

Shall aid thy feeble gait, or gently stroke
 Thy sun-bleach'd head and downy cheek.
 But go, a mother waits thy homeward steps;
 In vain her eyes dwell on the sacred page,—
 Her thoughts are in the grave; 'tis thou alone,
 Her first-born child, canst rouse that statue gaze
 Of woe profound. Haste to the widow'd arms;
 Look with thy father's look, speak with his
 voice,
 And melt a heart that else will break with grief.

TO A REDBREAST THAT FLEW IN
 AT MY WINDOW.

From snowy plains and icy sprays,
 From moonless nights and sunless days,
 Welcome, poor bird! I'll cherish thee;
 I love thee, for thou trustest me.
 Thrice welcome, helpless, panting guest!
 Fondly I'll warm thee in my breast:
 How quick thy little heart is beating!
 As if its brother flutterer greeting.
 Thou need'st not dread a captive's doom;
 No! freely flutter round my room;

Perch on my lute's remaining string,
 And sweetly of sweet summer sing.
 That note, that summer note, I know;
 It wakes at once, and soothes my woe;
 I see those woods, I see that stream,
 I see,—ah, still prolong the dream!
 Still with thy song those scenes renew,
 Though through my tears they reach my view.

No more now, at my lonely meal,
 While thou art by, alone I'll feel;
 For soon, devoid of all distrust,
 Thou'lt nibbling share my humble crust;
 Or on my finger, pert and spruce,
 Thou'lt learn to sip the sparkling juice;
 And when (our short collation o'er)
 Some favourite volume I explore,
 Be't work of poet or of sage,
 Safe thou shalt hop across the page;
 Uncheck'd, shalt flit o'er Virgil's groves,
 Or flutter 'mid Tibullus' loves.
 Thus, heedless of the raving blast,
 Thou'lt dwell with me till winter's past;
 And when the primrose tells 'tis spring,
 And when the thrush begins to sing,
 Soon as I hear the woodland song,
 Freed, thou shalt join the vocal throng.

HELEN D. STEWART.

BORN 1765—DIED 1838.

Mrs. DUGALD STEWART, the second wife of the celebrated professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was born in the year 1765. Her maiden name was Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun, third daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun, youngest son of William, fifth Lord Cranstoun. She became the wife of Dugald Stewart—a benevolent, upright, and liberal man of undoubted talent—one of the most polished writers of his day, and as fascinating a teacher as ever occupied a university chair—July 26, 1790. Having survived her distinguished husband ten years, she died at Warriston House, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, July 28, 1838. Mrs. Stewart was a sister of the celebrated Countess Purgstall, the subject of Capt. Basil Hall's *Schloss Hainfeld*. Hew Ainslie, the venerable Scottish poet, who lived under her roof while Lord Palmerston

and other young titled gentlemen were inmates of her mansion, writes to us in the highest terms of the beauty and accomplishments of "the Lady Stewart—for she was a lady *per se*." Professor Thomas Brown, the eminent successor of her distinguished husband, addressed the beautiful lines to her entitled "The Nondescript." Mrs. S. also inspired the pastoral song of "Afton Water" by Burns.

Both of the subjoined songs were first published in Johnson's *Musical Museum*. The second was adapted to an air by John Barret, an old English composer, called "Ianthie the Lovely." The same air was also selected by Gay for one of his songs in *The Beggar's Opera*. The first four lines of the last stanza were written by Robert Burns, as he said to Thomson "to complete it;" the music requiring double verses.

RETURNING SPRING, WITH GLAD-
SOME RAY.

Returning spring, with gladsome ray,
Adorns the earth and smooths the deep:
All nature smiles, serene and gay,
It smiles, and yet, alas! I weep.

But why, why flows the sudden tear,
Since Heaven such precious boons has lent,
The lives of those who life endear,
And, though scarce competence, content?

Sure, when no other bliss was mine
Than that which still kind Heaven bestows.
Yet then could peace and hope combine
To promise joy and give repose.

Then have I wander'd o'er the plain,
And blessed each flower that met my view;
Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
And Nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought where Virtue dwelt
That happy bosom knew no ill—
That those who scorn'd me, time would melt,
And those I loved be faultless still.

Enchanting dreams! kind was your art
That bliss bestow'd without alloy;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter still than joy.

Oh! whence the change that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye,
And conquers the once powerful charms
Of youth, of hope, of novelty?

'Tis sad Experience, fatal power!
That clouds the once illumined sky,
That darkens life's meridian hour,
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene—how different far
From that which youthful fancy drew!
Shows joy and freedom oft at war,
Our woes increased, our comforts few.

And when, perhaps, on some loved friend
Our treasured fondness we bestow,
Oh! can she not, with ruthless hand,
Change even that friend into a foe?

See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the rose to 'scape the thorn;
And Prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn!

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more;
Alas! are all my hopes betray'd?
Can nought my happiness restore?

Relentless power! at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart;
Give Caution, but withhold Distrust,
And guard, but harden not, my heart!

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER
FALL.¹

The tears I shed must ever fall!
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time may happier hours recall,
And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead.
Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
And those they loved their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.

E'en when by death's cold hand removed,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he loved,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.

Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy;
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.

¹ Scott made use of two stanzas of this song, which has been called "The Song of Genius," as a motto for a chapter of *The Talisman*, with the addition of the following lines—his own composition:

"But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And, fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name."—*Ed.*

E'en time itself despairs to cure
 Those pangs to every feeling due:
 Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
 To win a heart—and break it too'

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion start;

No pause the dire extremes between,
 He made me blest—and broke my heart;

From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
 Neglected and neglecting all;
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

BORN 1766 — DIED 1813.

ALEXANDER WILSON, the first to claim and win the proud title of the American Ornithologist, was born July 6, 1766, at Paisley, a place that has been so prolific of poets. His father carried on a small distillery, and early destined his son for a minister of the gospel, but his wife's death when Alexander was ten years of age, and his re-marriage not long after, probably prevented the carrying out of the plan. The boy, whose mind was by his father's careful superintendence imbued with a love of nature and a passion for books, attributed in after life all his success to these facts: "The publication of my *Ornithology*, though it has swallowed up all the little I had saved, has procured me the honour of many friends, eminent in this country, and the esteem of the public at large; for which I have to thank the goodness of a kind father, whose attention to my education in early life, as well as the books then put into my hands, first gave my mind a bias towards relishing the paths of literature and the charms and magnificence of nature. These, it is true, particularly the latter, have made me a wanderer in life: but they have also enabled me to support an honest and respectable situation in the world, and have been the sources of almost all my enjoyments." Thus wrote the grateful poet in a letter dated February, 1811.

Alexander was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards preferred that of a pedlar, as an occupation much more appropriate for a "mortal with legs." Three years of his life were employed in this manner, during which period he visited various portions of

Scotland, digressing from his route to visit places of literary or romantic interest. In 1789 he added to his other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems, trusting, as he said,

"If the pedlar should fail to be favoured with sale,
 Then I hope you'll encourage the poet."

The book was published in July of the year following, and the author again made his rounds to deliver copies to the few subscribers he had obtained, and to sell to those who were not. Unsuccessful both as pedlar and poet, he returned to the loom at Paisley. His aspirations for poetical distinction were not however subdued. Hearing of a proposed discussion at an Edinburgh debating society, composed of the city *literati*, as to "whether have the exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert Fergusson done more honour to Scottish poetry?" he borrowed the poems of the latter poet, and, by doubling his labours with the obnoxious shuttle, procured the means of defraying his travelling expenses to Edinburgh. Arriving there in season for the debate in the *Forum*, he repeated a poem which he had prepared entitled "The Laurel Disputed." The audience did not agree with him in his preference of Fergusson, but the merits of the performance gained him many friends—among others, Dr. Anderson, for whose periodical of the *Bee* he became a contributor.

In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, "Watty and Meg," one hundred thousand copies being sold in a few weeks. The author was much gratified with its great suc-

cess, but still more by hearing it attributed to Burns, for whom he entertained the highest regard. A personal satire, entitled "The Shark, or Long Mills Detected," and a not very wise admiration of the principles of equality disseminated at the time of the French Revolution, drove Wilson to the United States. He landed at Newcastle, Delaware, July 14, 1794. During the voyage he had slept on deck, and when he landed his finances consisted only of a few shillings, yet with a cheerful heart he walked to Philadelphia, a distance of thirty-three miles, shooting a red-headed woodpecker on the way, the commencement of his ornithological pursuits. For a time he worked at copperplate printing, but returned to his former vocation of weaving and peddling. In 1794 he commenced school-keeping, a profession which he has celebrated in one of his poems, and was successively employed in this vocation at Frankford and other places.

In 1801 he accepted a position in a seminary on the river Schuylkill near Philadelphia, where he formed the acquaintance of William Bartram, the naturalist, and Alexander Lawson, an engraver, who initiated him in the art of etching, colouring, and engraving. He very soon began the study of ornithology, with which he became so deeply interested, that he projected a work, with drawings of all the birds of the United States. In 1804 Wilson, accompanied by two friends, made a pedestrian tour to Niagara Falls, and on his return he published a poetical narrative of his journey, entitled "The Foresters." Disappointed in obtaining pecuniary assistance from President Jefferson, also in failing to obtain the co-operation of his friend Lawson, he yet persevered in the preparation of his *magnum opus*. In 1806 he obtained employment as assistant-editor of a new edition of Rees' *Cyclopaedia*, by Samuel Bradford, bookseller, of Philadelphia, who gave him a liberal salary, and what delighted Wilson still more, undertook the publication of his *Ornithology*.

In September, 1808, the first volume was issued, and obtained a wide circulation, as well as the highest praise from the press. It excelled in its illustrations any work that had appeared up to that time in the country, and exhibited descriptive powers of a high order. By way of preface the poet, "to invoke the

elemeny of the reader," relates the following:— "In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighbouring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild flowers, of a great many different colours, and, presenting them to his mother, said, 'Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them, red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?' The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency; and, after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on the wings of ecstasy to execute his delightful commission.

"The similarity of the little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these!" I need hardly add that the ambition of the author was fully gratified. Volume ii. appeared in 1810, others followed quickly, and in the early part of 1813 the seventh was published. Wilson's anxiety to complete his work led him to deprive himself of his necessary rest, and the unavoidable result was impaired health. Friends remonstrated, but with no avail. "Life is short," said he, "and without exertion nothing can be performed." In his last letter he says, "I am myself far from being in good health. Intense application to study has hurt me much. My eighth volume is now in press, and will be published in November. One volume more will complete the whole." While his health was thus impaired he one day noticed a bird of some rare species of which he had long been in search, and, snatching his gun, ran out

and swam a river in pursuit of his specimen, which he secured, but caught a cold which soon after caused his death, on the 23d of August, 1813. He was interred with public honours in the Swedish burial-ground, Southwark, Philadelphia. The great lover and delineator of nature sleeps in the quaint old graveyard, by the side of his attached friend Bernard Dahlgren, father of the late Admiral Dahlgren of the United States navy. Some time before Wilson's decease he had expressed a wish that he might be buried "where the birds might sing over his grave." In the year 1841 a memorial tablet was placed in the walls of the house where the poet was born. This, however, was felt to be inadequate. Something more in keeping with the fame and worth of the man was soon after determined upon, and his townsmen erected in October, 1874, in the recently improved portion of the Paisley Abbey burial-ground, a noble bronze statue, which, with the granite pedestal, is seventeen feet in height. The figure is full length, and represents Wilson following his favourite ornithological pursuits in the wilderness of the New World.

The ninth and last volume of *American Ornithology* appeared the year following the poet's death, the letter-press having been written by his friend George Ord: the illustrations had been all finished under Wilson's supervision prior to his decease. In 1825 Mr. Ord prepared a new edition of the last three volumes of the *Ornithology*, and in 1828 four supplementary volumes by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, uncle of the late Emperor of the French, were published. The entire work was reprinted in four volumes in 1831, and issued in *Constable's Miscellany*, with a life of the author by W. M. Hetherington the poet, subsequently professor of theology in the Free Church College, Glasgow; and the year following another edition of Wilson's *American Ornithology*, with illustrative notes and a life of the author by Sir William Jardine, was published in London in three volumes. A collective edition of his poems, with an account of his life, was published at Paisley in 1816: another edition, with an extended memoir of his life and writings, was issued in 1857 at Belfast, also in a single 12mo volume. Wilson's extraordinary merit as a naturalist has caused us in a measure to overlook his

claims as a poet. In his humour and feeling he resembles Burns, to whom, as already mentioned, one of his poems was generally attributed. Of this ballad, "Watty and Meg," Allan Cunningham says: "It has been excelled by none in lively, graphic fidelity of touch; whatever was present to his eye and manifest to his ear, he could paint with a life and a humour which Burns seems alone to excel." Science and poetry are not supposed to be congenial to the same mind, yet in the subject of this notice, as in the case of a much greater man—the author of *Faust*—we find the two combined in such a high development that the mixture of these supposed opposites is clearly proved to be possible.

Charles Robert Leslie, the eminent painter, in 1855 favoured me with many pleasant reminiscences of his gifted Scottish contemporary, and in his *Autobiographical Recollections* remarks: "Mr. Bradford, the same liberal patron who enabled me to study painting, enabled Wilson to publish the most interesting account of birds, and to illustrate it with the best representations of their forms and colours, that has ever appeared. Wilson was engaged by Mr. Bradford as tutor to his sons, and as editor of the American edition of Rees' *Cyclopædia*, while at the same time he was advancing his *Ornithology* for publication. I assisted him to colour some of its first plates. We worked from birds which he had shot and stuffed; and I well remember the extreme accuracy of his drawings, and how carefully he had counted the number of scales on the tiny legs and feet of his subject. He looked like a bird: his eyes were piercing, dark, and luminous, and his nose shaped like a beak. He was of a spare bony form, very erect in his carriage, inclining to be tall: and with a light elastic step, he seemed qualified by nature for his extraordinary pedestrian achievements." The eminent lawyer, Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, who is still living at the age of ninety-six, writes to us under date of February 8th, 1873:—"I had no personal acquaintance with Alexander Wilson the poet, though probably we knew each other by name and sight. I saw him not unfrequently in the book-store of Samuel Bradford in this city, when the *Ornithology* of Wilson was in course of publication—1811 or 1812. His personal appearance was

that of a modest, rather retiring man, of good countenance, not decidedly Scotch, but still with a cast of it, rather more like a New England Congregational clergyman in his black dress than any other description I can give.

He was held in great esteem for probity, gentle manners, and accomplishments in his special branch of natural science. I possess his *great* work, as men acquainted with its merits call it, but am no ornithologist myself."

WATTY AND MEG, OR THE WIFE REFORMED.¹

A TALE.

We dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.—POPE.

Keen the frosty winds were blawing,
Deep the snaw had wreathed the ploughs,
Watty, wearied a' day sawing,
Dannert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill:
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!
Haith we'se hae anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
And sae mony neighbours roun',
Kicket frae his shoon the snawba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a broad, wi' bannocks heaped,
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses stood;
Some were roaring, ithers sleepit,
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was selling Pate some tallow,
A' the rest a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow!
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffing out a mouthfu',
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
Trough your chafts are fa'ing in!
Something's wrang—I'm vex'd to see you—
Gudesake! but ye'er desp'rate thin!"

"Ay," quo' Watty, "things are alter'd,
But it's past redemption now;
L—d! I wish I had been halter'd
When I married Maggy Howe!

"I've been poor, and vexed, and raggy,
Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
Laid the cap-stane o' them a'.

"Night and day she's ever yelping,
With the weans she ne'er can gree;
When she's tired with perfect skelping,
Then she flees like fire on me.

"See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on
With her everlasting clack,
Whiles I've had my neive in passion
Liftet up to break her back!"

"O, for gudesake, keep frae cuffs!"
Mungo shook his head and said,
"Weel I ken what sort of life it's;
Ken ye, Watty, how I did?—

"After Bess and I were kippled,
Soon she grew like ony bear,
Brak' my shins, and when I tipped,
Harl't out my very hair.

"For a wee I quietly knuckled,
But whan naething would prevail,
Up my claes and cash I buckled,—
'Bess, for ever fare-ye-weel.'

"Then her din grew less and less aye,
Haith I gart her change her tune;
Now a better wife than Bessy
Never stept in leather shoon.

"Try this, Watty—When you see her
Raging like a roaring flood,

¹ As Burns was one day sitting at his desk by the side of his window, a well-known hawk, Andrew Bishop, went past crying "Watty and Meg, a new ballad by Robert Burns." The poet looked out and said, "That's a lee, Andrew, but I would make your plack a bawbee if it were mine." This we heard Mrs. Burns, the poet's widow, relate.—*Dr. Robert Chambers.*

Swear that moment that ye'll lea' her,—
That's the way to keep her good."

Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls
Echo'd now out-thro' the roof;
"Done!" quo' Pate, and syne his erls
Nail'd the Dryster's wauked loof.

In the thrang of stories telling,
Shaking hauns, and ither cheer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
"Mungo, is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry
Darted thro' him like a knife,
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's seawaling wife.

"Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy, drucken sow!
Bringing wife and weans to ruin,
Drinking here wi' sic a crew!"

"Devil nor your legs were broken,
Sic a life nae flesh endures,
Toiling like a slave to sloken
You, ye dyvor, and your whores.

"Rise, ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire:
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whiskey i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy fallow'd,
Flying a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door came lamping,
Maggy curst them ane and a';
Clappet wi' her hands, and stamping,
Lost her bauchles i' the sua'.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Raging like a very devil,
Kicking stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you!
Hang you, sir! I'll be your death!
Little hands my hands, confound you,
But I'll cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Ey'd her whites but durstna speak,
Sat like patient Resignation,
Trem'ling by the ingle check.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighing aften to himsel':

"Nane are free frae some vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is a mortal vext like me?"

A' night lang he rowt and gaunted,
Sleep or rest he con'dna' tak;
Maggy aft wi' horror haunted,
Mum'ling started at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepit,
Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kist his weanies, while they sleepet,
Wauken'd Meg, and sought farewell.

"Farewell, Meg!—and, O! may Heav'n
Keep you aye within his care:
Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
Now he'll never fash you mair.

"Happy could I been beside you,
Happy baith at morn and e'en:
A' the ills did e'er betide you,
Watty aye turned out your frien'.

"But ye ever like to see me
Vext and sighing, late and air:
Farewell, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,
So thou'll never see me mair."

Meg, a' sabbing, sac to lose him,
Sic a change had never wist,
Held his hand close to her bosom,
While her heart was like to burst.

"O my Watty, will ye lea' me,
Frien'less, helpless, to despair!
O! for this ae time forgie me:
Never will I vex you mair."

"Ay! ye've aft said that, and broken
A' your vows ten times a week.
No, no, Meg! see, there's a token
Glittering on my bonnet check.

"Owre the seas I march this morning,
Listed, tested, sworn and a',
Fore'd by your confounded girning—
Farewell, Meg! for I'm awa'."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Gush'd afresh, and louder grew,
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yamour,
Round their sabbing mother flew.

“Through the yirth I’ll wanner wi’ you—
Stay, O Watty! stay at hame;
Here, upon my knees, I’ll gi’e you
Ony vow you like to name.

“See your poor young lammies pleadin’,
Will ye gang and break our heart?
No a house to put our head in!
No a friend to take our part!”

Ilka word came like a bullet;
Watty’s heart begoud to shake;
On a kist he laid his wallet,
Dighted baith his een and spake.

“If ance mair I co’ld by writing
Lea’ the sogers and stay still,
Wad you swear to drap your flyting?”
“Yes, O Watty, yes, I will.”

“Then,” quo’ Watty, “mind, be honest;
Aye to keep your temper strive;
Gin ye break this dreadfu’ promise,
Never mair expect to thrive.

“Marget Howe, this hour ye solemn
Swear by every thing that’s gude,
Ne’er again your spouse to seal’ him,
While life warms your heart and blood.

“That ye’ll ne’er in Mungo’s seek me—
Ne’er put drucken to my name—
Never out at e’ning steek me—
Never gloom when I come hame.

“That ye’ll ne’er, like Bessy Miller,
Kick my shins or rug my hair—
Lastly, I’m to keep the sillier.
This upon your saul you swear?”

“O—h!” quo’ Meg; “Aweel,” quo’ Watty,
“Farewell! faith I’ll try the seas.”
“O stand still,” quo’ Meg, and grat aye;
“Ony, ony way ye please.”

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
Swore to a’ thing owre again:
Watty lap, and danced, and kist her;
Wow! but he was won’rous fain.

AUCHTERTOOL.

From the village of Lessly, with a head full of glee,
And a pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free;
Resolved that same evening, as Luna was full,
To lodge ten miles distant, in old Auchtertool.

Through many a lone cottage and farm-house I
steered,
Took their money, and off with my budget I
sheered:

The road I explored out without form or rule,
Still asking the nearest to old Auchtertool.

A clown I accosted, inquiring the road,
He stared like an idiot, then roared out “Gude
G—d,

Gin ye’re gaun there for quarters ye’re surely a
fool,
For there’s nought but starvation in old Auchter-
tool.”

Unminding his nonsense, my march I pursued,
Till I came to a hill-top, where joyful I viewed,
Surrounded with mountains, and many a white
pool,
The small smoky village of old Auchtertool.

At length I arrived at the edge of the town,
As Phoebus behind a high mountain went down;
The clouds gathered dreary, and weather blew
foul,
And I hugged myself safe now in old Auchtertool.

An inn I inquired out, a lodging desired,
But the landlady’s pertness seemed instantly fired;
For she saucy replied, as she sat carding wool,
“I ne’er keep sic lodgers in auld Auchtertool.”

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride,
But asking, was told there was none else beside,
Except an old weaver who now kept a school,
And these were the whole that were in Auchter-
tool.

To his mansion I scampered, and rapt at the door;
He op’d, but as soon as I dared to implore,
He shut it like thunder, and uttered a howl
That rung through each corner of old Auchtertool.

Provoked now to fury, the dominie I curst,
And offered to eudgel the wretch, if he durst;
But the door he fast bolted, though Boreas blew
cool,
And left me all friendless in old Auchtertool.

Deprived of all shelter, through darkness I trod,
Till I came to a ruined old house by the road;
Here the night I will spend, and, inspired by the
owl,
I’ll send up some prayers for old Auchtertool.

MATILDA.

Ye dark rugged rocks, that recline o’er the deep,
Ye breezes, that sigh o’er the main,
Here shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,
And cease while ye hear me complain;

For distant, alas! from my dear native shores,
 And far from each friend now I be;
 And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars
 Between my Matilda and me.

How blest were the times when together we stray'd,
 While Phœbe shone silent above;
 Or leaned by the border of Cartha's green side,
 And talked the whole evening of love!
 Around us all nature lay wrapt up in peace,
 Nor noise could our pleasures annoy,
 Save Cartha's hoarse brawling conveyed by the
 breeze,
 That soothed us to love and to joy.

If haply some youth had his passion exprest,
 And praised the bright charms of her face,
 What horrors unceasing revolved through my
 breast,
 While, sighing, I stole from the place.
 For where is the eye that could view her alone,
 The ear that could list to her strain,
 Nor wish the adorable nymph for his own,
 Nor double the pangs I sustain?

Thou moon! that now brightens those regions
 above,
 How oft hast thou witness'd my bliss,
 While breathing my tender expressions of love,
 I seal'd each kind vow with a kiss!
 Ah! then, how I joyed as I gazed on her charms!
 What transports flew swift through my heart!
 I pressed the dear, beautiful maid in my arms,
 Nor dreamed that we ever should part.

But now from the dear, from the tenderest maid,
 By Fortune unfeelingly torn;
 'Midst strangers, who wonder to see me so sad,
 In secret I wander forlorn;
 And oft, while drear Midnight assembles her shades
 And Silence pours sleep from her throne,
 Pale, lonely and pensive, I steal through the glades
 And sigh, 'midst the darkness, my moan.

In vain to the town I retreat for relief;
 In vain to the groves I complain;
 Belles, coxcombs and uproar, can ne'er soothe
 my grief,
 And solitude nurses my pain.
 Still absent from her whom my bosom loves best,
 I languish in mis'ry and care;
 Her presence could banish each woe from my heart,
 But her absence, alas! is despair.

Ye dark rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep,
 Ye breezes, that sigh o'er the main,
 Oh! shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,
 And cease, while ye hear me complain.
 Far distant, alas! from my dear native shores,
 And far from each friend now I be;
 And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars
 Between my Matilda and me.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Of all professions that this world has known,
 From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;
 From the great architects of Greece and Rome,
 Down to the framer of a farthing broom,
 The worst for care and undeserved abuse,
 The first in real dignity and use,
 (If skilled to teach and diligent to rule)
 Is the learned master of a little school,
 Not he who guides the legs, or fits the clown
 To square his fists, and knock his fellow down;
 Not he who shows the still more barbarous art
 To parry thrusts, and pierce th' unguarded heart;
 But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,
 Still toils the opening reason to enlarge;
 And leads the growing mind, through every stage,
 From humble A B C to God's own page:
 From black, rough pothooks, horrid to the sight,
 To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;
 From numeration, through an opening way,
 Till dark annuities seem clear as day!
 Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,
 Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,
 Till earth's remotest bounds, and heaven's bright
 train
 He trace, weigh, measure, picture and explain.

If such his toils, sure honour and regard,
 And wealth and fame will be his dear reward;
 Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,
 And blessings gild the evening of his days!
 Yes—blest indeed—by cold ungrateful scorn,
 With study pale, by daily crosses worn;
 Despised by those who to his labour owe
 All that they read, and almost all they know.
 Condemned, each tedious day, such cares to bear
 As well might drive e'en Patience to despair;
 The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—
 The blockhead's dark impenetrable skull—
 The endless round of A B C's whole train,
 Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain,
 Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,
 His faults enlarge—his merits disappear.
 If mild—"Our lazy master loves his ease,
 The boys at school do anything they please."
 If rigid—"He's a stern hard-hearted wretch,
 He drives the children stupid with his birch.
 My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath;
 But frowns and flogging frighten him to death."
 Do as he will his conduct is arraigned,
 And dear the little that he gets is gained;
 E'en that is given him on the quarter-day,
 With looks that call it—money thrown away.

Just Heaven! who knows the unremitting care
 And deep solicitude that teachers share,
 If such their fate, by thy divine control,
 O give them health and fortitude of soul!

Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame;
Grant this, ye powers! to dominies distrest,
Their sharp-tailed hickories will do the rest.

A PEDLAR'S STORY.¹

I wha stand here in this bare scowry coat,
Was ance a packman, worth mony a groat;
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
I've scarted pats and sleepit in a stable:
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance taen,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.
Ay! thae were days indeed that gar'd me hope,
Aiblins, through time to warsle up a shop;
And as a wife aye in my noddle ran,
I kenn'd my Kate wad grapple at me than.
Oh, Kate was past compare! sic cheeks! sic een!
Sic smiling looks! were never, never seen.
Dear, dear I lo'od her, and when'er we met,
Pleaded to have the bridal day but set;
Stapp'd her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
And thought myself weel paid wi' twa three
kisses:

Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,
And aften kindly in my lug would say,
"Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,
We'll marry then, and syne set up a shop."
Oh, sir, but lasses' words are saft and fair,
They soothe our griefs and banish ilka care:
Wha wadna toil to please the lass he loes?
A lover true minds *this* in all he does.
Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
And that I couldna get her to relent,
There was nought left but quietly to resign,
To heeze my pack for ae lang, hard campaign;
And as the Highlands was the place for meat,
I ventured there in spite o' wind and weet.

Could now the winter blew, and deep the snaw
For three hale days incessantly did fa';
Far in a muir, among the whirling drift,
Where nought was seen but mountains and the
lift,

I lost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,
Maist dead wi' hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil.
Thus wandering, east or west, I kenn'd na where,
My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
Wi' a fell ringe I plunged at once, forsooth,
Down through a wreath o' snaw up to my mouth—
Clean over my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens—I never knew!
What great misfortunes are poured down on some!
I thought my fearfu' hinder-end was come!
Wi' grief and sorrow was my saul owercastr,

Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;
For aye the mair I warsled roun' and roun',
I fand mysel aye stiek the deeper down;
Till ance, at length, wi' a proligious pull,
I drew my puir cauld carcass frae the hole.
Lang, lang I sought and graped for my pack,
Till night and hunger forc'd me to come back.
For three lang hours I wandered up and down,
Till chance at last convey'd me to a town;
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A sad account of a' my luckless fate,
But bade her aye be kind, and no despair,
Since life was left, I soon would gather mair,
Wi' whilk I hoped, within a towment's date
To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.
Fool that I was! how little did I think
That love would soon be lost for faut o' clink!
The loss o' fair-won wealth, though hard to bear,
Afore this—ne'er had power to force a tear.
I trusted time would bring things round again,
And Kate, dear Kate! would then be a' mine ain:
Consoled my mind in hopes o' better luck—
But, oh! what sad reverse! how thunderstruck!
When ae black day brought word frae Rab my
brither,

That—*Kate was cried and married on anither!*
Though a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
At ance had drapp'd cauld dead at my feet;
Or though I'd heard the last day's dreadful ca',
Nae deeper horror ower my heart could fa';
I curs'd mysel, I curs'd my luckless fate,
And grat—and sabbing cried, Oh Kate! oh Kate!
Frae that day forth I never mair did weel,
But drank, and ran head foremost to the deil!
My siller vanish'd, far frae hame I pined,
But Kate for ever ran across my mind:
In *her* were a' my hopes—these hopes were vain,
And now I'll never see her like again.

RAB AND RINGAN.²

A TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

Hech! but its awfu' like to rise up here,
Where sic a sight o' learned folks' pows appear!
Sae mony piercing een a' fixed on anc
Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane!
But it's a mercy—mony thanks to fate,
Pedlars are poor, but unco seldom blate.

(*Speaking to the President.*)

This question, sir, has been right well disputed,
And meikle weel-a-wat's been said about it;

¹ Recited by the author, at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question, "Whether is disappointment in love or the loss of fortune hardest to bear?"

² Delivered by the author in the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question, "Whether is diffidence or the allurements of pleasure the greatest bar to the progress in knowledge?"

Chiels, that precisely to the point can speak,
 And gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek,
 Hae sent frae ilka side their sharp opinion,
 And peeled it up as ane wad peel an ingon¹.

I winna plague you lang wi' my poor spale,
 But only crave your patience to a tale:
 By which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stantin'
 As I perceive your hindmost minute's rinnin'.

THE TALE.

There lived in Fife an auld, stout, worldly chiel,
 Wha's stomach ken'd nae fare but milk and meal;
 A wife he had, I think they ca'd her Bell,
 And twa big sons, amaisa as heigh's himsel'.
 Rab was a gleg, smart cock, with powdered pash;
 Ringan, a slow, feared, bashfu', simple hash.

Baith to the college gaed. At first spruce Rab
 At Greek and Latin grew a very dab:
 He beat a' round about him, fair and clean,
 And ilk ane courted him to be their frien';
 Frae house to house they harled him to dinner,
 But cursed poor Ringan for a hum-drum sinner.

Rab talked now in sie a lofty strain,
 As though braid Scotland had been a' his ain;
 He ca'd the kirk the church, the yirth the globe,
 And changed his name, forsooth, frae Rab to Bob.
 Where'er ye met him flourishing his rung,
 The hail discourse was murdered wi' his tongue.
 On friends and faes wi' impudene he set,
 And ramm'd his nose in everything he met.

The college now to Rab grew douf and dull,
 He scorn'd wi' books to stupify his skull:
 But whirled to plays and balls, and sic like places,
 And roared awa at fairs and kintra races;
 Sent hame for siller frae his mother Bell,
 And caft a horse, and rade a race himsel';
 Drank day and night, and syne, when mortal fu',
 Rowed on the floor, and snored like ony sow;
 Lost a' his siller wi' some gambling sparks,
 And pawn'd, for punch, his Bible and his sarks:
 Till driven at last to own he had enough,
 Gaed hame a' rags to hand his father's plough.

Poor hum-drum Ringan played anither part,
 For Ringan wanted neither wit nor ar;
 Of mony a far-aff place he kent the gate;
 Was deep, deep learned, but unco, unco blate.
 He kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,
 How mony rake wad lave the ocean toom;
 Where a' the swallows gaed in time of snaw;
 What gars the thunders roar, and tempests blaw;
 Where lumps o' siller grow aneath the grun';
 How a' this yirth rows round about the sun;
 In short, on books sae meikle time he spent,
 Ye couldna' speak o' aught, but Ringan kent.

¹ The question had been spoken upon both sides before this tale was recited, which was the last opinion given on the debate.

Sae meikle learning wi' sae little pride,
 Soon gained the love o' a' the kintra side;
 And Death, at that time, happening to nip aff
 The parish minister—a poor, dull calf,
 Ringan was sought—he couldna' say them nay,
 And there he's preaching at this very day.

MORAL.

Now, Mr. President, I think 'tis plain,
 That youthfu' diffidence is certain gain.
 Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,
 It guides alike, in commerce or at college;
 Struggles the bursts of passion to control,
 Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul;
 Defies the deep-laid stratagems of guile,
 And gives even innocence a sweeter smile;
 Emmobles all the little worth we have,
 And shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast the difference, then, between the twain,
 Since pleasure ever is pursued by pain.
 Pleasure's a syren, with inviting arms,
 Sweet is her voice and powerful are her charms;
 Lured by her call we tread her flowery ground,
 Joy wings our steps and music warbles round,
 Lulled in her arms we lose the flying hours,
 And lie embosomed 'midst her blooming bowers,
 Till—armed with death, she watches our undoing,
 Stabs while she sings, and triumphs in our ruin.

THE AMERICAN BLUE-BIRD.

When winter's cold tempests and winds are no
 more,
 Green meadows and brown-furrowed fields re-
 appearing,
 The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
 And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a
 steering;
 When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
 When red grows the maple, so fresh and so
 pleasing,
 Oh then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring,
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the
 season.
 The loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
 Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the
 weather,
 Then blue woodland flowers just beginning to
 spring,
 And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
 Oh then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair;
 Your walks border up, sow and plant at your
 leisure;
 The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a plea-
 sure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red glowing peach, and the apple's sweet
blossoms;

He snaps up destroyers whatever they be,
And seizes the catiffs that lurk in their bosoms;

He draws the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their webs where they riot and
welter,

His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is, in summer, a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his
train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to
cheer him;

The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear
him;

The slow lingering schoolboys forget they'll be
chid,

While gazing intent as he warbles before them,
In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,
Have fled in the tread of the sun-seeking swal-
low;

The blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings the adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, soft, dewy, and
warm,

The green face of earth, and the pure blue of
heaven,

Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given—
Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be;

His voice, like the shrilling of hope, is a trea-
sure;

For through bleakest storms, if a calm he but
see,

He comes to remind us of sunshine and plea-
sure.

CONNEL AND FLORA.

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;
Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,
But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;
While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,
He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits, that glide o'er the steep,
Oh, would ye but waft me across the wild deep!
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar,
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

CAROLINA NAIRNE.

BORN 1766 — DIED 1845.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, a Christian lady alike
lovely in mind and person, who was from her
great beauty known in her native district as
"The Flower of Strathearn," was born at the
family mansion of Gask, in the county of
Perth, July 16, 1766. The Oliphants of Gask
were cadets of the formerly noble house of
Oliphant, whose ancestor, Sir William of Aber-
dalgie, acquired distinction in the early part
of the fourteenth century, by defending the
castle of Stirling against a formidable siege,
carried on under the eyes of Edward I. of
England. Her ancestors were devoted Jacob-
ites. The paternal grandfather of Carolina,

named in honour of Prince Charles Edward,
attended the unfortunate Stuart during his
disastrous campaign of 1745-46; and his wife
indicated her sympathy in the cause by cutting
off a lock of the Prince's hair, on the occasion
of his accepting their hospitality. The sou-
venir is still preserved in the family. Our
author's has thus celebrated the incident in
her song of "The Auld House:"—

"The ledly too, sae genty,
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,
An' clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair."

Carolina Oliphant, whose beauty was equalled

by her intellectual attainments and her great love of music, was married to William Murray Nairne of the British army, who, in 1824, received the family title of Baron Nairne. The act of Parliament removing the attainder of the family was passed owing to the recommendation of George IV., who learned, during his visit to Scotland in 1822, that the song of "The Attainted Scottish Nobles" was the composition of Lady Nairne. On the 9th of July, 1830, she lost her husband, and seven years later her only son died in Brussels, where he had gone in company with the baroness for his health. Deprived of both husband and son—the latter a young gentleman of great promise—Lady Nairne, though submitting to the dispensation of Heaven with becoming resignation, did not regain her usual buoyancy of spirit. She was rapidly falling into "the sere, the yellow leaf"—those years in which the words of the inspired sage, "I have no pleasure in them," are too often called forth by mental trials and bodily infirmities. But she bore up nobly. In one of her letters, dated 1840, she says: "I sometimes say to myself, 'This is no me,' so greatly have my feelings and trains of thought changed since 'auld lang syne;' and though I am made to know assuredly that all is well, I scarcely dare to allow my mind to settle on the past."

To this period of her life we owe the ode, "Would you be young again?" and several of her compositions breathing a deeply devotional spirit; "The Laird o' Cockpen," and other humorous and popular songs, having been written previous to her marriage in 1806. Carolina Baroness Nairne died in the same mansion in which she was born, on the 26th of October, 1845, at the advanced age of seventy-nine.

Lady Nairne was a prolific writer of Scottish songs and ballads, and in her later years wrote poems expressive of the pious resignation and Christian hope of the author, which, however, appeared anonymously, as her extreme diffidence and modesty shrank from all publicity. She neither wrote for gain or fame, but from a far higher motive. A Scottish writer says: "She knew that the minstrels of ruder times had composed, and, through the aid of the national melodies, transmitted to posterity strains ill fitted to promote the interests of

sound morality, yet that the love of those sweet and wild airs made the people tenacious of the words to which they were wedded. Her principal, if not her sole object, was to disjoin these, and to supplant the impurer strains. Doubtless that capacity of genius which enabled her to write as she has done might, as an inherent stimulus, urge her to seek gratification in the exercise of it; but even in this case, the virtue of her main motive underwent no diminution. She was well aware how deeply the Scottish heart imbibed the sentiments of song, so that these became a portion of its nature, or of the principles upon which the individuals acted, however unconsciously, amid the intercourse of life. Lessons could thus be taught which could not, perhaps, be communicated with the same effect by any other means. This pleasing agency of education in the school of moral refinement Lady Nairne has exercised with genial tact and great beauty; and liberally as she bestowed benefactions on her fellow-kind in many other respects, it may be said no gifts conferred could bear in their beneficial effects a comparison to the songs which she has written. Her strains thrilled along the chords of a common nature, beguiling ruder thoughts into a more tender and generous tone, and lifting up the lower towards the loftier feeling."

The benevolence of Lady Nairne was not confined to the purification of the national minstrelsy, but extended towards the support of many of the philanthropic institutions of her native land, which in her judgment were promoting the temporal comforts, or advancing the spiritual interests of the Scottish people. Her contributions to public as well as private charities were very liberal. In an address delivered by Dr. Chalmers a few weeks after her death, referring to the exertions which had been made for the supply of religious instruction in a certain district of Edinburgh, known as the West Port, he made the following remarks regarding Lady Nairne:—"Let me speak now as to the countenance we have received. I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction which I received about a year ago. Inquiry was made of me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to apply it to charitable purposes; and she wanted me to enumerate a list of chari-

table objects in proportion to the estimate I had of their value. Accordingly I furnished her with a seale of five or six charitable objects. The highest in the seale were those institutions which had for their design the Christianizing of the people at home: and I also mentioned to her, in connection with the Christianizing at home, what we were doing at the West Port; and there came to me from her, in the course of a day or two, no less a sum than £300. She is now dead; she is now in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions of secrecy, and, accordingly, I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was dead, I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to proclaim it, because I thought that her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her; and I am happy to say that I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairne of Perthshire. It enabled us, at an expense of £330, to purchase sites for schools and a church; and we have

got a site in the very heart of the locality, with a very considerable extent of ground for a washing-green, a washing-house, and a playground for the children, so that we are a good step in advance towards the completion of our parochial economy."

Some years after Lady Nairne's death, the relations and literary friends of the deceased, thinking very correctly that there was no longer any reason for withholding from the public the secret of the authorship of her numerous charming compositions, published an elegant volume, entitled "*Lays from Strathearn*;" by Carolina Baroness Nairne," containing about one hundred of her songs and ballads, the most popular of which are, "The Land o' the Leal;" "The Laird o' Cockpen"—lays that the world will not willingly let die. In 1869 another volume appeared, called, "*Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne*;" with a Memoir and Poems of Carolina Oliphant, the Younger, edited by Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot.;" accompanied by a portrait and other illustrations.

THE PLEUGHMAN.

There's high and low, there's rich and poor,
 There's trades and crafts enew, man;
 But, east and west, his trade's the best
 That kens to guide the pleugh, man.
 Then come weel speed my pleughman lad.
 And hey my merry pleughman;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the pleughman.

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
 His cares are light and few, man;
 His mother's blessing's on his head,
 That tents her weel, the pleughman.
 Then come weel speed, &c.

The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet
 The morning fresh and new, man;
 Blythe though she be, as blythe is he
 That sings as sweet, the pleughman,
 Then come weel speed, &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day
 Their labours they renew, man;
 Heaven bless the seed, and bless the soil,
 And Heaven bless the pleughman.
 Then come weel speed, &c.

CALLER HERRIN'.¹

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
 Dream'd ye ought o' our pair fellows,
 Darkling as they faced the billows,
 A' to fill the woven willows,
 Buy my caller herrin',
 New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 They're no brought here without brave daring;
 Buy my caller herrin',
 Haul'd thro' wind and rain.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
 Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin'!
 Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
 Ca' them lives o' men.
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

¹ This song was written for Nathaniel Gow son of the celebrated Neil Gow.—Ed.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silk and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads, and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie;
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in yer dealin'—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.¹

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' woin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, and as gude as new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
And wha' could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannyly—
And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na;
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannyly;

¹The two last stanzas were added, to complete the song, by Miss Mary Ferrier, authoress of *Marriage, Intercourse, and Destiny*,—novels that were greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott.—*Ed.*

And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

GUDE NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'!

The best o' joys maun hae an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The laugest day will wear away,
And I maun bid farewell to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu',
For words, gin they hae sense ava,
They're broken, faltering, and few:
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

Oh, we hae wander'd far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell!
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
And twined it wi' the heather-bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot house, and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak a last farewell:
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

My harp farewell! thy strains are past,
Of gleefu' mirth, and heartfelt care;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
But, oh! whar sorrow canna win,
Nor parting tears are shed ava,
May we meet neighbor, kith, and kin,
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh! it's owre the Border awa', awa',
It's owre the Border awa', awa';
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
 Wi' their tartans, kilts an' a', an' a',
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
 Will they a' return, our Hieland men?
 Second-sighted Sandy lo'ked fu' wae,
 And mothers grat when they marched away.
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

Oh wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
 Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
 Bonnie Charlie the king o' us a', hurra!
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
 His bonnet and feather, he's wavin' high,
 His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
 While the pipers blaw in an' unco flare.
 Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep:
 Twa thousand swam owre to fill English ground,
 And danced themselves dry to the pibroch's
 sound.

Dumfounder'd the English saw—they saw—
 Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,
 Dumfounder'd they ran awa', awa',
 From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';
 We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
 Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.¹

I'm wearin' awa', John,
 Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John:
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, John;
 There's neither could nor care, John;
 The day's aye fair
 I' the land o' the leal.

¹ This beautiful lyric appeared in print soon after the death of Burns, and in its more popular version was supposed to express his dying thoughts, although in its original form there is no trace of such an intention on the part of Lady Nairne. Dr. Rogers states that it was written in 1798, on the death of the eldest child of her friends Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun of Killermont. The following is the popular, and perhaps improved, version:—*Ed.*

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearin' awa'
 To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;
 She was baith gude and fair, John;
 And, oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John—
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
 Sae free the battle fought, John,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 Oh, dry your glist'ning ee, John!
 My saul lings to be free, John;
 And angels beckon me
 To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!
 Your day it's wearin' thro', John;
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
 This world's cares are vain, John;
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
 In the land o' the leal.

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

Saw ye nae my Peggy?
 Saw ye nae my Peggy?
 Saw ye nae my Peggy comin'
 Through Tillibelton's broom?
 I'm frae Aberdagic,
 Ower the crafts o' Craigie,
 For aught I ken o' Peggy,
 She's ayont the moon.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean;
 There's neither could nor care, Jean;
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean;
 And oh! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
 And joy is coming fast, Jean—
 The joy that's aye to last
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended now, Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean;
 This world's care is vain, Jean;
 We'll meet and will be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

'Twas but at the dawin',
Clear the cock was crawin',
I saw Peggy awin'
Hawkie by the brier.
Early bells were ringin',
Bl; thest birds were singin',
Sweetest flowers were springin',
A' her heart to cheer.

Now the tempest's blawin',
Almond water's flowin'
Deep and ford unknowin',
She maun cross the day.
Almond waters, spare her,
Safe to Lynedoch bear her!
Its braes ne'er saw a fairer,
Bess Bell nor Mary Gray.

Oh, now to be wi' her!
Or but ance to see her
Skaithless, far or near,
I'd gie Scotland's crown.
Byword, blind's a lover—
Wha's yon I discover?
Just yer ain fair rover,
Stately stappin' down.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
There's castocks in Strabogie;
And morn and e'en, they're blythe and bein,
That haud them frae the cogie.
Now, haud ye frae the cogie, lads;
O bide ye frae the cogie!
I'll tell ye true, ye'll never rue,
O' passin' by the cogie.

Young Will was braw and weel put on:
Sae blythe was he and vogie;
And he got bonnie Mary Don,
The flower o' a' Strabogie.
Wha wad hae thoct at woin' time,
He'd e'er forsaken Mary,
And ta'en him to the tipplin' trade,
Wi' boozin' Rob and Harry?

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat,
She scarce could lift the ladle;
Wi' pithless feet, 'tween ilka greet,
She'd rock the borrow'd cradle.
Her weddin' plenishin' was gane,
She never thoct to borrow:
Her bonnie face was waxin' wan—
And Will wrought a' the sorrow.

He's reelin' hame ac winter's night,
Some later than the gloamin';
He's ta'en the rig, he's missed the brig,
And Bogie's ower him foamin'.
Wi' broken banes, out ower the stanes,
He crepkit up Strabogie;
And a' the night he pray'd wi' micht,
To keep him frae the cogie.

Now Mary's heart is light again—
She's neither sick nor silly;
For auld or young, nae sinfu' tongue,
Could e'er entice her Willie;
And aye the sang through Bogie rang—
"O haud ye frae the cogie;
The weary gill's the sairest ill
On braes o' fair Strabogie."

HERE'S TO THEM THAT ARE GANE.

Here's to them, to them that are gane;
Here's to them, to them that are gane;
Here's to them that were here, the faithful and
dear,
That will never be here again—no, never.
But where are they now that are gane?
Oh, where are the faithful and true?
They're gane to the light that fears not the night,
An' their day of rejoicing shall end—no, never.

Here's to them, to them that were here;
Here's to them, to them that were here;
Here's a tear and a sigh to the bliss that's gane by,
But 'twas ne'er like what's comin', to last—for
ever.
Oh, bright was their morning sun!
Oh, bright was their morning sun!
Yet, lang ere the gloaming, in elouds it gaed down;
But the storm and the cloud are now past—for
ever.

Farewell, farewell! parting silence is sad;
Oh, how sad the last parting tear!
But that silence shall break, where no tear on the
cheek
Can bedim the bright vision again—no, never.
Then, speed to the wings of old Time,
That waf't us where pilgrims would be;
To the regions of rest, to the shores of the blest,
Where the full tide of glory shall flow—for ever.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed down,
A lassie, wi' a braw new gown,
Cam ower the hills to Gowrie.

The rosebud, washed in summer's shower,
 Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower;
 But Kitty was the fairest flower
 That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam there,
 An', oh, the scene was passing fair!
 For what in Scotland can compare
 Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
 The sun was setting on the Tay,
 The blue hills melting into gray;
 The mavis and the blackbird's lay
 Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

Oh, lang the lassie I had woo'd!
 An' truth and constancy had vow'd,
 But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed,
 Until she saw fair Gowrie.
 I pointed to my father's ha',
 Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
 Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw;
 Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her father was baith glad and wae:
 Her mither she wad naething say;
 The bairnies thocht they wad get play
 If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
 She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
 The blush and tear were on her cheek;
 She naething said, an' hung her head;
 But now she's Lady Gowrie.

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I
 LO'E WEEL.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,
 He's ower the hills we daurna name;
 He's ower the hills ayont Dunblane,
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,
 My brithers winna bide at hame;
 My mither greets and prays for them,
 And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

The Whigs may seoff, the Whigs may jeer;
 But, ah! that love maun be sincere
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains:
 Ower Hieland hearts secure he reigns;

What lads e'er did our laddies will do;
 Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
 Oh, did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done!
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore, for Charlie then fight:
 For your country, religion, and a' that is right:
 Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
 I'd die as aft for ane o' the three.
 He's ower the hills, &c.

THE ATTAINTED SCOTTISH NOBLES.

Oh, some will tune their mournfu' strains,
 To tell o' hame-made sorrow,
 And if they cheat you o' your tears,
 They'll dry upon the morrow.
 Oh, some will sing their airy dreams,
 In verity they're sportin';
 My sang's o' nae iver thieveless themes,
 But wakin' true misfortune.

Ye Scottish nobles, ane and a',
 For loyalty attainted,
 A nameless bardie's wae to see
 Your sorrows unlamented;
 For if your fathers ne'er had fought
 For heirs of ancient royalty,
 Ye're down the day that might hae been
 At the top o' honour's tree a'.

For old hereditary right,
 For conscience' sake they stoutly stood;
 And for the crown their valiant sons
 Themselves have shed their injured blood:
 And if their fathers ne'er had fought
 For heirs of ancient royalty,
 They're down the day that might hae been
 At the top o' honour's tree a'.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Would you be young again?
 So would not I—
 One tear to memory given,
 Onward I'd hie.
 Life's dark flood forded o'er,
 All but at rest on shore,
 Say, would you plunge once more,
 With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
 Retrace your way?
 Wander through stormy wilds,
 Faint and astray?
 Night's gloomy watches fled,
 Morning all beaming red,
 Hope's smiles around us shed,
 Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
 Our joy and delight?
 Dear, and more dear, though now
 Hidden from sight.
 Where they rejoice to be,
 There is the land for me;
 Fly, time, fly speedily:
 Come, life and light.

FAREWELL, O FAREWELL!

Farewell, O farewell!
 My heart it is sair;
 Farewell, O farewell!
 I'll see him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,
 Lang, lang—but nae mair
 I mauna repine,
 But my heart it is sair.

His staff's at the wa',
 Toom, toom is his chair!
 His bannet, an' a'!
 An' I maun be here!

But oh! he's at rest,
 Why sud I complain?

Gin my soul be blest,
 I'll meet him again.

Oh, to meet him again,
 Where hearts ne'er were sair!
 Oh, to meet him again,
 To part never mair!

REST IS NOT HERE.

What's this vain world to me?
 Rest is not here;
 False are the smiles I see,
 The mirth I hear.
 Where is youth's joyful glee?
 Where all once dear to me?
 Gone, as the shadows flee—
 Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine
 Blythely and fair?
 Why did those tints so fine
 Vanish in air?
 Does not the vision say,
 Faint, lingering heart, away,
 Why in this desert stay—
 Dark land of care?

Where souls angelic soar,
 Thither repair;
 Let this vain world no more
 Lull and ensnare.
 That heaven I love so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell;
 All things around me tell
 Rest is found there.

ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

BORN 1767 — DIED 1829.

ALEXANDER BALFOUR, the author of four volumes of poetry and sixteen of prose, besides contributions to periodicals which would fill an equal number, was born in the parish of Monikie, Forfarshire, March 1, 1767. From his native place, where he learned weaving, and latterly taught a school, he removed in 1793 to Arbroath. He was first employed as a clerk, and afterwards carried on business as a merchant and manufacturer. In the year

1814 he removed to the vicinity of Dundee, to superintend a branch of a London house, with which he had long transacted business on a large scale; but in the disastrous summer of 1815 it was suddenly involved in bankruptcy, Balfour sharing, from the unfortunate extent of his connection with the house, the same fate. From a position of affluence he was plunged into a state of extreme poverty. In the autumn of the same year he obtained the situation of

overseer of the Balgonie Spinning Mills in Fifeshire, from whence he removed with his family to Edinburgh in October, 1818, to enter upon the uncertain career of a man of letters.

From his earliest youth Balfour displayed a talent for composition, by occasionally contributing to the papers and periodicals of the day. Several of his poems were transmitted to James Sibbald, and by him published in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, of which he was the editor and proprietor. His first attempts were made at the age of twelve, the period of life when Pope and Cowley began to indite verses, and when almost all men of genius seem to show sparklings of what they are afterwards to be. From the date of his arrival in the Scottish capital until his death, September 12, 1829, his time was wholly devoted to literary pursuits. "During that period," says his biographer, "when palsy had deprived him of his locomotive powers, crippled his hand-writing, and nearly deprived him of speech, he composed four volumes of poetry, and sixteen volumes of prose, besides pieces in a variety of

periodicals which would fill an equal number." Two of his poetical volumes, entitled, *Contemplation and other Poems*, and *Characters Omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register*, were respectively published in 1820 and 1825. A few months after his death a selection appeared of his fugitive pieces in prose and verse, under the title of *Weeds and Wild Flowers*. The volume was enriched by a tastefully written memoir from the pen of Dr. Moir, the Delta of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which concludes with the following just and beautiful tribute to his laborious literary life: "To his grave Mr. Balfour carried the admiration of many—the respect of all who knew him; and of his writings, it may be affirmed with equal truth as of those of Thomson, that he left 'no line, which dying he could wish to blot.'"

In conclusion, it is pleasant to record that, in consequence of an earnest application made in Balfour's behalf by Joseph Hume, M. P., Canning conferred on the poet a treasury donation of one hundred pounds, in consideration of his genius, industry, and misfortunes.

TO A CANARY BIRD.

Poor, reckless bird! you'll rue the hour
You rashly left your wiry bower;
Unfit on feckless wing to scour
 Along the sky;
Though, like the lark, you hope to tower,
 And mount on high.

I ferly sair you thought na shame
To leave that sung and cosie hame,
Wi' comforts mair than I can name,
 Where friends caress'd you,
To play the madly losing game,
 What freak possess'd you?

On Anna's lap you sat to rest,
And sometimes fondly made your nest
In gentle Mary's virgin breast—
 E'en dared to sip
Sweets, might have made a monarch blest,
 Frae Emma's lip.

Your comfort was their daily care,
They fed you wi' the daintiest fare;
And now, through fields of trackless ain

You've ta'en your flight;
Left a' your friends wi' hearts fu' sair,
Without Good-night!

Frae morn to e'en you blithely sang,
Till a' the room around you rang;
Your bosom never felt the pang
 O' want or fear:
Nor greedy glede, nor pussy's fang,
 Were ever near.

When leeting out, in wanton play,
Some bonnie, calm, and cloudless day,
You cast your ee o'er gardens gay,
 And skies sae clear,
And deem'd that ilka month was May
 Throughout the year:

When gay green leaves the woods adorn,
And fields are fair wi' springing corn,
To brush the pearly dews of morn,
 And spread your plumes,
Where sweetly smiles the snaw-white thorn,
 Or primrose blooms;

On gowany braes to sit and sing,
While budding birks their odours fling,
And blooming flowers around you spring,
 To glad your ee,
To hap the wild rose wi' your wing,—
 The thought was glee.

Poor, flighter'd thing! you little ken
What passes in the flowery glen;
When you can neither flee nor fen',
 You'll wish fu' fain
That you were in your cage again;
 But wish in vain.

Nae doubt you think your freedom sweet:
You'll change your mind when blashy weet,
Keen pirling hail, or chilling sleet,
 Your feathers daidle:
'Twad ill befitt your slender feet
 In dubs to paidle!

Though summer blooms in beauty rare,
I fear you'll dine but bauchly there:
You canna feed when fields are bare,
 On haps and haws,
Or scart and serape for coarser fare,
 Like corbie craws.

November winds will nip the flower,
Then comes the cauld and pelting shower,
And shivering in the leafless bower,
 Wi' dronkit wing,
You, while the dark clouds round you lower,
 Forget to sing.

When freezing winds around you bla',
O'er glittering wreaths o' drifted sna',
And robin hides in sheltering ha',
 Wi' hardy forn,
I fear your chance, poor bird, is sma',
 To bang the storm!

But you will never see that day,
Ne'er shiver on the naked spray,
For lang before the leaves decay,
 Some hapless morn,
To ruthless hawk you'll fall a prey,
 Your plumage torn!

Was't Freedom, say, or Pleasure's name,
That lured you frae your cozie hame?
Whichever, I can hardly blame,
 Though you'll repent it;
For wiser folk have done the same,
 And sair lamentit.

I've kent the rich, but restless swain,
For Liberty, or sordid gain,

Leave Albion's fair and fruitful plain
 Wi' scornfu' ee,
To search beyond the western main
 For bliss to be:

And in Columbia's forests deep,
Where Indians prowl and serpents creep,
He dream'd of Scotia in his sleep,
 Still fondly dear;
Or waking, turn'd to sigh and weep
 The bootless tear.

'Tis naething strange for folks to think,
If Pleasure for a moment blink,
Her noon-tide sun will never sink;
 And birds and men
She leads to dark destruction's brink
 Before they ken.

THE BONNIE LASS O' LEVEN WATER.

Though siller Tweed rin o'er the lea,
 An' dark the Dee 'mang Highland heather,
Yet siller Tweed an' drumly Dee
 Are not sae dear as Leven Water.
When nature form'd our favourite isle,
 An' a' her sweets began to scatter,
She look'd with fond approving smile
 Along the banks o' Leven Water.

On flowery braes, at gloamin' gray,
 'Tis sweet to scent the primrose springin';
Or through the woodlands green to stray,
 In ilka buss the mavis singin';
But sweeter than the woodlands green,
 Or primrose painted fair by Nature,
Is she wha smiles, a rural queen,
 The bonnie lass o' Leven Water.

The sunbeam in the siller dew,
 That hangs upon the hawthorn's blossom,
Shines faint beside her een sae blue;
 An' purer is her spotless bosom.
Her smile wad thaw a hermit's breast;
 There's love an' truth in ilka feature;
For her I'm past baith wark an' rest,
 The bonnie lass o' Leven Water!

But I'm a lad o' laigh degree,
 Her purse-proud daddy's dour an' saucy;
An' sair the carle wad scowl on me
 For speakin' to his dawtit lassie;
But were I laird o' Leven's glen,
 An' she a humble shepherd's daughter,
I'd kneel, an' court her for my ain,
 The bonnie lass o' Leven Water!

STANZAS.

(Written at midnight, 31st December, 1828.)

Hark! Time has struck the midnight bell,
Another year has passed away;
His requiem sung—his parting knell—
And, hark! again!—that wild hurrah!

Is it because the sire's deposed
That thus they hail the new-born son?
Or, that life's lease is nearer closed,
Their ebbing sands still nearer run?

Just now they wildly lift their voice
In welcome to a puny child;
As gladly will that crowd rejoice,
Some twelve months hence, when he's exiled.

And some will laud, and some revile,
The name of the departed year;
Some o'er his grave exulting smile,
And on his turf some drop a tear.

For some will sigh, of friends bereaved,
Those long possessed and dearly loved;
While others mourn o'er hopes deceived;
And some rejoice, their fears removed.

And some, with retrospective eye,
Behind a lingering look will cast;
Will fondly gaze on scenes gone by,
And vainly sigh for pleasures past.

Others will calmly look before,
Long tossed on life's tempestuous wave;
By faith and hope will view the shore,
The haven of rest, beyond the grave.

And some will glide along the stream,
Insensible to joy or care:
To eat and drink, and doze and dream,
The highest bliss their souls can share.

Untiring, many will pursue
The pleasures wealth and power impart;
By day and night their toils renew,
And clasp them closer to the heart.

Alas! it is a bootless chase,
And vainly we with time contend;
We shall be distanced in the race,
And breathless to the grave descend.

The hand that pens this simple rhyme
Already wants its wonted skill;
Enfeebled now by age and time,
Shall soon in death lie cold and still.

Reader, does youth light up thine eye?
It sparkled once as bright in mine;
And though the days are long gone by,
My heart was once as light as thine.

Perhaps the cup of love and joy,
Thy raptured heart delights to sip;
But fate may soon that bliss destroy,
Untimely snatch it from thy lip.

Art thou the child of many woes,
Long wandering in life's dreary gloom?
The hour is near that brings repose,
The dreamless slumber of the tomb.

If young, the lengthen'd train of years,
The boundless landscape, spread before,
An endless vista now appears—
A halcyon sea, without a shore.

If old, perhaps you look behind,
And pensive, muse on what has been;
Though not without surprise, to find
How time has changed the fairy scene.

The prospect, once so fair and vast,
Now dwindled to a point will seem;
And you, like me, will feel at least,
That life is but a morning dream.

SLIGHTED LOVE.

The rosebud blushing to the morn,
The snaw-white flower that scents the thorn,
When on thy gentle bosom worn,
Were ne'er sae fair as thee, Mary!
How blest was I, a little while,
To deem that bosom free frae guile;
When, fondly sighing, thou wouldst smile—
Yes, sweetly smile on me, Mary!

Though gear was scant, an' friends were few,
My heart was leal, my love was true;
I blest your een of heavenly blue,
That glanced sae saft on me, Mary!
But wealth has won your heart frae me;
Yet I maun ever think of thee;
May a' the bliss that gowd can gie,
For ever wait on thee, Mary!

For me, nae mair on earth I crave,
But that you drooping willow wave
Its branches o'er my early grave,
Forgot my love, an' thee, Mary!

Au' when that hallow'd spot yon tread,
Where wild-flowers bloom above my head,
O look not on my grassy bed,
Lest thou shouldst sigh for me, Mary!

A LAMENT FOR CULLODEN.

Alas! for the land of the heath-cover'd mountains,
Where raves the loud tempest, and rolls the
dark flood!

Alas! for the land of the smooth crystal fountains,
The sword of the slayer has stain'd them with
blood!

Ah, me! for the nation, so famous in story,
Where valour, and freedom, and loyalty, shone!
They gather'd around the bright star of their
glory;

But faded their laurels, their glory is gone!
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

His banner, unfur'd, in splendour was streaming,
The sons of the mighty were gather'd around;
Their bucklers and broadswords in brightness
were gleaming,
And high beat each heart at the loud pibroch's
sound;

They came to Culloden, the dark field of danger,
Oh! why will not memory the record efface;
Alas! for their leader, the gallant young stranger!
And woe to the traitors who wrought the dis-
grace!
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

Alas! for the heroes whom death has enshrouded!
Yet not for the valiant and mighty I weep;
When darkness was lowering, their sun set un-
clouded,

And loud was the war-shout that lull'd them
asleep;
Their turf the gay spring with rich verdure shall
cover,

The sweet flower of summer in fragrance shall
bloom;
In the mist from the mountains bright spirits
shall hover,

The shades of their fathers shall glide o'er the
tomb!
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

Alas! for the stranger, by fortune forsaken,
Who pillows his head on the heath-blossom'd
hill;

From dreams of delight with the day to awaken,
His cheek pale and wet with the night-dew so
chill!

Alas! for my country her glory's departed—
No more shall the thistle its purple bloom wave!

But shame to the coward, the traitor false-hearted!
And barren the black sod be aye on his grave!
Weep, Caledonia!—weep for the fallen!

TO THE LAUREL.

Bewitching tree! what magic in thy name!
Yet what thy secret and seductive charms,
To lure the great in song, the brave in arms,
Who deem thy verdant wreath the badge of
fame,—
And while they listen to her loud acclaim,
Life's purple tide with quicker motion warms!
Full oft, alas! the hero and the bard
Find thee their only meed—their sole reward;
And like the rainbow in a summer shower,
Or gaudy poppy, of fugacious bloom,
'Tis thine to flourish for a transient hour,
Then, wither'd, sink in dark oblivion's womb;—
Thy greenest leaves, thy rich perennial flower,
Bud in thy votary's life, but blossom on his tomb.

TO THE MEMORY OF GRAY.

Sweet Bard! who sung "the rosy-bosom'd hours;"
Who loved thy retrospective eye to fling
O'er classic Eton's "spires and antique towers,"
While former days "waved fresh their glad-
some wing;"
Who sung "Adversity, resistless power!"
Poetic "thoughts that breathe, and words that
burn;"
Whose "Bard" sublime could "life indignant
spurn,"
And "Cambria's curse" hurl in the "arrowy
shower."
But chief, "who, mindful of the unhonour'd
dead,"
Could pensively thy twilight vigils keep;
And musing sigh above the "lowly bed,"
Where "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;"
Thy name shall live, on Fame's broad pinions
borne,
And on thy grave shall smile the "incense-breath-
ing morn."

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT BURNS.

The lingering sun's last parting beam
On mountain tops had died away,
And night, the friend of Fancy's dream,
Stole o'er the fields in dusky gray;

Tired of the busy, bustling throng,
I wandered forth along the vale;
To list the widowed blackbird's song,
And breathe the balmy evening gale.

I leaned by Brothoek's limpid tide,
The green birch waving o'er my head;
While night winds through the willows sighed,
That wept above their watery bed;

'Twas there, the Muse without control,
Essayed on fluttering wing to rise;
When listless languor seized my soul,
And drowsy slumbers sealed my eyes:

In Morpheus' arms supinely laid,
My vagrant Faeny roved astray;
When lo! in radiant robes arrayed,
A spirit winged its airy way.

In dumb surprise, and solemn awe,
I wondering gazed, when by my side
A maid of matchless grace I saw,
Arrayed in more than mortal pride;

Her eye was like the lightning's gleam.
That ean through boundless space pervade,
But sorrow seemed to shade its beam,
And pallid grief her cheek o'erspread:

A flowery wreath, with bays entwined,
Fresh blooming from her girdle hung;
And on the daisied bank reclined,
She touched a Harp, for sadness strung:

The trembling strings—the murmuring rill—
The hollow breeze that breathed between—
Responsive echo from the hill—
All joined to swell the solemn scene!

The maid, in accents sadly sweet,
To sorrow gave unbounded sway:
My fluttering heart forgot to beat,
While thus she poured the plaintive lay.

“I am the Muse of Caledon,
From earliest ages aye admired;
Through her most distant corners known,
Oft has my voice her sons inspired.

“My charms have fired a royal breast,
A King who Scotia's sceptre bore;
I soothed his soul, with trouble pressed,
When captive on a hostile shore;

“My bays have on a Soldier's brow,
Amidst his verdant laurels twined;
Inspired his soul with martial glow,
And called his country's wrongs to mind:

“The warblings of my Harp have won
A mitred Son from Holy See;
Who oft from morn to setting sun,
Would hold a Carnival with me:

“But chief of all the tuneful train,
Was Burns—my latest—fondest care!
I nursed him on his native plain;
And now, his absence is—despair!

“I hailed his happy natal hour,
And o'er his infant cradle hung;
Ere Faeny's wild, unbounded power,
Or Reason's earliest bud was sprung.

“I saw the young ideas rise
Successive, in his youthful mind;
Nor could the peasant's garb disguise
The kindling flame, that lay confined.

“Oft have I met him on the dale,
Companion of the thoughtless throng;
And led him down the dewy vale,
To carol o'er some artless song.

“Unseen by all, but him alone,
I cheered his labours through the day;
And when the rural task was done,
We sought some wild sequestered way;

“Midst Coila's hills, or woodlands wild,
By Stinchlar's banks, or Lugar's stream,
There would I place my darling child,
And soothe him with some pleasing dream.

“These haunts, to him were blissful bowers,
Where all the soul was unconfined;
And Fancy culled her choicest flowers,
To warm her youthful poet's mind.

“Nursed on the healthful happy plains,
Where Love's first blush from Virtue springs,
'Twas Nature taught the heartfelt strains,
That o'er the vassaled Cot he sings.

“Keen Poverty with withered arms,
Compressed him in her cold embrace;
And mental grief's ungracious harms
Had furrowed o'er his youthful face.

“Yet there, the dear delightful flame
Which rules the breast with boundless sway;
Resistless, fired his melting frame,
And taught the love-lamenting lay.

“A friend to Mirth, and foe to Care,
Yet formed to feel for worth oppressed;
His sympathetic soul could share
The woes that wrung a brother's breast.

“Ah! gentle Bard! thy tenderest tear
Was o'er a hapless Orphan shed!
But who shall thy sweet prattlers cheer,
Now that a green-turf wraps thy head?”

“He who can still the raven's voice,
And deck the lily's breast like snow,
Can make thy orphan train rejoice,
And soothe thy widow's song of woe.

“Ye souls of sympathetic mind,
Whom smiling Plenty deigns to crown,
Yours be the task, their wounds to bind,
And make their happiness your own.

“To banish Want, and pale-faced Care,
To wipe the tear from Misery's eye,
Is such a bliss as Angels share,
And tell with joy above the sky!

“Where are the thrilling strains of woe
That echoed o'er Glencairn's sad urn?
And where is now Oppression's foe,
Who taught, that “*Man was made to mourn?*”

“Why when his morning calmly smiled,
Did Hope forbode a lengthened day?
My promised joys are now beguiled,
Since darkness hides my darling's clay!

“Yet rest in peace, thou gentle shade!
Although the ‘narrow-house’ be thine;
No pious rite shall pass unpaid,
No hands unhallowed stain thy shrine.

“The blighting breath of venom'd Scorn
Shall harmless round thy mansion rave;
Though Envy plant her poignant thorn,
It ne'er shall bud above thy grave.

“The stagnant soul, unmoved, may hear
Of worth it ne'er was forned to feel;
The selfish heart, with haughty sneer,
Unblushing, boast a breast of steel:

“Yet sympathy, that loves to sigh,
And Pity, sweet celestial maid,
And Genius, with her eagle eye,
Shall hover round thy hallowed shade.

“The torrent dashing down the steep,
The wild wave foaming far below,
In Nature's notes for thee shall weep,
With all the majesty of woe!

“When winter howls across the plain,
And spreads a thick obscuring gloom,
His winds on Coila shall complain,
And hoarsely murmur o'er thy tomb!

“There, virgin Spring shall first be seen,
To deck with flowers thy dewy bed;
And Summer, robed in richest green,
Shall hang her roses o'er thy head.

“When Autumn calls thy fellow swains
(Companions now, alas! no more!)
To ‘reap the plenty of their plains,’
Their mingling sighs shall thee deplore.

“O pour a tear of tenderest woe,
Ye bards who boast congenial fire;
Let sympathetic wailings flow,
And Sorrow's song attune the lyre.

“Ye warblers, flitting on the wind,
Chaunt forth your saddest plaintive strain;
And weep—(for ye have lost a friend),
Ye little wanderers of the plain!

“This garland, for my bard entwined,
No brow but his shall ever wear;
Around his turf these flowers I'll bind,
And wet them nightly with a tear!

“While dews descend upon his tomb,
So long the Muse shall love his name;
Nor shall this wreath forget to bloom,
Till latest ages sing his fame.

“But still, officious friends, beware!
Nor rashly wound my favourite's fame;
O watch it with parental care!
Stain not the hapless Minstrel's name.

“Seek not, amidst his wreath to twine
One verse that he himself suppressed;
His offerings made at folly's shrine,
Let them in dark oblivion rest!

“Ye wanderers in the wilds of song,
On whom I have not smiled in vain,
Would you the blissful hours prolong,
O shun seductive Pleasure's train!

“The bays that flourish round her bowers,
Are venom'd o'er with noxious dews;
The thorns that lurk amidst her flowers,
A rankling poison oft infuse.

“Though Luxury's lap seem softly spread,
The couch of Joy, and sweet repose,
Yet hissing Furies haunt her bed,
And rack the mind with keenest woes.

“The hedge-row'd plain, the flowery vale,
Where rosy Health delighted roves,
Where Labour tells his jocund tale,
And village maidens sing their loves,—

“Tis there the Muse unfolds her charms;
From thence her sons should never stray;
Ye souls whom boundless Fanev warms,
Still keep this calm sequestered way;

“So may such never-dying praise,
As echoes o'er my darling's tomb,
Congenial bloom, amidst your bays,
And Heaven bestow a happier doom!”

She ceased her song of sorrow deep,
Her warbling Harp was heard no more:

I waked—and wished again to sleep—
But ah! the pleasing dream was o'er.

The rustic Muse, untaught to sing,
Has marred the Vision's solemn strain;
Too harshly touched the pensive string,
To soothe thy shade, lamented swain!

Unskilled to frame the venal lay
That flows not from a heart sincere,
Tis mine this artless need to pay—
The heart-felt sigh—and silent tear.

JAMES NICOL.

BORN 1769 — DIED 1819.

JAMES NICOL was born at Innerleithen, Peeblesshire. September 28, 1769. After acquiring from the parochial schoolmaster the elements of classical knowledge, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he pursued his studies with great success, and, on completing his course of preparation for the ministry, was licensed as a probationer by the Presbytery of Peebles, and afterwards became minister of the adjoining parish of Traquair. In 1802 he married Agnes Walker, a native of Glasgow, who had for a long period possessed a place in his affections, and been the heroine of his lyrical effusions, which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Magazine*. In 1805 he published a collection of *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, in two vols. 12mo. Mr. Nicol contributed a number of articles to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and left several prose works in MSS. His posthumous work, *An Essay on*

the Nature and Design of Scripture Sacrifices, was published four years after his death, which occurred after a short illness, November 5, 1819. It is to be regretted that the Rev. Mr. Nicol's deep admiration of Scotland's greatest poet should have led him into a somewhat servile imitation of that immortal singer. Notwithstanding this fault, he is entitled to occupy a place among the minor poets of his native land. Dr. Rogers remarks that he “was much respected for his sound discernment in matters of business: every dispute in the vicinity was submitted to his arbitration. He was regularly consulted as a physician, for he had studied medicine at the university. From his own medicine chest he dispensed gratuitously to the indigent sick, and without fee he vaccinated all the children of the neighbourhood who were brought to him.”

HALUCKIT MEG.

Meg, muckin' at Geordie's byre,
Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang;
Ilk dand o' the seartle strake fire,
While loud as a lavrock she sang.
Her Geordie had promised to marry,
An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,
Not dreamin' the job could miscarry,
Already seem'd mistress an' mair.

“My neebours,” she sang, “aften jeer me,
An' ca' me daft haluckit Meg.
An' say they expect soon to hear me,
I' the kirk, for my fun. get a fleg.
An' now, 'bout my marriage they'll clatter,
An' Geordie, puir fallow, they ca'
An' auld doited hav' rel.—nae matter,
He'll keep me aye brankin an' brow.

“I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,
That the white o’ his e’e is turned out,
That his black beard is rough as a heckle,
That his mou’ to his lug’s rax’d about;
But they needna let on that he’s crazie,
His pikestaff will ne’er let him fa’;
Nor that his hair’s white as a daisy,
But fient a hair has he ava’.

“But a weel-pleenished mailin has Geordie,
An’ routh o’ gude gowd in his kist,
An’ if siller comes at my wordie,
His beauty I never will miss’t.
Daft gowks, wha catch fire like tinder,
Think love-raptures ever will burn!
But wi’ poortith, hearts het as a cinder,
Will cauld as an iceshugle turn.

“There’ll just be ae bar to my pleasures,
A bar that’s aft filled me wi’ fear,
He’s sic a hard ne’er-be-gawn miser,
He likes his saul less than his gear.
But though I now flatter his failin’,
An’ swear nought wi’ gowd can compare,
Gude sooth! it shall soon get a scailin’,
His bags shall be mouldie nae mair!

“I dreamt that I rode in a chariot,
A flunkie ahint me in green;
While Geordie cried out he was harriet,
An’ the saut tear was blindin’ his een.
But though ‘gainst my spendin’ he swear aye,
I’ll hae frae him what ser’s my turn;
Let him slip awa’ when he grows weary;
Shame fa’ me, gin lang I wad mourn!”

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin’,
Was cloutin’ his breeks i’ the banks;
An’ whan a’ his failin’s she brang in,
His strang hazel pikestaff he taks:
Designin’ to rax her a lounder,
He chanced on the lather to shift,
An’ down frae the banks, flat’s a flounder,
Flew like a shot starn frae the lift!

WHERE QUAIR RINS SWEET.

Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers,
Down by yon moody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

I’ll watch ye wi’ a lover’s care,
And wi’ a lover’s e’e, lassie;
I’ll weary Heaven wi’ mony a prayer,
And ilka prayer for thee, lassie.

’Tis true I ha’e na muckle gear;
My stock it’s unco sma’, lassie;
Nae fine spun foreign claes I wear,
Nor servants ’tend my ea’, lassie.

But had I heir’d the British croun,
And thou o’ low degree, lassie,
A rustic lad I wad ha’e grown,
Or shared that croun wi’ thee, lassie.

Whenever absent from thy sight,
Nae pleasure smiles on me, lassie;
I climb the mountain’s towering height,
And cast a look to thee, lassie.

I blame the blast blaws on thy cheek;
The flower that decks thy hair, lassie,
The gales that steal thy breath sae sweet,
My love and envy share, lassie.

If for a heart that glows for thee,
Thou wilt thy heart resign, lassie,
Then come, my Nancy, come to me—
That glowing heart is mine, lassie.

Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers,
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

BY YON HOARSE MURMURIN’ STREAM.

By yon hoarse murmurin’ stream, ’neath the
moon’s chilly beam,
Sadly musin’ I wander, an’ the tear fills my e’e;
Recollection, pensive power, brings back the
mournfu’ hour,
When the laddie gaed awa’ that is dear, dear
to me.

The tender words he said, an’ the faithful vows
he made,
When we parted, to my bosom a mournfu’
pleasure gie;
An’ I lo’e to pass the day where we fondly used
to stray,
An’ repeat the laddie’s name that is dear, dear
to me.

Though the flow’rets gem the vales, an’ scent the
whisperin’ gales,
An’ the birds fill wi’ music the sweetly-bloomin’
tree;
Though nature bid rejoice, yet sorrow tunes my
voice
For the laddie’s far awa’ that is dear, dear to
me!

When the gloamin' brings along the time o' mirth
and sang,
An' the dance kindles joy in ilka youthfu' e'e,
My neebours aftenspeir, why fa's the hidden tear?
But they kenna he's awa' that is dear, dear to me.

Oh, for the happy hour, when I shall hae the
power,
To the darlin' o' my soul, on wings o' love, to flee!
Or that the day wad come, when fortune shall
bring home,
The laddie to my arms that is dear, dear to me.

But if—for much I fear—that day will ne'er ap-
pear,
Frae me conceal in darkness the cruel stern
decear:
F'or life would be a' vain, were I ne'er to meet
again
Wi' the laddie far awa' that is dear, dear to me.

BLAW SAFTLY, YE BREEZES.

Blaw saftly, ye breezes, ye streams, smoothly
murmur,
Ye sweet-scented blossoms, deck every green
tree;
'Mong yon wild scatter'd flow'rets aft wanders
my charmer,
The sweet lovely lass wi' the black rollin' e'e.
But round me let nature a wilderness seem,
Blast each flow'ret that catches the sun's early
beam,
For pensive I ponder, and languishin' wander,
Far frae the sweet rosebud on Quair's windin'
stream!
Why, Heaven, wring my heart wi' the hard heart
o' anguish!
Why torture my bosom 'tween hope and de-
spair?
When absent frae Nancy, I ever maun languish!
That dear angel smile, shall it charm me uae
mair?

Since here life's a desert, an' pleasure's a dream,
Bear me swift to those banks which are ever my
theme,
Where, mild as the mornin' at simmer's returnin',
Bloom's the sweet lovely rosebud on Quair's
windin' stream.

MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter?
My heart it gangs pittypat, winnie lie still:
I've waited, and waited, an' a' to grow better,
Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growing ill:
My heart's turned quite dizzy, an' aft when I'm
speaking
I sigh, an' am breathless, an' fearfu' to speak,
I gaze aye for something I fain would be seeking,
Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I would seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of;
And yet when to ruse you the neebour lads try,
Though it's a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far
off
I could see 'em ilk ane, an' I canna tell why.
When we tedded the hay-field, I raked ilka rig o't,
And never grew wearie, the lang simmer day;
The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,
And I fand sweeter scented aroun' ye the hay.

In har'st, whan the kirk-supper joys mak' us
cheerie,
'Mang the lave of the lasses I pried ye're sweet
mou';
Dear save us! how queer I felt when I cam' near
ye,
My breast thrill'd in rapture, I couldna tell
how.
Whan we dance at the gloamin', it's you I aye
pitch on,
And gin ye gang by me how dowie I be;
There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitch-
ing,
That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

EBENEZER PICKEN.

BORN 1769 — DIED 1816.

EBENEZER PICKEN, the friend of Alexander Wilson, and the author of several excellent songs, was born in Paisley in the year 1769. He attended the University of Edinburgh for

several sessions, intending to enter the ministry, but the passion for poetry and his love of verse-making seriously interfered with his progress in learning. During his college days,

while in his nineteenth year, he, contrary to the advice of his family, published at Paisley a small 8vo volume of poems. In 1791 Picken accepted the position of schoolmaster at Falkirk, and, on April 14th of the same year, delivered at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, an oration in blank verse, on the comparative merits of Fergusson and Ramsay, giving pre-eminence to the latter, while Wilson, the author of "Watty and Meg," advocated in rhyme the merits of the unfortunate Fergusson.

In accepting the situation of schoolmaster at Falkirk Picken expected to raise funds to aid him in the prosecution of his theological studies; but his social habits, and the circumstance of his marrying, involving him in the expenses of a family, proved fatal to his aspirations. His wife was Robina, daughter of the Rev. John Belfrage, and sister to the Rev. Dr. Henry Belfrage, of Falkirk, the Christian author and philanthropist, and the friend of Robert Pollok. From Falkirk Picken removed to Carron, to accept the position of teacher in an endowed school. In 1796 he

removed to Edinburgh, where he found employment as manager of a mercantile establishment, and at a later date began business on his own account. We next hear of the unprosperous poet as a teacher of languages, and always struggling against extreme poverty. In 1813 Picken published by subscription two volumes of *Poems and Songs*, in which he included the contents of the *brochure* issued in 1788. Before his death, which occurred in 1816, he prepared a *Dictionary of Scottish Words*, on which he had been occupied for several years. It was published in the year 1818, and proved of great service to Dr. Jamieson, author of the *Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, in preparing a supplement to that valuable work. Picken is commemorated in a lengthy poetical epistle from the pen of his early friend Alexander Wilson, the American ornithologist. Two of his children inherited his taste for poetry, and to a very considerable degree his talent for writing verse—Andrew, who died at Montreal in 1849, and Joanna, who died in the same Canadian city in 1859.

NAN OF LOGIE GREEN.

By pleasure long infected,
Kind Heaven, when least expected,
My devious path directed
 To Nan of Logie Green ;
Where thousand sweets repose 'em
In quiet's unruffled bosom,
I found my peerless blossom
 Adorning Logie Green.

The city belle declaiming,
My fancy may be blaming,
But still I'll pride in naming
 Sweet Nan of Logie Green.
Her cheek the vermeil rose is,
Her smile a heav'n diselosure,
No lily leaf that blows is
 So fair on Logie Green.

Ye town bred dames, forgive me,
Your arms must ne'er receive me;
Your charms are all, believe me,
 Eclips'd on Logie Green.
Forgive my passion tender;
Heav'n so much grace did lend her,
As made my heart surrender
 To Nan of Logie Green.

No more the town delights me,
For love's sweet ardour smites me,
I'll go where he invites me—

 To Nan of Logie Green:
My heart shall ne'er deceive her,
I ne'er in life shall leave her;
In love and peace for ever
 We'll live at Logie Green.

WOO ME AGAIN.

Whan Jamie first woo'd me, he was but a youth:
Frae his lips flow'd the strains o' persuasion and
 truth;

His suit I rejected wi' pride an' disdain,
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He aft wad hae tauld me his love was sincere,
And e'en wad ha'e ventured to ca' me his dear;
My heart to his tale was as hard as a stane;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He said that he hoped I would yield and be kind,
But I counted his proffers as light as the wind;
I laugh'd at his grief, whan I heard him complain;
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He flatter'd my locks, that war black as a slae,
 And praised my fine shape, frae the tap to the
 tae;
 I flate, an' desired he would let me alane;
 But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

Repulsed, he forsook me, an' left me to grieve,
 An' mourn the sad hour that my swain took his
 leave;
 Now, since I despised, an' was deaf to his maen,
 I fear he'll ne'er offer to woo me again!

Oh! wad he but now to his Jean be inclined,
 My heart in a moment would yield to his mind;
 But I fear wi' some ither my laddie is taen,
 An' sae he'll ne'er offer to woo me again.

Ye bonny young lasses, be warn'd by my fate,
 Despise not the heart you may value too late;
 Improve the sweet sunshine that now gilds the
 plain,
 With you it ne'er may be sunshine again.

The simmer o' life, ah! it soon flits awa',
 An' the bloom on your cheek will soon dow in the
 snaw;
 Oh! think, ere you treat a fond youth wi' disdain,
 That, in age, the sweet flowers never blossom
 again.

BLYTHE ARE WE SET.

Blythe are we set wi' ither;
 Fling care ayont the moon;
 Nae sae aft we meet thegither!
 Wha wad think o' parting soon?
 Though snaw bends down the forest trees,
 And burn and river cease to flow;
 Though nature's tide has shor'd to freeze,
 And winter withers a' below.
 Blythe are we, &c.

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,
 We'll scog the blast and dread nae harm,
 Wi' jows o' toddy reeking het
 We'll keep the genial enrrant warm.
 The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,
 Shall cheat the happy hours awa',
 Gar pleasure reign the e'en'ng lang,
 And laugh at biting frost and snaw.
 Blythe are we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,
 And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,
 Shall get a fright afore we part,
 Will gar them fear to come again.

Then fill about, my winsome chiefs,
 The sparkling glass will banish pine;
 Nae pain the happy bosom feels,
 Sae free o' care as yours and mine.
 Blythe are we, &c.

PEGGY WI' THE GLANCIN' E'E.

Walkin' out ae mornin' early
 Ken ye wha I chanced to see?
 But my lassie gay and frisky,
 Peggie wi' the glancin' e'e.
 Phoebus, left the lap o' Thetis,
 Fast was lickin' up the dew,
 Whan, ayont a risin' hilloe,
 First my Peggie came in view.

Hark ye, I gaed up to meet her;
 But whane'er my face she saw,
 Up her plaidin' coat she kiltit,
 And in daffin' scour'd awa'.
 Weel kent I that though my Peggie
 Ran sae fast out owre the mead,
 She was wantin' me to follow—
 Yes, ye swains, an' sae I did.

At yon burnie I o'ertook her,
 Whare the shinin' pebbles lie;
 Where the flowers, that fringe the border,
 Soup the stream, that wimples by.
 While wi' her I sat reclinin',
 Frae her lips I staw a kiss;
 While she blush'd, I took anither,—
 Shepherds, was there ill in this?

Could a lass, sae sweet and comely,
 Ever bless a lover's arms?
 Could the bonnie wife o' Vulcan
 Ever boast o' hauf the charms?
 While the zephyrs fan the meadows,
 While the flow'rets crown the lea,
 While they paint the gowden simmer,
 Wha sae blest as her and me?

REFLECTION.

Where is my Morn of early youth,
 When blythe I stray'd by glen and burn?
 Where the fair visions of my dream?
 Ah, vanish'd never to return!

The verdant hills o'er which I rang'd,
 The green where I was wout to play—
 Those hills, and lovely green remain;
 But youth, alas! hath pass'd away.

The sweetly-blooming hawthorn bush,
That shadow'd from the summer shower,
Its bowering branches still I see;
But wither'd is the hawthorn flower.

Where are my sire and mother now?
Sweet brothers, charming sisters, where?
Gone, gone to heaven—my heart be still—
I lost them here, to find them there.

Youth promis'd fair at early dawn;
Alas! what does my manhood know?
That youth was but a pleasing dream,
And now I wake to find it so.

Sweet scenes! tho' past, I still recall
The thrilling raptures you bestow'd;

The tide of health, that swell'd my veins,
The fire with which my bosom glow'd.

Tho' doom'd, like these, to pass away,
Some care the lingering eye detains;
And, tho' life's latest ember burns,
Fond memory of our bliss remains.

Alas! 'tis all—vain is the wish,
The eager hope, the ardent sigh;
What can the drooping heart sustain!
Has man no cheering comfort nigh!

Yes! tho' the heart should faint and fail,
And faint and fail I ween it will;
FAITH can the sick-bed pillow smooth,
And, even in death, can comfort still.

JAMES HOGG.

BORN 1770—DIED 1835.

If his own testimony could be accepted as trustworthy, the peasant poet James Hogg, commonly called the Ettrick Shepherd, was born in Ettrick Forest, Selkirkshire, January 25, 1772, the same day of the same month that, thirteen years earlier, gave birth to Robert Burns: but so completely did he live out of the world as a young man, that he never even heard of the Ayrshire Bard until the year after he died. The date of his birth, as given by the poet, was probably a slip of memory, the parish register recording his baptism as having taken place December 9th, 1770. Hogg's ancestors as far back as he could trace them had been shepherds. His father, who followed the same humble calling, had been so successful in it as to save some money, which he invested in a farming speculation soon after James was born. The young poet, the second of four sons, was sent to the parish school, and would probably have received the usual amount of education bestowed upon the children of the Scottish peasantry, had it not been for his father, Robert Hogg's, reverse of fortune, by which he was stripped of all his earnings. This happened when James was six years old, and he was taken from school in consequence, as

he tells us, of his parents being "turned out of doors," without "a farthing in the world." At the early age of seven he was hired to herd cows, his wages being a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes every six months.

After a year spent in this kind of servitude he was sent once more to school, where he learned to read the Bible, and write what was called "big text," every letter of which was at least an inch long. A quarter of a year spent at his second school completed his education; for whatever he subsequently acquired he was indebted to his own exertions. He records with pleasure the time when he was promoted from herding cows to the more honourable employment of tending sheep. The shepherd having reached the age of fourteen, he laid out the sum of five shillings which he had saved from his wages in the purchase of an old violin, on which he learned to play many Scotch airs: and often, after all the people on the place had gone to bed, he would be heard in his only dormitory, which was a small stable or shed, addressing the drowsy ear of night. He ever afterwards retained his love of music, and ultimately became a good violinist. Who can read his poems and lyrics without feeling that