

Ireland.

SCOTCH WORDS;
AND
THE BAPTEESEMMENT
O' THE BAIRN,

BY
ROBERT LEIGHTON.

FOURTH EDITION.

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Editorial Prefatory Note.

OF the following humorous Poems, the first was delivered by the Author at an English social gathering, in lieu of a speech, and by way of enhancing the general entertainment. The second was written with a view to the Penny Readings now so popular throughout the country. Both have been so enthusiastically received at these meetings for the people, wherever they have been delivered, that their publication in a convenient form seems a matter of course. The stories in both have, as paragraphs, gone the round of the newspapers. But there they were mere skeletons. Here they will be found in full organic development and dramatic vitality. The very general quotation of "Scotch Words" by both the American and the British press, is sufficient evidence of its quality. Of the "Bapteesement o' the Bairn," an admirer takes leave to say—what the Author himself never would say, nor, haply (if he could help it), allow here to be said—that nothing in the form of Scottish satirical humour more genuinely graphic and characteristic has appeared since the days of Burns.

Let it also be said—though here again, not without shock to the modesty of the Poet; but the time has

come to disregard even so lovable a quality, and to protest against his light being longer hid under the bushel of provincial isolation,—that it is hoped the present publication will serve to make Robert Leighton better known to his countrymen, (alas, that for him the knowledge may come too late!) and that many of the more thoughtful and discriminating may thus be induced to possess themselves of his volume of Poems, a second edition of which has been issued by Messrs. Routledge & Sons, and some notices of which may be found on the cover of the present *brochure*.

Preface to the Third Edition.

SINCE the preceding note was written, the ominous foreboding has been fulfilled: the poet passed to his rest—let us rather say, longed-for freedom from suffering—on the 10th May, in his 48th year.

Some of Robert Leighton's finest productions are yet unpublished. It is hoped that ere long these will see the light. In the meantime the sale of his former volume, and of the present little venture, will not impede the realization of that object.

JUNE, 1869.

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 *chields*; their timid fools are *cuiifs*;
Their lads are *callants*, and their women *kimmers*;
Good lassies *denty queans*, and bad ones *limmers*.
They *thole* when they endure, *scart* when they scratch;
And when they give a sample it's a *swatch*.
Scolding is *flytin'*, and a long palaver
Is nothing but a *blether* or a *haver*.

This room they call the *but*, 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 *coff'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 *strae*; chaff *cauff*, and hollow *howe*;
 A *pickle* means a few; *muckle* 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 cauldri’ 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 you 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 neiber 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 Delacour,
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.

The Bapteesement o' the Bairn.

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:
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 ascends
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, guidman, 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 scorn,
And says the purest thing's a babe new born,

Quite free from guile, corruption, guilt, and all
The curses 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 placed this darken'd infidel,
Let's trust that Providence will keep us richt,
And aiblins turn our present dark to licht.

Meggie, my woman, ye're baith richt and wrang ;
Trust Providence, 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 upright life, and godly mind,
Sound in the faith, matured in all his powers,
Fit to bapteeze 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 morning's grand! that mottled gray
Is certain promise o' a famous day.
But Meggie, lass, your gettin' tired I doot:
Gie me the bairn; we'll tak' it time about.

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 sacred rite;
A man of holy zeal, sound as a bell,
In all things perfect as the Word itsel';
Strict in his goings out and comings in;
A man that knoweth not the taste of sin—
Except 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 knock—one knock, 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 sometime the nicht, belyve;
 He started aff, I reckon, about 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 about 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' roots 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 in the lake o' Galilee,
A Bible loch, almost as big's the sea.
They had their cibles, 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 among the trees,
A cozie 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', pooter-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 haffins hame,
Which for the sake o' this toom, grumblin' wame,
I wish were nearer. Hech! to save my saul,
I never can get ower auld Doctor Maule
It plainly coves all things aneath the sun!
Whaur, Meggie, whaur's your Scripture for the gun!

Od, Andra, as we've come along 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 ance 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 since, as we hear,
 It's no the little thing sae screech and skeer
 'That drunken fiddlers play in barns and booths,
 But the big gaucy 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 bapteeze 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 wins 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 one 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.

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ELEGANTLY PRINTED AND BOUND,

POEMS

By ROBERT LEIGHTON.

(SECOND EDITION.)

London: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, The Broadway, Ludgate.

Edinburgh: J. MENZIES, 2 Hanover Street.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We recognise in Robert Leighton a man with the soul of a genuine poet. The principal poem in this volume is called "Records," and is a sort of mental-autobiography, an exposition of the gradual development of a poet's mind and heart. For pure, high thought and felicity of condensed expression, this poem will bear favourable comparison with many which have won celebrity for their authors. There are some charming sonnets in the volume, each enclosing a manly thought, or hope, or regret, which is expressed with a wonderful force of brief, clear utterance.—*Morning Star*.

That Mr. Leighton has in him the true poetic vein is manifest. But whether this is of a very high order we doubt, notwithstanding the exquisite passages here and there, and occasionally the fine little poems, which constitute the golden morsels in this volume. . . . If such pains as Tennyson has bestowed upon his verse had been given by Mr. Leighton to a small part of the effusions contained in these three hundred and fifty pages of close type, the result might have been a volume not unworthy to take rank with the classics of English poetry. . . . In short, a third of this volume is excellent, now tender, now racy, now melting music, now biting satire, now picturesque description. The author's best vein seems to us to be lyrical.—*Quarterly Review*.

As Mr. Buchanan is somewhat exuberant in imagery, so is Mr. Leighton in thought. His lines are even too crowded with meaning, which thereby becomes not seldom unduly compressed, and passes into the obscure. But there can be no question of his great powers. Like those of most deep thinkers in verse, his poems are almost all egotistical: regarding his own course, his own frames of mind, his own home, and those who dwell in it. Nor can any fault be found with this, as long as the poet can turn his private matters into food for the poetic imagination. There is nothing that wins the reader's heart so much as true poetry which lifts the veil from the personality of the writer. . . . We shall look with great interest for Mr. Leighton's next poetical work. It is seldom indeed that such wealth of thought and power of numbers combine, and we confidently predict the day when Mr. Leighton will stand high among the meditative poets of our country.—*Contemporary Review*.

The chief poem in the volume, entitled "Records," will be read with intense interest and delight by those who care for the impressions, feelings, and aspirations of a mind deeply imbued with the consciousness of a spirituality underlying all things. The "Musings" consist of a number of sweet harmonious minor pieces, the outpourings of a devout, earnest, and thoughtful spirit. Some of the miscellaneous poems are written in the Scottish dialect, and are marked by that pleasing dry humour, and pathetic home feeling which are found in our best Scottish poets. The volume is a valuable addition to poetic literature, is highly suggestive of thought, and its tone is truly elevating.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

This is a delightful book. The "Records" are brimful of beauty, sympathy with all that is pure, and good, and true. . . . The shorter "Musings" are tender and gentle, and in the most unexpected places the murmur of Nature is heard. They glisten with surprising beauties.—*Dundee Advertiser*.

Mr. Leighton is not altogether unknown to fame. But practically the volume may be regarded as his best serious attempt to place his name on the honoured roll of real poets. In its trade has found a voice, and cannot become vocal. We cannot give Mr. Leighton higher praise than to say that Burns did for the plough, he has done for the counting-house; and it is as much to say for Mr. Leighton's work, that it is the noblest utterance to the exchange and the mart have yet given birth.—*Glasgow Morning Journal*.

We believe we have found in the writer of the book before us a true poet something better than "a gift" for fine writing. He is a man who can tell us what it is he sees. His aim is a noble one, his thinking is hard and thorough, and his note is sweet and clear and in perfect tune. The book is quickly printed and bound.—*The Truthseeker*.

A man who can strike out such happy phrases as "honey-scented meads" and "brooks, silver-slippered," has a true eye for Nature; whilst one who writes,—

"The form of thought
Goes with the age—the thought is for all time,"

shows that he too can really think.—*Westminster Review*.

Lucidity, aptness of illustration, and the ability to reason in verse, all show themselves with greater or less effect here, while humour and pathetic character pervade the Scottish poems, at the end of the book.—*The Porcupine (Liverpool)*.

Apart altogether from the poetic merit, the poems entitled "Records" and "Musings," have a high value as a spiritual autobiography of their author, such, are worthy of an attentive study. His genius is introspective, metaphysical and subjective—has a wonderful power of self-analysis, self-vivisection, and strongly recommend the perusal of Mr. Leighton's "Poems" to those of our people who care for psychological studies.—*Dundee Courier and Argus*.

Perhaps the one word which would best characterise this volume is "Truthfulness." Mr. Leighton's muse is eminently meditative. To him

Our truest life
Is thought, high and sincere, and to ourselves.

Not, however, cold, abstract, or scientific thought, but the thought which by sympathy, and so enters into the heart of things, and penetrates their mystery and which gives that power of interpretation—the colour, form, pulsating breathing life which constitutes the poet.

True thought blends into beauty, and we all
Are poets when we reach it. Could we give
The records of this thought—this, our true life—
The records of our life would be a poem.

This idea is wrought out in the "Records," where various sections represent different phases of thought and feeling in relation to such themes as home, duty, death, immortality, beauty, the Divine presence, prayer, &c. In them we have a series of autobiographical revelations, very distinct, and yet so intimate that, but for their slight specialities and outward circumstance they may be adopted as characteristic of every struggling and aspiring soul. Here is their value. The incidents, indicated by a few masterly touches, rather than details are common to all; and the poet enables us to interpret for ourselves our own lives. To borrow a verse from his exquisite tribute to Jenny Lind, we may say after every "Record,"

So is it with all excellence; it seeks
Its own complete ideal—great or small;
And, speaking only for itself, it speaks
The heaven-wing'd thought for all.

The "Records" are followed by short "Musings," "Sonnets," Miscellaneous pieces, and lastly "Scottish Poems," in some of which, as "The Laddie's Lamentation on the Loss o' his Whistle," "Spunk Janet," and "The Sabbath Auld," there is a rich vein of humour; the whole forming an attractive volume of pages; a book for quiet hours, a welcome guest in solitude, and not less so as we sit cosily by the fireside, or in summer time under the grateful shade of a branching tree, and share together its high and earnest thoughts, and its fancies and sportive humour.—*Liverpool Albion*.

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