

ROBERT NICOLL AND HIS POEMS,*

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

How refreshing to the readers of poetry, sick of the pretensions of commonplace men, and weary of the endless struggles of mediocrity for distinction, was the appearance, a few years ago, of the Poems of Robert Nicoll! Flowers of his heart, those poems will long remain fresh and beautiful, for upon them are the dews of an enduring season. The little volume which contains them (I make no exception in favour even of the marvellous fragments of Keats) is the best ever published by a mere youth; and, with the exception of the first edition of the poems of Burns, the best first publication of its kind ever given to the world by a poet. Burns, Byron, and Scott, at his age, had written nothing worthy of comparison with the early productions of Nicoll. It does not follow that, had he lived, he would have been a Burns, a Byron, or a Scott; but he was in all respects a most worthy son of "man-childed and child-honoured Scotland:" and when it is considered that he was exemplary in every relation of life, that his character was absolutely without stain, that he went to the Judgment-seat of God almost as one of the angels; and that he died by Act of Parliament, a victim, among innumerable others, of the food-tax, and the murderous competition of which it is the cause, surely I may be pardoned, if I look back with some degree of mournful attention on the character, the doings, and the fate, of such a man.

To the complete edition of his poems just published by Tait, is prefixed an affecting sketch of his life, from which it appears, "that Robert Nicoll was born (the second son of nine children) on the 7th January, 1814, in the farm-house of Little Tulliebeltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven in Perthshire, which lies nearly half way between Perth and Dunkeld; that his father, Mr. Robert Nicoll, was, at that period, a farmer in comfortable circumstances: that his mother was Grace Fenwick, one of the daughters of that venerable 'Elder John,' of whom Nicoll speaks so affectingly in his poems; and that both families from which he immediately sprung, had been long settled in the same neighbourhood, counting a long pedigree of decent, honest, God-fearing people. When he was about five years old, his father, who had become security to the amount of five or six hundred pounds for a connexion by marriage, failed, and became a day-labourer on the fields he had lately rented. Nicoll was thus, from the date of his earliest recollection, the son of a very poor man. Field labour was the daily lot of his father, and, at certain seasons, of his mother also; and the children, as soon as they were considered fit for labour, were one by one set to work. Robert was sent to the herding at seven years of age, and continued herding all summer, and attending school all winter." His rural employment (there

have been thousands of herd boys, and one or two of them have been poets) may have helped to develop his imaginative tendencies; but it could not create his love of the beautiful, and did not make him, what he is and will ever be, a first-class "poet of the domestic affections, and an apostle of the moral and political regeneration of society." Perhaps some infusion of "gentle blood" is necessary to produce the poetical constitution: even Burns was descended from a race "of decent, God-fearing people," poor, but not poorest.

Always excepting that best of educations which the best of mothers gave him, Nicoll may be truly said to have been his own instructor. "To further my progress in life," he writes to a friend, "I bound myself apprentice to Mrs. J. H. Robertson, wine-merchant and grocer in Perth. When I came to Perth, I bought *Cobbett's English Grammar*, and by constant study soon made myself master of it. A gentleman lent me his right to the Perth Library, and thus I procured many books which I could not get before; Milton's Prose Works, Locke's Works, and, what I prized more than all, a few of Bentham's. I am employed in working for my mistress from seven o'clock in the morning until nine at night, and I must therefore write when others sleep." Like most men of genius, Robert Nicoll was the son of his mother. From her probably he derived his constitutional peculiarities, and certainly *all that was given him* worth calling education. A Yankee mother, we are told, boasted of her two sons, "that if they were locked in a barn, they would live by swapping jackets;" and in America, the *ne plus ultra* of energetic worldliness is said to be a "Scotch Yankee;" but Mrs. Nicoll bade her son "Speak the truth in love;" and while she taught him, by precept and example, the noblest self-reliance, she also taught him, in wrestling for the bread which perisheth, *not* to wrestle for it as if to die were only to forget what we have dreamed. And she had in him a pupil worthy of her teaching. "I have registered a vow in heaven," he writes to one of his correspondents, "that I will be independent, though it be but on a crust and water." "You have discovered," he writes to his brother, "that nothing can be accomplished without labour. But do you *think*, and engrave the *principle* on your heart? I am grown very industrious. I read in the morning while sluggards are snoring; all day I attend to my business; and in the forenights I learn my grammar." Writing of Coleridge, he says, "Had he dared to be poor, how much leisure he would have had for giving shape and utterance to his immortal thoughts. Through fear of losing caste in the world, he lost his station in the world of mind. Oh, for an hour of John Milton, to teach such men to act and comprehend!" "I look upon the earth," he writes to his mother, "as a place where every man is set to struggle, and to work,

* Foolscep octavo, cloth; pp. 316. Edinburgh: Tait.

that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land, to which earth is the gate. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother. I feel that, whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better." What happiness might not the diffusion of such sentiments as these produce, "if there were no Governments to make nations miserable!"*—no Acts of Parliament to make food dear and labour cheap, by preventing the industrious from obtaining employment!—no land-holding paupers to rob the employed of half their wages, and expect us to touch our hats, when they happen to give the *parish* a flannel dicky at Christmas! And why should *such* paupers be allowed to prevent the diffusion of such sentiments, if six hundred acres of land employed in trade at Sheffield can maintain, in decent comfort, one hundred and ten thousand inhabitants?—if one hundred and ten thousand of the best agricultural acres in the world would not do more than keep them alive?†—and if five hundred thousand such acres could not maintain them in equal comfort?—Why should land-holding paupers, (or any paupers,) be allowed to destroy a productive power, which is as 500,000 to 600? Can it be destroyed without subverting the State? If it cannot, the determination of its destroyers to be self-extinguished vermin, will but ill console their multitudinous victims. "But to our tale."

In the autumn of the year which terminated his apprenticeship, Nicoll went to Edinburgh in quest of employment; but not finding it there, he opened a circulating library in Dundee. "This year, 1835, became an important epoch in his life. He wrote largely, and frequently for the liberal newspapers of the town; he delivered political lectures; he made speeches; he wrote poems; and—he prepared and published his volume of 'Poems and Lyrics.'" I have already expressed what, perhaps, any thorough admirer of the wisdom of our ancestors would deem a most extravagant opinion of the merit of these poems; they will be found, however, to deserve and sustain it. Certainly, they are by no means perfect. Their principal fault is diffusion, or luxuriance of expression; a fault of great promise in a young author, although the terseness of Burns may be said to go against that conclusion. Of him it has been said, that he was often coarse, and never vulgar; but though the nationality of Nicoll was real and intense, there is something like affectation (and affectation is vulgarity) in his determination, that his readers should pronounce his sweet native Doric to the very letter. Of Burns that Doric was the humble servant—Nicoll made it his master. In reading Burns, we never wish the dialect away; the poems he

wrote in it, are his best; with Nicoll the case is otherwise; his best productions are English—and noble English he writes. Some of his songs have merit, but they bring him into immediate competition with Burns in his strength—and the weaker must go to the wall. He could not, like Burns, combine the humorous, the pathetic, and the sublime; there is no humour in his pathos, no sublimity in his humour; but with a mastery seldom equalled, he mingles tenderness with beauty, and pathetic sentiment with picturesque description. How full of picture and sentiment are these extracts:—

The memories o' my father's hame
Are twined wi' the stanes of the silver burn,
On bonnie Ordè braes.

Laneness and Sweetness, hand in hand,
Gang o'er the Ordè braes.

Our laigh cot-house, I mind fu' weel:
On ae side mither spinning sate,
Droning auld sonnets to her wheel—
And purring by her side the cat.
Aneet was sair-toil'd father's chair,
Wha tauld us stories, sad and lane,
O' puir folk's waes, until we wish'd
Them a' beside our coash hearth stane.

A wither'd woodland twig would bring
The tears into my eye:—
Laugh on! but there are souls of love
In laddies herding kye.

And when they sang the holy psalm
Her voice was sweetest, dearest there—
'Mang a' that gaed to God aboon,
Her's was the purest, holiest prayer!
I thought the light o' day was gane
When she, ayont the kirkyard wa',
By yon burn brae gaed wandering hame—
The bonnie lass o' Turrit Ha'!

I like to pu' the heather—
We're a' sae mirthfu', where
The sunshine creeps atour the crags,
Like ravell'd golden hair.

I wish the wandering e'enin wind
Were whistlin' round the brakens lone—
That I might live another hour
O' love wi' Mary Hamilton.

The simmer e'enin's settin' sun
Into my dungeon throws
Ae single ray—a holy flower
That, 'mid the darkness, grows:
It tells me o' a gowany glen
Afar, where it hath been—
A deep wild dell, among the hills,
A' spread wi' brakens green.

The green leaves waving in the morning gale—
The little birds that 'mid their freshness sing—
The wild wood-flowers, so tender-ey'd and pale—
The wood-mouse sitting by the forest spring—
The morning dew—the wild bee's woodland hum,
All woo my feet to Nature's forest home.
There I can muse, away from living men,
Reclining peacefully on Nature's breast—
The woodbird sending up its God-ward strain,
Nursing the spirit into holy rest!
Alone with God, within his forest fane,
The soul can feel that all save Him is vain.
Here I can learn—*will* learn—to love all things
That he hath made—to pity and forgive
All faults, all failings: Here the heart's deep springs
Are open'd up, and all on earth who live
To me grow nearer, dearer than before—
My brother loving, I my God adore.

* Colonel Thompson.

† A hundred and ten thousand agricultural acres of land could do no more than barely keep the inhabitants of Sheffield alive, unless human beings can be furnished with food, shelter, and clothing, in bread-taxed England, for less than 2s. a-week; and unless the net profit of land, fairly cropped, is more than £5, 4s. a-year per acre.

Thoughts like these, from the son of a poor "sair-toiled" man, (if it were still possible to live and be honest in bread-taxed England,) might inspire the despairing with hope, that such men "would mak the warld better yet." But let no friend of his country (imagining that our masters will educate the democracy, in time to guide the force which they cannot control) flatter himself into the belief that such are the sentiments of our working men generally, or that Nicoll is a fair sample of his class, north or south of the Tweed. I can assure all such persons, from extensive personal observation, that the rising race of working men in this country are deplorably inferior in all good qualities to the race which is going down. If the schoolmaster is abroad, what is he doing? Henry Hunt could not have prevailed on the men of Peterloo to howl for a food-tax, and become the most efficient tools and supporters of its authors. No. The descendants of those men (I speak not of Lancashire, but of the nation) are unworthy even of them. Destitute and desperate, utterly depraved, and worse than ignorant, they are ready to do the work which our monopolists have prepared for their hands, and will not fail, "in the hour which cometh, and will come," to cast the horrors of the French revolution into deepest shade. But before that hour come, certain immaculates would do well to ask themselves, if they know a class of men in this country, who have set an example, to the destitute and desperate masses, of spoliation and murder on a scale of gigantic destructiveness unexampled in the annals of national folly, madness, and crime. They will not put this question to themselves, neither will they read Robert Nicoll's

BACCHANALIAN.

They make their feasts, and fill their cups—
 They drink the rosy wine—
 They seek for pleasure in the bowl :—
 Their search is not like mine.
 From misery I freedom seek—
 I crave relief from pain ;
 From hunger, poverty, and cold—
 I'll go get drunk again !
 The wind doth through my garments run—
 I'm naked to the blast ;
 Two days have flutter'd o'er my head
 Since last I broke my fast.
 But I'll go drink, and straightway clad
 In purple I shall be ;
 And I shall feast at tables spread
 With rich men's luxury !
 My wife is naked,—and she begs
 Her bread from door to door ;
 She sleeps on clay each night beside
 Her hungry children four !
 She drinks—I drink—for why ? it drives
 All poverty away ;
 And starving babies grow again
 Like happy children gay !
 In broad-cloth clad, with belly full,
 A sermon you can preach ;
 But hunger, cold, and nakedness,
 Another song would teach.
 I'm bad and vile—what matters that
 To outcasts such as we ?
 Bread is denied—come, wife, we'll drink
 Again, and happy be !*

Mary Howit said of Nicoll's eyes, that they were the finest she had ever seen ; and the poor herd-boy must have possessed fine eyes for observation, or he could not have drawn to the very life his portraits of The Auld Gudeman, who duly sleepit the sermons at kirk and preachin—Janet Dunbar, who, for the sake of the bairnies at school, would scold the Dominie's sel'—Minister Tam, who, in his youth, rode on the ram, and huntit the ewes ; but after fighting, wi' a masterful heart, up the brae, sported a wig, white with pouther—Janet Macbean, who sate in the Minister's seat, and had aye a curtsy for the laird when he came to drink his can—The Dominie, wi' his words o' queer lang-nebbit speech—The Smith, who had lost fifty law-pleas, he was sae weel acquaint wi' law—Fiddler Johnny, who cared not a hair for any mortal body—The Provost, who was twenty-first cousin to a highland laird, and could lie like an apple-wife—The Bailie, who keeps the causey-crown, and, at kirk, g'ies fearsome looks to the folks who fill the lofts—The Gudewife, of whose flytin' and din there was never an end—The Uncourted Maiden, who wished every lassie married but hersel'—The Auld Beggar Man, who could argue like a beuk—The Peaceful Hero, around whose hearth cheerful faces were an unending prayer—and many more equally good.

Before I resume the thread of Robert's narrative, I will try to convince all doubters that I have not over-stated the merit of his poetry in the first paragraph of this article. If they will read, The Ha' Bible—The Poor Man's Deathbed—I am Blind—Arouse Thee, Soul—Wild Flowers—The Mother—The Village Church—God is Everywhere—The Nameless Rivulet—The Dying Maiden—The Mossy Stane—Life's Pilgrimage—Stanzas on the Birth-day of Burns—Visions—I Dare not Scorn—The Questioner—We are Lowly—and there are others equally excellent—they will find that he "has written his heart," in compositions which require no apology on account of the age or circumstances of the author,—original poems, worthy of any poet.

"In the spring of 1836, Nicoll gave up his shop in Dundee, where, shortly after his coming, he had formed an attachment to a very pretty and amiable girl, who eventually became his wife. This attachment, and his extreme anxiety to relieve his mother from the small pecuniary involvements, (great to her,) amounting to about £20, which she had incurred to enable him to establish his library, rendered him exceedingly desirous to find the employment for which his friends conceived him at least as well qualified as many who filled similar situations ; and they were as happy as himself when, by the kind intervention of Mr. Tait, he procured the situation of editor of the *Leeds Times*, with even the comparatively small salary of £100 a-year. He made a short visit to his mother, and to his betrothed in Dundee, and set out for Leeds in high

peace associations,—the best of all anti-slavery associations, would be an association for the establishment and conservation of free-trade relations everywhere. Is it not high time for the Society of Friends to think of this, and act on their convictions, like their friend, Joseph Sturge? Yes ; for free-trade is Peace—Religion—Christianity in its essence:—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

* The best of all temperance associations,—the best of all

spirits. So perfectly was he adapted to the wants of the crisis, and with so much enthusiasm and energy did he devote himself to his harassing and multifarious duties, that in a few weeks after his arrival in Leeds, the circulation of the *Times* began to rise, and continued to increase with unprecedented rapidity. Towards the middle of December, 1836, he stole a few days from his incessant toils, and came down to Dundee to be married. His father and mother met him there; and without loss of time he returned to Leeds with his bride. His home there was, in all respects, as happy as any one in which young and pure affections ever found a sanctuary. His wife had an unbounded admiration for the talents of her husband; and in his brief career poor Nicoll tasted largely of the higher enjoyments of life,—‘of all the pleasures of the heart, the lover and the friend.’ During the spring of 1837, in letters to a friend, he frequently alludes to the happiness of his humble home. Between it and his office-duties, between politics and poetry, his time was divided and very fully occupied. The circulation of the *Times* was increasing at the rate of 200 a-week; and his heart was in every word he wrote in it. From the period that he went to Leeds, until the hour that he left it, he lived in a constant fever of excitement. The *Leeds Times* is a paper of large size; and in reporting, condensing news, writing a great deal for every number, and maintaining a wide correspondence, he had no assistant. Yet in the spring of 1837, to increase his income, he was induced to write the leading article for a paper just then started in Sheffield. This was dreadful over-tasking.” But in bread-taxed Britain, “the labour of the poor is his life;” and where law makes poverty, poverty is crime. Need we wonder that his health gave way? “The finishing blow was given to it by the general election in the summer of the same year, when the town of Leeds was contested by Sir William Molesworth in opposition to Sir John Beckett. Into this contest Nicoll naturally threw himself with his whole soul. His wife afterwards said, that had Sir William failed, Robert would have died on the instant. He was destined to live on for a few more suffering months, and then die at the age of twenty-three, carried off by a disease which, under other circumstances might have been overcome, but which many causes now contributed to develop. He returned to Scotland, to be cured, as he fondly hoped, “by a breath of his native air;” and closed his brief but noble career at the house of his friend Mr. Johnstone, at Laverock Bank, near Edinburgh. By that gentleman, by Mr. Tait, Sir William Molesworth, and others, he was treated to the last with a kindness honourable to Scotland and human nature. Among the last words he wrote were these:—

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now:
Open my chamber window—let me look
Upon the silent vales, the sunny glow
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood nook.

But why was this man killed by Act of Parliament? Alas, the law-made competition of which he was a victim, is destroying millions of human

beings who are neither poets nor men of genius, yet every one of them an immortal soul! God-fearing people (I do not mean religious formalists) should think of this; and while there is time to save the nation from anarchy, (perhaps there is yet time,) act resolutely on their convictions. For if all injustice is simply a violation of the laws of free exchange, taking something from somebody without returning an equivalent; and if murder itself is only the worst of all injustice, because it takes that for which no equivalent can be returned; then are monopolists the worst of all murderers, and our food-monopolists the worst of their class; for they destroy their multitudinous victims by slow torture, and in cold blood.

I cannot resist the temptation to quote one of poor Robert's last compositions, written in pencil, and, of course, unfinished; for it is, as his editor observes, “so rich in descriptive beauty, that it all but rivals some of his Scottish moorland landscapes.”

A WOODLAND WALK.

THE blackbird's song is bursting from the brake,

And morning breezes bear it far away;

The early sunbeam from its breast doth shake

The floating veil of dewy mist so gray;

The dun deer wanders, like a frighten'd fay,

Through dingles deep and wild, where linnets sing:

Ah! who would slumber, who along can stray,

Where mighty oaks their branches o'er him fling,

To which the diamond dew, in pearlings bright, doth cling!

How beautiful! the green corn-fields are waving,

The clouds of dawn are floating on the sky;

The fearful hare its hidden couch is leaving,

And, sporting, to the clover-field doth lie:

Beneath the morning sun the waters lie,

Like treasur'd sunbeams in a woody nook!

God's earth is glorious; and how bless'd am I

Who love it all! On what I love I look,

And joy runs through my heart, like yon calm, tinkling brook.

The cottage-hearths are cold, the peasant sleeps,

But all the mighty woodlands are awake;

Within its hermitage the primrose sleeps,

And with the dew the beech-tree's branches shakes,

As through the wood my devious path I take;

The velvet grass a fairy carpet seems,

On which, through leafy curtains, light doth break,

Now bright and strong, and now in fitful gleams,

As 'mid realities come fancy's fairest dreams.

Now stooping 'neath the branches wet with dew—

Now o'er the open forest-glades I go—

Now listening to the cushat's wailing coo—

Now starting from its lair the bounding roe;

And now I hear the breezes, to and fro,

Making among the leaves a pleasant din;

Or find myself where silent streamlets flow,

Like hermits, wandering these wild-woods within—

While hoar and aged trees bend o'er each little inn.

The lakelet of the forest I have left,

Sleeping, like beauty, in a branchy bower;

The woodland opens:—Crumbling all, and cleft,

There stands the ruin'd Abbey's lonely tower,

To speak of vanish'd pomp, exhausted power—

To hear these winds among the leaflets blow

With the same tone as in its proudest hour—

To see the flowers within the forest grow,

As when the fallen reigned—a thousand years ago!

* Think of this, too, ye God-fearers, who punish murder by repeating the crime!

Decaying, roofless walls ! and is this all
That Desolation's blighting hand hath left
Of tower, and pinnacle, and gilded hall ?
The everlasting rocks by time are cleft—
Within each crevice spiders weave their web ;
The wandering gipsy comes to hide him here,
When he from plunder'd housewife's stores has reft
The needful elements of gipsy cheer :
For ghost of Abbot old the gipsy doth not fear.

Where are the glancing eyes that here have beam'd ?
Where are the hearts which whilom here have beat ?
Where are the shaven monks, so grim who seem'd ?
Where are the sitters in the Abbot's seat ?
Where are the ceaseless and unnoted feet,
That wore a pavement-path with kneeling prayers ?
Where is the coffin—where the winding-sheet—
And monuments which nobles had for theirs,
When death drew nigh, and closed life's long account of
cares !

The ivy clings around the ruined walls
Of cell, and chapel, and refectory ;
An oak-tree's shadow, cloud-like, ever falls
Upon the spot where stood the altar high :
The chambers all are open to the sky ;
A goat is feeding where the praying kneelt ;
The daisy rears its ever open eye
Where the proud Abbot in his grandeur dwelt :
These signs of time and change the hardest heart might
melt.

Is this a cell ?—Offended God to serve
By the heart's crucifixion, here have tried
Self-immolated men, who would not swerve,
But in the impious work serene have died :
A glory on the lowly wall doth bide ;
For though the hypocrite hath shuffled here,
Here, too, from earnest lips did often glide
The words of men mistaken, but sincere,
Who, with pure spirits, tried to fight man's battle here.

The buttercups are lifting up their heads
Upon the floor of the confessional,
Where came the worshipper, with counted beads,
Upon his knees in penitence to fall—
Where came the great to listen unto all,
And scoff or pray, as good or ill was he.
Could words come forth of that time-stricken wall,
Some wondrous tales retold again would be :
The maiden's simple love—the feat of villany.

This is the chapel where the matin hymn
Was chanted duly for a thousand years,
Till faith grew cold and doubtful—truth grew dim—
Till earnest hope was wither'd up by sneers.
Within it now no glorious thing appears :
But as the dewy wind blows sweetly by,
Upon the thoughtful list'ner's joyful ears
Doth come a sweet and holy symphony,
And Nature's choristers are chanting masses high !

Grow up, sweet daisies, on the silent floor ;
Fall down, dark ivy, o'er every wall ;
Oak, send thy branches out at every door ;
Goat, from its chambers to thy mate do call.
Power reign'd in might, and never fear'd a fall.
And where is it ? And what is here to-day ?
Truth triumphs over mitre, crown, and all ;
Mind rent its iron fetters all away.
The tyrants, proud and high—where, at this hour, are
they ?

Old walls and turrets, moulder silently,
Till not a trace of all your state remain !—
The throstle's song, from yonder spreading tree,
Doth call me to the woodlands once again ;
Louder doth rise the blackbird's passing strain,
And gladness from its sacred heart doth flow,
Till music falls, like summer's softest rain,
On all that lives and suffers here below,
Making a flower upon the lonest pathway grow !

The sun is higher in the morning sky—
His beams embrace the mossy-trunk'd trees ;
Yonder the squirrel, on the elm so high,
Frisketh about in the cool morning breeze—
Down peeps his diamond eye—amazed, he sees
A stranger in his solitary home ;
And now he hides behind the oaken trees—
And now he forth upon a branch doth come,
To crack his beechen-nuts, and watch me as I roam.
The hawthorn hangs its clusters round me now,
Through which the sky peeps sweetly, sweetly in ;
Through the green glades doth come the cattle's low
From the rich pastures of the meadow green.
Look up !—aloft, the twittering birds are seen
Upon the branches, their wild matins singing :
Look down ! the grass is soft and thick, I ween ;
And flowers around each old tree-root are springing,
Wood fancies, wild and sweet, to the lone wanderer
bringing.

And here are rich blueberries, black and wild,
Beneath the beech-tree's thickest branches growing ;
This makes me once again a wayward child,
A pilgrimage into the woodland going—
The haunt of squirrel and of wood-mouse knowing,
And plucking black blueberries all the day,
Till eastward mountain-shadows night was throw-
ing,
And sending me upon my homeward way,
Fill'd, both in soul and sense, with the old forest gray.

I must away, for I have loiter'd long
Amid the wood, and by the ruins old :
I must away, for far the sky along
The sun doth pour his beams of brightest gold.
Farewell, sweet glades, wild dingles, grassy wold—
Squirrel and blackbird, linnet and throstle, too—
Farewell, ye woodland streamlets, pure and cold—
Sweet cooing cushat—primrose wet with dew—
To Woodland thoughts and things a sweet, a short adieu !

THE MODERN CRUSADER.

At the public meeting held in the Town Hall, Calcutta, to address Lord Auckland on leaving India, Bishop Wilson said, in reference to the late disasters in Afghanistan and the preparations made to repair them, "the triumph of the Afghans will be short; the spring will come, the snows will melt, the pass will be ascended, and—let us but get at them!"

On India's shore, armed cap-à-pie,
(What marvels time doth dish up!)
Of deeds of blood, right valorously,
Discours'd a burly Bishop.
Or sword or shield he could not wield,—
He ne'er was taught, 'ad rat 'em !
But martial skill, made up in will,
Cried, "Let us but get at 'em !"

"Those scoundrel hordes, Afghans and Koords,
Have tarnish'd Britain's glory ;
Yet, please the Lord, they'll soon afford
Theme for triumphant story.

* "Author of peace !" our efforts aid.
'Lover of concord !' fat 'em
Like sheep for slaughter by our blade,
O let us but get at 'em !

"Dogs circumcised profanely dared
Resist thine own anointed,
Who merely plann'd the goodly land
To take, by heaven appointed.
Dogs dared defend hearth, altar, friend,
In Bolan's pass too, sate 'em,

* Collect.