CHAPTER XIII.

PUBLISHES "SIR MARMADUKE MAXWELL"—HIS OWN OPINION OF THE WORK—SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOTICE OF IT ON ITS PUBLICATION—EXTRACT SPECIMENS OF THE TRAGEDY—LETTER FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT—SONG, "MY NANIE, O."

NOTWITHSTANDING the genial tone and friendly manner in which Sir Walter criticized the manuscript of "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," and the kind advice he gave with regard to that kind of composition, it cannot be doubted that Cunningham was greatly disappointed in the opinion expressed by such a distinguished author. He had expected a very different judgment, because to his own mind it was a highly creditable production, and certain to create a sensation among the literary public. He had set his whole heart upon the matter, and he was exceedingly desirous to see it have a place on the stage. That might be the making of his fortune, and other pieces of a similar kind would be sure to follow. Then, to his imagination, there was the applause of the audience, the thunder of the gods, and the calls for the author before the curtain, and the bowing of his acknowledgments. All this, however, was knocked on the head by the magic wand of the great Wizard. The advice as to remodelling the piece, effecting excisions and curtailments, and making another dramatic attempt, was not adopted, and he seems to have become soured at it

himself, from the long list of defects and superfluities and inconsistencies which had been pointed out for revision and correction.

Adverse as the private criticism was, he resolved to test public opinion on the subject, for he was unwilling that his first and great attempt at dramatic composition should be thrown aside, without giving it an opportunity of ventilation. So, in March, 1822, it was issued from the press, accompanied with "The Mermaid of Galloway," "Richard Faulder," and twenty Scottish Songs, most of which had previously seen the light. The scene of the tragedy is Caerlaverock Castle, and its adjoining precincts on the Solway shore. The time is under the second Cromwell, at the close of the Commonwealth. Of course the story is almost wholly imaginary, and "the manners, feelings, and superstitions are those common to the Scottish peasantry." He intimates that though the piece "is not, perhaps, unfitted for representation," yet it was not written altogether with that view, but rather "to excite interest in the reader by a natural and national presentation of action and character." One of the earliest copies was sent to Sir Walter Scott, who prominently referred to it in his introduction to "The Fortunes of Nigel" in the following terms:—

"*Author.*—You are quite right—habit's a strange thing, my son. I had forgot whom I was speaking to. Yes, plays for the closet, not for the stage—

"*Captain.*—Right, and so you are sure to be acted; for the managers, while thousands of volunteers are desirous of saving them, are wonderfully partial to pressed men.

"*Author.*—I am a living witness, having been, like a second Laberius, made a dramatist whether I would or not. I believe my muse would be *Terry*fied into treading the stage, even if I should write a sermon.

"*Captain.*—Truly, if you did, I am afraid folks might make a farce of it; and, therefore, should you change your style, I still advise a volume of dramas like Lord Byron's.

"*Author.*—No, his lordship is a cut above me—I won't run my horse against his, if I can help myself. But there is my friend Allan has written just such a play as I might write myself, in a very sunny day, and with one of Bramah's extra patent pens. I cannot make neat work without such appurtenances.

"*Captain.*—Do you mean Allan Ramsay?

"*Author.*—No, nor Barbara Allan either. I mean Allan Cunningham, who has just published his tragedy of 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' full of merry-making and murdering, kissing, and cutting of throats, and passages which lead to nothing, and which are very pretty passages for all that. Not a glimpse of probability is there about the plot, but so much animation in particular passages, and such a vein of poetry through the whole, as I dearly wish I could infuse into my Culinary Remains, should I ever be tempted to publish them. With a popular impress, people would read and admire the beauties of Allan—as it is, they may perhaps only note his defects—or, what is worse, not note him at all. But never mind them, honest Allan, you are a credit to Caledonia for all that. There are some lyrical effusions of his, too, which you would do well to read, Captain. 'It's Hame and it's Hame' is equal to Burns."

Though "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell" may be called a closet drama, fitter for private reading than representa-

tion on the stage, yet there are some scenes in it quite of a sensational character, and which could not have failed to receive popular applause. We quote the following :—

ACT IV.

Scene I.—*Cumlongan Castle.*

Mary Douglas *and* May Morison.

May Morison. This grief's a most seducing thing. All ladies
Who wish to be most gallantly woo'd must sit
And sigh to the starlight on the turret top,
Saunter by waterfalls, and court the moon
For a goodly gift of paleness. Faith! I'll cast
My trick of laughing to the priest, and woo
Man, tender man, by sighing.
Mary Douglas. The ash bough
Shall drop with honey, and the leaf of the linn
Shall cease its shaking, when that merry eye
Knows what a tear-drop means. Be mute! be mute!
May Morison. When gallant knights shall scale a dizzy wall
For the love of a laughing lady, I shall know
What sighs will bring i' the market. (*Sings.*)

If love for love it may na be,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be,
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Mary Douglas. No tidings of thee yet—my love, my love;
Didst thou but live as thou camest yesternight

In visioned beauty to my side, 'twere worth
The world from east to west.
May Morison. O lady! lady!
This grief becomes you rarely; 'tis a dress
That costs at most a tear o' the eye—the sweetest
Handmaid that beauty has. How thou wouldst weep
To see some fair knight, on whose helmet bright
A score of dames stuck favours—see him leave
His barb'd steed standing in the wood to preach
Thee out of thy virgin purgatory, to taste
The joys of wedded heaven.
[*A knock is heard at the gate.*
Mary Douglas. See who this is
That knocks so loud and late. [*Exit May Morison.*
Ye crowded stars,
Shine you on one so wretched as I am?
You have your times of darkness, but the cloud
Doth pass away; and you shine forth again
With an increase of loveliness—from me
This cloud can never pass. So now, farewell,
Ye twilight watchings on the castle top,
For him who made my glad heart leap and bound
From my bosom to my lip.

Enter HALBERT COMYNE.

Comyne. Now, beauteous lady,
Joy to your meditations: your thoughts hallow
Whate'er they touch; and aught you think on's blest.
Mary Douglas. I think on thee, but thou'rt not therefore
bless'd.
What must I thank for this unwished-for honour?
Comyne. Thyself thank, gentle one: thou art the cause

Why I have broken slumbers and sad dreams,
Why I forget high purposes, and talk
Of nought but cherry lips.
Mary Douglas. Now, were you, sir,
Some unsunn'd strippling, you might quote to me
These cast-off saws of shepherds.
Comyne. The war trump
Less charms my spirit than the sheep boy's whistle.
My barbed steed stamps in his stall, and neighs
For lack of his arm'd rider. Once I dream'd
Of spurring battle steeds, of carving down
Spain's proudest crests to curious relics; and
I cleft in midnight vision the gold helm
Of the proud Prince of Parma.
Mary Douglas. Thanks, my lord;
You are blest in dreams, and a most pretty teller
Of tricks in sleep—and so your dream is told:
Then, my fair sir, good-night.
Comyne. You are too proud,
Too proud, fair lady; yet your pride becomes you;
Your eyes lend you divinity. Unversed
Am I in love's soft silken words—unversed
In the cunning way to win a gentle heart.
When my heart heaves as if 'twould crack my corselet,
I'm tongue-tied with emotion, and I lose
Her that I love for lack of honey'd words.
Mary Douglas. Go school that rank simplicity of thine:
Learn to speak falsely in love's gilded terms;
Go, learn to sugar o'er a hollow heart;
And learn to shower tears, as the winter cloud,
Bright, but all frozen; make thy rotten vows
Smell like the rose of July. Go, my lord;
Thou art too good for this world.

Comyne. My fair lady,
Cease with this bitter but most pleasant scoffing;
For I am come upon a gentle suit,
Which I can ill find terms for.
Mary Douglas. Name it not.
Think it is granted; go now. Now, farewell:
I'm sad, am sick—a fearful faintness comes
With a rush upon my heart; so now, farewell.
Comyne. Lo! how the lilies chase the ruddy rose—
What a small waist is this!
Mary Douglas. That hand! that hand!
There's red blood on that right hand, and that brow;
There's motion in my father's statue; see,
Doth it not draw the sword? Unhand me, sir.
Comyne. Thou dost act to the life; but scare not me
With vision'd blood-drops, and with marble swords;
I'm too firm stuff, thou'lt find, to start at shadows.
Mary Douglas. Now, were thy lips with eloquence to drop,
As July's wind with balm; wert thou to vow
Till all the saints grew pale; kneel i' the ground
Till the green grass grew about thee; had thy brow
The crowned honour of the world upon it;
I'd scorn thee—spurn thee.
Comyne. Lady, scorn not me.
O! what a proud thing is a woman, when
She has red in her cheek. Lady, when I kneel down
And court the bridal gift of that white hand
Thou wavest so disdainfully, why then
I give thee leave to scorn me. I have hope
To climb a nobler, and as fair a tree,
And pull far richer fruit. So scorn not me:
I dream of no such honour as thou dread'st.
Mary Douglas. And what darest thou to dream of?

Comyne. Of thee, lady.
Of winning thy love on some bloom'd violet bank,
When nought shines save the moon, and where no proud
Priest dares be present: lady, that's my dream.
Mary Douglas. Let it be still a dream, then; lest I beg
From heaven five minutes' manhood, to make thee
Dream it when thou art dust.
Comyne. Why, thou heroine,
Thou piece o' the rarest metal e'er nature stamp'd
Her chosen spirits from, now I do love thee,
Do love thee much for this; I love thee more
Than loves a soldier the grim looks of war,
As he wipes his bloody brow.

Enter Sir MARMADUKE MAXWELL, *unseen.*

Sir Marmaduke. (*Aside.*) What! what is this?
She whom I love best—he whom I hate worst?—
Is this an airy pageant of the fiends?
Mary Douglas. (*Aside.*) Down! down! ye proud drops
of my bosom, be
To my dull brain obedient. (*To Comyne.*) My good lord,
Much gladness may this merry mood of yours
With a poor maiden bring you. I thank you much
For lending one dull hour of evening wings
To fly away so joyous.
Sir Marmaduke. (*Aside.*) Mine ears have
Turn'd traitors to my love; else they receive
A sound more dread than doomsday. Oh! thou false—
Thou didst seem purer than the undropt dew,
Chaste as the unsunn'd snow-drops' buds disclosed
Unto the frosty stars; and truer far
Than blossom to the summer, or than light

Unto the morning. And dost thou smile too,
And smile on him so lovingly? bow too
That brow of alabaster? Woman—woman.

Comyne. O! for a month of such sweet gentle chiding
From such ripe tempting lips! Now, fair young lady,
As those two bright eyes love the light, and love
To see proud man adore them, cast not off
For his rough manner, and his unpruned speech,
A man who loves you. Gentle one, we'll live
As pair'd doves do among the balmy boughs.

Sir Marmaduke. (*Aside.*) Painted perdition, dost thou smile at this?

Mary Douglas. This is a theme I love so well, I wish
For God's good daylight to it; so, farewell.

Comyne. An hour aneath the new risen moon to woo
Is worth a summer of sunshine: a fair maid
Once told me this; and lest I should forget it,
Kiss'd me, and told it twice.

Sir Marmaduke. (*Aside.*) Dare but to touch
Her little finger, faithless as she is;
Yea, or her garment's hem—My father's sword,
Thou hadst thy temper for a nobler purpose;
So keep thy sheath: for did I smite him now,
Why men would say, that for a father's blood
Mine slept like water 'neath the winter ice;
But when a weak sweet woman chafed my mood,
And made sport of her vows, then my blood rose,
And with my spirit burning on my brow
I sprang wi' my blade to his bosom. So, then, sleep
Fast in thy sheath. Before that lovely face,
Those lips I've kiss'd so fondly, and that neck
Round which mine arms have hung, I could not strike
As the son of my father should.

Mary Douglas. Now, fair good-night
To thee, most courteous sir. I seek the chase
From dark Cumlongan to green Burnswark top,
With hawk and hound, before to-morrow's sun
Has kiss'd the silver dew. So be not found
By me alone beneath the greenwood bough,
Lest I should woo thee as the bold dame did
The sire of good King Robert. [*Exit.*

Comyne. Gentle dreams
To thee, thou sweet one: gladly would I quote
The say of an old shepherd: mayst thou dream
Of linking me within thy lily arms;
And leave my wit, sweet lady, to unravel't. [*Exit.*

Sir Marmaduke. And now there's nought for me in this wide world
That's worth the wishing for. For thee, false one,
The burning hell of an inconstant mind
Is curse enough; and so we part in peace.
And now for THEE—I name thee not; thy name,
Save for thy doom, shall never pass my lips—
Depart untouch'd. There's something in this place
Which the stern temper that doth spill men's blood
Is soften'd by. We're doom'd once more to meet,
And never part in life. [*Exit.*

Sir Marmaduke is under a false impression as to Mary Douglas's affection for Halbert Comyne. She loves himself alone, and only in consciousness of fixed love there, she had in her playfulness dallied with the tempter. She is as firm to her vows as ever, and Sir Marmaduke discovers this in a future scene, where all again is well :—

SCENE V.—*Cumlongan Wood.*

Sir MARMADUKE MAXWELL *and* MARY DOUGLAS.

Sir Marmaduke. Thou art free, stripling—use thy feet—
fly fast,
The chasers' swords may yet o'ertake us both.
When thou dost fold thy flocks and pray, oh! pray
For one whom woe and ruin hold in chase;
Who wears the griefs of eighty at eighteen;
Upon whose bud the canker-dew has dropt;
Whose friends, love, kindred are cold, faithless, dead.
O! weeping youth, pray not for me; for God
Has left me, and to pray for me might bring
My fate upon thee too. Away, I pray thee.
Mary Douglas. The wretched love the wretched. I love
thee
Too well to sunder thus. I will go with thee;
Friends, kindred, all, are all estranged or dead;
An evil star has risen upon my name,
On which no morn will rise.
Sir Marmaduke. Thou art too soft
I' the eye—too meek of speech—and thou dost start
For the falling of the forest leaf, and quakest
As the thrush does for the hawk. Who lives with me
Must have eyes firmer than remorseless steel,
And shake grim danger's gory hand, nor start
For the feather of his bonnet.
Mary Douglas. O! I shall learn.
I'll sit and watch thee in thy sleep, and bring
Thee clustering nuts; take thee where purest springs
Spout crystal forth; rob the brown honey bees

Of half their summer's gathering, and dig too
The roots of cornick. I will snare for thee
The leaping hares—the nimble fawns shall stay
The coming of mine arrow. We will live
Like two wild pigeons in the wood, where men
May see us, but not harm us. Take me, take me.

Sir Marmaduke. Come, then, my soft petitioner, thou plead'st
Too tenderly for me. And thy voice, too,
Has caught the echo of the sweetest tongue
That ever blest man's ear. Where is thy home?
That little sunburnt hand has never prest
Aught harder than white curd.

Mary Douglas. I served a lady.
And all my time flew past in penning her
Soft letters to her love; in making verses
Riddling, and keen and quaint; in bleaching white
Her lily fingers 'mong the morning dew;
In touching for her ear some tender string;
And I was gifted with a voice that made
Her lover's ballads melting. She would lay
Her tresses back from her dark eyes, and say,
Sing it again.

Sir Marmaduke. Thou wert a happy servant.
And did thy gentle mistress love this youth
As royally as thou paint'st?

Mary Douglas. O! yes, she loved him,
For I have heard her laughing in her sleep,
And saying, O! my love, come back, come back;
Indeed thou'rt worth one kiss.

Sir Marmaduke. And did her love
Know that she dearly loved him? Did he keep
Acquaintance with the mighty stars, and watch

Beneath her window for one glance of her,
To glad him a whole winter?

Mary Douglas. Aye! he talk'd much
To her about the horn'd moon, and clear stars;
How colds were bad for coughs, and pangs at heart:
And she made him sack posset, and he sung
Songs he said he made himself, and I believe him,
For they were rife of braes, and birks, and burns,
And lips made of twin cherries, tresses loop'd
Like the curling hyacinth. Now in my bosom
Have I the last song which this sighing youth
Framed for my mistress. It doth tenderly
Touch present love: there future sadness is
Shadow'd with melting sweetness.—

Sir Marmaduke. This small hand—
This little trembling lily hand is soft,
And like my Mary's. O! my love—my love,
Look up! 'tis thou thyself! now blessed be
The spot thou stand'st on, and let men this hour
For ever reverence—heaven is busy in it.

Mary Douglas. O! let us fly! the hand of heaven, my love,
And thine, have wrought most wondrously for me.

Sir Marmaduke. And wilt thou trust thy gentle self with me?

Mary Douglas. Who can withhold me from thee—I had sworn
To seek thee through the world—to ask each hind
That held the plough, if he had seen my love;
Then seek thee through the sea—to ask each ship
That pass'd me by, if it had met my love;—
My journey had a perilous outset, but
A passing pleasant end. Thine enemy came:
I pass'd a fearful and a trembling hour.

Sir Marmaduke. I know—I heard it all—O! I have
wrong'd thee much;
So come with me, my beautiful, my best;
True friends are near: the hour of vengeance, too,
Is not far distant. Come, my fair one, come. (*Exeunt.*)

The following is a specimen of the author's power of sustaining soliloquy:—

ACT II.

Scene I.—*Caerlaverock Castle.*

Halbert Comyne *alone.*

Comyne. 'Tis said there is an hour i' the darkness when
Man's brain is wondrous fertile, if nought holy
Mix with his musings. Now, whilst seeking this,
I've worn some hours away, yet my brain's dull,
As if a thing called grace stuck to my heart,
And sickened resolution. Is my soul tamed
And baby-rid wi' the thought that flood or field
Can render back, to scare men and the moon,
The airy shapes of the corses they enwomb?
And what if't 'tis so? Shall I lose the crown
Of my most golden hope because its circle
Is haunted by a shadow? Shall I go wear
Five summers of fair looks,—sigh shreds of psalms,—
Pray i' the desert till I fright the fox,—
Gaze on the cold moon and the clustered stars,
And quote some old man's saws 'bout crowns above,—
Watch with wet eyes at death-beds, dandle the child,
And cut the elder whistles of him who knocks

Red earth from clouted shoon. Thus may I buy
Scant praise from tardy lips; and when I die,
Some ancient hind will scratch, to scare the owl,
A death's head on my grave-stone. If I live so,
May the spectres dog my heels of those I slew
I' the gulph of battle; wise men cease their faith
In the sun's rising; soldiers no more trust
The truth of tempered steel. I never loved him.—
He topt me as a tree that kept the dew
And balmy south wind from me: fair maids smiled;
Glad minstrels sung; and he went lauded forth,
Like a thing dropt from the stars. At every step
Stooped hoary heads unbonneted; white caps
Hung i' the air; there was clapping of hard palms,
And shouting of the dames. All this to him
Was as the dropping honey; but to me
'Twas as the bitter gourd. Thus did I hang,
As his robe's tassel, kissing the dust, and flung
Behind him for boys' shouts,—for cotman's dogs
To bay and bark at. Now from a far land,
From fields of blood and extreme peril I come,
Like an eagle to his rock, who finds his nest
Filled with an owlet's young. For he had seen
One summer's eve a milkmaid with her pail,
And 'cause her foot was white, and her green gown
Was spun by her white hand, he fell in love.
Then did he sit and pen an amorous ballad;
Then did he carve her name in plum-tree bark;
And, with a heart as soft as new pressed curd,
Away he walked to woo. He swore he loved her.
She said cream curds were sweeter than lord's love.
He vowed 'twas pretty wit, and he would wed her.
She laid her white arm round the fond lord's neck,

And said his pet sheep ate her cottage kale,
And they were naughty beasts. And so they talked;
And then they made their bridal bed i' the grass,
No witness but the moon. So this must pluck
Things from my heart I've hugged since I could count
What hours the moon had. There has been with me
A time of tenderer heart, when soft love hung
Around this beadsman's neck such a fair string
Of what the world calls virtues that I stood
Even as the wildered man who dropped his staff,
And walked the way it fell to. I am now
More fiery of resolve. This night I've wiped
The milk of kindred mercy from my lips.
I shall be kin to nought but my good blade,
And that when the blood gilds it that flows between
Me and my cousin's land.—Who's there?

It is probable that while the author sent an early copy of his tragedy to Sir Walter Scott, out of gratitude and esteem, he did so also under the belief that a perusal of it in print would lead to a more favourable impression with regard to its representation on the stage than the manuscript had done. The following letter was received in acknowledgment of the gift, with a few more counsels on dramatic composition:—

"Abbotsford, 27th April [1822].

"Dear Allan,—Accept my kind thanks for your little modest volume, received two days since. I was acquainted with most of the pieces, and yet I perused them all with renewed pleasure, and especially my old friend, Sir Marmaduke, with his new face, and by the assistance of an April

sun, which is at length, after many a rough blast, beginning to smile on us. The drama has, in my conception, more poetical conception and poetical expression in it than most of our modern compositions. Perhaps, indeed, it occasionally sins in the richness of poetical expression; for the language of passion, though bold and figurative, is brief and concise at the same time. But what would, in acting, be a more serious objection, is the complicated nature of the plot, which is very obscure. I hope you will make another dramatic attempt; and, in that case, I would strongly recommend that you should previously make a model or skeleton of your incidents, dividing them regularly into scenes and acts, so as to insure the dependence of one circumstance upon another, and the simplicity and union of your whole story. The common class of readers, and more especially of spectators, are thick-skulled enough, and can hardly comprehend what they see and hear, unless they are hemmed in, and guided to the sense at every turn.

"The unities of time and place have always appeared to me fopperies, so far as they require close observance of the French rules. Still, the nearer you can come to them it is always, no doubt, the better, because your action will be more probable. But the unity of action—I mean that continuity which unites every scene with the other, and makes the catastrophe the natural and probable result of all that has gone before—seems to me a critical rule, which cannot safely be dispensed with. Without such a regular deduction of incidents, men's attention becomes distracted, and the most beautiful language, if at all listened to, creates no interest, and is out of place. I would give, as an example, the suddenly entertained, and as suddenly abandoned, jealousy of Sir Marmaduke, p. 85, as a useless excrescence in the action of the drama.

"I am very much unaccustomed to offer criticism, and when I do so, it is because I believe in my soul that I am endeavouring to pluck away the weeds which hide flowers well worthy of cultivation. In your case, the richness of your language, and fertility of your imagination, are the snares against which I would warn you. If the one had been poor, and the other costive, I never would have made remarks which could never do good, while they only give pain. Did you ever read Savage's beautiful poem of the Wanderer? If not, do so, and you will see the fault which, I think, attaches to Lord Maxwell—a want of distinct precision and intelligibility about the story, which counteracts, especially with ordinary readers, the effect of beautiful and forcible diction, poetical imagery, and animated description.

"All this freedom you will excuse, I know, on the part of one who has the truest respect for the manly independence of character which rests for its support on honest industry, instead of indulging the foolish fastidiousness formerly supposed to be essential to the poetical temperament, and which has induced some men of real talents to become coxcombs—some to become sots—some to plunge themselves into want —others, into the equal miseries of dependence, merely because, forsooth, they were men of genius, and wise above the ordinary, and, I say, the manly duties of human life.

'I'd rather be a kitten and cry, Mew!'

than write the best poetry in the world, on condition of laying aside common-sense in the ordinary transactions and business of the world; and, therefore, dear Allan, I wish much the better to the muse whom you meet by the fireside in your hours of leisure, when you have played your part manfully through a day of labour. I should like to see her

making those hours also a little profitable. Perhaps something of the dramatic romance, if you could hit on a good subject, and combine the scenes well, might answer. A beautiful thing, with appropriate music, scenes, &c., might be woven out of the Mermaid of Galloway.

"When there is any chance of Mr. Chantrey coming this way, I hope you will let me know; and if you come with him, so much the better. I like him as much for his manners as for his genius—

> 'He is a man without a clagg;
> His heart is frank without a flaw.'

"This is a horrible long letter for so vile a correspondent as I am. Once more, my best thanks for the little volume, and believe me yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"To Mr. Allan Cunningham,
Eccleston Street, Pimlico."

With all due deference to so eminent and able a critic as Sir Walter Scott, we think the foregoing extracts show that Cunningham was in no small degree qualified to write for the stage, and the scenes laid before the reader would have certainly met with approbation there. However, the critic, no doubt with the best intention for the literary success of his *protégé*, perhaps went a little too far in his fault-finding, and thus unconsciously threw a wet blanket over the whole concern, as Cunningham never again attempted dramatic composition. Sensitiveness to criticism, as we saw in his brother Thomas, seems to have been a family feeling, and, while grateful for useful hints, when carried out to

some extent, the hereditary independence at once took its own stand. He had still, notwithstanding this scattering of fondly cherished hopes, a hankering after the stage, and in a letter to his brother James he speaks of preparing a second edition of Sir Marmaduke, on which he had made some amendments, and expresses his gratification at finding that its reception had been so very favourable, and that his songs had obtained more notice than he had any reason to hope. The "Mermaid of Galloway," which appeared in the volume, we have already quoted, and no further allusion to it is necessary. "Richard Faulder" is a poem occupying sixteen pages; it is a tale of the Solway sea, written in three "Fyttes," and entitled "The Spectre Shallop." It is deeply interesting, and the various incidents it narrates show very considerable imagination and versifying power. Some of the songs had previously appeared, but others were new, and of no small merit. One of these is a fair rival to that of Burns bearing the same name, and has been equally popular among those whose condition it represents, and for whom it was specially intended:—

"MY NANIE O.

"Red rowes the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie O.
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie O.

"In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintlie and sae bonnie O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
The world's in love with Nanie O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie O.

"My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
The flower of Nithsdale's Nanie O;
Love looks frae 'neath her long brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie O.

"Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top sae bonnie O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie O!"

In a future note to the first half of the third stanza of this song the author says, "In the Nanie O of Allan Ramsay, these four beautiful lines will be found; and there they might have remained, had their beauty not been impaired by the presence of Lais and Leda, Jove and Danae." The reader will remember how Cunningham formerly vented his objurgations against the introduction of the names of heathen gods and goddesses into Scottish song. With regard to the last

stanza he makes this note—"Tinwald-top belongs to a range of fine green hills, commencing with the uplands of Dalswinton, and ending with those of Mouswald, and lies between Dumfries and Lochmaben. Tradition says that on Tinwald-hill Robert Bruce met James Douglas as he hastened to assert his right to the crown of Scotland."