

THE CLOUD-BERRY.

(FROM ON THE SCRAPE.)

Around me cluster quaint cloud-berry flowers,
That love the moist slopes of the highest tops,
Pale white, and delicate, and beautiful,
Yet lowly growing 'mid the black peat moss,—
No life with darker root and fairer bloom:
As if the hand of God had secret wrought
Amid the peaty chaos and decay
Of long deep buried years, and from the moss
Entombed, unshaped, unsunned, and colourless,
Set free a form of beauty rare and bright,
To typify the glory and the grace
Which from the dust of death He will awake,
In course of time, on Resurrection morn!

THE HART OF MOSSFENNAN.

> "They hunted it up, they hunted it doun,
> They hunted it in by Mossfennan toun,
> And aye they gie'd it another turn,
> Round by the links of the Logan Burn."
> *Old Ballad.*

'Neath Powmood Craig the hart was born,
And thence in the dawn of a summer morn,
By startled mother's side as it lay,
'Twas brought by a youth for his sweetheart's play.

She was a blue-eyed maiden fair,
Of stately mien and flaxen hair,
The daughter meet of an olden race,
Remote as a flower in a moorland place,
That blooms to all the great world lost,
And yet once seen is prized the most,—
Pure wood nymph she of Caledon,
Who loved all creatures wild and lone.

The gift to her was priceless, dear,
Since the giver, laid on a plaited bier,
Was borne away from a far-off field,
With a spotless name, with a blood-stained shield.

To her of an eve the creature bent,
While to him a simple grace she lent,
As she comely wreathed his noble head,
And decked his brow with the heather red.
Fond she gazed on those lustrous eyes
That met her look with a sweet surprise
At a face so tender, sad, and fair;
She thought they read her soul's despair;
And through her frame strange thrill would go,
As she caught the chequer'd pass and flow
Of trembling motions in their great deeps,
As light and shade o'er the mountain-steeps.

Far o'er the moors on a summer's day
He'd pass and roam and freely stray;
But ever, as shade of evening fell,
He turned to the home he loved so well.
His heart yearned aye to the lonely wild,
While his love was that of a human child,—
That set a bound to his nature free,—
For the maiden's face on Mossfennan Lee.

The hunters are out this summer morn,
They sweep the moors by hag and burn,
By rock and crag, each high resort,
For dear they love their noble sport.
They started a fee at Stanhope Head,
And down the glen the raches sped,
Fire-flaughts lanced up from each horse's side,
For the galling spur was prompt to chide.

Round he ran by Hopearton Stell,
The spotted hounds pressed on him fell;
I' the haugh he took the Tweed at the wide,
Then tossed his horns on Mossfennan side.
Still the cruel hounds are on his track,
In his ear the yell of the hurrying pack,
Fain to Mossfennan Tower he would turn,
But the chace is hot,—to the hill by the burn.

They hunted him high, they hunted him low,
They hunted him up by the mossy flow;
The lee-long day, from early morn,
The Hopes rung loud with bouts of the horn.

No bloom of heather brae them stayed,
No birk-tree quiver or sheen of glade,
No touch of nature bent their will,
In hot blood onward, onward still.

Powmood, that ever in clear or mist,
In fray or hunt the foremost pressed,
Now speeding keen as north-west wind,
Late i' the day left all behind;
Save Dreva's Laird, ne'er boding good,
Wide was he famed for a reiver rude,—
And hand that took kindly aye to blood,—
Left blacken'd walls where the homestead stood.

They hunted the hart these two alone,
Till the shadows lay in the afternoon;
Where brae was stey and bank was steep,
The noble fee fell in a gallant leap.
They blew the mort on the Wormhill Head,
Where sore he sighed and then lay dead!
Oh! why not let the creature be,
Bear his noble head o'er hill and lee,—
That ate but the wild roots, drank o' the spring,
And roamed the moor a seemly thing,—
Joyed in the sun, flashed fleet in the storm,
Free in the grace of his God-given form!

The merry sport of the day is o'er;
I' the gloamin' at the old tower door,
No gentle creature is there to greet
Her eyes that seek him, sad and sweet,—
Oh! with love's last link 'tis sore to part,
And feel but the void of the aching heart!

The merry sport of the day is o'er;
Rose the creature's sigh its God before?
Hearts harder growing through breach of ruth,
I ween this is eternal truth:
That gloamin', after words of strife,
Saw Powmood's blood on Dreva's knife!

AMONG THE HILLS! AWAY!

Far along the empurpled heights,
Where dews have wreathed the green,
The mists transfigured pass, sun-smit,
In folds of radiant sheen.
The north-west wind is up in might,
With clouds for speeding wings;
His gentle bride, the blue clear morn,
High o'er the hills he brings.
Lo! strength and beauty rare are wed,
Wed in the sky to-day;
There's hurrying joy in heaven o'erhead;
Among the hills! Away!

High on the moors the sportive wind
Kisses the blooming heath;
He plays with the harebell's graceful form,
Steals the thyme's fragrant breath!
He speeds in gleam, he glides in shade,
Joy and grief are at play;
The blue clear morn looks loving on;
Among the hills! Away!

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Born 1830 — Died 1867.

Alexander Smith was a native of Kilmarnock, where he was born December 31, 1830. His father was by trade a pattern-designer; his mother, whose name was Murray, came of a good Highland family. His early education was received at a Kilmarnock school, and he so distinguished himself for zeal and efficiency in his studies that it was decided he should be trained for the ministry. A severe illness, however, rendered it advisable that this idea should be abandoned; and so Alexander became a pattern-designer, obtaining with his father employment from a lace manufacturer in Glasgow, to which city the family had removed. While patiently working at his business, he felt the promptings of genius, and for a time lived a life of divided allegiance to his profession on the one hand, and literature on the other.

> "He was one
> Who could not help it, for it was his nature
> To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
> To leaf itself in April."

Some of his sweetest lyrics were composed while he was employed designing patterns for lace collars. These pieces first saw the light in the *Glasgow Citizen*, where so many young Scottish poets have been developed.

In 1853 Smith issued a volume of poems,

the prineipal portion of which was a series of thirteen dramatic scenes entitled "A Life Drama." The manuscript of this volume had been submitted to the Rev. George Gilfillan, who laid portions of it before the public, accompanied by glowing eulogiums of the author as a poet of a high order. The publication of the volume marked him out for higher things, and he was appointed, through the influence of Robert Chambers and James Hedderwick, secretary to the Edinburgh University, on the principle that the land that had neglected Burns should not again be guilty of such misconduct toward a native poet. So in 1854 Mr. Smith appeared in Edinburgh, was duly installed in his honourable position, and soon became the centre of a band of congenial and devoted friends. Thus placed in a congenial position (with a salary latterly of £200 per annum), and one most favourable for the cultivation of his talents, he was enabled to continue his literary pursuits.

In 1855, in conjunction with a brother poet, Sidney Dobell, he produced *Sonnets on the (Crimean) War;* and two years later published a volume entitled *City Poems.* Some passages in this collection contain a richness and warmth of colour which few living poets could surpass, and gained for Smith the compliment from Gerald Massey of being the "Rubens among poets." The finest poem in either volume, and the best we think which he produced, is "Squire Maurice."

Edwin of Deira, a poem on which he was engaged for four years, appeared in 1861. Unfortunately for this work it appeared subsequently to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King,* by which many thought it had been suggested. It is, however, in the knowledge of the writer that it was begun two years before any intimation of the laureate's idylls reached the public ear. Mr. Smith for his four years' work received less than twenty pounds; so like Scott, when he found himself overshadowed by a greater poet, he took to prose, writing articles for *Blackwood* and other serials, and contributing to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Chambers's Encyclopedia. Dreamthorp,* a volume of essays, appeared in 1863; two years later his edition of Burns, with an admirable memoir, was published; and the same year *A Summer in Skye,* where he spent his summer vacations. In 1866 *Alfred Hagart's Household* was produced, followed by a sequel entitled *Miss Dona M'Quarrie,* both simple and touching stories of Scottish domestic life. Shortly after the opening of the winter session of the university Mr. Smith exhibited signs of ill-health and exhaustion. On the 20th of November he took to bed, and died January 5, 1867. His remains were laid in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh, and a monument, 16 feet in height, in the form of an Iona cross, was erected by a few personal friends over his grave. In the centre of the shaft is a bronze medallion containing a profile likeness of the poet by the sculptor Brodie.

In 1868 appeared a volume, *Last Leaves: Sketches and Criticisms by Alexander Smith; edited, with a Memoir, by P. P. Alexander, A.M.* We conclude our brief notice of the young poet who passed away so early, to renew his songs in those temples not made with hands, with a self-descriptive extract from the *Life Drama,*[1] a poem remarkable for wealth of imagery and a certain *curiosa felicitas* which in places recalls some of the Elizabethan poets:—

"Within a city One was born to toil,
Whose heart could not mate with the common doom—
To fall like a spent arrow in the grave.
'Mid the eternal hum the boy clomb up

[1] "On the whole," remarks the *North British Review,* "we think Mr. Smith a true poet;" while the *Edinburgh Review,* in noticing the *Life Drama,* says, "though it abounds with remarkable verbal beauties, it surpasses anything we have met with in its display of ignorance of that kind of reality which it is a poet's first duty to seize." An American critic, writing in 1876 (*Stedman's Victorian Poets*), remarks: "Alexander Smith years afterwards seized Bailey's mantle and flaunted it bravely for a while, gaining by *A Life Drama* as sudden and extensive a reputation as that of his master. This poet wrote of

'A poem round and perfect as a star,'

but the work from which the line is taken is not of that sort. With much impressiveness of imagery and extravagant diction that caught the easily, but not long tricked public ear, it was vicious in style, loose in thought, and devoid of real vigour or beauty. In after years, through honest study, Smith acquired better taste and worked after a more becoming purpose. His prose essays were charming, and his *City Poems,* marked by sins of omission only, may be rated as negatively good; 'Glasgow' and 'The Night before the Wedding' really are excellent. The poet became a genuine man of letters, but died young, when he was doing his best work."—Ed.

Into a shy and solitary youth,
With strange joys and strange sorrows; oft to tears
He was moved, he knew not why; when he has stood
Among the lengthened shadows of the eve,
Such feelings overflowed him from the sky.
Alone he dwelt, solitary as a star
Unsphered and exiled, yet he knew no scorn.
Books were his chiefest friends. In them he read
Of those great spirits who went down like suns,
And left upon the mountain tops of death
A light that made them lovely. His own heart
Made him a poet. Yesterday to him
Was richer far than fifty years to come,
Alchymist Memory turned his past to gold"

SQUIRE MAURICE.

I threw from off me yesterday
The dull life I am doomed to wear—
A worn-out garment dim and bare,
And left it in my chambers gray:
The salt breeze wanders in my hair
Beside the splendour of the main:
Ere on the deep three sunsets burn,
To the old chambers I return,
And put it on again.
An old coat, worn for many a year,
No wonder it is something dear!

Ah, year by year life's fire burns out,
And year by year life's stream runs dry:
The wild deer dies within the blood,
The falcon in the eye.
And Hope, who sang miraculous songs
Of what should be, like one inspired,
How she should right the ancient wrongs,
(The generous fool!) grows hoarse and tired;
And turns from visions of a world renewed,
To dream of tripled rents, fair miles of stream and wood.
The savage horse, that leads
His tameless herd across the endless plain,
Is taught at last, with sullen heart, to strain
Beneath his load, nor quiver when he bleeds.
We cheat ourselves with our own lying eyes,
We chase a fleeting mirage o'er the sand,
Across a grave the smiling phantom flies,
O'er which we fall with a vain-clutching hand.
What matter—if we heave laborious breath,
And crack our hearts and sinews, groan and weep,
The pain of life but sweetens death,
The hardest labour brings the soundest sleep.

On bank and brae how thick they grow,
The self-same clumps, the self-same dyes,
The primroses of long ago—
But ah! the altered eyes!
I dream they are the very flowers,
Warm with the sun, wet with the showers,
Which, years ago, I used to pull
Returning from the murmuring school.
Sweet Nature is a mother evermore;
A thousand tribes are breathing on the shore;
The pansy blows beside the rock,
The globe-flower where the eddy swirls;
And on this withered human stock
Burst rosy boys and girls.
Sets Nature little store
On that which once she bore?
Does she forget the old, in rapture bear the new?
Are ye the flowers that grew
In other seasons? Do they e'er return,
The men who build the cities on the plain?—
Or must my tearless eyeballs burn
For ever o'er that early urn,
Ne'er to be cool'd by a delicious dew?
Let me take back my pain
Unto my heart again;
Before I can recover that I lack
The world must be rolled back.

Inland I wander slow,
Mute with the power the earth and heaven wield:
A black spot sails across the golden field,
And through the air a crow.
Before me wavers spring's first butterfly;
From out the sunny noon there starts the cuckoo's cry;
The daisied meads are musical with lambs;
Some play, some feed, some, white as snow-flakes, lie
In the deep sunshine, by their silent dams.
The road grows wide and level to the feet;
The wandering woodbine through the hedge is drawn,
Unblown its streaky bugles dim and sweet;
Knee-deep in fern stand startled doe and fawn.
And lo! there gleams upon a spacious lawn
An earl's marine retreat.
A little footpath quivers up the height,
And what a vision for a townsman's sight!
A village, peeping from its orchard bloom,
With lowly roofs of thatch, blue threads of smoke,
O'erlooking all, a parsonage of white.
I hear the smithy's hammer, stroke on stroke;
A steed is at the door; the rustics talk,
Proud of the notice of the gaitered groom;
A shallow river breaks o'er shallow falls.
Beside the ancient sluice that turns the mill
The lusty miller bawls;
The parson listens in his garden walk,
The red-cloaked woman pauses on the hill.
This is a place, you say, exempt from ill,
A paradise where, all the loitering day,
Enamoured pigeons coo upon the roof,

Where children ever play.—
Alas! time's webs are rotten, warp and woof;
Rotten his cloth of gold, his coarsest wear:
Here black-eyed Richard ruins red-cheeked Moll,
Indifferent as a lord to her despair.
The broken barrow hates the prosperous dray;
And for a padded pew in which to pray
The grocer sells his soul.

This cosy hostelry a visit craves;
Here will I sit awhile,
And watch the heavenly sunshine smile
Upon the village graves.
Strange is this little room in which I wait,
With its old table, rough with rustic names.
'Tis summer now; instead of blinking flames,
Sweet-smelling ferns are hanging o'er the grate.
With curious eyes I pore
Upon the mantelpiece, its precious wares,
Glazed Scripture prints in black lugubrious
frames,
Filled with old Bible lore:
The whale is casting Jonah on the shore;
Pharaoh is drowning in the curly wave;
And to Elijah sitting at his cave,
The hospitable ravens fly in pairs,
Celestial food within their horny beaks;
On a slim David, with great pinky cheeks,
A towered Goliath stares.
Here will I sit at peace:
While, piercing through the window's ivy-veil,
A slip of sunshine smites the amber ale;
And as the wreaths of fragrant smoke increase,
I'll read the letter which came down to-day.
Ah, happy Maurice! while in chambers dun,
I pore o'er deeds and parchments growing gray,
Each glowing realm that spreads beneath the sun
Is but a paradise where you may play.
I am a bonded workman, you are free;
In your blood's hey-day—mine is early cold.
Life is rude furze at best; the sea breeze wrings
And eats my branches on the bitter lea;
But you have root in dingle fat and old,
Fat with decayings of a hundred springs,
And blaze all splendid in your points of gold,
And in your heart a linnet sits and sings.

"Unstable as the wind, infirm as foam,
I envy, Charles, your calmness and your peace;
The eye that marks its quarry from afar,
The heart that stoops on it and smites it down.
I, struggling in a dim and obscure net,
Am but enmeshed the more. When you were
here
My spirit often burned to tell you all;
I urged the horse up to the leap, it shied
At something in the hedge. This must not last;
In shame and sorrow, ere I sleep to-night,
I'll shrive my inmost soul.
I have knelt, and sworn
By the sweet heavens—I have madly prayed
To be by them forsaken, when I forsake
A girl whose lot should be to sleep content
Upon a peasant's breast, and toil all day
'Mong flaxen-headed children. She sits to-night,
When all the little town is lost in dream,
Her lax hands sunk in her neglected work,
Thinking of me. Smile not, my man of law,
Who, with a peering candle, walkest through
Black places in men's hearts, which only hear
The foot of conscience at the dead of night!
Her name might slip into my holiest prayer;
Her breath has come and gone upon my cheek,
Yet I dare stand before my mother's face,
Dare look into the heavenly eyes that yearn
For ever through a mist of golden hair,
With no shame on my brow. 'Tis not that way
My trouble looks. Yet, friend, in simple truth,
Could this thing be obliterated quite,
Expunged for ever, like a useless cloak
I'd fling off my possessions, and go forth,
My roof the weeping heaven.
Though I would die
Rather than give her pain, I grimly smile
To think, were I assured this horrid dream
Which poisons day to me, would only prove
A breath upon the mirror of her mind—
A moment dim, then gone (an issue which,
Could *I* have blotted out all memory,
Would let me freely breathe)—this love would
turn
To bitterest gall of hate. O vanity,
Thou god who on the altar thou hast built
Pilest myrrh and frankincense, appliest the flame,
Then snuff'st the smoky incense, high and calm!
Thou nimble Proteus of all human shapes!
Malvolio, cross-gartered in the sun,
The dying martyr, gazing from his fire
Upon the opened heavens, filled with crowds
Of glorious angel-faces:—thou art all
We smile at, all we hymn! For thee we blush,
For thee shed noble tears! The glowing coal,
O'er which the frozen beggar spreads his hands,
Is of one essence with the diamond,
That on the haughty forehead of a queen
Trembles with dewy light. Could *I*, through pain,
Give back the peace I stole, my heart would leap;
Could *she* forget me and regain content—
How deeply I am wronged!

"Is it the ancient trouble of my house
That makes the hour so terrible? Other men
Live to more purpose than those monstrous weeds
That drink a breadth of sunshine, and give back
Nor hue nor fragrance; but my spirit droops,
A dead and idle banner from its staff,
Unstirred by any wind. Within a cell,
Without a straw to play with, or a nail
To carve my sorrow on the gloomy stone,
I sit and watch, from stagnant day to day,
The bloated spider hanging on its thread,
The dull fly on the wall. The blessed sleep

For which none are too poor; the sleep that comes
So sweetly to the weary labouring man,
The march-worn soldier on the naked ground,
The martyr in the pauses of the rack,
Drives me through forests full of dreadful eyes,
Flings me o'er precipices, makes me kneel,
A sentenced man, before the dark platoon,
Or lays me helpless in the dim embrace
Of formless horror. Long ago, two foes
Lay in the yellow evening in their gore:
Like a malignant fury, that wild hour
Threw madness in the river of our blood:
Though it has run for thrice a century,
Been sweetened all the way by mothers' tears,
'Tis poisoned until now.
See how I stand
Delaying on the brink, like one who fears
And yet would meet the chill! When you were here
You saw a smoking-cap among my books;
A fond and fluttering letter badly spelt,
Each sentence headed with a little *i*,
Came with it, read with a blush, tossed in the fire,
Nor answered yet. Can you not now detect
The snail's slime on the rose?
This miserable thing
Grew round me like the ivy round the oak;
Sweet were its early creeping rings, though now
I choke, from knotted root to highest bough.
In those too happy days I could not name
This strange new thing which came upon my youth,
But yielded to its sweetness. Fling it off?
Trample it down? Bid me pluck out the eye
In which the sweet world dwells!—One night she wept;
It seemed so strange that *I* could make her weep:
Kisses may lie, but tears are surely true.
Then unbelief came back in solitude,
And love grew cruel; and to be assured
Cried out for tears, and with a shaking hand
And a wild heart that could have almost burst
With utter tenderness, yet would not spare,
He clutched her heart, and at the starting tears
Grew soft with all remorse. For those mad hours
Remembrance frets my heart in solitude,
As the lone mouse when all the house is still
Gnaws at the wainscot.
'Tis a haunting face,
Yet oftentimes I think I love her not;
Love's white hand flutters o'er my spirit's keys
Unkissed by grateful music. Oft I think
The Lady Florence at the county ball,
Quenching the beauties as the lightning dims
The candles in a room, scarce smiles so sweet.
The one oppresses like a crown of gold,
The other gladdens like a beam in spring,
Stealing across a dim field, making blithe
Its daisies one by one.—I deemed that I
Had broke my house of bondage, when one night
The memory of her face came back so sweet,
And stood between me and the printed page;
And phantoms of a thousand happy looks
Smiled from the dark. It was the old weak tale
Which time has told from Adam till this hour:
The slave comes back, takes up his broken chain.
I rode through storm toward the little town;
The minster, gleamed on by the flying moon,
Tolled midnight as I passed. I only sought
To see the line of light beneath her door,
The knowledge of her nearness was so sweet.
Hid in the darkness of the church, I watched
Her window like a shrine: a light came in,
And a soft shadow broke along the roof;
She raised the window and leaned forth awhile.
I could have fallen down and kissed her feet;
The poor dear heart, I knew it could not rest;
I stood between her and the light—my shade
Fell 'cross her silver sphere. The window closed.
When morn with cold bleak crimson laced the east,
Against a stream of raw and rainy wind
I rode back to the Hall.
The play-book tells
How Fortune's slippery wheel in Syracuse
Flung prosperous lordship to the chilly shades,
Heaved serfdom to the sun: in precious silks
Charwomen flounced, and scullions sat and laughed
In golden chairs, to see their fellows play
At football with a crown. Within my heart
In this old house, when all the fiends are here,
The story is renewed. Peace only comes
With a wild ride across the barren downs,
One look upon her face. She ne'er complains
Of my long absences, my hasty speech,—
'Crumbs from thy table are enough for me.'
She only asks to be allowed to lean
Her head against my breast a little while,
And she is paid for all. I choke with tears,
And think myself a devil from the pit
Loved by an angel. O that she would change
This tenderness and drooping-lily look,
The flutter when I come, the unblaming voice,
Wet eyes held up to kiss—one flash of fire,
A moment's start of keen and crimson scorn,
Would make me hers for ever!
I draw my birth
From a long line of gallant gentlemen,
Who only feared a lie—but what is this?
I dare not slight the daughter of a peer;
Her kindred could avenge. Yet I dare play
And palter with the pure soul of a girl
Without a friend, who, smitten, speaks no word,
But with a helpless face sinks in the grave
And takes her wrongs to God. Thou dark Sir Ralph,
Who lay with broken brand on Marston Moor,
What think you of this son?

"This prison that I dwell in hath two doors—
Desertion, marriage; both are shut by shame,

And barred by cowardice. A stronger man
Would screw his heart up to the bitter wrench,
And break through either and regain the air.
I cannot give myself or others pain.
I wear a conscience nice and scrupulous,
Which, while it hesitates to draw a tear,
Lets a heart break. Conscience should be clear-eyed,
And look through years: conscience is tenderest oft
When clad in sternness, when it smites to-day,
To stay the ruin which it hears afar
Upon the wind. Pure womanhood is meek—
But which is nobler, the hysterical girl
Weeping o'er flies huddling in slips of sun
On autumn sills, who has not heart enough
To crush a wounded grasshopper and end
Torture at once; or she, with flashing eyes,
Among the cannon, a heroic foot
Upon a fallen breast? My nerveless will
Is like a traitorous second, and deserts
My purpose in the very gap of need.
I groan beneath this cowardice of heart,
Which rolls the evil to be borne to-day
Upon to-morrow, loading it with gloom.
The man who clothes the stony moor with green,
In virtue of the beauty he creates,
Has there a right to dwell. And he who stands
Firm in the shifting sand and drift of things,
And rears from out the wasteful elements
An ordered home, in which the awful Gods,
The lighter Graces, serene Muses, dwell,
Holds in that masterdom the chartered right
To his demesne of time. But I hold none;
I live by sufferance, am weak and vain
As a shed leaf upon a turbid stream,
Or an abandoned boat which can but drift
Whither the currents draw—to maelstrom or
To green delicious shores. I should have had
My pendant cradle rocked by laughing winds
Within some innocent and idle isle
Where the sweet bread-fruit ripens and falls down,
Where the swollen pumpkin lolls upon the ground,
The lithe and slippery savage, drenched with oil,
Sleeps in the sun, and life is lazy ease.
But lamentation and complaint are vain:
The skies are stern and serious as doom;
The avalanche is loosened by a laugh;
And he who throws the dice of destiny,
Though with a sportive and unthinking hand,
Must bide the issue, be it life or death.
One path is clear before me. It may lead
O'er perilous rock, 'cross sands without a well,
Through deep and difficult chasms, but therein
The whiteness of the soul is kept, and that,
Not joy nor happiness, is victory.

"Ah, she is not the creature who I dreamed
Should one day walk beside me dearly loved:
No fair majestic woman, void of fear,
And unabashed from purity of heart;
No girl with liquid eyes and shadowy hair,
To sing at twilight like a nightingale,
Or fill the silence with her glimmering smiles,
Deeper than speech or song. She has no birth,
No dowry, graces; no accomplishments,
Save a pure cheek, a fearless innocent brow,
And a true beating heart. She is no bank
Of rare exotics which o'ercome the sense
With perfumes—only fresh uncultured soil
With a wild-violet grace and sweetness born
Of Nature's teeming foison. Is this not
Enough to sweeten life? Could one not live
On brown bread, clearest water? Is this love
(What idle poets feign in fabling songs)
An unseen god, whose voice is heard but once
In youth's green valleys, ever dead and mute
'Mong manhood's iron hills? A power that comes
On the instant, whelming, like the light that smote
Saul from his horse; never a thing that draws
Its exquisite being from the light of smiles
And low sweet tones and fond companionship?
Brothers and sisters grow up by our sides,
Unfelt and silently are knit to us,
And one flesh with our hearts; would love not grow
In the communion of long-wedded years,
Sweet as the dawning light, the greening spring?
Would not an infant be the marriage priest,
To stand between us and unite our hands,
And bid us love and be obeyed? its life,
A fountain, with a cooling fringe of green
Amid the arid sands, by which we twain
Could dwell in deep content? My sunshine drew
This odorous blossom from the bough; why then
With frosty fingers wither it, and seal up
Sun-ripened fruit within its barren rind,
Killing all sweet delights? I drew it forth:
If there is suffering, let me bear it all.

"A very little goodness goes for much.
Walk 'mong my peasants—every urchin's face
Lights at my coming; girls at cottage-doors
Rise from their work and curtsey as I pass,
And old men bless me with their silent tears!
What have I done for this? I'm kind, they say,
Give coals in winter, cordials for the sick,
And once a fortnight stroke a curly head
Which hides half-frightened in a russet gown.
'Tis easy for the sun to shine. My alms
Are to my riches like a beam to him.
They love me, these poor hinds, though I have ne'er
Resigned a pleasure, let a whim be crossed,
Pinched for an hour the stomach of desire
For one of them. Good Heaven! what am I
To be thus servitored? Am I to range
Like the discourseless creatures of the wood,
Without the common dignity of pain,
Without a pale or limit? To take up love
For its strange sweetness, and whene'er it tires,

Fling it aside as careless as I brush
A gnat from off my arm, and go my way
Untwinged with keen remorse? All this must end.
Firm land at last begins to peer above
The ebbing waves of hesitance and doubt.
Throughout this deepening spring my purpose grows
To flee with her to those young morning lands—
Australia, where the earth is gold, or where
The prairies roll toward the setting sun.
Not Lady Florence with her coronet,
Flinging white arms around me, murmuring
'Husband' upon my breast—not even that
Could make me happy, if I left a grave
On which the shadow of the village spire
Should rest at eve. The pain, if pain there be,
I'll keep locked up within my secret heart,
And wear what joy I have upon my face;
And she shall live and laugh, and never know.

"Come, brother, at your earliest, down to me.
To-morrow night I sleep at Ferny-Chase:
There, shadowed by the memory of the dead,
We'll talk of this. My thought, mayhap, will take
A different hue, seen in your purer light,
Free from all stain of passion. Ere you come,
Break that false mirror of your ridicule,
Looking in which, the holiest saint beholds
A grinning jackanapes, and hates himself.
More men hath laughter driven from the right
Than terror clad with fire. You have been young,
And know the mystery, that when we love,
We love the thing, not only for itself,
But somewhat also for the love we give.
Think of the genial season of your youth
When you dwelt here, and come with serious heart."

So, in that bitter quarter sits the wind:
The village fool could tell, unless it shifts
'Twill bring the rain in fiercest flaws and drifts!
How wise we are, yet blind,
Judging the wood's grain from the outer rind;
Wrapt in the twilight of this prison dim,
He envies me, I envy him!

The stream of my existence boils and leaps
Through broken rainbows 'mong the purple fells,
And breaks its heart 'mid rocks, close jammed, confined,
And plunges in a chasm black and blind,
To rage in hollow gulfs and iron hells,
And thence escaping, tamed and broken, creeps
Away in a wild sweat of beads and bells.
Though *his* slides lazy through the milky meads,
And once a week the sleepy slow-trailed barge
Rocks the broad water-lilies on its marge,
A dead face wavers from the oozy weeds.
It is but little matter where we dwell,
In fortune's centre, on her utter verge;
Whether to death our weary steps we urge,
Or ride with ringing bridle, golden selle.
Life is one pattern wrought in different hues,
And there is nought to choose
Between its sad and gay—'tis but to groan
Upon a rainy common or a throne,
Bleed 'neath the purple or the peasant's serge.

At his call I will go,
Though it is very little love can do;
In spite of all affection tried and true,
Each man alone must struggle with his woe.
He pities her, for he has done her wrong,
And would repair the evil—noble deed,
To flash and tingle in a minstrel's song,
To move the laughter of our modern breed!
And yet the world is wise; each curve and round
Of custom's road is no result of chance;
It curves but to avoid some treacherous ground,
Some quagmire in the wilds of circumstance;
Nor safely left. The long-drawn caravan
Wavers through heat, then files o'er Mecca's stones;
Far in the blinding desert lie the bones
Of the proud-hearted solitary man.
He marries her, but ere the year has died,—
'Tis an old tale,—they wander to the grave
With hot revolting hearts, yet lashed and tied
Like galley-slave to slave.
Love should not stoop to love, like prince to lord:
While o'er their heads proud Cupid claps his wings,
Love should meet love upon the marriage sward,
And kiss, like crowned kings.
If both are hurt, then let them bear the pain
Upon their separate paths; 'twill die at last:
The deed of one rash moment may remain
To darken all the future with the past.
And yet I cannot tell,—the beam that kills
The gipsy's fire kindles the desert flower;
Where he plucks blessings I may gather ills,
And in his sweetest sweet find sourest sour.
If what of wisdom and experience
My years have brought, be either guide or aid,
They shall be his, though to my mournful sense
The lights will steal away from wood and glade;
The garden will be sad with all its glows,
And I shall hear the glistening laurels talk
Of her, as I pass under in the walk,
And my light step will thrill each conscious rose.

The lark hangs high o'er Ferny-Chase
In slant of sun, in twinkle of rain;
Though loud and clear, the song I hear
Is half of joy and half of pain.
I know by heart the dear old place,
The place where spring and summer meet—
By heart, like those old ballad rhymes
O'er which I brood a million times,
And sink from sweet to deeper sweet.
I know the changes of the idle skies,
The idle shapes in which the clouds are blown;

The dear old place is now before my eyes,
Yea, to the daisy's shadow on the stone.
When through the golden furnace of the heat
The far-off landscape seems to shake and beat,
Within the lake I see old Hodge's cows
Stand in their shadows in a tranquil drowse,
While o'er them hangs a restless steam of flies.
I see the clustered chimneys of the Hall
Stretch o'er the lawn toward the blazing lake;
And in the dewy even-fall
I hear the mellow thrushes call
From tree to tree, from brake to brake.
Ah! when I thither go
I know that my joy-emptied eyes shall see
A white ghost wandering where the lilies blow,
A sorrow sitting by the trysting tree.
I kiss this soft curl of her living hair,
'Tis full of light as when she did unbind
Her sudden ringlets, making bright the wind:
'Tis here, but she is—where?
Why do I, like a child impatient, weep?
Delight dies like a wreath of frosted breath;
Though here I toil upon the barren deep,
I see the sunshine yonder lie asleep,
Upon the calm and beauteous shores of death.
Ah, Maurice, let thy human heart decide,
The first best pilot through distracting jars.
The lowliest roof of love at least will hide
The desolation of the lonely stars.
Stretched on the painful rack of forty years,
I've learned at last the sad philosophy
Of the unhoping heart, unshrinking eye—
God knows; my icy wisdom and my sneers
Are frozen tears!

The day wears, and I go.
Farewell, Elijah! may you heartily dine!
I cannot, David, see your fingers twine
In the long hair of your foe.
Housewife, adieu, Heaven keep your ample form,
May custom never fail;
And may your heart, as sound as your own ale,
Be soured by never a storm!

Though I have travelled now for twice an hour
I have not heard a bird or seen a flower.
This wild road has a little mountain rill
To sing to it, ah! happier than I.
How desolate the region, and how still
The idle earth looks on the idle sky!
I trace the river by its wandering green;
The vale contracts to a steep pass of fear,
And through the midnight of the pines I hear
The torrent raging down the long ravine.
At last I've reached the summit high and bare;
I fling myself on heather dry and brown:
As silent as a picture lies the town,
Its peaceful smokes are curling in the air;
The bay is one delicious sheet of rose,
And round the far point of the tinted cliffs
I see the long strings of the fishing skiffs
Come home to roost like lines of evening crows.
I can be idle only one day more
As the nets drying on the sunny shore;
Thereafter, chambers, still 'mid thronged resorts,
Strewn books and littered parchments, nought
to see,
Save a charwoman's face, a dingy tree,
A fountain plashing in the empty courts.

But let me hasten down this shepherd's track,
The night is at my back.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE WEDDING.

The country ways are full of mire,
The boughs toss in the fading light,
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,
And sudden droppeth down the night.
I sit in this familiar room,
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort;
My sole companion in the gloom
This slowly dying pint of port.

'Mong all the joys my soul hath known,
'Mong errors over which it grieves,
I sit at this dark hour alone,
Like autumn mid his wither'd leaves.
This is a night of wild farewells
To all the past; the good, the fair;
To-morrow, and my wedding bells
Will make a music in the air.

Like a wet fisher tempest-tost,
Who sees throughout the weltering night
Afar on some low-lying coast
The streaming of a rainy light,
I saw this hour,—and now 'tis come;
The rooms are lit, the feast is set;
Within the twilight I am dumb,
My heart fill'd with a vague regret.

I cannot say, in Eastern style,
Where'er she treads the pansy blows;
Nor call her eyes twin-stars, her smile
A sunbeam, and her mouth a rose.
Nor can I, as your bridegrooms do,
Talk of my raptures. Oh, how sore
The fond romance of twenty-two
Is parodied ere thirty-four!

To-night I shake hands with the past,—
Familiar years, adieu, adieu!
An unknown door is open cast,
An empty future wide and new
Stands waiting. O ye naked rooms,
Void, desolate, without a charm,
Will love's smile chase your lonely glooms,
And drape your walls, and make them warm!

The man who knew, while he was young,
Some soft and soul-subduing air,

Melts when again he hears it sung,
Although 'tis only half so fair.
So love I thee, and love is sweet
(My Florence, 'tis the cruel truth)
Because it can to age repeat
That long-lost passion of my youth.

Oh, often did my spirit melt,
Blurred letters, o'er your artless rhymes!
Fair tress, in which the sunshine dwelt,
I've kissed thee many a million times!
And now 'tis done.—My passionate tears,
Mad pleadings with an iron fate,
And all the sweetness of my years
Are blacken'd ashes in the grate.

Then ring in the wind, my wedding chimes;
Smile, villagers, at every door;
Old churchyard, stuff'd with buried crimes,
Be clad in sunshine o'er and o'er;
And youthful maidens, white and sweet,
Scatter your blossoms far and wide;
And with a bridal chorus greet
This happy bridegroom and his bride.

"This happy bridegroom!" there is sin
At bottom of my thankless mood:
What if desert alone could win
For me, life's chiefest grace and good?
Love gives itself; and if not given,
No genius, beauty, state, or wit,
No gold of earth, no gem of heaven,
Is rich enough to purchase it.

It may be, Florence, loving thee,
My heart will its old memories keep;
Like some worn sea-shell from the sea,
Fill'd with the music of the deep.
And you may watch, on nights of rain,
A shadow on my brow encroach;
Be startled by my sudden pain,
And tenderness of self-reproach.

It may be that your loving wiles
Will call a sigh from far-off years;
It may be that your happiest smiles
Will brim my eyes with hopeless tears;
It may be that my sleeping breath
Will shake, with painful visions wrung;
And, in the awful trance of death,
A stranger's name be on my tongue.

Ye phantoms, born of bitter blood,
Ye ghosts of passion, lean and worn,
Ye terrors of a lonely mood,
What do you here on a wedding morn?
For, as the dawning sweet and fast
Through all the heaven spreads and flows,
Within life's discord rude and vast,
Love's subtle music grows and grows.

And lighten'd is the heavy curse,
And clearer is the weary road;
The very worm the sea-weeds nurse
Is cared for by the Eternal God.
My love, pale blossom of the snow,
Has pierced earth wet with wintry showers,—
O may it drink the sun, and blow,
And be followed by all the year of flowers!

Black Bayard from the stable bring;
The rain is o'er, the wind is down,
Round stirring farms the birds will sing,
The dawn stand in the sleeping town,
Within an hour. This is her gate,
Her sodden roses droop in night,
And—emblem of my happy fate—
In one dear window there is light.

The dawn is oozing pale and cold
Through the damp east for many a mile;
When half my tale of life is told
Grim-featured Time begins to smile.
Last star of night that lingerest yet
In that long rift of rainy gray,
Gather thy wasted splendours, set,
And die into my wedding-day.

GLASGOW.

Sing, poet, 'tis a merry world;
That cottage smoke is rolled and curled
In sport, that every moss
Is happy, every inch of soil;—
Before *me* runs a road of toil
With my grave cut across.
Sing, trailing showers and breezy downs—
I know the tragic hearts of towns.

City! I am true son of thine;
Ne'er dwelt I where great mornings shine
Around the bleating pens;
Ne'er by the rivulets I strayed,
And ne'er upon my childhood weighed
The silence of the glens.
Instead of shores where ocean beats
I hear the ebb and flow of streets.

Black labour draws his weary waves
Into their secret-moaning caves;
But with the morning light
That sea again will overflow
With a long weary sound of woe,
Again to faint in night.
Wave am I in that sea of woes,
Which night and morning ebbs and flows.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred—
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill

Spring lighted like a bird.
Poor flowers, I watched them pine for weeks,
With leaves as pale as human cheeks.

Afar, one summer, I was borne;
Through golden vapours of the morn,
I heard the hills of sheep:
I trod with a wild ecstacy
The bright fringe of the living sea:
And on a ruined keep
I sat, and watched an endless plain
Blacken beneath the gloom of rain.

O fair the lightly sprinkled waste,
O'er which a laughing shower has raced!
O fair the April shoots!
O fair the woods on summer days,
While a blue hyacinthine haze
Is dreaming round the roots!
In thee, O city, I discern
Another beauty, sad and stern.

Draw thy fierce streams of blinding ore,
Smite on a thousand anvils, roar
Down to the harbour-bars;
Smoulder in smoky sunsets, flare
On rainy nights, with street and square
Lie empty to the stars.
From terrace proud to alley base
I know thee as my mother's face.

When sunset bathes thee in his gold,
In wreaths of bronze thy sides are rolled,
Thy smoke is dusky fire;
And, from the glory round thee poured,
A sunbeam like an angel's sword
Shivers upon a spire.
Thus have I watched thee, terror! dream!
While the blue night crept up the stream.

The wild train plunges in the hills,
He shrieks across the midnight rills;
Streams through the shifting glare,
The roar and flap of foundry fires,
That shake with light the sleeping shires;
And on the moorlands bare,
He sees afar a crown of light
Hung o'er thee in the hollow night.

At midnight, when thy suburbs lie
As silent as a noon-day sky,
When larks with heat are mute,
I love to linger on thy bridge,
All lonely as a mountain-ridge,
Disturbed but by my foot;
While the black lazy stream beneath
Steals from its far-off wilds of heath.

And through thy heart, as through a dream,
Flows on that black disdainful stream;
All scornfully it flows,
Between the huddled gloom of masts,
Silent as pines unvexed by blasts—
'Tween lamps in streaming rows.
O wondrous sight! O stream of dread!
O long dark river of the dead!

Afar, the banner of the year
Unfurls: but dimly prisoned here,
'Tis only when I greet
A dropt rose lying in my way,
A butterfly that flutters gay
Athwart the noisy street,
I know the happy summer smiles
Around thy suburbs, miles on miles.

'Twere neither pæan now, nor dirge,
The flash and thunder of the surge
On flat sands wide and bare;
No haunting joy or anguish dwells
In the green light of sunny dells,
Or in the starry air.
Alike to me the desert flower,
The rainbow laughing o'er the shower.

While o'er thy walls the darkness sails,
I lean against the churchyard rails;
Up in the midnight towers
The belfried spire, the street is dead,
I hear in silence overhead
The clang of iron hours:
It moves me not—I know her tomb
Is yonder in the shapeless gloom.

All raptures of this mortal breath,
Solemnities of life and death,
Dwell in thy noise alone;
Of me thou hast become a part—
Some kindred with my human heart
Lives in thy streets of stone;
For we have been familiar more
Than galley-slave and weary oar.

The beech is dipped in wine; the shower
Is burnished: on the swinging flower
The latest bee doth sit.
The low sun stares through dust of gold,
And o'er the darkening heath and wold
The large ghost-moth doth flit.
In every orchard autumn stands,
With apples in his golden hands.

But all these sights and sounds are strange;
Then wherefore from thee should I range!
Thou hast my kith and kin:
My childhood, youth, and manhood brave:
Thou hast that unforgotten grave
Within thy central din.
A sacredness of love and death
Dwells in thy noise and smoky breath.