

CHAPTER XIX.

PROPOSES A NEW EDITION OF THE WORKS OF BURNS, WITH A LIFE—
LETTERS FROM HIS SONS IN INDIA—LETTER TO THE LATE DR.
ROBERT CHAMBERS OF EDINBURGH—"THE POET'S INVITATION"—
LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER—PUBLISHES THE WORKS OF BURNS—
BIDS FAREWELL TO THE BARD.

HIS visit to Nithsdale was delightful in the extreme, as he anticipated it would be, and produced a salutary effect upon both his bodily and mental constitution, which had been greatly exhausted by the labours he had undergone. He felt himself invigorated and almost an entirely new man. He had been highly gratified in looking upon the scenes of his youthful days—the famous loch from which he had removed Thomas M'Ghie's keen curling stone, and painted it all over the evening previous to a single-handed spiel, so that the owner did not know it again, and lost the game—Sandbed, to which he was taken when a child, and where he first saw Burns—the Roads, where his father died—Foregarth, where was held many a tryst—the village of Dalswinton, where he lived when an apprentice—and Townhead, marked No. 14, in the great hoax of French invasion. He had been fêted by the *elite* of the district—his literary abilities had been eulogized—he had received the freedom of the Burgh of Dumfries, in which he had wrought as a common stone-mason, and he would have been unworthy of the honour conferred upon him had

he not rejoiced. He highly appreciated the favours bestowed upon him, and resolved to make himself more worthy of them.

Accordingly, he now set himself to the performance of a task which he intended to be his great literary masterpiece, to bring out an edition of the Works of Burns, with his Life. This was a great undertaking, but it was successfully accomplished. In a letter to his dear friend, Mr. Jerdan of the *Literary Gazette*, he gives, as his reasons for doing so, the following:—"His works have been heretofore ill-arranged; the natural order of composition has been neglected; poems have been printed as his which he never wrote, and his letters have had the accompaniment of epistles which were not necessary, and were the work of other hands. Poems, letters, and anecdotes, hitherto unpublished, are in my possession, and will appear in the course of the work. My desire is to arrange the poems, letters, songs, remarks, and memoranda of the bard in natural and intelligible order; to illustrate and explain them with introductions and notes, and to write a full and ample memoir, such as shall show his character as a man and his merits as a poet, and give freely and faithfully the history of his short and bright career." The work was to come out in six monthly volumes, and to be embellished with landscape vignettes of memorable scenes in the shires of Ayr and Dumfries.

In the meantime his sons Joseph and Alexander have sailed for India, under Government appointments, a circumstance which, however gratifying in the main, must have sent a pang through the hearts of the

parents, at the thought that they might never see them again. However, they were noble fellows, and went on swimmingly, as the following interesting letters to their grandmother show. The first is from Joseph at Dinapore, on the Ganges:—

“I sailed, as you know, in the beginning of February, and though many people consider a ship as a mere prison, and a very dull one besides, yet I did not find it so, for to the novelty of the scene were added many entertaining passengers, and Captain Blair is a gentleman of parts and attainments, and very interesting in conversation. He had, besides, a good library, so that our time was spent cheerfully and usefully, while the capture of a shark, or of some enormous bird, would relieve the routine; and the sight of a green island would make us wish, in spite of everything, that we were on shore.

“The Bay of Biscay is a severe and proverbial trial for young sailors, and it proved so to me, though the time of our greatest pain and amusement was when we crossed the Line for the first time, when we were well dirtied with dung and tar, well shaved with an iron hoop, and well bruised with knocks, thumps, and tumbles. We landed upon a small island called Johanna, on the East Coast of Africa, and were much surprised at the sight of savages nearly naked, and delighted with the taste of fresh fruits and well water. Want of wind detained us in the neighbourhood of the Line—the weather was exceedingly hot and close, and exposure to the sun during a shooting excursion brought on a slight attack of fever, which will make me very cautious for the future.

“We sailed round Ceylon, and stopped at Madras for two days, which presents a most splendid appearance on approach-

ing it from the sea. On the 12th of June I landed in Calcutta, the capital of our empire in India, and a city of palaces, as it is generally, though not deservedly, called. The heat was excessive, for the thermometer was nearly 100° for many days, and sometimes above it; but comfort and the wealth of individuals have invented many artificial means of cooling both their rooms and the water they drink. I was in Calcutta for six weeks, during which I was living with Captain Blair, and visiting Government House and the best society. I am now proceeding up the great and holy river Ganges in a large boat to join my corps at Delhi, the ancient capital of India, and the seat of the Great Mogul. We proceed very slowly, and I shall be as long sailing 1000 miles of a river as I was in sailing from England to India. We are passing through a rich and populous country, with plenty of birds and game, but no tigers or wild boars near the banks."

The next extract is from a letter written by Alexander, at Moorshedabad, and is of a later date, but we introduce it here as there may not be an opportunity again:—

"I daresay you have often wondered what has become of that boy Sandie, and then my aunt Mina has said—'Ay, he's a terrible boy that,—he'll no write to his auld grandmither, or his auld aunt, that kenn'd him for siccan a long time. He has a great aversion to women, and he so seldom speaks to them that he canna be expected to write.' But, my dear grandmother, the reason that I did not write before was, that I had not been settled, and could write nothing but guesses about what would be my future destination. Now I am appointed to Delhi, where Mr. Harley has been,

I believe, and where Joseph was for a short time. It is the residence of the Great Mogul of the present age.

“I could not have arrived in India at a better time, for James Pagan was then in Calcutta, as an evidence on a court-martial, and my brother Joseph had just come in from his Survey, and came to Calcutta a week after, so that we were all three in Calcutta together.

‘When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?’

“I was ordered up to Moorshedabad, within six miles of Berhampore, where James Pagan was stationed, and we lived together for about a month, when he was sent to a rather out-of-the-way, but healthy place, called Rungpore, in Bengal. Joseph stopped nearly a week here before recommencing his Survey, and I expect to see him again in about a fortnight.

“I like India very well; at least as a person fresh from London can be expected to do. Like every one who has come, I must say that I am disappointed. India is, according to what those who do not know it say, a place abounding with gold, silver, and precious stones; and every native that you may meet will have at least three Cashmere shawls about him. The fact is, nothing but the sun is golden; and as for shawls, I have not seen any. Lolling on beautiful couches, and being fanned by ladies, is very romantic and pleasing to read about, and would, no doubt, be much relished in England; but here you may be fanned by dozens of fans without any relief when the thermometer is 100°.

“The weather is beautiful just now—it is cold enough for a fire in the mornings and evenings, and not cold enough to make your fingers useless all day. I shall have a very pleasant and solitary voyage up the river to Cawnpore for upwards of two months, when I shall commence marching

along with the hot winds. The march will be about a month, through Agra to Delhi.

“I have been very happy all the time I have been here. Besides, it put me very much in mind of Scotland, where everybody is better acquainted with other people’s families and affairs than with their own. In the last letter I had from James Pagan, he says:—‘I used to think Berhampore a dull place, but I believe you will find few pleasanter stations in India; so don’t look out for changes to a gayer station. You ought to be sent here for a week.’ He was quite well, and ‘sitting by the side of a good large fire.’

“Joseph will remain on his Survey till the middle of the year. He likes the stirring manner of life that he is leading very much, and I think it is more healthy than any other. I have just received a letter from him. He is quite well, and wants some more shooting materials. I was intending to say that my aunt Mina, being of a military disposition, would perhaps like a tiger or leopard better than a cat; but I am afraid that the leopard which Joseph has got would be rather too strong and rough an animal for a lady, as he has just sent to me for a strong iron chain to fasten him up.

“I daresay my aunt Mina, who still calls my brother Francis her boy, often says,—‘Bless me! I wonder what that puir wee fallow Sandie does amang a’ thae great folk.’ But Sandie is now a ‘puir wee fallow’ of six feet high, with breadth in proportion—has a constitution which bids defiance to all diseases, and spirits which would overcome anything.”

How many grandmothers would rejoice to have such noble and affectionate grandsons! The following opening of a correspondence with the late Dr. Robert Chambers, of *Chambers’s Journal*, will be read with interest on various accounts:—

“27 Lower Belgrave Place, 27th October, 1832.

“My dear Sir,—Your letter was a welcome one. It is written with that frank openness of heart which I like, and contains a wish, which was no stranger to my own bosom, that we should be known to each other. You must not suppose that I have been influenced in my wish by the approbation with which I know your works have been received by your country. It is long since I took to judging in all matters for myself, and the ‘Picture of Scotland’ and the ‘Traditions of Edinburgh,’ both of which I bought, induced me to wish Robert Chambers among my friends. There was, perhaps, a touch or so of vanity in this—your *poetic, ballad-scrap, auld-world, new-world, Scottish* tastes and feelings seemed to go side for side with my own. Be so good, therefore, as send me your promised ‘Book of Ballads,’ and accept in return, or rather in token of future regard, active and not passive, my rustic ‘Maid of Elvar,’ who has made her way through reform pamphlets and other rubbish, like a lily rising through the clods of the spring. There’s a complimentary simile in favour of myself and my book! You must not, however, think ill of it because I praise it; but try and read it, and tell me what you feel about it.

“I have been much pleased with your account of Sir Walter Scott; it wears such an air of truth, that no one can refuse credence to it, and is full of interesting facts and just observations. I have no intention of expanding, or even of correcting, my own hasty and inaccurate sketch. Mr. Lockhart will soon give a full and correct life of that wonderful man to the world. The weed which I have thrown on his grave—for I cannot call it a flower—may wither as better things must do. Some nine thousand copies were sold. This we consider high, though nothing comparable,

I know, to the immense sale of *Chambers's Journal*. I am truly glad of your great circulation. Your work is by a thousand degrees the best of all the latter progeny of the Press. It is an original work, and while it continues so, must keep the lead of the paste and scissors productions. My wife, who has just returned from Scotland, says that your *Journal* is very popular among her native hills of Galloway. The shepherds, who are scattered there at the rate of one to every four miles square, read it constantly, and they circulate it in this way: the first shepherd who gets it reads it, and at an understood hour places it under a stone on a certain hill-top; then shepherd the second in his own time finds it, reads it, and carries it to another hill, where it is found, like Ossian's chief, under its own gray stone by shepherd the third, and so it passes on its way, scattering information over the land.

“My songs, my dear sir, have all the faults you find with them, and some more. The truth is, I am unacquainted with any other nature save that of the Nith and the Solway, and I must make it do my turn. I am like a bird that gathers materials for its nest round its customary bush, and who sings in his own grove, and never thinks of moving elsewhere. The affectations of London are as nothing to me. In my ‘Lives of the Painters,’ I have, however, escaped from my valley, and in other contemplated works I hope to show that, though I sing in the charmed circle of Nithsdale, I can make excursions in prose out of it, and write and think like a man of the world and its ways.—I remain, my dear Sir, with much regard, yours always,

“ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

“To Robert Chambers, Esq.”

If there is one social feature of Cunningham's character which we admire more than another, it is his affection for his family, and especially for his mother. How often does it happen that when sons grow up, leave their native place, and have families of their own, those near to them, if not forgotten, are neglected, and news of them are obtained at second-hand, or by chance! But it was not so with Allan Cunningham. He was a most dutiful and affectionate son, and amidst the greatest bustle of business he contrived time to write to his mother, and to add to her comfort in every way he could. Then, in his own home how genial he was! although in one of his letters he refers to his hasty temper, as contrasted with that of one of his sons, in his wife's estimation. This, however, we consider as a joke on his part. He had one daughter to whom he was devotedly attached, but who was early removed by death. We cannot avoid quoting the following poem addressed to her, on expressing a desire to leave Nithsdale and return to her home in London:—

“THE POET'S INVITATION.

“ So thou wilt quit thy comrades, sweet,
Nith's fountains, sweeping grove, and holme,
For distant London's dusty street?
Then come my youngest, fairest, come;
For not the sunshine following showers,
Nor fruit-buds to the wintry bowers,
Nor ladye-bracken to the hind,
Nor warm bark to the tender rind,
Nor song-bird to the sprouting tree,
Nor heath-bell to the gathering bee,
Nor golden daylight to sad eyes,

Nor moon-star showing larks to rise,
 Nor son long lost in some far part,
 Who leaps back to his mother's heart.
 Nor lily to Dalswinton lea,
 Nor moonlight to the fairy,
 Can be so dear as thou to me,
 My youngest one, my Mary.

“ Look well on Nithsdale's lonely hills,
 Where they who loved thee lived of yore;
 And dip thy small feet in the rills
 Which sing beside thy mother's door.
 There's not a bush on Blackwood lea,
 On broad Dalswinton not a tree;
 By Carse there's not a lily blows,
 On Cowhill bank there's not a rose;
 By green Portrack no fruit-tree fair,
 Hangs its ripe clusters in mid-air,
 But what in hours not long ago,
 In idling mood were to me known;
 And now, though distant far, they seem
 Of heaven, and mix in many a dream.
 Of Nith's fair land limn all the charms
 Upon thy heart, and carry
 The picture to thy father's arms,
 My youngest one, my Mary.

“ Nor on the lovely land alone,
 Be all thy thoughts and fancy squander'd;
 Look at thy right hand, there is one
 Who long with thee hath mused and wander'd,—
 Now with the wild bee 'mongst the flowers,
 Now with the song-bird in the bowers;
 Or plucking balmy blooms and throwing
 Them on the winds or waters flowing;
 Or marking with a mirthsome scream,
 Your shadows chauging in the stream;
 Or gay o'er summer's painted ground,

Danced till the trees seemed reeling round;
 Or listening to some far-heard tune,
 Or gazing on the calm clear moon.

O! think on her whose nature sweet
 Would neither shift nor vary
 From gentle deeds and words discreet—
 Such Margaret was to Mary.

“The pasture hills fade from thy sight,
 Nith sinks with all her silver waters,
 With all that's gentle, mild, and sweet,
 Of Nithsdale's dames and daughters.
 Proud London, with her golden spires,
 Her painted halls and festal fires,
 Calls on thee with a mother's voice,
 And bids thee in her arms rejoice.
 But still when Spring, with primrose mouth,
 Breathes o'er the violets of the south,
 Thou'lt hear the far wind-wafted sounds
 Of waves in Siddick's cavern'd bounds,
 The music of unnumbered rills,
 Which sport on Nithsdale's haunted hills;
 And see old Molach's hoary back,
 That seems the cloud to carry,
 And dream thyself in green Portrack,
 My darling child, my Mary.”

We shall now give some of his letters to his mother before noticing his work, at which he is busy, the “Works and Life of Burns”:—

“Belgrave Place, 19th August, 1833.

“My dear Mother,—I am glad to learn that your health and spirits are much the same as when I had the great satisfaction, I may say with a son's feeling, the honour of seeing you in Scotland. We are also very well. Mary is taller and stronger, and all are growing except myself. My growth

must, I fear, be downwards ; but such is the lot of life. My wife, with Poll and Frank, are living for the present at Blackheath, and the fresh, free air is, I can observe, beneficial. Peter is in London, and has written and published a book, a *Life of Drummond the Poet*, with selections from his poems. It has been well received, and, considering that it was written when he was but sixteen years old, is really wonderful for good taste and accuracy of thinking. Of Alexander, poor fellow, we have not yet heard, nor do we expect to hear before the end of next month. I hope he will meet his brother in Calcutta, and get on as well as he has done.

“We have had a letter from Joseph, dated from Rajmahal, the 1st of March. He was then well, in good spirits, and busy making his Survey. He says his name is now known in Bengal, and he is not afraid but that he will in future have staff appointments. His cousin, James Pagan, was with him, and living in his tent, on a visit for a month. James was very well, got Joseph’s elephant every day to shoot upon, and generally succeeded in shooting as much game as served for dinner. He had nearly, I mean his elephant, stumbled on a sleeping tiger, but James prudently turned his elephant’s head, and obeyed the old proverb of letting sleeping dogs lie. I am glad they are together. Will you tell this story to my dear sister Mary, and say that I wish to have a long letter from her own hand? I forgot to say that Joseph’s appointment will, while it lasts, bring him £600 or £700 a-year above his pay. I summed up lately what my two engineers had cost me, and found it to exceed a thousand pounds.

“For my own part, I am busy beyond all example. I have twice as much to write as what I ought to do, but I have taxed my strength not beyond what it can bear, and I intend to give my body a month’s pleasure, and my heart a month’s

joy, in coming and seeing you next year in the summer at your own fireside. I shall come when no one shall know. The first notice to yourself will be my alighting at your gate, and we shall have long conversations with no one to interrupt us. I am just now busy writing the Life of Burns. I am receiving new information from many sources, also letters, and even poems of his, and I expect to make a good work, such a one as the world will take. It will extend to six volumes. A painter is, I believe, even now in Nithsdale taking sketches of scenery to engrave for it. Among other things, he is making *me* a drawing of the Blackwood yews where our cottage stood in which I was born. This is a matter of vanity, so say nothing about it.

“Your grandson Allan is a quiet, steady lad, and a good workman, and will do very well there can be no doubt. Tell my sister at the village that he gives me full satisfaction, and will be able to save money. Tell my sister that we, that is, all of us, often talk of her, and that her boy Frank is grown tall, much like Joseph, and is an admirable scholar. Tell my sister Jean that she must find some anecdotes of Burns for me. I have got several more of his autographs, and expect a dozen or two of his letters which have never yet been published.

“My wife, for I have this moment returned from Blackheath, sends her kind love to you. She unites with me in love to my sisters.—I remain, my beloved Mother, your affectionate son,

“ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

“Mrs. Cunningham.”

“Belgrave Place, 15th March, 1835.

“My dear Mother,—I ought to have written this letter some time ago, but, to tell the truth, I had neither heart

nor health for details of sorrow. We have suffered sad bereavements—you have lost a much-loved son—I have lost a dear brother, and my wife has been deprived of two brothers—all in the course of a few months. These events have kept us in a state of agitation and sorrow, but we are now becoming more composed, and are endeavouring to look forward, and, above all, upward, for true relief can only come from that quarter. It helps to soothe us, too, to hear that you are better. The spring suns are beginning to shine, and the spring flowers to appear, and you will be able to step over the door a little; and were your walks no wider than your own garden, it cannot fail to refresh you to see the daisies and lilies, and many other flowers which you taught me to be fond of, growing on every side. In the little spot of ground before my own window, I see, as I write now, the crocuses and snow-drops in full blow, and the lilies appearing, and I feel gratified, and think of the little nook at the Roads where I delved and dibbled, and thought my toils overpaid when I got you to come and look at my auriculas and roses.

“We had long letters on Saturday last from India. Alexander had been a second time promoted, but when he wrote his letter he had been for some time laid up with cold and fever. The fever, he said, was gone, but the cold and sore throat remained. Joseph’s letter was three weeks later, and he had heard from Alexander two days before. He was then all but well, and on the point of riding out to begin his inspection of the public buildings of Central Bengal. He obtained this appointment through the kindness of Major Irvine, an eminent engineer, a native of Langholm. Joseph was quite well; and expected to be a twelvemonth more employed on the Canal. As soon as we hear from Alexander we will let you know. James Pagan was very well on the 12th of October, the date of his cousin’s letter. Frank is at

school at Twickenham, and is making great progress. Mary has a governess at home, and has learned to play Scotch tunes, and work flowers, and make puddings, though I hardly think she is equal to the construction of the pigeon pie, which I once heard you describe, with a dove-cote and doves on the top of it.

“Peter is, you know, a clerk in the Audit office. The situation begins at £90 a-year, and rises in course of time to £500 or £600. He has much leisure, and resolves to employ it like his father in making books. He is busy editing two volumes at present, and has good offers for original compositions. My only fear is that he will throw himself before the public sooner than his mind is informed and his taste matured. His place was given to me by my friend Sir Robert Peel, accompanied by a letter so complimentary and so kind as will ever endear him to my heart. My brother Peter is with us, and helps to make our fireside more cheerful. He is so equal of temper and mind, and so full too of all kinds of entertaining knowledge, that I hardly know whom to compare him to. Were I to say he is almost as good as I am, my wife would reply, ‘He is far better natured than Allan,’ and really I believe she would be right; yet I am not ill-tempered you know, as tempers go.

“We see our brother Thomas’ widow and son and daughters often. It was fortunate for them that John was established in Mr. Rennie’s before his father’s death. They would have nearly been desolate (destitute?) also, for my brother had neglected to insure his life for the benefit of his family. Were I removed to-morrow, my wife would have £500 from the Life Insurance Office, besides what she may calculate on for my works, and what her children owe her. I pay £20 a-year to insure this sum. I shall not die a minute the sooner for it, and it helps to keep my mind easy.

“Now you must not imagine, that because I am not so well as I have been, I am at all in a dangerous state. In truth, I wrought too much and too anxiously. The education of my sons, and the outfit of the two eldest to India, have left me far from rich, and that made me toil more than was good for my health. I have not written twenty pages these three months, and am allowing my mind as well as body to lie fallow, as the farmers say, with the hope of a better crop at the next ploughing. If I can only get a couple of years or so over my head, I will, I think, leave my place with Mr. Chantrey, and, taking a house and garden some three or four miles from London, try what three hours’ writing in the day and a little gardening and amusement will do for me. I am not a person of expensive habits, and can, when Frank is provided for, live on a small income.

“My wife sends her best love to you, and to Mina, and Jean, and I add mine. Will you be so good as name us to Mr. David Rodan and Mrs. Rodan, also to Mrs. Burgess? When I am next on the Nith I shall take more leisure than I could obtain when I was down last. I particularly wish to spend some days with the Rodan family, the Robson family, the Taylor family, and, though last, not least in my esteem, with the M’Ghies, father and son. All these were friends of my father’s family, and friends of mine, and are often present to my thoughts. There are others, but I have neither room nor leisure to be more particular.

“The stockings fitted me finely, and were made very welcome, particularly the pair which *you* knitted. Mina or Jean will be so good as write to say that the letter and enclosure have arrived; and if you could but write, were it only three lines yourself, they would be made most welcome by your loving and affectionate son,

“ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

“Mrs. Cunningham.”

“27 Belgrave Place, 4th April, 1835.

“My dear Mother,—I write to assure you that I am now quite as well as ever I was, reading, writing, and talking, as usual, during the evenings, and busy with marble and bronze during the day. Indeed, we are all as well as you can wish us. We had letters from India speaking of Alexander’s illness, but a letter, dated 12th November, from Joseph says that he is quite as well as ever. We are looking for letters from the East every day, but winds and waves cannot be commanded.

“I almost envy you the little garden at your door. I have a small patch at mine where I persuade a lily or a daisy to bloom upon, with now and then a tulip and a rose. I miss a large garden much, and I feel persuaded that if I had one my health would be better, and I hope to have one soon in the neighbourhood of London. I was almost tempted to come down and dwell beside you lately, but luckily for myself I yielded not; for though I love the people, and the vale, and long to be among those whom I love, I cannot conceal from myself that London is the proper place for me. We are all in confusion here from the disputes between the Tories and the Whigs. The former propose measures which all who love their country cannot but approve, while the latter oppose them with all their might, and care nothing for either honour or consistency, so long as they can succeed in thwarting and upsetting them. Should the Whigs succeed, and I think they will, the Church of England will receive a blow from which it can never recover. If the revenues of the Established Church are bestowed on the Catholics in Ireland, the Dissenters of England, and I am, one you know, will demand the same concession, and so will the Dissenters of Scotland.

“My brother Peter is very well; so is my son Peter, and so likewise are Frank and Mary. I know not if we shall be in Scotland this year; the pain of parting with the North is not small, and the outlay is great. My wife joins me in love to Mina and Jean, and, above all, my beloved Mother, to yourself.—I remain, your affectionate son,

“ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

“I shall write soon again.

“Mrs. Cunningham.”

The Works and Life of Robert Burns came out in eight volumes, instead of six, as had been originally advertised, the matter having increased upon his hands, and he put forth all his energies to make the enterprize a success. After all his praying, pleading, and payment-promising, to certain distinguished writers, with regard to the “Anniversary Annual” for 1830, to which we have already referred, it came to nothing; for he descended from his editorial throne and ceased all connection with it, as the proprietor and publisher having twice changed its character, determined to change it again, by making it a monthly instead of an annual volume. Perhaps this stimulated his efforts the more, to show that in an independent capacity he was quite willing to risk public opinion on his side as he had hitherto done, and without regret. Poets, authors, and artists, are oftentimes, if not always, particularly sensitive in matters which belong to their several professions. The work appeared in a very elegant form, and was hailed with general approbation. Cunningham carried out his

“Frae Kyle, wi’ music in her bowers;
Frae fairy glens, where wild Doon pours;
Frae hills, bedropped wi’ sunny showers,
 On Solway strand,
I’ve gathered, Burns, thy scatter’d flowers
 Wi’ filial hand.

“And O! bright and immortal Spirit,
If ought that lessens thy rare merit
I’ve uttered—like a god thou’ll bear it,
 Thou canst but know
Thy stature few or none can peer it
 Now born below.”

A second edition of the work, in one volume, appeared the following year, so rapid had been the sale of the first.