

'Mid wind and rain he tauld his tale;
My lightsome heart grew like a feather:
It lap sae quick, I cou'dna speak,
But silent sighed amang the heather.

The storm blew past; we kissed in haste;
I hameward ran and tauld my mither;
She gloom'd at first, but soon confest
The bowls row'd right amang the heather.

Now Hymen's beam gilds bank and stream,
Whar Will and I fresh flowers will gather:
Nae storms I fear, I've got my dear
Kind-hearted lad amang the heather.

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

O dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;

Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
I'll tak' a stick into my hand, and come again
and see thee.

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night
and eerie;

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night
and eerie;

Far's the gate ye ha'e to gang; dark's the night
and eerie;

O stay this night wi' your love, and dinna gang
and leave me.

It's but a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my
dearie;

But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;
But a night and hauf a day that I'll leave my dearie;

Whene'er the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come
again and see thee.

Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and
leave me;

Dinna gang, my bonnie lad, dinna gang and
leave me;

When a' the lave are sound asleep, I am dull and
erie;

And a' the lee-lang night I'm sad, wi' thinking on
my dearie.

O! dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave
thee;

Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;
Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave thee;

Whene'er the sun gaes out o' sight, I'll come
again and see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud
and fear me;

Waves are rising o'er the sea; winds blaw loud
and fear me;

While the winds and waves do roar, I am wae
and drearie.

And gin ye lo'e me as ye say, ye winna gang and
leave me.

O never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave
thee;

Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave
thee;

Never mair, bonnie lassie, will I gang and leave
thee;

E'en let the world gang as it will, I'll stay at
hame and cheer thee.

Frae his hand he coost his stick: I winna gang
and leave thee;

Threw his plaid into the neuk: never can I grieve
thee;

Drew his boots, and flang them by; cried, My lass,
be cheerie;

I'll kiss the tear frae aff thy cheek, and never
leave my dearie.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

BORN 1747 — DIED 1794.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE was born at Cardew Hall, near Carlisle, January 12, 1747. In early childhood she lost her mother, and was brought up by her aunt Mrs. Simpson of Thackwood, a substantial manor farmhouse still standing in "canny auld Cumberland;" and on their father's second marriage Susanna's two brothers and a

sister removed to the same home. The "purple light of love" appears to have gleamed only to die out on the pathway of the young poetess. While visiting at Chillingham, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, his heir, young Lord Ossulston, fell in love with Susanna; but though the Blamires had an excellent pedigree,

and Susanna was made a pet of by the earl, she was not deemed a fitting mate for the young nobleman, and the Muse passed on to the end in maiden meditation, but by no means fancy free; and ready to say with Lady Baillie—

“Were na my heart licht I wad dee.”

To this episode of her career belongs Miss Blamire’s justly admired composition—

“What ails this heart o’ mine?”

In 1767 Susanna’s eldest sister Sarah was married to Colonel Graham of Duchray and Ardoeh, on Loch Ard, in a district of the highlands of Stirling and Perth only second to the Trossachs for mingled wildness and softness of scenery. Miss Blamire spent a considerable portion of her time at her sister’s residence in Scotland, where she imbibed that love for Scottish song which prompted her beautiful lyrics. Col. Graham died childless, after a happy married life of six years, when the sisters returned to England, residing in summer at Thackwood and spending their winters in Carlisle, where Susanna died April 5, 1794, at the age of forty-seven.

“The Traveller’s Return” and other songs of Miss Blamire possess all the idiomatic ease and grace of similar productions from the pens of those “to the manner born;” and are to be found in almost every collection of Scottish song. For this reason, although a native of another land, we have felt warranted in assigning her a place in this Work. Who Miss Blamire was, what part of Great Britain she belonged to, and whether she was living or dead, were questions which none or very few could answer, until the publication in 1842 of a volume, entitled “The Poetical Works of Miss Susanna Blamire, ‘the Muse of Cumberland,’ now for the first time collected by Henry Lonsdale, M. D.; with a Preface, Memoir, and Notes, by Patrick Maxwell.” “She had,”

according to her biographer, “a graceful form, somewhat above the middle size, and a countenance—though slightly marked with the small-pox—beaming with good nature; her dark eyes sparkled with animation, and won every heart at the first introduction. She was called by her affectionate countrymen ‘a bonnie and varra lish young lass,’ which may be interpreted as meaning a beautiful and very lively young girl. Her affability and total freedom from affectation put to flight that reserve which her presence was apt to create in the minds of her humbler associates; for they quickly saw that she really wished them happiness, and aided in promoting it by every effort in her power. She freely mingled in their social parties, called *merry meets* in Cumberland; and by her graceful figure, elegant dancing, and kind-hearted gaiety, gave a zest to the entertainments, which without her presence would have been wanting.” Miss Blamire’s productions consist of a variety of pieces in English, a large number of Scottish songs, some lyrics in the Cumbrian dialect, and a descriptive poem of considerable length, entitled “Stockleath, or the Cumbrian Village.” None of them were printed in her lifetime with her name, as she shrank from publicity with the same modesty that characterized Lady Nairne, but most of them were circulated in manuscript among her intimate friends.

Jane Christian Blamire, a niece of the poetess, could handle a horse and read Horace. There was no woman like this beautiful creature for canvassing a constituency. Wiser than the Duchess of Devonshire, on a similar occasion, she said to a bewitched mortal who offered his vote for a kiss of her charming rosy cheek, “As it might be looked upon as a bribe, we had better put off the kissing till the election is over, by my brother being returned for Cumberland.”

THE TRAVELLER’S RETURN.

When silent time, wi’ lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land,
Wi’ mony hopes and fears.

Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e’er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne!

As I drew near my ancient pile
 My heart beat a' the way;
 Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
 O' some dear former day.
 Those days that followed me afar,
 Those happy days o' mine;
 Whilk make me think the present joys
 A' naething to langsyne!

The ivy'd tower now met my eye,
 Where minstrels used to blaw:
 Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand.
 Nae weel-kenned face I saw,
 Till Donald tottered to the door,
 Whom I left in his prime.
 And grat to see the lad return
 He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
 As if to find them there;
 I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
 And hung o'er many a chair,
 Till soft remembrance threw a veil
 Across these een o' mine,
 I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
 To think on auld langsyne.

Some pawky chiefls, a new-sprung race,
 Wad next their welcome pay;
 Wha shuddered at my Gothic wae's,
 And wished my groves away.
 "Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms.
 Lay low yon mournfu' pine."
 "Na, na! our fathers' names grow there,
 Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts
 They took me to the town;
 But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
 I missed the youthfu' bloom.
 At balls they pointed to a nymph
 Whom all declared divine;
 But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
 Were fairer far langsyne.

In vain I sought in music's sound
 To find that magic art
 Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
 Has thrilled through a' my heart:
 The sang had mony an artifu' turn,
 My ear confess'd 'twas fine;
 But missed the simple melody
 I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth
 Forgie an auld man's spleen,
 Wha midst your gayest scenes still mourns
 The days he ance has seen.

When time has passed and seasons fled,
 Your hearts will feel like mine,
 And aye the sang will maist delight
 That minds ye o' langsyne!

WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?¹

What ails this heart o' mine?
 What ails this watery e'e?
 What gars me a' turn cauld as death
 When I take leave o' thee?
 When thou art far awa'
 Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
 But change o' place and change o' folk
 May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
 Or walk at morning air,
 Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
 I used to meet thee there.
 Then I'll sit down and cry,
 And live aneath the tree,
 And when a leaf fa's i' my lap
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
 That thou wi' roses tied,
 And where wi' mony a blushing bud
 I strove myself to hide,
 I'll doat on ilka spot
 Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
 And ca' to mind some kindly word
 By ilka burn and tree.

THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.²

When war had broke in on the peace o' auld men,
 And frae Chelsea to arms they were summon'd
 again,
 Twa vet'rans grown gray, wi' their muskets sair
 soiled,
 Wi' a sigh were relating how hard they had toiled:
 The drum it was beating, to fight they incline,
 But aye they look baek to the days o' langsyne.

Eh! Davie, man, weel thou remembers the time
 When twa brisk young callans, an' just in our
 prime,

¹ These lines are said to have been written with her life-blood. The first and second stanzas are peculiarly tender and touching. — Ed.

² This poem has been sometimes erroneously ascribed to Dr. James Moor, professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. — Ed.

The duke bade us conquer, an' show'd us the way,
An' mony a braw chiel we laid low on that day;
Still again would I venture this auld trunk o' mine,
Could our generals but lead or we fight like
langsyne.

But garrison duty is a' we can do,
Though our arms are worn weak, yet our hearts
are still true,

We care na for dangers by land or by sea,
For time has turn'd coward, an' no you and me;
And though at the change we should sadly repine,
Youth winna return, nor the strength o' langsyne.

When after our conquests, it joys me to mind
How thy Janet caressed thee, and my Meg was
kind;

They follow'd our fortunes, though ever so hard,
Nor cared we for plunder when sic our reward;
Even now they're resolved bath their hames to
resign,
And will follow us yet, for the sake o' langsyne.

BARLEY BROTH.

If tempers were put up to seal,
Our Jwohn's wad bear a denced preyce;
He vowed 'twas barley i' the broth,
"Upon my word," says I, "it's reyee."

"I mek nea faut," our Jwohny says,
"The broth is gude and varra neyce:
I only say—it's barley broth."
"You says what's wrang," says I, "it's reyee."

"Did ever mortal hear the like!
As if I hadn't sense to tell!
You may think reyee the better thing,
But barley broth dis just as well."

"And sae it mud if it was there,
The deil a grain is i' the pot;
But tow mun ayways threep yeu down—
I've drawn the deevil of a lot."

"And what's the lot that I have drawn?
Pervarsion is a woman's neam!
Sae fares-t'e-weel, I'll serve the king,
And never, never more come heam."

Now Jenny frets frae morn to neet
The Sunday cap's nae langer neyce,
She aye puts barley i' the broth,
And hates the varra name o' reyee.

Thus tryfles vex and tryfles please,
And tryfles mek the sum o' lyfe;

And tryfles mek a bonny lass
A wretched or a happy weyfe!

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

And ye shall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.
Oh! wha wad buy a silken gown
Wi' a pair broken heart!
Or what's to me a siller crown
Gin frae my love I part!

The mind whase every wish is pure
Far dearer is to me;
And ere I'm forced to break my faith
I'll lay me down and dee.
For I hae pledged my virgin troth
Brave Donald's fate to share,
And he has gi'en to me his heart
Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart—
He gratefu' took the gift:
Could I but think to see it back,
It wad be waur than theft.
For longest life can ne'er repay
The love he bears to me,
And ere I'm forced to break my troth
I'll lay me down and dee.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

Gin living worth could win my heart,
Ye wadna plead in vain;
But in the darksome grave it's laid
Never to rise again.
My waefu' heart lies low with his
Whose heart was only mine;
And O! what a heart was that to lose!
But I mann not repine.

Yet oh! gin Heaven in mercy soon
Wad grant the boon I crave,
And tak' this life, now naething worth,
Sin Jamie's in his grave!
And see! his gentle spirit comes
To show me on my way,
Surprised, nae doubt, I still am here,
Sair wondering at my stay.

I come, I come, my Janie dear!
 And oh! wi' what good will!
 I follow wherso'er ye lead,
 Ye canna lead to ill.

She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possessed,
 Her waefu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrows sunk to rest.

JOHN LOGAN.

BORN 1748—DIED 1788.

JOHN LOGAN, the friend and classmate of Michael Bruce, was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian, in 1748. He was the son of a small farmer, and like his college contemporary was intended for the ministry. Having received the rudiments of education at the village school of Gosford, East-Lothian, to which his father had removed, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, and after completing his theological course he was, on the recommendation of Dr. Blair, engaged by Mr. Sinclair of Ulbster as tutor to his eldest son, afterwards Sir John Sinclair, author of the *Code of Agriculture*. He did not, however, long retain this situation. In 1770 Logan edited the poetical remains of his fellow-student Michael Bruce, and some years later claimed as his own the celebrated "Ode to the Cuckoo" and some other pieces which were introduced into the volume. Having been licensed to preach he greatly distinguished himself by his pulpit eloquence, and in 1773 was ordained minister of the parish of South Leith. Soon after he was appointed one of the General Assembly's committee for revising the psalmody of the Church, and composed several of the paraphrases in the collection now used in public worship.

In 1779 he delivered a course of lectures in Edinburgh on the philosophy of history, the substance of which he afterwards published; and this was followed by one of his lectures on the manners and government of Asia. He acquired so much reputation as a lecturer that, on a vacancy occurring in the professorship of history in the University of Edinburgh, he offered himself as a candidate, but was unsuccessful, Alexander Fraser Tytler (Lord Woodhouselee) being appointed to the chair. In

1782 he published his poems, which were favourably received, and soon reached a second edition. In 1783 he produced the tragedy of "Runnimeed," which was afterwards performed in the Edinburgh theatre. His parishioners were opposed to such an exercise of his talents, and this opposition, coupled with alleged occasional excesses in his life, induced him to resign his charge on receiving a moderate annuity out of the stipend. He then proceeded to London, where he devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits, contributing to various periodicals. In 1788 he published an able pamphlet entitled "A Review of the Charges against Mr. Warren Hastings," which produced an impression favourable to Hastings. Logan died, after a lingering illness, December 28, 1788, in the fortieth year of his age.

Among Logan's manuscripts were several unfinished tragedies, thirty lectures on Roman history, portions of a periodical work, and a collection of sermons from which two volumes were published by his executors, which have since passed through several editions. They are warm and passionate, full of piety and fervour; and must have been highly impressive when delivered in Logan's impassioned and eloquent style. One act in the literary life of Logan—his publication of the poems of Michael Bruce—cannot be justified. He left out several pieces by Bruce, and, as he states in his preface, "to make up a miscellany" poems by different authors were inserted. The best of these he claimed, and afterwards published as his own. The friends of Bruce, indignant at his conduct, have since endeavoured to disprove Logan's claim to them, and considerable uncertainty hangs over the question. It is unfavourable to the case of Logan that

he retained some of the manuscripts of Bruce, and his conduct throughout the whole affair was careless and unsatisfactory. Bruce's friends also claim for him some of the hymns published by Logan as his own, and they show that the unfortunate young bard had applied himself to compositions of this kind, though none appeared in his works as published by

Logan. The truth here seems to be that Bruce was the founder, and Logan the perfecter, of these exquisite devotional strains; the former supplied stanzas which the latter extended into poems, imparting to the whole a finished elegance and beauty of diction which Bruce does not seem to have been capable of giving them.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past! no more the summer blooms!
 Ascending in the rear,
 Behold congenial autumn comes,
 The Sabbath of the year!
 What time thy holy whispers breathe
 The pensive evening shade beneath,
 And twilight consecrates the floods;
 While Nature strips her garment gay,
 And wears the vesture of decay,
 O! let me wander through the sounding
 woods.

Ah! well-known streams! ah! wonted groves,
 Still pictured in my mind!
 Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
 Whose image lives behind!
 While sad I ponder on the past,
 The joys that must no longer last;
 The wild flower strown on summer's bier,
 The dying music of the grove,
 And the last elegies of love,
 Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall
 Where youth and friendship play'd,
 Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
 Projects a death-like shade!
 The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
 No voice with virgin whispers hails
 A stranger to his native bowers:
 No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
 Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume,
 The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers.

Companions of the youthful scene,
 Endear'd from earliest days!
 With whom I sported on the green,
 Or roved the woodland maze!
 Long exiled from your native clime,
 Or by the thunder-stroke of time
 Snatch'd to the shadows of despair;
 I hear your voices in the wind,
 Your forms in every walk I find,
 I stretch my arms; ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
 These fairy paths pursued;
 And, wandering o'er the wild, I sung
 My fancies to the wood.
 I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
 Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
 Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
 Or, while the mournful vision rose,
 I sought to weep for imaged woes,
 Nor real life believed a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
 May summer soon o'ereast;
 And cruel fate's untimely wind
 All human beauty blast!
 The wrath of Nature smites our bowers,
 And promised fruits, and cherish'd flowers,
 The hopes of life in embryo sweeps;
 Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
 And desolate before his time,
 In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
 O'er wretched man prevails;
 Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
 And friendship's covenant fails!
 Uproaching forms! a moment's ease—
 O memory! how shall I appease
 The bleeding shade, the unalaid ghost?
 What charm can bind the gushing eye?
 What voice console the incessant sigh,
 And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
 That hides me in its gloom,
 While lost in melancholy mood
 I muse upon the tomb.
 Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed;
 Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
 They sadly sigh that winter's near:
 The warning voice I hear behind
 That shakes the wood without a wind,
 And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
 The sorrowing sense to steep;
 Nor drink oblivion of the themes
 On which I love to weep.
 Belated oft by fabled rill,
 While nightly o'er the hallow'd hill
 Aërial music seems to mourn,
 I'll listen autumn's closing strain;
 Then woo the walks of youth again,
 And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn!

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

O God of Abraham! by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led;
 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace;
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide,
 Give us by day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
 O spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease.
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our feet arrive in peace.
 Now with the humble voice of prayer
 Thy mercy we implore;
 Then with the grateful voice of praise
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days, and full of woe,
 O man, of woman born!
 Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
 And shalt to dust return."
 Determined are the days that fly
 Successive o'er thy head;
 The number'd hour is on the wing
 That lays thee with the dead.
 Alas! the little day of life
 Is shorter than a span;
 Yet black with thousand hidden ills
 To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning; flattering hope
 Thy sprightly step attends;
 But soon the tempest howls behind,
 And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour, the cloud
 Comes o'er the beam of light:
 A pilgrim in a weary land,
 Man carries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
 The flowers that paint the field;
 Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of winter blows,
 Away the summer flies,
 The flowers resign their sunny robes,
 And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year, the forest fades:
 And, shaking to the wind,
 The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
 The wilderness behind.

The winter past, reviving flowers
 Anew shall paint the plain;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again:

But man departs this earthly scene,
 Ah! never to return:
 No second spring shall e'er revive
 The ashes of the urn.

The inexorable doors of death
 What hand can e'er unfold?
 Who from the cements of the tomb
 Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
 Its torrents to the main,
 The waters lost can ne'er recall
 From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
 Descending down to night,
 Can never, never be redeem'd
 Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
 To night's perpetual gloom;
 The voice of morning ne'er shall break
 The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers? whither gone
 The mighty men of old?
 The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
 In sacred books enroll'd?

Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard; then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows:

“When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

“Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.”

THE REIGN OF MESSIAH.

Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine:
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.

O! happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left the prize of fame
And honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust:
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
The hour of my departure's come:
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O! my God, let trouble cease:
Now let thy servant die in peace.

WHILE FREQUENT ON TWEED.

While frequent on Tweed and on Tay,
 Their harps all the Muses have strung,
 Should a river more limpid than they,
 The wood-fringed Esk flow unsung!
 While Nelly and Nancy inspire
 The poet with pastoral strains,
 Why silent the voice of the lyre
 On Mary, the pride of the plains?

O nature's most beautiful bloom
 May flourish unseen and unknown:
 And the shadows of solitude gloom
 A form that might shine on a throne.
 Through the wilderness blossoms the rose,
 In sweetness retired from the sight;
 And Philomel warbles her woes
 Alone to the ear of the night.

How often the beauty is hid
 Amid shades that her triumphs deny!
 How often the hero forbid
 From the path that conduets to the sky!
 An Helen has pined in the grove;
 A Homer has wanted his name;
 Unseen in the circle of love,
 Unknown to the temple of fame.

Yet let us walk forth to the stream,
 Where poet ne'er wandered before;
 Enamour'd of Mary's sweet name,
 How the echoes will spread to the shore!
 If the voice of the Muse be divine,
 Thy beauties shall live in my lay;
 While reflecting the forest so fine,
 Sweet Esk o'er the valleys shall stray.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

"Thy braes were bonnie, Yarrow stream!
 When first on them I met my lover;
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
 When now thy waves his body cover!
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream!
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

"He promised me a milk-white steed,
 To bear me to his father's bowers;
 He promised me a little page,
 To squire me to his father's towers;

He promised me a wedding-ring,—
 The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
 Now he is wedded to his grave,
 Alas! his watery grave, in Yarrow!

"Sweet were his words when last we met,
 My passion I as freely told him;
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
 That I should never more behold him!
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 And gave a doleful groan through Yarrow.

"His mother from the window look'd,
 With all the longing of a mother;
 His little sister weeping walk'd
 The greenwood path to meet her brother:
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the Forest thorough;
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

"No longer from thy window look,
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
 Alas! thou hast no more a brother!
 No longer seek him east or west,
 And search no more the Forest thorough;
 For, wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow.

"The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow;
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."
 The tear did never leave her cheek,
 No other youth became her marrow;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

The day is departed, and round from the cloud
 The moon in her beauty appears;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles aloud
 The music of love in our ears.
 Maria, appear! now the season so sweet
 With the beat of the heart is in tune:
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel;
 I sigh—can a lover do more?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er.

Maria, my love! do you long for the grove?

Do you sigh for an interview soon?
Does e'er a kind thought run on me as you rove
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear
My bosom is all in a glow;

Your voice, when it vibrates so sweet through
mine ear.

My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.
Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine
Indulge a fond lover his boon?
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
Alone by the light of the moon!

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

BORN 1750—DIED 1774.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, the story of whose life is one of the saddest in Scottish literary annals, was born at Edinburgh, October 17th, 1750. His father was a clerk in the office of the British Linen Company, and his mother, Elizabeth Forbes, a very superior woman, from whom he inherited both his genius and virtues. After spending four years at the high-school of his native city, Robert was sent to an academy at Dundee, where he remained for two years. He was originally intended for the church, and his friends having procured for him one of two bursaries left by a gentleman of the name of Fergusson for the education of boys of that name at the University of St. Andrews, he entered that college at the age of thirteen, and soon became distinguished for a quickness of parts which superseded assiduity of application, united with a fondness for society and amusement which presaged a wayward life. Frank, kind-hearted, and frolicsome, he gained the love of his fellow-students, and in all their follies bore a leading part. One of their favourite resorts on winter nights was the porter's lodge, which has been made the subject of some pleasing reminiscences in his "Elegy on John Hogg, the Porter:"

"Say, ye red gowns! that aften here
Hae toasted cakes to Katie's beer;
Gin e'er thir days hae had their peer,
Sae blyth, sae daft?
Ye'll ne'er again, in life's career,
Sit half sae saft!"

"At St. Andrews," says his biographer, "he became conspicuous for the respectability of

his classical acquirements, and for those uncommon powers of conversation which, in his more advanced years, fascinated the associates of his convivial hours. The study of poetry seems also to have attracted his regard more than the scholastic and mathematical branches of science. It was during his residence at St. Andrews that he first 'committed the sin of rhyme.' His juvenile verses were thought to possess considerable merit; and even the professors, it is said, took particular notice of them." His superior abilities and taste for poetry recommended him especially to the favour of Dr. Wilkie, author of the "Epi-gramiad," then professor of natural philosophy at St. Andrews, who occasionally employed him to transcribe his lectures.

After a residence of four years at the university, his bursary having expired, Fergusson appears to have abandoned all thoughts of the ministry, and returned to his mother's roof, his father having died two years previous. His mother's poverty rendering it necessary that he should find some kind of employment, he paid a visit to a maternal uncle in affluent circumstances, residing a few miles from Aberdeen, in the hope of being assisted in this object through his recommendation. He was civilly received, and remained for some months his uncle's guest, without, however, being put in a way of providing for himself; at the end of this time, when his clothes began to assume a somewhat shabby appearance, he was no longer deemed fit to appear at his uncle's table, and was politely turned out of doors. This heartless conduct rankled deep in Robert's

mind, and he gave utterance to his anger in verse:—

“Braid claiith lends fouk an unco heeze,
Maks many kailworms butterflies,
Gie’s mouny a doctor his degrees
For little skaith:
In short, ye may be what ye please
Wi’ gude braid claiith.”

Soon after his return to Edinburgh Fergusson obtained an inferior situation in the commissary clerk’s office, being employed to copy law-papers at so much per page. This he soon left, and obtained a similar situation in the office of the sheriff-clerk, but he appears to have returned again to his former place. He was in his nineteenth year a contributor to Ruddiman’s *Weekly Magazine*, in which many of his poems made their first appearance. Their merit was at once acknowledged; and as his powers of song and convivial qualities rendered him at all times an attractive companion, his society was eagerly sought after, and he was thus led into habits of excess and dissipation, which impaired his delicate constitution, and brought on first religious melancholy and ultimately insanity. He died in the public lunatic asylum in Edinburgh, October 16, 1774, lacking one day of being twenty-four years old. He was buried in the Canongate Churchyard, but the spot remained for a long time without any monument to mark it, until the kindred spirit of Robert Burns repaired this national neglect. On one side of the stone which Burns erected he caused the following epitaph to be engraved:—

“No sculptur’d marble here, nor pompons lay,
No storied urn, nor animated bust!
This simple stone directs pale Scotia’s way
To pour her sorrows o’er her poet’s dust.”

The other side bears the following inscription:—“By special grant of the Managers to Robert Burns, who erected this Stone, this Burial-place is ever to remain sacred to the memory of ROBERT FERGUSSON.”

The heartlessness of convivial friendships is well known, they literally “wither and die in a day.” It is related, however, that one of the poet’s companions, named Burnet, having gone to the East Indies, soon found himself on

the road to affluence; and remembering the less fortunate situation of his poet friend, sent Fergusson a cordial invitation to join him in India, inclosing at the same time a cheque for £100. A generous deed! but, alas! it came too late—it fell “as a sunbeam on the blasted blossom.” Before the letter arrived the autumn winds were sighing over the poet’s grave; but the kind intentions of his early friend deserve an honourable record. The first edition of Fergusson’s poems was published in 1773, and they have since been frequently reprinted. An edition issued at Glasgow in 1800 contains a memoir by Dr. Irving. A life by Peterkin is prefixed to the London edition of his poems, which appeared in 1807. Another edition, also accompanied by a biography, was published at Edinburgh in 1851.

“Fergusson,” says Robert Chambers, “was the poet of city life, or rather the laureate of Edinburgh. A happy talent in portraying the peculiarities of local manners, a keen perception of the ludicrous, a vein of original humour, and language at once copious and expressive, form his chief merits as a poet. He had not the invention or picturesque fancy of Allan Ramsay, nor the energy and passion of Burns. His mind was a warm light soil, that threw up early its native products, sown by chance or little exertion; but it had not strength and tenacity to nurture any great or valuable production. A few short years, however, comprised his span of life; and criticism would be ill employed in scrutinizing with severity the occasional poems of a youth of twenty-three, written from momentary feelings and impulses, amidst professional drudgery or midnight dissipation. That compositions produced under such circumstances should still exist and be read with pleasure is sufficient to show that Fergusson must have had the eye and fancy of a true poet. His observation, too, for one so young, is as remarkable as his genius; he was an accurate painter of scenes of rural life and traits of Scottish character, and his pictures are valuable for their truth, as well as for their liveliness and humour. If his habits had been different we might have possessed more agreeable delineations, but none more graphic or faithful.”

THE FARMER'S INGLE.¹

Whan gloamin' gray out-owre the welkin keeks;
 Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre;
 Whan thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door
 steeks,
 And lusty lasses at the dightin tire;
 What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,
 And gars snaw-tappit winter freeze in vain;
 Gars dowie mortals look baith blythe and bauld,
 Nor fleyd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
 Begin, my Muse! and chant in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
 Wi' divots theekit frae the weat and drift;
 Sods, peats, and heathery truifs the chimley fill,
 And gar their thickening smeek salute the lift.
 The gudeman, new come hame, is blythe to find,
 Whan he out-owre the hallan flings his een,
 That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
 That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean;
 For cleanly house lo'es he, tho' e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife, that the ploughs require
 A heartsome meltith, and refreshing synd
 O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin' fire:
 Sair wark and poortith downa weel be join'd.
 Wi' butter'd bannoeks now the girdle reeks;
 P' the far nook the bowie briskly reams;
 The readied kail stands by the chimley cheeks,
 And hand the riggin' het wi' welcome streams,
 Whilk than the daintiest kitchen niecer seems.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs a lesson lear;
 Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
 They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
 Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
 Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day;
 At night, in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound;
 Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
 Nor drogs their noddle and their sense con-
 found,
 Till death slip sleely on, and gi'e the hindmost
 wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
 By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
 In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun.
 'Twas this that braced their gardies stiff and
 strang;
 That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang;
 Gar'd Scottish thristles bang the Roman bays;
 For near our crest their heads they doughtna
 raise.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's owre;
 The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
 O' simmer's showery blinks, and winter sour,
 Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce
 hash.
 'Bout kirk and market eke their tales gae on;
 How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;
 And there, how Marion, for a bastard son,
 Upo' the entty-stool was forced to ride;
 The waefu' scald o' our Mess John to bide.

The fient a cheep's amang the bairnies now;
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
 Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou',
 Grumble and greet and mak an unco mane.
 In rangles round, before the ingle's lowe,
 Frae Gudame's mouth auld-wairld tales they
 hear,
 O' warlocks loupin' round the wirrikow:
 O' ghaists that win in glen and kirkyard drear,
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shake
 wi' fear!

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be
 Sent frae the deil to fletch us to our ill;
 That kye hae tint their milk wi' evil e'e;
 And corn been scowder'd on the glowin' kill.
 O mock na this, my friends! but rather monrn,
 Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear;
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
 And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
 The mind's aye cradled whan the grave is near.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
 Tho' age her sair-dow'd front wi' runcles wave;
 Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays;
 Her e'enin' stent reels she as weel's the lave.
 On some feast-day, the wee things, buskit braw,
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
 Fu' eadgie that her head was up, and saw
 Her ain spun eeddin' on a darlin' oy;
 Careless tho' death shou'd mak' the feast her foy.

In its auld lerroch yet the deas remains,
 Whare the gudeman aft strecks him at his ease;
 A warm and canny lean for weary banes
 O' lab'ers doil'd upon the wintry leas.
 Round him will baudrins and the collie come,
 To wag their tails, and cast a thankfu' ee
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a crumb
 O' kebbuk whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie;
 This a' the boon they crave, and a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak':
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to
 till;
 How big a birn maun lie on Bassie's back,
 For meal and mu'ter to the thirlin' mill.

¹ This poem is perhaps the most successful of Fergusson's efforts, and is the subject of one of David Wilkie's pictures. It undoubtedly suggested to Burns the subject of his "Cottar's Saturday Night."—Ed.

Neist the gudewife her hirelin damself bids
Glow thro' the byre, and see the hawkies
bound;

Tak' tent, 'case Cummy tak' her wonted tids,
And ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground,
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien,
Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
And hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil;
The cruizie, too, can only blink and blear;
The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;
Tacksman and cotter eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumlie pow,
Till wauken'd by the dawmin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glybe,
And bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May Scotia's simmers aye look gay and green;
Her yellow har'sts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' smug and bien,
Frae the hard grip o' ails and poortith freed;
And a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

BRAID CLAITH.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonny book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurel'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In gude braid claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
Whan bienly elad wi' shell fu' braw
O' gude braid claith.

Waesuck for him wha has nae feek o' t!
For he's a gowk they're sure to geek at,
A chiel that ne'er will be respectit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude braid claith.

On Sabbath days the barber spark,
Whan he has done wi' serapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
In gude braid claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
Wad be right laith,
Whan pacing wi' a gawsy air
In gude braid claith.

If ony mett'ld stirrah grene
For favour frae a lady's een,
He mauna care for being seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' gude braid claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou' fu' sair,
And scald him baith.
Woers should aye their travel spare
Without braid claith.

Braid claith lends fouk an unco heeze,
Maks mony kail-worms butterflies,
Gies mony a doctor his degrees
For little skaith:
In short, you may be what you please
Wi' gude braid claith.

For thof ye had as wise a snout on
As Shakspeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk wad hae a doubt on,
I'll tak my aith,
Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
O' gude braid claith.

TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

Wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was framed to jow or ring!
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing,
They ken themself;
But weel wat I, they couldna bring
Waur sounds frae hell.

Fleece-merchants may look banld, I trow.
Sin' a' Auld Reekie's childer now
Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
Thy sound to bang,
And keep it frae gaun through and through
Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin't;
Like scauldin' wife's there is nae guidin't;
Whan I'm 'bout ony business eident,
It's sair to thole;
To deave me, then, ye tak a pride in't
Wi' senseless knoll.

Oh! were I provost o' the town,
I swear by a' the powers aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down;
Nor should you think—
Sae sair I'd crack your crown—
Again to clink.

For, when I've toomed the meikle cap,
And fain would fa' owre in a nap,
Troth, I could doze as sound's a tap,
Were't na for thee,
That gies the tither weary chap
To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick:
Quo' he: "This bell o' mine's a trick,
A wily piece o' politie,
A cunnin' snare,
To trap fouk in a cloven stick,
Ere they're aware.

"As lang's my dantit bell hings there,
A' body at the kirk will skair;
Quo' they, gif he that preaches there
Like it can wound,
We dinna care a single hair
For joyfu' sound."

If magistrates wi' me would 'gree,
For aye tongue-tackit should you be;
Nor fleg wi' anti-melody
Sic honest fouk,
Whase lugs were never made to dree
Thy dolefu' shock.

But far frae thee the bailies dwell,
Or they would sennner at thy knell;
Gie the foul thief his riven bell,
And then, I trow,
The byword hauds, "The deil himsel
Has got his due."

SCOTTISH SCENERY AND MUSIC.

(FROM HAME CONTENT, A SATIRE.)

The Arno and the Tiber lang
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;
But, save the reverence o' schools,
They're baith but lifeless, dowie pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer bead?
Or are their shores mair sweet and gay
Than Forth's haughs or banks o' Tay?
Though there the herds can jink the showers
'Mang thriving vines and myrtle bowers,

And blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While echo's tongue commends their pains;
Like ours, they canna warn the heart
Wi' simple saft bewitching art.
On Leader haughs and Yarrow braes
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our poetic grounds.

Come, Fancy! come, and let us tread
The simmer's flowery velvet bed,
And a' your springs delightful lowse
On Tweeda's banks or Cowdenknowes.
That, ta'en wi' thy enchanting sang,
Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang,
Sae pleased they'll never fash again
To court you on Italian plain;
Soon will they guess ye only wear
The simple garb o' nature here;
Mair comely far, and fair to sight,
Whan in her easy cleeidin' dight,
Than in disguise ye was before
On Tiber's or on Arno's shore.

O Bangour! now the hills and dales
Nae mair gie back thy tender tales!
The birks on Yarrow now deplore
Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore.
Near what bright burn or crystal spring
Did you your winsome whistle hing?
The Muse shall there, wi' watery e'e,
Gie the dunk swaird a tear for thee;
And Yarrow's genius, dowie dame!
Shall there forget her bluid-stained stream,
On thy sad grave to seek repose,
Who mourned her fate, condoled her woes.

CAULER WATER.

Whan father Aidie first pat spade in
The bonny yard o' ancient Eden,
His amry had nae liquor laid in
To fire his mou';
Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'
For being fu'.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen
Ran cannily out-owre the green;
And whan our gutcher's drouth had been
To bide right sair,
He loutit down, and drank bedeen
A dainty skair.

His bairns had a', before the flood,
A langer tack o' flesh and blood,

¹ William Hamilton of Bangour.

And on mair pithy shanks they stood
 Than Noah's line,
 Wha still hae been a feckless brood
 Wi' drinkin' wine.

The fuddlin' bards, now-a-days,
 Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise;
 And limp and stoiter through their lays
 Anaereontic,
 While each his sea of wine displays
 As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will no gang far frae hame,
 Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
 In troth, the jiliet ye might blame
 For thinkin' on't,
 When cithly she can find the theme
 O' *acquafont*.

This is the name that doctors use,
 Their patients' noddles to confuse;
 Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse
 They labour still
 In kittle words to gar you roose
 Their want o' skill.

But we'll hae nae sic clitter-clatter;
 And, briefly to expound the matter,
 It shall be ca'd guid cauler water;
 Than whilk, I trow,
 Few drugs in doctors' shops are better
 For me or you.

Though joints be stiff as ony rung,
 Your pith wi' pain be sairly dung,
 Be you in cauler water flung
 Out-owre the lugs,
 'Twill mak you souple, swack, and young,
 Withouten drugs.

Though colic or the heart-sead tease us;
 Or ony inward dwaam should seize us;
 It masters a' sic fell diseases
 That would ye spulzie,
 And brings them to a canny crisis
 Wi' little tulzie.

Were't no for it, the bonny lasses
 Wad glower nae mair in keekin'-glasses;
 And soon tye dint o' a' the graces
 That aft convey
 In gleefu' looks, and bonny faces,
 To catch our een.

The fairest, then, might die a maid,
 And Cupid quit his shootin' trade;
 For wha, through clarty masquerade,
 Could then discover
 Whether the features under shade
 Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer flowers,
 And leaves to clead the birken bowers,
 Sae beauty gets by cauler showers
 Sae rich a bloom,
 As for estate, or heavy dowers,
 Aft stands in room.

What maks auld Reekie's dames sae fair?
 It canna be the halesome air;
 But cauler burn, beyond compare,
 The best o' ony,
 That gars them a' sic graces skair,
 And blink sae bonny?

On May-day, in a fairy ring,
 We've seen them round St. Anthon's spring,
 Frae grass the cauler dew-drops wring
 To weet their een,
 And water, clear as crystal spring,
 To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way
 To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gay!
 Then shall their beauties glance like May;
 And, like her, be
 The goddess of the vocal spray,
 The Muse and me.

SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.

(FROM AULD REEKIE.¹)

On Sunday, here, an altered scene
 O' men and manners meets our een.
 Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
 To change their faces wi' their clothes,
 And fain wad gar ilk neebour think
 They thirst for guidness as for drink;
 But there's an unco dearth o' grace,
 That has nae mansion but the face,
 And never can obtain a part
 In benmost corner o' the heart.
 Why should religion mak us sad,
 If good frae virtue's to be had?
 Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
 Forsake hyproerisy, grimace:
 And never hae it understood
 Yon fleg mankind frae being good.
 In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
 The joes and lasses lo'e to frisk it.

¹ It was Fergusson's intention to extend this poem to a much greater length; but what was originally offered as a first canto never received any important additions. "Auld Reekie" was inscribed to Sir William Forbes, but that gentleman seems to have despised "the poor ovations of a minstrel's praise."—ED.

Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace owre the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind,
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills:
Where writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

While dandering eits delight to stray
To Castle-hill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Whar bonny pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shaksper's muse.
If Fancy there would join the thrang,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the live-lang day.

Or should some cankered biting shower,
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyroodhouse let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bein days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie's our dignity again!
For, oh, wae's me! the thistle springs
In domieile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Onr palace and our ancient state.

HALLOW-FAIR.

There's fouth o' braw Jockies and Jennies
Comes weel buskit into the fair,
With ribbons on their cockermonies,
And fouth o' fine flour on their hair.
Maggie she was sae weel buskit,
That Willie was tied to his bride;
The pownie was ne'er better whisket
Wi' cudgel that hang frae his side.

But Maggie was wondrous jealous,
To see Willie buskit sae braw;
And Sandy he sat in the ale-house,
And hard at the liquor did ea'.
There was Gordie, that weel loed his lassie,
He took the pint-stoup in his arms,

And hugged it, and said, Trowth they're saucie
That loes na a guid-father's bairn.

There was Wattie, the muirland laddie,
That rides on the bonnie gray eout,
With sword by his side like a cadie
To drive in the sheep and the nowt.
His doublet sae weel it did fit him,
It scarcely cam' down to mid-thie,
With hair pouthered, hat, and a feather,
And housing at curpan and tea.

But Bruekie played boo to Bassie,
And aff scoured the eout like the wind:
Puir Wattie he fell on the causiey,
And birzed a' the banes in his skin.
His pistols fell out o' the hulsters,
And were a' bedaubed wi' dirt,
The folk they cam' round him in elusters;
Some lench, and cried, Lad, was ye hurt?

But eout wad let naeboddy steer him,
He aye was sae wanton and skeigh:
The packmen's stands he overturned them,
And garred a' the Jocks stand abeigh;
Wi' sneerin' behind and before him,
For sic is the mettle o' brutes,
Puir Wattie, and wae's me for him,
Was fain to gang hame in his boots.

Now it was late in the e'ening,
And boughting-time was drawing near;
The lasses had stanchel'd their greenieing
Wi' fouth o' braw apples and beer.
There was Lillie, and Tibbie, and Sibbie,
And Ceicy on the spindle could spin,
Stood glowrin' at signs and glass winnocks,
But deil a ane bade them come in.

Gude guide us! saw ye e'er the like o't?
See, yonder's a bonnie black swan;
It glow'rs as it wad fain be at us;
What's yon that it hauds in its hand?
Awa', daft gowk, eries Wattie,
They're a' but a ruckle o' sticks:
See, there is Bill-Jock, and auld Hawkie,
And yonder's Mess John and auld Nick.

Quoth Maggie, Come buy us our fairin':
And Wattie richt sleely could tell,
I think thou'rt the flower o' the clachan,—
In trowth, now, I'se gi'e thee mysell.
But wha wad ha'e e'er thoct it o' him,
That e'er he had rippled the lint?
Sae proud was he o' his Maggie,
Though she was baith scaulic and squint.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

BORN 1750—DIED 1825.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY, "the daughter of a hundred earls," whose literary fame, like that of Mrs. Alison Cockburn and Jane Elliot, depends on one poem, was born at Balcarres, in Fife, November 27, 1750. She was the eldest daughter of James, fifth earl of Balcarres, and at an early age displayed both a love of learning and a taste for literary composition. At the age of twenty-one she wrote "Auld Robin Gray," perhaps the most perfect, tender, and affecting of modern Scottish ballads. Ritson says, "The authoress has, in this beautiful production, to all that tenderness and simplicity for which the Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of expression which it never before attained;" and Sir Walter Scott writes: "'Auld Robin Gray' is that real pastoral which is worth all the dialogues which Corydon and Phillis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards." In 1793 Lady Lindsay married Andrew Barnard, Esq., son of the Bishop of Limerick, an accomplished but not wealthy gentleman, whom she accompanied to the Cape of Good Hope, on his appointment as colonial secretary under Lord Macartney. Mr. Barnard died at the Cape in 1807, when his widow returned to London, where she continued to reside, enjoying the friendship of Burke, Windham, Dundas, and a host of wise and good men and women of that generation, until the day of her decease, which occurred at her residence in Berkeley Square, on May 6, 1825.

Lady Barnard faithfully kept the secret of the authorship of her exquisite ballad for upwards of half a century. At length, when in her seventy-third year, she wrote a letter to Sir Walter Scott, with whom she was well acquainted, requesting him to inform his *personal friend*, the author of "Waverley," that she was indeed the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." It was written with special reference to an old Scottish air, "The bridegroom greits when

the sun gaes down," the words of which were coarse. Lady Anne was passionately fond of this melody, and longed to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life. Hence the beautiful ballad which has touched for a hundred years thousands of hearts with a tender feeling. Robin Gray was the name of a shepherd at Balcarres, who was familiar to the children of the house. He had once arrested them in their flight to an indulgent neighbour's. Lady Anne revenged this arrest by seizing the old man's name, and preventing it from passing into forgetfulness. While she was in the act of heaping misfortunes on the heroine Jeanie, her younger sister Elizabeth strayed into the little room, and saw Anne at her escritoire. "I have been writing a ballad, my dear," said Anne; "and I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines. Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted*, and the immortal song completed.

Lady Barnard wrote the second part of "Auld Robin Gray" in order to gratify the desire of her mother, who wished to know how "the unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended;" but like all such continuations, it is greatly inferior to the first part. We give a comical French version of the original song by Florian, printed in the *Lives of the Lindsays*. The song "Why carries my Love?" was written by Lady Anne, and to her has been attributed, but without sufficient evidence, the authorship of the favourite lyric "Logie o' Buchan," now believed to be the production of George Halket, schoolmaster of Rathen in Aberdeenshire, and to have been written before Lady Barnard was born.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.¹

PART I.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye's
a' at hame,
And a' the ward to rest are gane,
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and he sought me
for his bride,
But saving a crown, he had naething else beside;

¹ For forty years this song was sung to the original air, when the Rev. William Leeves, pastor of Wrington, who died in 1828, aged eighty, composed the beautiful modern melody to which "Auld Robin Gray" is now universally sung, with the exception of the introductory stanza, which retains the old air.—ED.

FRENCH VERSION BY FLORIAN.

Quand les moutons sont dans la bergerie,
Que le sommeil aux humains est si doux,
Je pleure, hélas! les chagrins de ma vie,
Et près de moi dort mon bon vieux époux.

Jame n'aimait,—pour prix de sa constance
Il eut mon cœur; mais Jame n'avait rien;
Il s'embarqua dans la seule espérance
A tant d'amour de joindre un peu de bien.

Après un an notre vache est volée—
Le bras cassé mon père rentre un jour—
Ma mère était malade et désolée,
Et Robin Gray vint me faire la cour.

Le faim manquait dans ma pauvre retraite,
Robin nourrit mes parens malheureux,
La larme à l'œil, il me disait, "Jeannette,
Epoque moi du moins pour l'amour d'eux!"

Je disais, "Non, pour Jame je respire."
Mais son vaisseau sur mer vint à périr;
Et j'ai vécu—je vis encore pour dire,
"Malheur à moi de n'avoir pu mourir!"

Mon père alors parla du mariage—
Sans en parler ma mère l'ordonna;
Mon pauvre cœur était mort du naufrage,
Ma main restait—mon père la donna.

Un mois après, devant ma porte assise,
Je revois Jame, et je crus m'abuser.
"C'est moi," dit-il, "pourquoi tant de surprise?
Ma chère amour, je reviens t'épouser!"

Ah! que de pleurs ensemble nous versâmes!
Un seul baiser, suivi d'un long soupir,
Fut notre adieu—tous deux nous réjûtâmes,
"Malheur à moi de n'avoir pu mourir!"

Je ne ris plus, j'écarte de mon âme
Le souvenir d'un amant si chéri;
Je veux tâcher d'être une bonne femme,
Le vieux Robin est un si bon mari.

To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to
sea,
And the crown and the pound, they were baith
for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my faither brake his arm, and the cow was
stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie at the sea;
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My faither couldna work, and my mither couldna
spin;
I toi'd day and night, but their bread I couldna
win;—

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears
in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry
me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
The ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My faither urged me sair, my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like
to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea;
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Oh! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
I gied him a kiss, and bade him gang awa';—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm nae like to dee;
For tho' my heart is broken, I'm young, wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For, oh! Robin Gray he is kind to me!

PART II.²

The winter was come, 'twas summer nac mair,
And, trembling, the leaves were fleeing thro' the
air;

² Sir Walter Scott selected the second stanza of the continuation of "Auld Robin Gray" as a motto for one of the chapters of "The Pirate," and remarked in a note, "It is worth while saying that this motto, and the ascription of the beautiful ballad from which it is taken to the Right Hon. Lady Anne Lindsay, occasioned the ingenious authoress's acknowledgment of the ballad,

"Oh, winter!" said Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For wae looks the sun when he shines upon me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent;
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
Aud she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail.

Her father and mother observed her decay;
"What ails ye, my bairn?" they oftentimes would say;
"Ye turn round your wheel, but you come little speed,
For feeble's your hand, and silly's your thread."

She smiled when she heard them, to banish their fear,
But wae looks the smile that is seen through a tear,
And bitter's the tear that is forced by a love
Which honour and virtue can never approve.

Her father was sad, and her mother was wae,
But silent and thoughtfu' was auld Robin Gray;
He wander'd his lane, and his face it grew lean,
Like the side of a brae where the torrents have been.

Nae questions he spier'd her concerning her health,
He looked at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth;
When his heart it grew grit, and often he feigned
To gang to the door to see if it rained.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physic would take,
And often he said, "It is best, for her sake!"
While Jeanie supported his head as he lay,
The tears trickled down upon auld Robin Gray.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie!" said he wi' a groan;
"I'm nae worth your sorrow, the truth maun be known;
Send round for your neighbours, my hour it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wrang'd her," he said, "but I kent it o'er late;
I've wranged her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
But a's for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithful young heart that was ill matched wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet o' her vow;—
In mercy forgie me, 'twas I stole the cow!"

"I cared not for crummie, I thought but o' thee;
I thought it was crummiestood 'twixt you and me;

of which the editor, on her permission, published a small impression, inscribed to the Bannatyne Club."
—Ed.

While she fed your parents, oh! did you not say,
You never would marry wi' auld Robin Gray?"

"But sickness at hame, and want at the door—
You gied me your hand while your heart it was sore:

I saw it was sore, why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!"

"How truth, soon or late, comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back, and your cheek it grew white;
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me.
Oh, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to deed!"

"Is Jamie come here yet?" and Jamie he saw;
"I've injured you sair, lad, so I leave you my a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be!
Waste no time, my dauties, in mournin' for me."

They kiss'd his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seem'd hopefu' of being accepted by grace.

"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be,
Wha wadna be tempted, my love, to win thee?"

The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa';
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a'
Was thinking she couldna be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e, while her heart was sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie, the folk couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh, now she has a' that her heart can desire!

WHY TARRIES MY LOVE?

Why tarries my love?
Ah! where does he rove?
My love is long absent from me.
Come hither, my dove,
I'll write to my love,
And send him a letter by thee.

To find him, swift fly!
The letter I'll tie
Secure to thy leg with a string.
Ah! not to my leg,
Fair lady, I beg,
But fasten it under my wing.

Her dove she did deck,
She drew o'er his neck
A bell and a collar so gay;
She tied to his wing
The scroll with a string,
Then kiss'd him and sent him away.

It blew and it rain'd,
 The pigeon disdain'd
 To seek shelter; undaunted he flew,
 Till wet was his wing,
 And painful his string,
 So heavy the letter it grew.

It flew all around,
 Till Colin he found,
 Then perched on his head with the prize;
 Whose heart while he reads
 With tenderness bleeds
 For the pigeon that flutters and dies.

JOHN LOWE.

BORN 1750 — DIED 1798.

REV. JOHN LOWE, the author of "Mary's Dream," a song which Allan Cunningham says "few have equalled and none have excelled," was born at Kenmure, in Galloway, in the year 1750. He was the eldest son of the gardener at Kenmure Castle, and at the age of fourteen was apprenticed as a weaver to Robert Heron, father of the unfortunate author of that name. Young Lowe afterwards found means to obtain a regular academical education, and while studying divinity was employed as a tutor in the family of Mr. Macghie, of Airds, on the river Dee. The fate of a young surgeon named Alexander Miller, who was unfortunately lost at sea, and who was attached to Mary, one of Macghie's daughters, was the cause of Lowe's writing his affecting song. Failing to obtain a parish in his native country, Lowe in 1773 embarked for the United States—then British colonies—being offered the position of tutor in the family of an elder brother of General Washington. He afterwards opened an academy at Fredericksburg, Virginia—a spot now rendered for ever famous as the scene of one of the great conflicts of the war of 1861; but this enterprise proved unsuccessful, and was soon abandoned. Some years later he became the minister of the Episcopal church of that place. Before leaving Scotland he had interchanged vows of unalterable constancy with a sister of Mary Macghie of Airds, but these were doomed never to be fulfilled. He fell in love with a Virginian lady, who rejected his suit and married another; but this lady's sister became passionately fond of Lowe, and he married her, as he said himself, "from a sentiment of gratitude."

When Burns speaks of Lowe he says he read a poetical letter of his from America to a young lady, which seems to relate to love. A man who retracts his promise and revokes his vow for no better reason than his own inconstancy "must needs be a scoundrel," and yet he becomes still more abject and dastardly when he coolly sits down and clothes a heartless epistle to the deserted one in verse, and gives the wings of poetry to his own infamy, that it may fly over the world and proclaim it east and west. No one, therefore, will feel much sympathy for Lowe when he learns that his marriage proved most unfortunate, and blasted his happiness for ever; that he sought consolation in drink, and ere long was laid in an untimely grave. He died in December, 1798, at Windsor Lodge, Culpepper county, Virginia, from the effect, it is believed, of an overdose of laudanum, and was buried at Little Fork church, in the immediate vicinity of that place. We are informed by an American lady whose parents were married by Lowe that he was a man of many accomplishments, and that she remembers to have often seen a manuscript copy, written by the author, of "Mary's Dream."

Although Lowe wrote numerous songs and poems prompted by poetical feeling and the romantic scenery of his native glen, the subjoined ballad is alone worthy of preservation—to that alone he is indebted for a place among the minor poets of Scotland. In the words of Cunningham, "The claim of Logan to the sweet song of the 'Cuckoo,' the claim of Hamilton to one brilliant speech, and of John Lowe to one exquisite song, have all been disputed; though nothing can be surer than their

several rights, yet the world cannot well be blamed for entertaining suspicions. When we see a song written in a free and noble spirit, and hear a speech eloquent and flowing, logical and persuasive, and know that the other productions of the poet are cold and spiritless,

and that the orator never spoke another word worthy of notice, we imagine they have begged or borrowed their honours, and unwillingly allow them the credit of having had one solitary fit of inspiration, one short visit from the muse of poetry or eloquence."

MARY'S DREAM.¹

The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale and hollow e'e.
"O! Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea;
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!"

"O! maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

MRS. ANNE GRANT.

BORN 1755—DIED 1838.

MRS. GRANT, commonly styled of Laggan, to distinguish her from her contemporary Mrs. Grant of Carron, was born at Glasgow, Feb. 21, 1755. Her father, Duncan M^cVicar, was an officer in a Highland regiment; her mother a descendant of the ancient family of Stewart of Invernahyle in Argyleshire. A short time after she was born her father accompanied his regiment to the British colonies in America, with the intention of settling there, and soon after he was joined by his wife and daughter,

now about three years old. Anne was taught to read by her mother; an intelligent sergeant of the regiment made her a proficient in writing, and observing her eagerness for knowledge, presented his little pupil with an appropriate soldier's gift—even the poem of "Wallace," by Harry the Minstrel, the patriotic Scottish Homer. The quaint and almost forgotten language in which this work is written, as well as its obsolete orthography, would have made it a sealed book to the half-Scottish, half-American child, had it not been for the kindness of the sergeant, who taught her to decipher the words and understand the meaning of the ancient minstrel. From this source she in part derived that enthusiastic love of her native

¹ This song, written soon after 1770, originally commenced—

"Pale Cynthia just had reached the hill,"

which some unknown person very judiciously exchanged for the present reading, now universally adopted. — ED

country which ever afterwards was a distinguishing feature in her character. Her precocity was quite remarkable. In her sixth year she was familiar with the Old Testament, and read with eagerness and pleasure Milton's "Paradise Lost," a poem which has daunted so many youthful readers at the outset. Her talent attracted the attention of the Schuylers, with whom she resided at Albany for several years, acquiring during her sojourn among her hospitable friends a knowledge of the Dutch language, at that day much spoken by many of the Knickerbocker families. A few years after the conquest of Canada M'Vicar resigned his position in the army, and became a settler in Vermont, where he received a grant of land, to which he made large additions by purchase. While here his worth and agreeable manners won for him the esteem of all the neighbouring settlers. His career of prosperity was, however, interrupted by ill health, and in 1768 he decided to return with his family to Scotland. Unfortunately for him he left the country without disposing of his property, which, upon the breaking out of the revolutionary war soon after, was confiscated by the new republican government. M'Vicar was therefore obliged to depend on his limited pay as barrack-master of Fort Augustus, to which post he had been appointed some years previous. At the same station was the Rev. James Grant, the military chaplain, an accomplished scholar, connected with some of the first families of the district. To this gentleman the subject of our memoir was married in the year 1779, when they removed to the parish of Laggan in Inverness, to which Mr. Grant had been appointed. On becoming the wife of a Highland clergyman Mrs. Grant desired to aid her husband, but a difficulty opposed her progress at the outset. Although a Mac, she was not a Highlander, and she did not possess that most essential passport to a Highland heart—a knowledge of their language. Undeterred, however, by an obstacle which comparatively few Lowlanders have ever surmounted, she, by great application, soon acquired a sufficient knowledge of Gaelic to converse readily with the people in their own tongue. With the Celtic language she studied the manners and feelings of the Highlanders, and was soon able to identify herself with the people among whom her lot was cast; and

they on their part appreciated these kind labours of a stranger with true Highland enthusiasm, and felt that she was their own countrywoman in heart and soul as well as in tongue and lineage.

In this way many happy and tranquil years passed on in Laggan, and Mrs. Grant, the mother of twelve children, seemed little likely to become distinguished in the literary world. After four successive deaths in her family, Mr. Grant died in 1801, and she was left with eight children dependent upon her exertions; while the manse, so long her happy home, must be given up to his successor. On examining their affairs she found she had been left in debt to a considerable amount, the scale of Highland and clerical hospitality by which the household had been conducted having greatly exceeded the amount of her late husband's stipend. Among her many friends Mrs. Grant had long been known as a writer of verses, having in her ninth year essayed imitations of Milton, and composed several poems while residing on the banks of the Clyde before the family proceeded to Fort Augustus. She was urged to collect her verses and publish them, with a view to aiding in the support of her family, and as an inducement 3000 subscribers were speedily obtained. In 1803 the poems appeared in a 12mo volume, which was most kindly received, and enabled her to discharge the debts contracted at Laggan, which had weighed heavily on her mind.

Perceiving a prospect of better maintaining her family by her literary efforts, Mrs. Grant abandoned the small farm near Laggan which she had rented after her husband's death, and removed to Stirling. In 1806 she published her "Letters from the Mountains," which had been written in the manse to her correspondents during a course of years. They were so full of Highland scenery, character, and legends, expressed in the happiest style of epistolary composition, that, even with the omission of whatever was private or confidential, they proved exceedingly popular, and passed through several editions. Two years later appeared the life of her early friend Madame Schuyler, under the designation of "Memoirs of an American Lady," which fully sustained the reputation the authoress had already won.

In 1810 Mrs. Grant removed to Edinburgh,

and her residence there was frequented by Lord Jeffrey, Sir Walter Scott, Henry Mackenzie, and other magnates of the Scottish literary world. The year following appeared *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*; in 1814 a metrical work entitled *Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen*; and in 1815 *Popular Models and Impressive Warnings for the Sons and Daughters of Industry*. Her productions are thus characterized by Sir Walter Scott, a judge well fitted to estimate them:—"Her literary works, although composed amidst misfortune and privation, are written at once with simplicity and force, and uniformly bear the stamp of a virtuous and courageous mind, recommending to the reader that patience and fortitude which the writer herself practised in such an eminent degree. Her writings, deservedly popular in her own country, derive their success from the happy manner in which, addressing themselves to the national pride of the Scottish people, they breathe a spirit at once of patriotism and of that candour which renders patriotism unselfish and liberal. We have no hesitation in attesting our belief that Mrs. Grant's writings have produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and best lessons of virtue and morality."

In 1825 Mrs. Grant received a pension of £100 per annum in consideration of her literary talents, which, with the profits of her writings and legacies from several deceased friends, rendered her life free from pecuniary cares. She died at her residence in Manor Place, Edinburgh, November 7, 1838, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, retaining her faculties unimpaired to the last. A letter from her only son, addressed to my father, says: "My mother was entirely exempted from pain or suffering of any kind, bodily or mental;

and she at last appeared to expire in a gentle slumber, leaving her features in the sweetest composure, and confirming the assurance she gave us almost to the last, that she suffered no pain. Her calmness and tranquillity in the prospect of death were what might have been expected from her firm mind and blameless life, and above all from her humble confidence—repeated as long as she could speak—in the pardoning mercy of God through the merits of our great Intercessor." A collection of her letters, with a memoir by her only surviving child John P. Grant, who died Dec. 15, 1870, was published in London in the year 1844 in three vols. Revised editions of this delightful work appeared in 1845 and 1853, also from the press of the Longmans.

Mrs. Grant's genius was not lyrical, but in all her poetical productions there is a steady current of harmony and good sense more indicative of the quick shrewd observer than of the poet; and although not a native Highlander, she could speak and write the language and paint the character and manners of her countrymen better than most of her contemporaries. Indeed so conspicuous was her pre-eminence in Gaelic literature that the authorship of the earlier volumes of the *Waverley Novels* was frequently attributed to her pen. To the last hour of her life the deep attachment for her early American home on the banks of the Hudson remained unshaken, and one of her greatest enjoyments was to see Americans at her hospitable house, where they were sure to find a cordial welcome and a genial hostess. Her chief talent lay in conversation, in which she was unrivalled, and hence the high fame she acquired among the *litterati* of her day. Sir John Watson Gordon's portrait of Mrs. Grant, the best ever painted, was in possession of the late Mrs. Douglas Cruger of New York, one of her most intimate friends, with whom she maintained for many years a regular correspondence.

O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?

"O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?
O where, tell me where, is your Highland laddie gone?"

"He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble deeds are done;
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes safely home."

He's gone, with streaming banners, where noble
deeds are done;
And my sad heart will tremble till he comes
safely home."

"O where, tell me where, did your Highland
laddie stay?

O where, tell me where, did your Highland lad-
die stay?"

"He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the
rapid Spey;

And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he
went away.

He dwelt beneath the holly-trees, beside the
rapid Spey;

And many a blessing follow'd him, the day he
went away."

"O what, tell me what, does your Highland lad-
die wear?

O what, tell me what, does your Highland laddie
wear?"

"A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge
of war;

And a plaid across the manly breast, that yet
shall wear a star.

A bonnet with a lofty plume, the gallant badge
of war;

And a plaid across the manly breast, that yet
shall wear a star."

"Suppose, ah! suppose, that some cruel, cruel
wound

Should pierce your Highland laddie, and all your
hopes confound!"

"The pipe would play a cheering march, the
banners round him fly;

The spirit of a Highland chief would lighten in
his eye.

The pipe would play a cheering march, the ban-
ners round him fly;

And for his king and country dear with pleasure
he would die!

"But I will hope to see him yet, in Scotland's
bonny bounds;

But I will hope to see him yet in Scotland's bonny
bounds.

His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious
wounds,

While wide, through all our Highland hills, his
warlike name resounds.

His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious
wounds,

While wide, through all our Highland hills, his
warlike name resounds."

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood —

To thy protecting shade she runs,

Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!

The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart.

Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom

Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;

Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou decked, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow

Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,

Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild

Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;

To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-lov'd native land!

Alas! when distant, far more dear!
When he, from some cold foreign strand,

Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore
That home and thee he sees no more!

OII, MY LOVE, LEAVE ME NOT!

Oh, my love, leave me not!

Oh, my love, leave me not!

Oh, my love, leave me not!

Lonely and weary.

Could you but stay a while,

And my fond fears beguile,

I yet once more could smile,

Lightsome and cheery.

Night, with her darkest shroud,

Tempests that roar aloud,

Thunders that burst the cloud,

Why should I fear ye?

Till the sad hour we part
 Fear cannot make me start,
 Grief cannot break my heart
 Whilst thou art near me.

Should you forsake my sight,
 Day would to me be night;
 Sad, I would shun its light,
 Heartless and weary.

COULD I FIND A BONNY GLEN.

Could I find a bonny glen,
 Warm and calm, warm and calm;
 Could I find a bonny glen,
 Warm and calm,
 Free frae din, and far frae men,
 There my wanton kids I'd pen,
 Where woodbines shade some den,
 Breathing balm, breathing balm;
 Where woodbines shade some den,
 Breathing balm.

Where the steep and woody hill
 Shields the deer, shields the deer;
 Where the steep and woody hill
 Shields the deer;
 Where the wood-lark, singing shrill,
 Guards his nest beside the rill,
 And the thrush, with tawny bill,
 Warbles clear, warbles clear;
 And the thrush, with tawny bill,
 Warbles clear.

Where the dashing waterfall
 Echoes round, echoes round;
 Where the dashing waterfall
 Echoes round;
 And the rustling aspen tall,
 And the owl, at ev'ning's call,
 Plaining from the ivy'd wall,
 Joins the sound, joins the sound;
 Plaining from the ivy'd wall,
 Joins the sound.

There my only love I'd own,
 All unseen, all unseen;
 There my only love I'd own,
 All unseen;
 There I'd live for her alone,
 To the restless world unknown,
 And my heart should be the throne
 For my queen, for my queen;
 And my heart should be the throne
 For my queen.

THE INDIAN WIDOW.

Thy looks speak compassion, thy language a
 friend,
 Yet think not, kind stranger, my purpose to
 bend;
 Nouraddin's blest spirit awaits me the while,
 And hovers around his pale corpse on the pile.

He whispers—he calls me—he passes like wind—
 O why should I linger in anguish behind?
 Through this desolate earth should I wander
 alone,
 When my light was all quench'd with Nouraddin's
 last groan?

Beloved and endear'd, in his shadow I dwell,
 In his tender protection no sorrow I felt;
 As our souls were united, our pleasures the same,
 So our ashes shall mingle and hallow the flame.

Like a vine without prop shall I sink on the
 ground,
 And low in the dust spread my tendrils around?
 While the beasts of the forest shall trample with
 scorn
 The plant thus neglected, despised, and forlorn!

You tell me my children, forsaken, will pine—
 (What a wound to a bosom so tender as mine!)
 That their innocent cries shall ascend in the air,
 And drown with their clamour my last dying
 prayer.

Oh! still, my loved babes, ye cling close to my
 heart;
 But, alas! with your father I never can part;
 Yet Bramah, in pity, my truth to reward,
 Unseen will permit me my children to guard.

Adieu, gentle stranger! Oh linger not here,
 Nor force me my triumph to stain with a tear;
 The flames, as they kindle, I view with a smile—
 How blest when our ashes shall mix on yon pile!

MY COLIN, LOV'D COLIN.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

My Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear,
 Who wout the wild mountains to trace without
 fear;
 O where are thy flocks that so swiftly rebound,
 And fly o'er the heath without touching the
 ground?

So dappled, so various, so beauteous their hue,
 So agile, so graceful, so charming to view;

O'er all the wide forest there's nought can com-
peer
With the light-bounding flocks of my Colin, my
dear.

My Colin, dear Colin, my Colin, my love,
O where are thy herds that so loftily move
With branches so stately their proud heads are
crown'd,
With their motion so rapid the woods all resound.

Where the birch-trees hang weeping o'er foun-
tains so clear,
At noon-day they're sleeping round Colin, my
dear;
O Colin, sweet Colin, my Colin, my joy,
Must those flocks and those herds all thy moments
employ?

To yon waterfall's dashing I tune my sad strain,
And gather these violets for Colin in vain;
At sunset he said he would meet with me here,
Then where can he linger, my Colin, my dear?

O Colin, my darling, my pleasure, my pride,
While the flocks of rich shepherds are grazing so
wide,
Regardless I view them, unheeded the swains,
Whose herds scatter'd round me adorn the green
plains.

Their offers I hear, and their plenty I see,
But what are their wealth and their offers to me?
While the light-bounding roes, and the wild
mountain deer,
Are the cattle of Colin, my hunter, my dear.

MY SORROW, DEEP SORROW.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning,
When I think of Macgregor, true heir of Glenlyon,
Where still to sad fancy his banners seem flying.
Of Macgregor na Ruara, whose pipes far resound-
ing,
With their bold martial strain set each bosom a
bounding,
My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

The badge of Strathspey from yon pine by the
fountain,
Distinguished the hero when climbing the moun-
tain,
The plumes of the eagle gave wings to his arrow,
And destruction fled wide from the bow bent so
narrow;

His darts, so well polish'd and bright, were a
treasure
That the son of a king might have boasted with
pleasure.
When the brave son of Murdoch so gracefully
held them,
Well pois'd and sure aim'd, never weapon ex-
cell'd them.

Now, dead to the honour and pride I inherit,
Not the blow of a vassal could rouse my sad spirit!
Tho' insult or injury now should oppress me,
My protector is gone, and nought else can dis-
tress me.
Deaf to my loud sorrows, and blind to my weeping,
My aid, my support, in yon chapel lies sleeping,
In that cold narrow bed he shall slumber for ever,
Yet nought from my fancy his image can sever.

He that shar'd the kind breast which my infancy
nourish'd,
Now hid in the earth, leaves no trace where he
flourish'd.

No obsequies fitting his pale corse adorning,
No funeral honours to soothe our long mourning,
No virgins high born, with their tears to bedew
thee,
To deck out thy grave, or with flow'rets to strew
thee.

My sorrow, deep sorrow, incessant returning,
Time still as it flies adds increase to my mourning.

THE HIGHLAND POOR.

(FROM THE HIGHLANDERS.)

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter, in some lonely nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest,—where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day.
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honour's charms,
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes—fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace—it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confest,
Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove with smiles of filial love,
Their widow'd parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small easement broke the intrusive
day,

And chased the pleasing images away!
 No time can e'er her vanished joys restore,
 For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.
 The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
 The 'still small voice' of sacred sympathy,
 In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
 Or steal from weary woe one languid smile;
 Yet what they can, they do—the scanty store,
 So often opened for the wandering poor,
 To her each cottager complacent deals,
 While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
 And still, when evening streaks the west with gold,
 The milky tribute from the lowing fold,
 With cheerful haste, officious children bring,
 And every smiling flower that decks the spring:
 Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
 That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain:
 Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
 And of their little all a part bestow.
 Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
 With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
 Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
 The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve:
 Far different these; while from a bounteous heart
 With the poor sufferer they divide a part;
 Humbly they own that all they have is given

A boon precarious from indulgent Heaven;
 And the next blighted crop or frosty spring,
 Themselves to equal indigence may bring.

— — —
 LINES WRITTEN ON HER EIGHTY-
 THIRD BIRTHDAY.

When all my earthly treasures fled,
 And grief bowed down my drooping head,
 Nor faith, nor hope, nor comfort fled,
 From bright abodes of peace and love
 New strength descended from above,
 'To cheer me like the patriarch's dove,
 Now, though bereft of motion's powers,
 I pass no more through groves and flowers,
 But moveless waste the languid hours,
 While still the ethereal spark divine,
 And memory's ample store are mine,
 I neither suffer nor repine,
 But wait serene the final hour,
 Appointed by that gracious Power,
 Who, while those vials seemed of wrath,
 Shed countless blessings on my path.

ANDREW SCOTT.

BORN 1757 — DIED 1839.

ANDREW SCOTT was born in the parish of Bowden, Roxburghshire, in the year 1757. He was of humble parentage, and, when very young, was employed as a cowherd. "At twelve years of age," he says, "when herding in the fields, I purchased a copy of the 'Gentle Shepherd,' and being charmed with the melody of the pastoral reed of Allan Ramsay, I began to attempt verses in the same manner." — During the second year of the American war he enlisted in the 80th Regiment, and served in five campaigns, being with the army under Cornwallis when that general surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia. While canted with his regiment on Staten Island Scott composed "Betsy Rosoe," and many other songs, all of which he says "perished in oblivion," except the one mentioned, and that on the "Oak Tree." These he used to sing to his comrades in camp, and preserved them until he returned

to his native land on the conclusion of the war. He then procured his discharge from the army, settled in his native parish, married, and, according to his own statement, for seventeen years abandoned the Muses, assiduously applying himself to manual labour to maintain his family.

In 1805 Scott, following the advice of several friends, published by subscription a collection of his effusions. Three years afterwards a second edition, with some additions, appeared. In 1811 he published "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" (Kelso); in 1821 he issued from Jedburgh another small volume, and five years later published his last work at Edinburgh, entitled "Poems on Various Subjects." Although he became known to Sir Walter Scott, John Gibson Lockhart, and other literary persons, who afforded him countenance and assistance, he remained in the condition of an

agricultural labourer and bethal or church-officer until his death, which occurred May 22, 1839. His remains were interred in the churchyard of his native parish. Scott's appearance was highly intellectual and prepossessing; and

an admirable portrait of him, now in the possession of his son, was painted by a distinguished artist, Mr. George Watson, to whom the poet wrote a poetical address, published in the volume issued in 1811.

MARRIAGE OF THE TWEED AND TEVIOT.

In days of yore the princely flowing Tweed
Resolv'd no more a single life to lead,
The fairest chief of all the watery swains
That wind their way 'mang Scotia's hills and
plains.

Of all the watery nymphs toward the sea
That from the uplands rush their mazy way,
No nymph appeared so lovely in his eyes
As the fair Teviot, and for her he sighs;
To her, his distant lover, as he flows,
Upon the north wind murmurs all his woes;
List'ning, she hears her distant lover's wail,
And wafts her answers in the southern gale.
At length she yields—her virgin heart is won
By him, the fairest of each watery son
That from their upland urns to wash the vales
Rush down the Teviot in her crystal pride,
And now, their mutual wishes to complete,
They set the sacred hour, and haste to meet;
Then rolls the Teviot in her crystal pride,
Anxious to meet the Tweed, a longing bride;
Each tributary stream and upland rill
Haste from their bubbling springs on many a hill;
Each naiad proud to form the nuptial train,
And 'tend the bride of such a glorious swain.
Alemuir's fair daughter, from her parent lake,
To join the train is seen the lowlands take:
Past Riddle halls, Linthill and Cavers' groves,
And Newhall lands, and Birsiesleas she roves;
Thence, hastening south, she rolls her limpid tide,
Till, passing Anerum halls, she hails the bride.
Etrick and Yarrow, on the bridegroom's side,
In the procession undistinguish'd glide;
Gala and Leader, from their urns afar,
Roll with the bridegroom on his watery car;
The wild wood minstrels, as they roll along,
Pour forth their little souls in sweetest song;
From Merton and Makerstoun groves they sing,
In vocal joys the list'ning echoes ring;
Ilk warbler lent his blythest carols there,
To grace the nuptials of so great a pair.
The driad nymphs, array'd in leafy green.
To view the nuptials by the Fleurs convene;
Old Roxburgh Castle's hoary genius stands
On tiptoe rais'd, and, with uplifted hands,
Blesses with joy the bridegroom and the bride,
Impatient now to meet, on either side;

The nearing naiads, with tumultuous joy,
In louder tones their wat'ry shells employ;
The impatient bridegroom beats his southern
shore,

She beats her north, still nearing more and more;
The parting ridge between at length gives way,
And, dwindling to a point, their wills obey.
There, by the laughing banks, fair Kelso stands,
And sees with joy the parties join their hands;
As Hymen's sacred rites their nuptials grace,
Sees Teviot meet, with equal rage, her watery
lord's embrace.

RURAL CONTENT,

OR THE MUIRLAND FARMER.

I'm now a gude farmer, I've acres o' land,
An' my heart aye louns light when I'm viewin'
o't,
An' I ha'e servants at my command,
An' twa dainty cows for the plowin' o't.
My farm is a snug ane, lies high on a muir,
The muir-cocks an' plivers aft skirl at my door,
An' whan the sky low'rs I'm aye sure o' a show'r
To moisten my land for the plowin' o't.

Leeze me on the mailin that's fa'n to my share,
It taks sax muckle bowes for the sawin' o't:
I've sax braid acres for pasture, an' mair,
An' a dainty bit bog for the mawin' o't.
A spence an' a kitchen my mansion-house gies,
I've a cantie wee wifie to daut whan I please,
Twa bairnies, twa callans, that skelp owre the leas,
An' they'll soon ean assist at the plowin' o't.

My biggin stands sweet on this south slopin' hill,
An' the sun shines sac bonnily beamin' on't.
An' past my door trots a clear prattlin' rill,
Frae the loch, whar the wild ducks are swimmin'
on't.
An' on its green banks, on the gay simmer days,
My wifie trips barefit, a-bleachin' her claes,
An' on the dear creature wi' rapture I gaze,
While I whistle an' sing at the plowin' o't.

To rank amang farmers I hae muckle pride.
But I mauna speak high when I'm tellin' o't,
How brawlie I strut on my shely to ride,
Wi' a sample to show for the sellin' o't.

In blue worset boots that my auld mither span
I've aft been fu' vanty sin' I was a man,
But now they're flung by, an' I've bought cor-
dovan,

And my wifie ne'er grudged me a shillin' o't.

Sae now, whan to kirk or to market I gae,

My weelfare what need I be hidin' o't?

In braw leather boots shining I lack as the slae,
I dink me to try the ridin' o't.

Last towmond I sell'd off four bowes o' guid bere,
An' thankfu' I was, for the victual was dear,
An' I came hame wi' spurs on my heels shinin'
clear,

I had sic gude luck at the sellin' o't.

Now hairst-time is ower, an' a fig for the laird,

My rent's now secure for the toilin' o't;

My fields are a' bare, and my craps in the yard,
An' I'm nae mair in doubts o' the spoilin' o't.

Nor welcome gude weather, or wind, or come
weet,

Or hault ragin' winter, wi' hail, snaw, or sleet,
Nae mair can he draigle my erap 'mang his feet,
Nor wraik his mischief, and be spoilin' o't.

An' on the douf days, when loud hurricanes blaw,

Fu' snug i' the spence I'll be vievin' o't,

An' jink the rude blast in my rush-theekit ha',
When fields are seal'd up frae the plowin' o't.

My bonny wee wifie, the bairnies, an' me,
The peat-stack, and turf-stack our Phœbus shall
be,

Till day close the scoul o' its angry e'e,

An' we'll rest in gude hopes o' the plowin' o't.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

An' whan the year smiles, an' the laverocks sing,

My man Jock an' me shall be doin' o't;

He'll thrash, and I'll toil on the fields in the spring,
An' turn up the soil at the plowin' o't.

An' whan the wee flow'rets begin then to blaw,
The laverock, the peawweep, and skirlin' pickmaw
Shall hiss the bleak winter to Lapland awa',
Then we'll ply the blythe hours at the sawin' o't.

An' whan the birds sing on the sweet simmer
morn,

My new erap I'll keek at the growin' o't;

Whan haeres niffer love 'mang the green bairdit
corn,

An' dew-drops the tender blade showin' o't,

On my brick o' fallow my labours I'll ply.

An' view on their pasture my twa bonny kye,

Till hairst-time again circle round us wi' joy,

Wi' the fruits o' the sawin' an' plowin' o't.

Nor need I to envy our braw gentle folks,

Wha fash na their thumbs wi' the sawin' o't,

Nor e'er slip their fine silken hands in the pocks,

Nor foul their black shoon wi' the plowin' o't:

For, pleas'd wi' the little that fortune has lent,

The seasons row round us in rural content;

We've ay milk an' meal, an' our laird gets his rent,

An' I whistle an' sing at the plowin' o't.

SYMON AND JANET.¹

Surrounded wi' bent and wi' heather,

Whar muircocks and plyvers are rife,

For mony lang towmond thegither,

There lived an auld man and his wife.

About the affairs o' the nation

The twasome they seldom were mute;

Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,

Did saur in their wizens like soot.

In winter, when deep are the gutters,

And night's gloomy canopy spread,

Auld Symon sat huntin' his cuttie,

And lowsin' his buttons for bed.

Auld Janet, his wife, out a-gazin',

To lock in the door was her care;

She seein' our signals a-blazin',

Came runnin' in, rivin' her hair.

"O Symon, the Frenchmen are landit!

Gae look, man, and slip on your shoon;

Our signals I see them extendit,

Like red risin' blaze o' the moon!"

"What plague, the French landit!" quo'

Symon,

And clash gaed his pipe to the wa',

"Faith, then there's be loadin' and primin',"

Quo' he, if they're landit ava.

"Our youngest son's in the militia,

Our eldest grandson's volunteer;

O' the French to be fu' o' the flesh o',

I too in the ranks shall appear."

His waistcoat pouch fill'd he wi' ponther,

And bang'd down his rusty auld gun;

His bullets he put in the other,

That he for the purpose had run.

Then hump'd he out in a hurry,

While Janet his courage bewails,

And cried out, "Dear Symon be wary!"

And tughly she hang by his tails.

"Let be wi' your kindness," quo' Symon,

"Nor vex me wi' tears and your cares,

For now to be ruled by a woman

Nae laurels shall crown my gray hairs."

¹ Written in 1803, during the alarm occasioned by a threatened French invasion of England.—Ed.

Quo' Janet, "Oh, keep frae the riot!
 Last night, man, I dreamt ye was dead;
 This aught days I tentit a pyot
 Sit chatterin' upo' the house-head.
 And yesterday, workin' my stockin',
 And you wi' the sheep on the hill,
 A muckle black corbie sat croakin';
 I kend it foreboded some ill."

"Hout, cheer up, dear Janet! be hearty,
 For ere the next sun may gae down,
 Wha kens but I'll shoot Bonaparte,
 And end my auld days in renown?"
 "Then hear me," quo' Janet, "I pray thee,
 I'll tend thee, love, living or dead,
 And if thou should fa' I'll die wi' thee,
 Or tie up thy wounds if thou bleed."

Syne aff in a fury he stumped,
 Wi' bullets, and pouther, and gun;
 At's curpin auld Janet too humped,
 Awa to the next neighb'rin town.
 There footmen and yeomen paradin',
 To scour aff in yirdum were seen,
 Auld wives and young lasses a-sheddin'
 The briny saut tears frae their een.

Then aff wi' his bannet gat Symon,
 And to the commander he gaes;
 Quo' he, "Sir, I mean to gae wi' ye, man,
 And help ye to lounder our faes.
 I'm auld, yet I'm tough as the wire,
 Sae we'll at the rogues have a dash,
 And, fegs, if my gun winna fire,
 I'll turn her butt-end and I'll thrash."

"Well spoken, my hearty old hero!"
 The captain did smiling reply,
 But begg'd he wad stay till to-morrow,
 Till daylight should glint in the sky.
 What reek? a' the stour cam' to naething;
 Sae Symon and Janet his dame,
 Hale skart frae the wars without skaiting,
 Gaed bannin' the French again hame.

THE YOUNG MAID'S WISH FOR PEACE.

Fain wad I, fain wad I hae the bloody wars to
 cease,
 An' the nations restored again to unity an'
 peace;
 Then mony a bonnie laddie that's now far owre
 the sea
 Wad return to his lassie an' his ain countrie.

My lad was call'd awa for to cross the stormy
 main,
 An' to face the battle's bray in the cause of
 injured Spain;
 But in my love's departure hard fate has injured
 me,
 That has reft him frae my arms an' his ain
 countrie.

When he bade me adieu, oh! my heart was like
 to break,
 An' the parting tear dropp'd down for my dear
 laddie's sake;
 Kind Heavens protect my Willie, wherever he be,
 An' restore him to my arms an' his ain countrie.

Yes, may the fates defend him upon that hostile
 shore,
 Amid the rage of battle, where thund'ring can-
 nons roar;
 In the sad hour of danger, when deadly bullets flee,
 Far frae the peacefu' plains of his ain countrie.

Wae's me, that vice had proven the source of
 blood an' war,
 An' sawn among the nations the seeds of feud
 an' jar:
 But it was cruel Cain an' his grim posterity
 First began the bloody wark in their ain countrie.

An' oh! what widows weep, an' helpless orphans
 cry!
 On a far foreign shore now the dear, dear ashes
 lie,
 Whose life-blood stain'd the gowans of some far
 foreign lea,
 Far frae their kith an' kin an' their ain countrie.

Hail the day, speed the day, then, when a' the
 wars are done!
 An' may ilk British laddie return wi' laurels won;
 On my dear Willie's brows may they flourish
 bonnily,
 An' be wi' the myrtle twined in his ain countrie.

But I hope the time is near when sweet Peace
 her olive wand
 To lay the fiend of war shall soon stretch o'er
 every land;
 When swords turn'd into ploughshares and prun-
 ing-hooks shall be,
 An' the nations a' live happy in their ain countrie.

THE FIDDLER'S WIDOW.

There was a musician wha play'd a good stick,
 He had a sweet wife an' a fiddle,
 An' in his profession he had right good luck
 At bridals his elbow to diddle.

But ah! the poor fiddler soon chanced to dee,
As a' men to dust must return;
An' the poor widow cried, wi' the tear in her e'e,
That as lang as she lived she wad mourn.

Alane by the hearth she disconsolate sat,
Lamenting the day that she saw;
An' aye as she look'd on the fiddle she grat,
That silent now hung on the wa'.

Fair shane the red rose on the young widow's
cheek,
Sae newly weel washen wi' tears,
As in cam' a younker some comfort to speak,
Wha whisper'd fond love in her ears.

"Dear lassie!" he cried, "I am smit wi' your
charms,
Consent but to marry me now;
I'm as good as ever laid hair upon thairms,
An' I'll cheer baith the fiddle an' you."

The young widow blush'd, but sweet smiling she
said,

"Dear sir, to dissemble I hate;
If we twa thegither are doom'd to be wed,
Folks needna contend against fate."

He took down the fiddle, as dowie it hung,
An' put a' the thairms in tune;
The young widow dighted her cheeks an' she sung,
For her heart lap her sorrows aboon.

Now sound sleep the dead in his cauld bed o' clay,
For death still the dearest mann sever;
For now he's forgot, an' his widow's fu' gay,
An' his fiddle's as merry as ever!

LAMENT FOR AN IRISH CHIEF.

He's no more on the green hill, he has left the
wide forest,
Whom, sad by the lone rill, thou, loved dame,
deplorest:

We saw in his dim eye the beam of life quiver,
Its bright orb to light again no more for ever.

Loud twang'd thy bow, mighty youth, in the
foray,

Dread gleam'd thy braud in the proud field of
glory;

And when heroes sat round in the Psalter of Tara,
His counsel was sage as was fatal his arrow.

When in war's loud commotion the hostile Dane
landed,
Or seen in the ocean with white sail expanded,
Like thee, swell'n stream, down our steep vale
that roarest,
Fierce was the chieftain that harass'd them sorest.

Proud stem of our ancient line, nipt while in
budding,
Like sweet flowers too early gem spring-fields
bestudding,
Our noble pine's fall'n, that waded on our moun-
tain,—
Our mighty rock dash'd from the brink of our
fountain.

Our lady is lonely, our halls are deserted—
The mighty is fallen, our hope is departed;
Loud wail for the fate from our clan that did
sever,
Whom we shall behold again no more for ever!

COQUET WATER.

Whan winter winds forget to blaw,
An' vernal suns revive pale nature,
A shepherd lad by chance I saw
Feeding his flocks by Coquet Water.

Soft, soft he sung, in melting lays,
His Mary's charms an' matchless feature;
While echoes answer'd frae the braes
That skirt the banks of Coquet Water.

"Oh! were that bonnie lassie mine,"
Quoth he, "in love's soft wiles I'd daut her,
An' deem mysel' as happy syne,
As landit laird on Coquet Water.

"Let wealthy rakes for pleasure roam,
In foreign lands their fortune fritter;
But love's pure joys be mine at home,
Wi' my dear lass on Coquet Water.

"Gie fine folks wealth, yet what care I?
Gie me her smiles whom I lo'e better;
Blest wi' her love an' life's calm joy,
Tending my flocks by Coquet Water.

"Flow fair an' clear, thou bonnie stream,
For on thy banks aft hae I met her,
Fair may the bonnie wild flowers gleam,
That busk the banks of Coquet Water."

ROBERT BURNS.

BORN 1759 — DIED 1796.

The past one hundred and sixteen years has produced three great lyric poets. In France thousands of peasants and workmen, unable to read, are familiar with the lays of her gifted son Béranger; have learned them from their fathers, and will teach them to their children. Unlike his own *Roi d'Yvelot* there is no danger of his being forgotten or "*peu connu dans l'histoire*;" in crowded workshops and roadside *cabarets* the songs of Pierre Jean Béranger will ever continue to be sung—his memory continue to be cherished. In the Emerald Isle, so long as her lovely lakes and valleys and mountains remain, her sons will sing to their fair sisters the many matchless melodies of Thomas Moore, which will keep his memory green within their warm hearts for ever. But to Scotland, for two centuries a favourite haunt of the Muses, belongs the Ayrshire poet, "the grandest o' them a'," who died nearly fourscore years ago, before he had completed his thirty-eighth year. What may we not suppose that he would have produced had he lived till he reached the age of threescore and ten, or even the age at which Shakspeare and Milton gave to the world their greatest works? What never-dying patriotic strains would have flowed from his pen had he been spared to see the victories of Nelson and Wellington, and the deeds of the Highland regiments at Waterloo! But we should be thankful for the rich and abundant legacy left to us—should thank God that he lived at all. Béranger and Moore both survived the Scottish singer for many years, yet they bequeathed to the world no more tender or patriotic poems, no sweeter or sadder strains. What writer delineates more beautifully the emotions of love and youth, of joy and sorrow, abounds in racier humour or bitterer satire, strikes nobler blows against false theology, sings weightier songs in praise of freedom, or more vividly describes the beauties of field and flower? Surely no poet except Shakspeare. Nor does any other author share the same universal

sympathy, or the same universal appreciation. His productions are the property and solace of mankind.

All over Scotland, all over the world, indeed, wherever the names of Bruce and Wallace are known, and any heart warms to the sweet melody of Scottish song and poetry—in Australia, in Canada, in India, and throughout the United States, there were gatherings of beauty, and eloquence, and wit, assembled together on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, to do honour to the memory of a Scottish peasant. Since the world began it may be doubted if any other poet ever received such wide spread homage.

Robert Burns, chief among Scottish poets, was born January 25th, 1759, in a small clay-walled cottage on the banks of the Doon, near

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a toun surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

As a natural mark of the event, a sudden storm at the same moment swept the land; the gable wall of the house gave way, and the young mother and her new-born babe were hurried through a fearful tempest of wind and sleet to the shelter of a securer dwelling. The poet's father, a man of superior understanding and uncommon worth, was the son of a farmer in the county of Kincardine; and, owing to the reduced circumstances of his family, had removed first to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and afterwards to Ayrshire. In December, 1757, when he was thirty-six years of age, he wooed and married Agnes Brown, a young woman living on the banks of the Doon. To support her he leased a small piece of land which he converted into a nursery garden, and to shelter her he raised with his own hands that humble abode—still standing—where she gave birth to the poet, the eldest of six children. The garden and nursery prospered so well that he was induced to enter upon a neighbouring farm of one hundred acres. This was in 1765; but the land was hungry and sterile, the seasons

proved bad, and he was compelled, after a stout struggle of six years, to abandon the place, and seek another home at Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton. Here, too, misfortunes followed him; and "after three years' tossing and whirling in the vortex of litigation, my father," says the poet, "was just saved from the horrors of a jail by a consumption, which, after two years' promise, kindly stepped in." William Burness, as he wrote his name, was released from his troubles February 13, 1784.

Robert now became the head of his father's house. Gathering together the little that law and misfortune had spared, he leased the farm of Mossgiel, near Mauchline; his mother and sisters took the domestic superintendence of home, barn, and byre: and he associated with him in the labours of the farm his brother Gilbert. While here he became acquainted with Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns. A few years later he determined to embark for the West Indies; but before leaving his native land he resolved to collect and publish the poems and songs which he had written since his sixteenth year. They were accordingly printed at Kilmarnock in 1786, and after paying all expenses, the poet received about twenty pounds as profit. While preparing for his departure, a letter from Dr. Blacklock, highly commending his volume of poems and advising him to visit Edinburgh, at once changed his plans, and induced him to set out soon after for the metropolis, where he arrived in December. His fame had reached the Scottish capital before him, and he was caressed by all classes. His brilliant conversational powers seem to have struck every one with whom he came in contact with almost as much admiration as his poetry.

"It needs no effort of imagination," remarks Lockhart, "to conceive what the sensations of an isolated set of scholars (almost all either clergymen or professors) must have been in the presence of this big-boned, black-browed, brawny stranger, with his great flashing eyes, who, having forced his way among them from the plough-tail at a single stride, manifested in the whole strain of his bearing and conversation a most thorough conviction that, in the society of the most eminent men of his nation, he was exactly where he was entitled to be; hardly deigned to flatter them by exhibiting

even an occasional symptom of being flattered by their notice; by turns calmly measured himself against the most cultivated understandings of his time in discussion, overpowered the *bon mots* of the most celebrated convivialists by broad floods of merriment, impregnated with all the burning life of genius, astounded bosoms habitually enveloped in the thrice-piled folds of social reserve, by compelling them to tremble—nay, to tremble visibly—beneath the touch of natural pathos."

A second and enlarged edition of his poems was published at Edinburgh in April, 1787, and after a sojourn there of six months, Burns, accompanied by his friend Ainslie, made a tour to the south of Scotland. The same season the poet enjoyed an extensive excursion in the Highlands, in company with William Nicol, one of the masters of the high-school of Edinburgh. After settling accounts with his publisher in the summer of 1788, he returned to Ayrshire with nearly five hundred pounds in his pocket, where he found his brother Gilbert struggling to support their aged mother and three sisters. He immediately advanced them almost half his money, and with the remainder he leased and stocked the farm of Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, situated some six miles from Dumfries. The family of "bonnie Jean" were not now so averse to the union as before, and the pair were soon married.

It was in his twenty-ninth year that Burns took possession of Ellisland, and this was perhaps the sunniest period of his short career. He was soon after appointed, on his own application, an officer of excise for the district in which his farm was situated. The duties of this occupation, and the temptations to which it exposed him, unfortunately diverted his attention too much from the successful cultivation of his farm, and so, after having occupied it about three years and a half, he was compelled to relinquish Ellisland, when he removed to Dumfries, where, on a salary of seventy pounds per annum, he spent the remainder of his days. Burns' fame was now wide-spread, and his company eagerly sought by all who could appreciate genius. Unhappily he was thus led into habits of excess—more common at that day than the present—which injured his constitution, and caused him to suffer the bitterest pangs of remorse. One winter night,

having drunk too much, on his way home he sat down in the street and fell asleep. A rheumatic fever ensued, and his family and friends wished to send for a doctor: "What business has a physician to waste his time on me!" he said; "I am a poor pigeon not worth plucking. Alas! I have not feathers enough upon me to carry me to my grave." The progress of his disease, and the gradual setting of his hopes, are exhibited in the letters written at this period. In one of his latest he says: "As to my individual self, I am tranquil. But Burns' poor widow and half a dozen of his dear little ones, there I am weak as a woman's tear!" He was ever afraid he should not be permitted to die in peace. Only a few days before his death Burns wrote to a friend: "A rascal of a haberdasher, taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me, and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail. Will you be so good as to accommodate me, and that by return of post, with ten pounds? Oh, James! did you know the pride of my heart, you would feel doubly for me! Alas, I am not used to beg!"

Robert Burns died July 21, 1796, and five days later his remains were interred in the churchyard of St. Michael's, Dumfries, in the presence of above ten thousand persons, assembled from all parts of the country to do honour to the dead poet. On the very day of the funeral Mrs. Burns was delivered of a fifth son, who died in infancy. An edition of Burns' works, in four vols., with a memoir by Dr. Currie, was published for the benefit of his widow and children. Of these children none now remain, Lieut.-Col. William Nicol Burns, the last survivor, having died in February, 1872. The poet's sons, in their wanderings through foreign lands, ever found their names and birth a sufficient passport to the friendship of all with whom they met. Burns' life has been written, among others, by Allan Cunningham and Robert Chambers, by the Ettrick Shepherd, by Lockhart, and Professor Wilson. The latter says: "Burns is by far the greatest poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in a humble condition. Indeed, no country in the world but Scotland could have produced such a man; and he will be forever regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his country. He was born a

poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame. For he manifestly had never deeply studied poetry as an art, nor reasoned much about its principles, nor looked abroad into the wide kin of intellect for objects and subjects on which to pour out his inspiration. The strings of his lyre sometimes yield their finest music to the sighs of remorse or repentance. Whatever, therefore, be the faults or defects of the poetry of Burns—and no doubt it has many—it has, beyond all that was ever written, this greatest of all merits—intense life-pervading and life-breathing truth."

Of the many poetical tributes to the memory of Burns—by Thomas Campbell and the Ettrick Shepherd, by James Montgomery and Mrs. Grant of Laggan, by Robert Tannahill and William Wordsworth among British poets, and by several gifted American singers—we know of none more worthy of him than the lines written by the late Fitz-Greene Halleck—an undying tribute, which

"Tirls the heart strings a' to the life."

and which we cannot omit the opportunity of introducing to the readers of this Work. "Nothing finer has been written about Robert," said Isabella, the youngest sister of the Ayrshire bard, as she gave a visitor, in the summer of 1855, some rose-buds from her garden, and leaves of ivy plucked from her cottage door on the banks of the bonnie Doon, to carry to his gifted friend in the United States.

Wild Rose of Alloway! my thanks;
Thou' 'minds't me of that autumn noon
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough
My sunny hour was glad and brief,
We've crossed the winter sea, and thou
Art withered—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay—
And withered my life's leaf like thine,
Wild Rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long,
His—who a humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimmed her festal cup,
A nation's glory and her shame
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
 Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
 And it is joy to speak the best
 We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage bed,
 Where the Bard peasant first drew breath;
 A straw-thatched roof above his head,
 A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
 His monument—that tells to heaven
 The homage of earth's proudest isle
 To that Bard peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
 Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming hour;
 And know, however low his lot,
 A Poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth.
 The power that gave a child of song
 Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
 The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
 Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
 Despair—thy name is written on
 The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
 And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
 And lays lit up with Poesy's
 Purer and holier fires;

Yet read the names that know not death;
 Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
 And few have won a greener wreath
 Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
 In which the answering heart would speak,
 Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
 Or the smile light the cheek:

And his that music, to whose tone
 The common pulse of man keeps time,
 In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
 In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
 Before its spell with willing knee,
 And listened, and believed, and felt
 The Poet's mastery

O'er the mind's sea in calm and storm,
 O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
 O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
 O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
 In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
 Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
 From throne to cottage hearth?

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
 What wild vows falter on the tongue,
 When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
 Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes that lift the soul above,
 Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
 And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
 With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
 Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
 All passions in our frames of clay
 Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
 And our own world, its gloom and glee,
 Wit, pathos, poetry are there,
 And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
 Though rough and dark the path he trod,
 Lived—died—in form and soul a Man,
 The image of his God.

Through care, and pain, and want, and woe,
 With wounds that only death could heal,
 Tortures—the poor alone can know,
 The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
 His independent tongue and pen,
 And moved, in manhood as in youth,
 Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
 A hate of tyrant and of knave,
 A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
 Of coward and of slave:

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
 That could not fear and would not bow,
 Were written in his manly eye
 And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
 Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
 Where'er beneath the sky of heaven
 The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
 Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
 Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
 As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
 Men stand his cold earth-conch around,
 With the mute homage that we pay
 To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
 The last, the hallowed home of one
 Who lives upon all memories,
 Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
 Shrines to no code or creed confined—
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
 The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with wisdom's garland wreathed,
 Crowned kings, and mitred priests of power,
 And warriors with their bright swords sheathed,
 The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims whose wandering feet have pressed
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the west,
My own green forest-land.

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

The following ode, the only poem Burns ever wrote in reference to America, is not to be found in any edition of his works. The Editor has great pleasure in now giving it a place among his other writings, and in stating that it is copied from Burns' original manuscript. The last stanza was included in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, dated from Castle-Douglas, 25th June, 1794. Of it he writes to her: "I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty; you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland, thus:" Then follows the stanza, though with some changes. Instead of the 11th and 12th lines, he gives:

"Is this the power in freedom's war
That went to bid the battle rage?"

Then he changes the last lines as follows:

"Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
Crushed the despot's proudest bearing;
One quenched in darkness like a sinking star,
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age."

ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

No Spartan tube, no Attic shell,
No lyre Eolian I awake;

'Tis Liberty's bold note I swell,
Thy harp, Columbia, let me take.
See gathering thousands, while I sing.
A broken chain exulting bring
And dash it in a tyrant's face!
And dare him to his very beard,
And tell him he no more is feared.
No more the Despot of Columbia's race:
A tyrant's proudest insults braved,
They shout, a People freed! they hail an Empire saved.

Where is man's godlike form?
Where is that brow erect and bold,
That eye that can, unmoved, behold
The wildest rage, the loudest storm,
That e'er created fury dared to raise!
Avaunt! thou catiff, servile, base,
That tremblest at a Despot's nod;
Yet, crouching under the iron rod,
Canst land the arm that struck the insulting blow!
Art thou of man's imperial line?
Dost boast that countenance divine?
Each skulking feature answers, No!
But come, ye sons of Liberty,
Columbia's offspring, brave as free,
In danger's hour still flaming in the van,
Ye know, and dare maintain, the Royalty of Man.
Alfred, on thy starry throne,
Surrounded by the tuneful choir,

The Bards that erst have struck the patriot lyre,
And roused the free-born Briton's soul of fire,
No more thy England own.
Dare injured nations form the great design
To make detested tyrants bleed?
Thy England execrates the glorious deed!
Beneath her hostile banners waving,
Every pang of honour braving,
England in thunder calls—"The Tyrant's cause is
mine!"

That hour accurst, how did the fiends rejoice,
And hell thro' all her confines raise th' exulting voice—
That hour which saw the generous English name
Linkt with such damned deeds of everlasting shame!

Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
Famed for the martial deed, the heaven-taught song,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes.
Where is that soul of Freedom fled?
Immingled with the mighty Dead!
Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies!
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
Ye babbling winds in silence sweep;
Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
Nor give the coward secret breath.
Is this the ancient Caledonian form,
Firm as her rock, resistless as her storm?
Show me that eye which shot immortal hate,
Blasting the Despot's proudest bearing;
Show me that arm, which, nerved with thundering
fate,
Braved Usurpation's boldest daring!
Dark quenched as yonder sinking star,
No more that glance lightens afar;
That palsied arm no more whirrs on the waste of
war.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.¹

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

My loved, my honoured, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways—
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there,
I ween,

November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend;
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
ward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher thro'
To meet their dad wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnillie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's
smile,
The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his
toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, among the farmers' roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hard-
ship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncoss that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years—
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amais't as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Their masters' and their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warn'd to obey,
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the
Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild,
worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben—
A strappan youth, he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
The youngest's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy;
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae
grave—
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected
like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the
evening gale.

¹ Who is not happy to turn to the noblest poem that genius ever dedicated to domestic devotion—"The Cotter's Saturday Night."—*Professor Wilson*.

"The Cotter's Saturday Night" is a noble and pathetic picture of human manners, mingled with a fine religious awe. It comes over the mind like a slow and solemn strain of music. The soul of the poet aspires from this scene of low-thoughted care, and reposes on "the bosom of its Father and its God."—*William Hazlitt*.

Is there in human form that bears a heart,
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjured arts! (dissembling smooth!)
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child—
 Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board;
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
 The soup their only hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud;
 The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell,
 An' aft he's pressed, an' aft he ca's it good;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twasa towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And "Let us worship God," he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
 Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
 Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame—
 The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays;
 Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
 The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise—
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page:
 How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Annalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
 How his first followers and servants sped—
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
 How he, who, lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced
 by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear—
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's every grace except the heart!
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way:
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That He who stills the ravens' clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide—
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad,
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings—
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
 And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart—
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part—

(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art—
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and
guard!

TAM O' SHANTER.¹

"Of Brownie's and of Bogie's full is this Duke."
GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam' o' Shanter,
As he, frae Ayr, ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lassies).

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thine ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken blellum:
That frae November till October
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fon on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirtou Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon,
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

¹ "In the inimitable tale of 'Tam o' Shanter' he has left us sufficient evidence of his ability to combine the ludicrous with the awful, and even horrible. No poet, with the exception of Shakspeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions."—*Sir Walter Scott*.

"To the last Burns was of opinion that 'Tam o' Shanter' was the best of all his productions; and although it does not always happen that poet and public come to the same conclusion on such points, I believe the decision in question has been all but unanimously approved of."
—*John Gibson Lockhart*.

Ab, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthened sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better.
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amid the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blent, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
That hour o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he monnts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blaw its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;
Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellowed;
That night a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mountit on his gray mare, Meg
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire—
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whyles crooning o'er some old Scots sonnet,
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;

Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
Where in the snaw the chapman snoored;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Where drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Where hunters fand the murdered bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Where Mungo's mither bang'd hersel'.
Before him Doon pours all his floods:
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a bodle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight—
Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillion brent new frae France.
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast—
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large—
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip sleight
Each in its cauld hand held a light—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Two span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd, amazed, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,
Till ilka earlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linkit at it in her sark.

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping in their teens:
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannels,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linnen;
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them all my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But withered beldams auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Louping an' flinging on a erummock—
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore:
For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd monie a bonnie boat.
And shook baith meikle corn and bere,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her enty-sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn—
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance o' witches!

But here my muse her wing mann cow'r,
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang);
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd.
Ev'n Satan glow'd, and fidg'd fu' fair,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main,
Till first ae caper, syne anither—
Tam tint his reason a' thegither.
And roars out, *Weel done, Catty sark!*
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When pop! she starts before their nose;

As eager runs the market crowd,
When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs—the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'—
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane¹ of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss—
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fiend a tail she had to shake;
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump.
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, tak heed;
Whene'er to drink ye are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys owre dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.²

The sun had closed the winter day,
The curlers quat their roaring play,
An' hungered maikin ta'en her way
 To kail-yards green,
While faithless snaws ilk step betray
 Whar she has been.

The thresher's weary flingin'-tree
The lee-lang day had tired me;
And whan the day had closed his ee,
 Far i' the west,
Ben i' the spence right pensivelie
 I gaed to rest.

¹ It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with bogles, whatever danger there may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

² *Duan*, a term of Ossian's for the different divisions of a digressive poem. See his "Cath-Loda" of Macpherson's translation.

There, lane'ly, by the ingle cheek,
I sat and eyed the spewing reek,
That filled, wi' hoast-provoking smeck,
 The auld clay biggin';
An' heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin'.

All in this mottie, misty clime,
I backward mused on wasted time—
How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
 An' done nae thing
But stringin' blethers up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing.

Had I to guid advice but harkit,
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and elarkit
 My cash-account;
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarkit,
 Is a' th' amount.

I started, muttering, "Blockhead! coof!"
And heaved on high my waukit loof,
To swear by a' you starry roof,
 Or some rash aith,
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof
 Till my last breath—

When clik! the string the snick did draw;
And jee! the door gaed to the wa';
An' by my ingle lowe I saw,
 Now bleezin' bright,
A tight outlandish hizzie braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye need na doubt I held my wisht—
The infant aith, half-formed, was crusht,
I glowered as erie's I'd been dusht
 In some wild glen,
When sweet, like modest worth, she blusht,
 And stepped ben.

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly boughs
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows;
I took her for some Scottish muse
 By that same token,
An' come to stop those reckless vows,
 Would soon been broken.

A "hair-brained sentimental trace"
Was strongly marked in her face;
A wildy-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her;
Her eye, ev'n turned on empty space,
 Beamed keen with honour.

Down flowed her robe, a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen;

And such a leg!—my bonnie Jean
 Could only peer it:
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else came near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw
 A lustre grand,
 And seemed, to my astonished view,
 A well-known land.

Here rivers in the sea were lost;
 There mountains to the skies were tost;
 Here tumbling billows marked the coast
 With surging foam;
 There distant shone art's lofty boast,
 The lordly dome.

Here Doon poured down his far-fetched floods;
 There well-fed Irwine stately thuds;
 And hermit Ayr staw thro' his woods,
 On to the shore;
 And many a lesser torrent seuds,
 With seeming roar.

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient borough reared her head;
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race
 To every nobler virtue bred,
 And polished grace.

By stately tower or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,
 Bold stems of heroes, here and there,
 I could discern;
 Some seemed to muse—some seemed to dare,
 With feature stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race¹ heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seemed to reel
 Their Southron foes.

His Country's Saviour,² mark him well!
 Bold Richardton's³ heroic swell;
 The chief on Sark⁴ who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And he whom ruthless fates expel
 His native land.

¹ The Wallaces.

² Sir William Wallace.

³ Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

⁴ Wallace, laird of Craigie, who was second in command under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought anno 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious

There, where a sceptered Pietish shade⁵
 Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,
 I marked a martial race, portrayed
 In colours strong;
 Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,
 They strode along.

Through many a wild romantic grove,
 Near many a hermit-fancied cove
 (Fit haunts for friendship or for love),
 In musing mood,
 An aged judge, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.⁶

With deep-struck reverential awe
 The learned sire and son I saw;
 To nature's God and nature's law
 They gave their lore:
 This, all its source and end to draw—
 That, to adore.⁷

Brydone's brave ward⁸ I well could spy
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye,
 Who called on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on
 Where many a patriot name on high,
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND.

With musing deep, astonished stare,
 I viewed the heavenly-seeming fair;
 A whispering throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When, with an elder sister's air,
 She did me greet:—

“All hail! my own inspired bard,
 In me thy native muse regard;
 Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low!
 I come to give thee such reward
 As we bestow.

“Know the great genius of this land
 Has many a light aerial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,

conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant laird of Craigie, who died of his wounds after the action.

⁵ Colius, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, near the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial place is still shown.

⁶ Barskimming and its proprietor Thomas Miller, lord justice-clerk, were here in the poet's eye. — Ed.

⁷ Dr Matthew Stewart the mathematician, and his son Dugald Stewart the metaphysician, are here meant. — Ed.

⁸ Colonel Fullarton.

As arts or arms they understand,
Their labours ply.

“They Scotia’s race among them share:
Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption’s heart;
Some teach the bard—a darling care—
The tuneful art.

“Mong swelling floods of reeking gore
They ardent, kindling spirits pour;
Or ’mid the venal senate’s roar
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot lore,
And grace the land.

“And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

“Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
Hence Dempster’s zeal-inspired tongue;
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
His minstrel lays;
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,
The sceptic’s bays.

“To lower orders are assigned
The humbler ranks of human kind;
The rustic bard, the lab’ring hind,
The artisan—
All choose, as various they’re inclined,
The various man.

“When yellow waves the heavy grain,
The threatening storm some strongly rein;
Some teach to meliorate the plain
With tillage skill;
And some instruct the shepherd train,
Blythe o’er the hill.

“Some hint the lover’s harmless wile;
Some grace the maiden’s artless smile;
Some soothe the lab’rer’s weary toil
For humble gains,
And make his cottage-scenes beguile
His cares and pains.

“Some, bounded to a district-space,
Explore at large man’s infant race,
To mark the embryotic trace
Of rustic bard;
And careful note each op’ning grace—
A guide and guard.

“Of these am I—Coila my name;
And this district as mine I claim,

Where once the Campbells,¹ chiefs of fame,
Held ruling pow’r;
I marked thy embryo tuneful flame,
Thy natal hour.

“With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple artless lays
Of other times.

“I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the North his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim Nature’s visage hoar
Struck thy young eye.

“Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flow’ret’s birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

“When ripened fields and azure skies
Called forth the reaper’s rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk
To vent thy bosom’s swelling rise
In pensive walk.

“When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents grateful to thy tongue,
Th’ adored name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To sooth thy flame.

“I saw thy pulse’s maddening play
Wild send thee pleasure’s devious way,
Misled by fancy’s meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.²

“I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains—
Till now, o’er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends,
And some, the pride of Coila’s plains,
Become thy friends.

¹ The Loudon branch of the Campbells.

² Of strains like the above, solemn and sublime with that rapt and inspired melancholy in which the poet lifts his eye “above this visible diurnal sphere,” the poems entitled “Despondency,” “The Lament,” “Winter: a Dirge,” and the invocation “To Ruin,” afford no less striking examples.—*Henry Mackenzie*.

“Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson’s landscape glow,
Or wake the bosom-melting throe
 With Shen-stone’s art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

“Yet all beneath th’ unrivalled rose
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest’s monarch throws
 His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
 Adown the glade.

“Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not Potosi’s mine,
 Nor king’s regard,
Can give a bliss o’ermatching thine,
 A rustic bard.

“To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
 With soul erect;
And trust the Universal Plan
 Will all protect.

“And wear thou this!”—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
 Did rustling play—
And, like a passing thought, she fled
 In light away.

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

“But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew’s course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless heav’nly light!”

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The muckle devil wi’ a woodie
Haul thee hame to his black smidde,
 O’er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o’er his studdie
 Wi’ thy auld sides!

He’s gane! he’s gane! he’s frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e’er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature’s sel’ shall mourn

By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
 Frae man exiled.

Ye hills, near neebors o’ the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
 Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature’s sturdiest bairns,
 My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the eusht kens!
Ye haz’ly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin’ down your glens,
 Wi’ todlin’ din,
Or foaming strang, wi’ hasty stens,
 Frae linn to linn.

Mourn, little harebells owre the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnie,
 In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
 The first o’ flowers!

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev’n, when beans their fragrance shed
 I’ th’ rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin’ through the glade,
 Come, join my wail!

Mourn, ye wee songsters o’ the wood;
Ye grouse that erap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
 Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring patrick brood;
 He’s gane forever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi’ airy wheels
 Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair for his sake!

Mourn, clam’ring craiks, at close o’ day,
’Mang fields o’ flow’ring clover gay!
And when ye wing your annual way
 Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds wha lies in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

Ye howlets, frae your ivy bow’r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow’r,
What time the moon, wi’ silent glow’r,
 Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
 Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my cantie strains;
But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
 Maun ever flow!

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year!
Hk cowslip cup shall kep a tear;
Thou, Summer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ring tresses shear,
 For him that's dead!

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
 The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
 The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
 Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall I find another,
 The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth.

HALLOWEEN.¹

"Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
The simple pleasures of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art."

GOLDSMITH.

Upon that night, when fairies light
On Cassillis Downans² dance,

¹ This beautiful poem was probably suggested to Burns by one on the same subject from the pen of John Mayne, which appeared in print five years before his own, written in 1785.—ED.

² Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills in the

Or ower the lays, in splendid blaze,
On sprightly coursers prance;
Or for Colzean the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams,
There, up the cove,³ to stray an' rove
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.

Among the bonnie winding banks
 Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear,
Where Bruce⁴ ance ruled the martial ranks,
 And shook his Carrick spear,
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
 Together did convene,
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,
 An' haud their Halloween⁵
 Fu' blythe that night.

The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than whan they're fine;
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe
 Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin';
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs
 Weel knotted on their garten,
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
 Whiles fast at night.

Then, first and foremost, thro' the kail,
 Their stocks⁶ maun a' be sought ance;
They steek their een, an' graip an' wale
 For muckle anes an' straught anes.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,
 An' wandered through the bow-kail,

neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassillis.

³ A noted cavern near Colzean House, called the Cove in country story for being a favourite haunt of fairies.

⁴ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.

⁵ Halloween is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief-making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands; particularly those aerial people, the fairies, are said on that night to hold a grand anniversary.

⁶ The first ceremony of Halloween is pulling each a stock or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird or earth stick to the root, that is tocher or fortune; and the taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question.

An' pou't, for want o' better shift,
A runt was like a sow-tail,
Sae bow't that night.

Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane.
They roar an' cry a' throu'ther;
The vera wee-things, todlin', rin
Wi' stocks out-owre their shouther:
And gif the custoe's sweet or sour,
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
Syn'e coziely, aboon the door,
Wi' cannie care, they place them
To lie that night.

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'
To pou their stalks o' corn;¹
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
Behint the muckle thorn:
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
But her tap-pickle maist was lost.
When kuittlin' in the fause-house²
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet nits³
Are round an' round divided,
An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates
Are there that night decided:
Some kindle, eouthie, side by side,
An' burn thegither trimly;
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,
An' jump out-owre the chimlie
Fu' high that night.

Jean slips in twa', wi tentie ee;
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;
But this is Jock, an' this is me,
She says in to hersel:
He bleez'd owre her, and she owre him.
As they would never mair part;
Till, fuff! he started up the lum,
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see't that night.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;

An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,
To be compar'd to Willie;
Mall's nit lap out wi' pridefu' fling,
An' her ain fit it brunt it;
While Willie lap, an' swoor, by jing,
'Twas just the way he wanted
To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house in her min':
She pits hersel' an' Rob in:
In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin:
Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
Rob, stowlins, pried her bonnie mou',
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behint their backs,
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,
And slips out by hersel':
She through the yard the nearest taks,
An' to the kiln she goes then,
An' darklins graipit for the bauks,
And in the blue clue⁴ throws then,
Right fear't that night.

An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
I wat she made nae jaukin';
'Til something held within the pat.
Guid L—d! but she was quakin'!
But whether 'twas the deil himsel',
Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',
Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
She did na wait on talkin'
To spier that night.

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
I'll eat the apple⁵ at the glass,
I gat frae Uncle Johnnie."
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',

¹ They go to the barn-yard, and pull each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage-bed anything but a maid.

² When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-builder, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind: this he calls a fause-house.

³ Burning the nits is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together,

or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

⁴ Whoever would with success try this spell must strictly observe these directions:—Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and darkling, throw into the *pot* a clue of blue yarn; wind it in a new clue off the old one, and towards the latter end something will hold the thread; demand, *Wha haws?—i.e.* Who holds? An answer will be returned from the kiln pot by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse.

⁵ Take a candle and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass as if peeping over your shoulder.

She notie't na, an aizle brunt
Her brow new worsed apron
Out thro' that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
How daur you try sic sportin',
As seek the foul Thief ony place,
For him to spae your fortune:
Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For monie a ane has gotten a fright,
An' liv'd an' died deleeret
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Shirra-moor,
I mind 't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure
I was na past fifteen:
The simmer had been cauld an' wat,
An' stuff was unco green;
An' ay a rantin' kirm we gat,
An' just on Halloween
It fell that night.

"Our stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
A clever sturdy fallow:
He's sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean,
That liv'd in Achmaealla:
He gat hemp-seed,¹ I mind it well,
And he made unco ligh o't;
But mony a day was by himsel',
He was sae fairly frightened
That vera night."

Then up gat fechtin' Jamie Fleck,
An' he swoor by his conscience,
That he could saw hemp seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense:
The auld guidman raught down the pock,
An' out a handfu' gied him:
Synce bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
An' try't that night.

He marches thro' amang the stacks,
Tho' he was something sturtin';
The graip he for a harrow tak's,
An' hauls at his curpin;

An' ev'ry now an' then he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
An' her that is to be my lass,
Come after me, an' draw thee
As fast this night."

He whistl'd up Lord Lennox' March,
To keep his courage cheery;
Altho' his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd an' eerie;
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane an' gruntle;
He by his shouther gae a keek,
An' tumbld' wi' a wintle
Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
In dreadfu' desperation;
An' young an' auld cam rinnin' out,
To hear the sad narration:
He swoor 'twas hillehin Jean M'Crow,
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till, stop! she trotted thro' them a';
An' wha was it but grumphie
Asteer that night.

Meg fain wad to the barn hae gaen,
To win three wechts o' naething;²
But for to meet the deil her lane,
She pat but little faith in:
She gies the herd a pickle nits,
An' twa red-checkit apples,
To watch while for the barn she sets,
In hopes to see Tam Kipples
That vera night.

She turns the key wi' cannie thraw,
An' owre the threshold ventures;
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
Synce bauldly in she enters;
A ratton rattled up the wa',
An' she cried, L—d preserve her!
An' ran thro' midden hole an' a',
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;
They hecht him some fine brow ane;

¹ Steal out unperceived and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee! hemp-seed, I saw thee! and him (or her) that is to be my true-love, come after me and pou thee!" Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me and harrow thee."

² This charm must likewise be performed unperceived

and alone. You must go to the barn and open both doors, taking them off the hinges if possible; for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a *reecht*, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.

It chane'd the stack he faddom'd thrice,¹
 Was timmer-propt for thravin';
 He taks a swirlie auld moss-oak
 For some black, grousome carlin;
 An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes came haulrin'
 Aff's nieves that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As eanty as a kittlin';
 But, och! that night among the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin'!
 She thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 An' owre the hill gaed scrievin',
 Whare three lairds' lands met at a burn,²
 To dip her left sark sleeve in.
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
 As through the glen it wimpl't;
 Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,
 Whyles in a vied it dimpl't;
 Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
 Wi' biekering dancing dazzle;
 Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
 Below the spreading hazel,
 Unseen that night.³

Among the braekens on the brae,
 Between her and the moon,
 The dcil, or else an outler quey,
 Gat up and gae a croon:
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool!
 Near lav'rock-height she jumpit,
 But mist a fit, and in the pool
 Out-owre the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
 The Inggies three⁴ are ranged,

And every time great care is ta'en
 To see them duly changed:
 Auld uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 Sin Mar's year did desire,
 Because he gat the toom dish thrice.
 He heav'd them on the fire
 In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they did na weary;
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
 Their sports were cheap and cheery;
 Till butter'd so'ns⁵ wi' fragrant lunt,
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin';
 Syne wi' a social glass o' strunt,
 They parted aff carcerin'
 Fu' blythe that night.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,⁶

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH
 IN APRIL, 1785.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet.
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weed
 Wi' speckled breast
 When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early humble birth;

¹ Take an opportunity of going unnoticed to a bere-stalk, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke fellow.

² You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south running spring or rivulet, where "three lairds' lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and sometime near midnight an apparition having the exact figure of the grand object in question will come and turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side of it.

³ Those who understand the Scottish dialect will allow this to be one of the finest instances of description which the records of poetry afford. Though of a very different nature, it may be compared in point of excellence with Thomson's description of a river swollen by the rains of winter bursting through the straits that confine its torrent.—*Dr. James Currie.*

⁴ Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty; blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth when the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand, if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells with equal certainty no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.

⁵ Sowens, with butter instead of milk to them, is always the Halloween supper.

⁶ The address "To a Mountain Daisy" is a poem of the same nature with the address "To a Mouse," though somewhat inferior in point of originality, as well as in the interest produced. To extract out of incidents so common, and seemingly so trivial as these, so fine a train of sentiment and imagery is the surest proof, as well as the most brilliant triumph of original genius.—*Dr. James Currie.*

Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
 Amid the storm—
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random field
 O' clod or staen,
 Adorns the histic stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies.

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betrayed,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starred;
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 Shall be thy doom!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.¹

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
 Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
 Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
 Let him draw near;
 And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
 And drap a tear.

¹ Whom did the poet intend should be thought of as occupying that grave over which, after modestly setting

Is there a bard of rustic song,
 Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
 That weekly this area throng?
 O, pass not by!
 But with a frater-feeling strong,
 Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
 Can others teach the course to steer,
 Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
 Wild as the wave?
 Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
 Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
 Was quick to learn and wise to know,
 And keenly felt the friendly glow,
 And softer flame,
 But thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
 Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
 Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
 In low pursuit;
 Know, prudent, cautious self-control
 Is wisdom's root.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.²

A DIRGE.

When chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,

forth the moral discernment and warm affections of the
 "poor inhabitant" it is supposed to be inscribed that

"Thoughtless follies laid him low,
 And stained his name!"—

Who but himself—himself anticipating the too probable termination of his own course? Here is a sincere and solemn avowal—a public declaration from his own will—a confession at once devout, poetical, and human—a history in the shape of a prophecy! What more was required of the biographer than to have put his seal to the writing, testifying that the foreboding had been realized, and the record was authentic?—*William Wordsworth.*

² In "Man was made to Mourn," whatever might be the casual idea that set the poet to work, it is but too evident that he wrote from the habitual feelings of his own bosom. The indignation with which he through life contemplated the inequality of human condition, and particularly—and who shall say with absolute injustice?—the contrast between his own worldly circumstances and intellectual rank, was never more bitterly nor more loftily expressed than in some of these stanzas.—*John Gibson Lockhart.*

One ev'ning as I wandered forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,
 I spy'd a man whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
 His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

“Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?”
 Began the reverend sage;

“Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasures rage?
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth, with me to mourn
 The miseries of man.

“The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride:
 I've seen yon weary winter sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And ev'ry time has added proofs
 That man was made to mourn.

“O man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway;
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

“Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported in his right:
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn;
 Then age and want—oh! ill-match'd pair!—
 Show man was made to mourn.

“A few seem favourites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap caress'd:
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds in every land,
 Are wretched and forlorn!
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn—
 That man was made to mourn.

“Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,

Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

“See yonder poor o'erlaboured wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, though a weeping wife
 And helpless off-spring mourn.

“If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
 By Nature's law design'd—
 Why was an independent wish
 E'er planted in my mind?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn?

“Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast:
 This partial view of human-kind
 Is surely not the last!
 The poor, oppressed, honest man
 Had never, sure, been born,
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn!

“O Death! the poor man's dearest friend—
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn!
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!”

MARY MORISON.¹

O Mary, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trusty hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor:
 How blithely would I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

¹ Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love songs which he has left behind him, in the manner of the old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines to Mary Morison.—*William Hazlitt.*

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said among them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake would gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only fant is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown:
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

HIGHLAND MARY.¹

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie!
 There simmer first unfold her robes,
 And there the langest tarry!
 For there I took the last farewell
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasped her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow, and locked embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender;
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder:
 But, oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

¹ Burns, in a letter to Thomson, writes: "The foregoing song pleases myself; I think it is in my happiest manner. The subject is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; perhaps, after all, 'tis the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition." Who that has read the sad story of the poet's career is ignorant of the history of Mary Campbell?—Ed.

And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mould'ring now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary!

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.²

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie!
 Macpherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows-tree.
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?
 On many a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword;
 And there's no man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
 I die by treacherie:
 It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky!
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dares not die!
 Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he;
 He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows-tree.

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.³

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whar the heather grows,

² Another wild, stormful song, that dwells in our ear and mind with a strange tenacity, is "Macpherson's Farewell." . . . Who except Burns could have given words to such a soul; words that we never listen to without a strange, half barbarous, half-poetic fellow-feeling.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

³ This beautiful song, attributed to Isabel Pagan, a native of Ayrshire (born 1743, died 1821), was improved

Ca' them whar the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Will ye gang down the water side.
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide.
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
My shepherd lad, to play the fool;
And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'll lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad;
And ye may row me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my ee,
Ye aye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes, &c.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS.¹

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led:
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

by Burns, who added the concluding stanza. He says, "This song is in the true Scottish taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were ever in print before." Burns wrote another version of this lyric, commencing, "Hark the mavis' evening sang."—Ed.

¹ Burns is the poet of freedom, as well as of beauty; his song of the Bruce, his "A man's a man for a' that," and others of the same mark, will endure while the language lasts.—*Allan Cunningham*.

So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode ("Bruce's Address"): the best, we believe, that ever was written by any pen.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us do or die!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.²

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,

² At Ellisland Burns wrote many of his finest strains—and, above all, that immortal burst of passion, "To Mary in Heaven." This celebrated poem was composed in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day in which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.—*Professor Wilson*.

Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

JOHN ANDERSON.¹

John Anderson, my jo John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?²

Wilt thou be my dearie?
When sorrow rings thy gentle heart,
Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee!
I swear and vow that only thou
Shalt ever be my dearie.
Only thou, I swear and vow,
Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me:

¹ This song was formed, like many of Burns' lyrics, on some ancient verses of little value, which the reader will find in Percy's *Reliques*. The hero of the song is said to have been the town piper of Kelso.—ED.

² "Some of Burns' songs," remarks Sir James Mackintosh, "I cannot help numbering among the happiest productions of human genius."—ED.

If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may chose me,
Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

HONEST POVERTY.³

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that—
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might—
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that—
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

³ Burns possesses the spirit as well as the fancy of a poet. The honest pride and independence of soul which are sometimes the Muses' only dowry, breaks forth on every occasion in his works.—Henry Mackenzie.

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD
BLAST.¹

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry air,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

AE FOND KISS.²

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love forever.—
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,

¹ This strain of fancied love was addressed by the dying poet to Jessy Lewars, and was married to an air of exquisite pathos by Mendelssohn. . . . Burns, Jessy Lewars, Felix Mendelssohn—genius, goodness, and tragic melancholy, all combined in one solemn and profoundly affecting association.—*Dr. Robert Chambers*.

² Sir Walter Scott said that the four last lines of the second stanza of this song, which Byron selected as a motto to his "Bride of Abydos," contained the essence of a thousand love-tales; and Mrs. Jameson remarks, "They are in themselves a complete romance—the alpha and omega of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure, distilled into one burning drop." The heroine of this and several other songs by Burns was Clarinda—Agnes Craig, afterwards Mrs. M'Lehose, born 1759, died 1841. An account of her life can be found in the correspondence between

Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.³

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree:
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
But aye we'll taste the barley-bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be.

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!

Burns and Clarinda. She is the authoress of the following stanzas addressed to Burns:—

"Talk not of love, it gives me pain,
For love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe.
But friendship's pure and lasting joys,
My heart was formed to prove;
There, welcome, win and wear the prize,
But never talk of love.

"Your friendship much can make me blest,
Oh, why that bliss destroy!
Why urge the only, one request
You know I will deny!
Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought" —Ed.

³ The three "merry boys" celebrated in this the finest of all Burns' bacchanalian songs were the writer and his two friends William Nicol and Allan Masterton, both teachers in the Edinburgh high-school. "The air is Masterton's," says Burns, "the song is mine."—Ed.

Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!
 We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 But aye we'll taste the barley-bree.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.¹

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Without a penny in my purse,
 To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the countrie wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Feeding on yon hills so high,
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
 And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' a clan,
 Sair, sair may I repine;
 For Donald was the bravest lad,
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
 Sae far to set us free;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
 Right to the wrang did yield:
 My Donald and his countrie fell
 Upon Culloden's field.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the world wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.²

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

¹ Believed to be a translation from the Gaelic. Carlyle, writing of this and others of Burns' lyrics, remarks: "His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe is the name and voice which Burns has given them."—Ed.

² Miss Margaret Kennedy, the heroine of "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," was the only daughter of Captain Kennedy of Dalgarrock (an estate in Carriek, a district of Ayrshire bounded by the river Doon), and of his spouse Grizel Cathcart, sister of Sir Andrew Cathcart of Carleton, Bart. She was grandniece of Thomas and David, earls of Cassillis, and was nearly related to Mr. Cathcart of Gerroch in Wigtonshire, where she was on a visit when that much-respected gentleman died in 1784. Andrew M'Donnell, Younger, of Logan, the heir-apparent of a large domain, and next representative of the most ancient family in the south of Scotland, was appointed by Mr. Cathcart a guardian of his family, and it was while visiting Gerroch in this capacity that he there first met and became acquainted with Miss Kennedy. At the time of her relation's death this lady was only in the seventeenth year of her age, but she possessed beauty and accomplishments seldom surpassed by any of her sex. Mr. M'Donnell—or, as he was subsequently called, Colonel M'Donnell—was at this time in his twenty-fifth year, and also possessed high personal

attractions and manners polished by education and foreign travel, from which he had only recently returned.

The intimacy of this youthful pair soon ripened into a mutual affection. They met frequently in the Castle of Lochnaw in Wigtonshire, then the seat of Sir Stair Agnew, a friend of both families. When Miss Kennedy returned to Ayrshire Colonel M'Donnell visited her at her father's house in Maybole, at Killochan, the seat of her uncle, and at many other places in that county. He attended her at the public suppers of the Western Meeting at Ayr, danced with her at the evening assemblies, and even presented to her a breastpin containing a braid of his hair as a pledge of his promises of marriage. But after she had given birth to a child at the house of her uncle Sir Andrew Cathcart, in Edinburgh, he not only deserted her, but added insult to injury—the sense of which preyed so deeply on her mind that she soon sunk under the distress, and died broken-hearted.

In her last moments Miss Kennedy evinced a confidence that her character would be vindicated, and the rights of her infant daughter established, by the issue of the suit which her family had instituted against Colonel M'Donnell; and she assured those relatives who surrounded her deathbed that her unfortunate connection with him had been formed under an implicit reliance on his promises of marriage.

Notwithstanding of Colonel M'Donnell's wealth and influence, his marriage with Miss Kennedy of Dalgarrock was established to the satisfaction of the commissaries

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Aft ha'e I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree:
But my fause lover stole my rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

TAM GLEN.¹

My heart is a-breaking, dear tittie!
Some counsel unto me come len',
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinkin', wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might mak' a feu':
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
"Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:

But if it's ordain'd I mann tak' him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentine's dealing,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
For thrice I drew aye without failing,
And thrice it was written—Tam Glen!

The last Halloween I was waukin'
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken:
His likeness cam up the house staukin',
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear tittie! don't tarry—
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,
Gif ye will advise me to marry
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

MEIKLE THINKS MY LUVE O' MY BEAUTY.²

O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna ha'e love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airl penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cummin',
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

JOHN MAYNE.

BORN 1759—DIED 1836.

JOHN MAYNE, the amiable author of "The Siller Gun," was born at Dumfries, March 26,

of Edinburgh, and subsequently to that of the lords of council and session.

This was the fair but unfortunate lady whom Burns makes so beautifully to soliloquize "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." But the poet did not live to see her "fause luv'er" punished by law, as the action against him had not then been brought to a close.—ED.

1759, and was educated at the grammar-school of his native town under Dr. Chapman, whose

¹ "This is a capital song," says William Motherwell, "and true in all its touches to nature." Lockhart pronounces it to be "one of his best humorous songs"—ED.

² Mr. Carlyle says of Burns and his songs, "It will seem a small praise if we rank him as the first of all our song writers; for we know not where to find one worthy of being second to him."—ED.