

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantous 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 brow fallow,
In poortith I might mak' a fen':
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I maunna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummeller,
"Guid day to you, brnte!" 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 steu;
For thrice I drew aue 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 gi'e 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 honey 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 airt penny,
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin',
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 luvver" 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.

learning and character are celebrated by the poet. After leaving school Mayne became a printer, and was employed upon a journal issued in Dumfries. He had been but a short time at this business when his father's family removed to Glasgow, to which city John accompanied them, finding employment in a printing establishment, where he remained for a period of five years. The chief predilection of the young printer appears, from a very early age, to have been towards poetry, and that too in his own native dialect, instead of the stately and more fashionable diction of Pope and the other poets of that day. In him such a preference was the more noticeable, because it was before the poetry of Burns had arrested the decay of the native Scottish, and given it a classical permanency. It is worthy of mention also, that Mayne's poem entitled "Halloween" evidently suggested to the Ayrshire bard both the subject and style of one of his happiest productions of the same name. So early as 1777 the germ of "The Siller Gun," consisting of twelve stanzas, was printed at Dumfries on a single quarto sheet. Two years later it appeared, expanded to two cantos; in 1780 it was extended to three, and published in *Ruddiman's Magazine*; and in 1808 it appeared in London enlarged to four cantos, with notes and a glossary. The last edition of this exceedingly popular poem, expanded to five cantos, with Mayne's final improvements and corrections, was published in a 12mo volume in 1836, the year in which the author died. The poem is founded upon an ancient custom which existed in Dumfries, called "Shooting for the Siller Gun," which is a small silver tube, like the barrel of a pistol, presented by James VI., and ordained as a prize to the best marksman among the corporations of that town. Mayne selected as his subject the trial which was held in 1777. From the following stanzas it may be inferred that neither the marksmanship on that occasion nor the weapons were of a very formidable description:—

"By this time, now, wi' mony a dunder,
And guns were brattling aff like thunder;
Three parts o' whilk, in ilka lunder,
Did sae recoil,
That collar banes gat mony a lunder,
In this turmoil.

"Wide o' the mark, as if to scar us,
The bullets ripp'd the swaird like harrows;

And, fright'ning a' the craws and sparrows
About the place,
Ramrods were fleeing thick as arrows
At Chevy Chase."

"You are no less happy," wrote Lord Woodhouselee to Mayne in allusion to this charming poem, "in those occasional strokes of a delicate and tender nature which take the reader, as it were, by surprise, and greatly enhance the effect of the general ludicrous strain of the composition—as when, after representing some of the finest of the old Scottish airs, you add—a thought not unworthy of Milton,—

"He play'd in tones that suit despair,
When beauty dies."

Thirty years later Professor Wilson, writing on the same subject, said, "Poor John Mayne's poem! Would the blameless man were alive, to see under our hand the praise he heard from our lips,—and smiled to hear; but a tear falls on these lines,—

"And should the Fates, till death ensue," &c.

In 1783 Mayne's beautiful song, "Logan Braes," appeared. Burns, mistaking it for an old composition, as it was published anonymously, produced an imitation, which certainly does not surpass, if it equals the original. Our author's most important production next to "The Siller Gun," which Sir Walter Scott said "surpassed the best efforts of Ferguson, and came near to those of Burns," was a descriptive poem entitled "Glasgow." Of this work, published in 1803, accompanied with illustrative notes, it may be said that it possesses considerable merit, and is worthy of attention from its interesting pictures of a condition of men and things that have entirely passed away from the Scottish metropolis of the west.

John Mayne removed to London in 1787, when his Glasgow engagement expired, and during the remainder of his long life never again saw his native land. He ultimately became joint-editor and proprietor of the *Star*, an evening paper which, under his management, proved a most profitable and successful journal. From year to year Mayne contributed to his own columns, and also to the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, poems chiefly Scottish, all characterized by careful fastidiousness, in which quality rather than

quantity was the chief object of solicitude. After a spotless life of great industry and usefulness, extended to seventy-seven years, the gentle poet died at his residence in London, March 14, 1836, and was buried in his family vault, Paddington churchyard.

Allan Cunningham has awarded to Mayne the high praise of never having committed to paper a single line, the tendency of which was not to afford amusement or to improve and increase the happiness of mankind. "Of his private character," honest Allan said, and he knew him well, that "a better or warmer hearted man never existed." Dr. Robert

Chambers, who shared his agreeable recollections of Mayne with the writer, bore the following testimony: "Though long resident in London, he retained his Scottish enthusiasm to the last; and to those who, like ourselves, recollect him in advanced life, stopping in the midst of his duties as a public journalist to trace some remembrance of his native Dumfries and the banks of the Nith, or to hum over some rural or pastoral song which he had heard forty or fifty years before, his name, as well as his poetry, recalls the strength and tenacity of early feelings and local associations."

THE SILLER GUN.

CANTO FIRST.

For loyal feats, and trophies won,
Dumfries shall live till time be done!
Ae simmer's morning, wi' the sun.
The Seven Trades there
Foregather'd, for their Siller Gun
To shoot ance mair!

To shoot ance mair in grand array,
And celebrate the king's birth-day,
Crowds, happy in the gentle sway
Of ane sae dear,
Were proud their fealty to display,
And marshal here!

O, George! the wale o' kings and men!
For thee, in daily prayer, we bend!
With ilka blessing Heaven can send
May'st thou be crown'd;
And may thy race our rights defend
The world around!

For weeks before this fête sae clever,
The fowk were in a perfect fever,
Scouring gun-barrels in the river—
At marks practising—
Marching wi' drums and fifes for ever—
A' sodgerizing!

And turning coats, and mending breeks,
New-seating where the sark-tail keeks;
(Nae matter though the clout that eeks
Be black or blue;)
And darning, with a thousand steeks,
The hose anew!

Between the last and this occasion,
Lang, unco lang, seem'd the vacation,
To him wha wooes sweet recreation
In Nature's prime;
And him wha likes a day's potation
At umy time!

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting ower the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' War's alarms!

Frac far and near, the country lads,
(Their joes ahint them on their yads,)
Flock'd in to see the show in squads;
And, what was dafter,
Their pawky mithers and their dads
Cam trotting after!

And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair;
For, lest they'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night!

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeiding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam our Trades, some ora saving
To wait that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy earl,
Weel may he bruik his new apparel!

And never dree the bitter snarl
 O' scowling wife!
 But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
 Be blithe through life!

Heh, sirs! what crowds cam into town,
 To see them must'ring up and down!
 Lassies and lads, sun-burnt and brown—
 Women and weans,
 Gentle and simple, mingling, crown
 The gladsome scenes!

At first, forenent ilk deacon's hallan,
 His ain brigade was made to fall in;
 And, while the muster-roll was calling,
 And joybells jowing,
 Het-pints, weel spic'd, to keep the saul in,
 Around were flowing!

Broil'd kipper, cheese and bread, and ham,
 Laid the foundation for a dram
 O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
 Or cherry-brandy;
 Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
 To Jock or Sandy:

O! weel ken they wha loo their chappin,
 Drink maks the auldest swack and strappin';
 Gars care forget the ills that happen—
 The blate lock spruce—
 And ev'n the thowless cock their tappin,
 And craw fu' croose!

The muster owr, the diff'rent bands
 File aff, in parties, to the Sands;
 Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
 Gley'd Geordy Smith
 Reviews them, and their line expands
 Along the Nith!

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
 Was sic a group review'd elsewhere!
 The short, the tall; fat fowk, and spare;
 Syde coats, and docket;
 Wigs, queus, and clubs, and curly hair;
 Round hats, and cockit!

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
 Borrow'd or begg'd, were of a' kinds,
 For bloody war, or bad designs,
 Or shooting cushies—
 Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
 And blunder-busses!

Maist feck, though oil'd to mak them glimmer,
 Hadna been shot for mony a simmer;
 And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
 Jocosely hints
 That some o' them had bits o' timmer
 Instead o' flints!

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
 Were spik'd, to let nae priming ben;
 And, as in twenty there were ten
 Worm-eaten stocks,
 Sae, here and there a rozit-end
 Held on their locks!

And then, to show what diff'rence stands
 Atween the leaders and their bands,
 Swords that, unsheath'd, since Prestonpans,
 Neglected lay,
 Were furbish'd up, to grace the hands
 O' chiefs, this day!

“Ohon!” says George, and ga'e a grane,
 “The age o' chivalry is gane!”
 Syne, having owr and owr again
 The hale survey'd,
 Their route, and a' things else, made plain,
 He snuff'd, and said:

“Now, gentlemen! now mind the motion,
 And dinna, this time, mak a botion:
 Shouther your arms!—O! ha'd them tosh on,
 And not athraw!
 Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
 And march awa!”

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
 Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound!
 Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
 The Corporations
 Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drown'd
 In acclamations!

Their steps to martial airs agreeing,
 And a' the Seven Trades' colours fleeing,
 Bent for the Craigs, O! weel worth seeing!
 They hied awa;
 Their bauld covener proud o' being
 The chief owr a'!

Attended by his body-guard,
 He stepp'd in gracefu'ness unpair'd!
 Straught as the poplar on the swaird,
 And strong as Samson,
 Nae ee cou'd look without regard
 On Robin Tamson!

His craft, the Hammermen, fu' braw,
 Led the procession, twa and twa:
 The leddies waw'd their napkins a',
 And boys huzzay'd,
 As onward to the waponshaw
 They stately strade!

Close to the Hammermen, behold,
 The Squaremen come like chiefs of old!

The Weavers, syne, their flags unfold;
 And, after them,
 The Tailors walk, erect and bold,
 Intent on fame!

The Sutors, o' King Crispin vain,
 March next in turn to the campaign;
 And, while the crowd applauds again,
 See, too, the Tanners,
 Extending far the glitt'ring train
 O' guns and banners!

The Fleshers, on this joyous day,
 Bring up the rearward in array:
 Enarm'd, they mak a grand display—
 A' jolly chiefs,
 Able, in ony desp rate fray,
 To fecht like deils!

The journeymen were a' sae gauy,
 Th' apprentices sae kir and saucy,
 That, as they gaed along the causey,
 Ahint them a',
 Th' applauding heart o' mony a lassie
 Was stown awa!

Brisk as a bridegroom gaun to wed,
 Ilk deacon his battalion led:
 Foggies the zig-zag followers sped,
 But scarce had pow'r
 To keep some, fitter for their bed,
 Frae stoit'ring owr.

For, blithsome Sir John Barleycorn
 Had charm'd them sae, this simmer's morn,
 That, what wi' drams, and many a horn,
 And reaming bicker,
 The ferley is, withouten scorn,
 They walk'd sae sicker.

As through the town their banners fly,
 Frae windows low, frae windows high,
 A' that could find a neuk to spy,
 Were leaning o'er:
 The streets, stair-heads, and carts forbye,
 Were a' uproar!

Frae the Freer's Vennel, through and through,
 Care seem'd to've bid Dumfries adieu!
 Housewives forgat to bake or brew,
 Owrjoy'd, the while,
 To view their friends, a' marching now
 In warlike style!

To see his face whom she loo'd best,
 Hab's wife was there among the rest;
 And, as wi' joy her sides she prest,
 Like mony mae,
 Her exultation was exprest
 In words like thae:

“Wow! but it maks ane's heart lowp light
 To see auld fowk sae cleanly dight!
 E'en now our Habby seems as tight
 As when, lang syne.
 His looks were first the young delight
 And pride o' mine!”

But on the mecker maiden's part,
 Deep sighs alane her love assert!
 Deep sighs, the language o' the heart,
 Will aft reveal
 A flame whilk a' the gloss of art
 Can ne'er conceal!

Frae rank to rank while thousands hustle,
 In front, like waving corn, they rustle;
 Where, dangling like a baby's whistle,
 The Siller Gun,
 The royal cause of a' this bustle,
 Gleam'd in the sun!

Suspended frae a painted pole,
 A glimpse o't sae inspir'd the whole,
 That auld and young, wi' heart and soul,
 Their heads were cocking,
 Keen as ye've seen, at bridal droll,
 Maids catch the stocking!

In honour o' this gaudy thing,
 And eke in honour o' the king,
 A fouth o' flow'rs the gard'ners bring,
 And frame sweet posies
 Of a' the relics o' the spring,
 And simmer's roses!

Among the flow'ry forms they weave,
 There's Adam to the life, and Eve:
 She, wi' the apple in her neeve,
 Enticing Adam;
 While Satan's laughing in his sleeve
 At him and madam!

The lily white, the vi'let blue,
 The heather-bells of azure hne,
 Heart's-ease for lovers kind and true,
 What'e'r their lot,
 And that dear flow'r, to friendship due,
 “Forget-me-not” —

A' thae, and wi' them, mingled now,
 Pinks and carnations not a few,
 Fresh garlands, glitt'ring wi' the dew,
 And yellow broom,
 Athort the scented welkin threw
 A rich perfume!

Perfume, congenial to the clime,
 The sweetest in the sweetest time!

The merry bells, in joeund chime,
 Rang through the air,
 And minstrels play'd, in strains sublime,
 To charm the fair!

And fairer than our Nithsdale fair,
 Or handsomer, there's nane elsewhere!
 Pure as the streams that murmur there,
 In them ye'll find
 That virtue and the graces rare
 Are a' enshrind!

Lang may the bonnie bairns recline
 On plenty's bosom, soft and kind!
 And, O! may I, ere life shall dwine
 To its last scene,
 Return, and a' my sorrows tine,
 At hame again!

THE MUFFLED DRUM.

Ah me! how mournful, wan, and slow,
 With arms reversed, the soldiers come,
 Dirge-sounding trumpets full of woe,
 And, sad to hear—the Muffled Drum!

Advancing to the house of prayer,
 Still sadder flows the dolesome strain;
 Even Industry forgets her care,
 And joins the melancholy train.

O! after all the toils of war,
 How blest the brave man lays him down!
 His bier is a triumphal car,
 His grave is glory and renown!

What though nor friends nor kindred dear,
 To grace his obsequies attend?
 His comrades are his brothers here,
 And every hero is his friend!

See Love and Truth all woe-begone,
 And Beauty drooping in the crowd;
 Their thoughts intent on him alone
 Who sleeps for ever in his shroud!

Again the trumpet slowly sounds
 The soldier's last funeral hymn;
 Again the Muffled Drum rebounds,
 And every eye with grief is dim!

The generous steed which late he rode
 Seems, too, its master to deplore,
 And follows to his last abode
 The warrior who returns no more.

For him, far hence, a mother sighs,
 And fancies comforts yet to come:
 He'll never bless her longing eyes,
 She'll only hear the Muffled Drum!

HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.¹

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 For night and day on me she cries;
 And, like an angel, to the skies
 Still seems to beckon me!
 For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,
 For me she wish'd to be a bride;
 For me in life's sweet morn she died
 On fair Kirkeconnel Lee.

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
 As Helen on my arm reclined,
 A rival with a ruthless mind
 Took deadly aim at me.
 My love, to disappoint the foe,
 Rush'd in between me and the blow;
 And now her corse is lying low
 On fair Kirkeconnel Lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
 I curse the hand by which she fell—
 The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
 And tore my love from me!
 For if, when all the graces shine,
 Oh! if on earth there's aught divine,
 My Helen! all these charms were thine,
 They centred all in thee.

Ah! what avails it that, amain,
 I clove the assassin's head in twain?
 No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
 No resting-place for me.
 I see her spirit in the air—
 I hear the shriek of wild despair,
 When murder laid her bosom bare
 On fair Kirkeconnel Lee!

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
 And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
 May he who life and spirit gave,
 Unite my love and me!

¹ In the reign of Queen Mary an accomplished beauty named Helen Irving, daughter of Irving of Kirkconnel, in Annandale, was betrothed to Adam Fleming de Kirkpatrick, a young laird of fortune. Walking with her lover on the banks of the Kirtle she was killed by a shot which had been aimed at young Kirkpatrick by a disappointed rival. The sad story has been made the theme of several songs and ballads.—Ed.

Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise,
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel Lee!

LOGAN BRAES.¹

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
I've herded sheep, or gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But, waes my heart! thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me,
Meet wi' me, or, whan it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane—
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun fae his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dawner dowie and forlaine;
I sit alane, beneath the tree,
Where aft he kept his tryste wi' me.
Oh, how I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes.

While for her love she thus did sigh,
She saw a sodger passing by,
Passing by wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she grat on Logan braes.
Says he, "What gars thee greet sae sair,
What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?
Thae sporting lambs hae blythesome days,
An' playfu' skip on Logan braes."

"What can I do but weep and mourn?
I fear my lad will ne'er return,
Ne'er return to ease my waes,
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
And said, "I'm free from war's alarms,

I now hae conquer'd a' my faes,
We'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
And join'd their hands wi' one consent,
Wi' one consent to end their days,
An' live in bliss on Logan braes.
An' now she sings: "Thae days are gane,
When I wi' grief did herd alane,
While my dear lad did fight his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes."

THE TROOPS WERE EMBARKED.

The troops were all embark'd on board,
The ships were under weigh,
And loving wives and maids adored
Were weeping round the bay.

They parted from their dearest friends,
From all their heart desires;
And Rosabel to Heaven commends
The man her soul admires!

For him she fled from soft repose,
Renounced a parent's care;
He sails to crush his country's foes,
She wanders in despair!

A seraph in an infant's frame
Reclined upon her arm;
And sorrow in the lovely dame
Now heighten'd every charm:

She thought, if fortune had but smiled—
She thought upon her dear;
But when she look'd upon his child,
Oh, then ran many a tear!

"Ah! who will watch thee as thou sleep'st?
Who'll sing a lullaby,
Or rock thy cradle when thou weep'st,
If I should chance to die?"

On board the ship, resigned to fate,
Yet planning joys to come,
Her love in silent sorrow sate
Upon a broken drum.

He saw her lonely on the beach;
He saw her on the strand;
And far as human eye can reach
He saw her wave her hand!

"O Rosabel! though forced to go,
With thee my soul shall dwell,
And Heaven, who pities human woe,
Will comfort Rosabel!"

¹ This favourite lyric, consisting originally of two stanzas, was first printed in 1789. Burns thought highly of it. Mayne subsequently added the third stanza. The last three, attributed to another and an anonymous author, are certainly much inferior in style. They first appeared a few months after Mayne's death, in 1836.—Ed.

JOHN HAMILTON.

BORN 1761—DIED 1814.

JOHN HAMILTON, one of the minor minstrels of Scotland, of whose personal history few particulars are known, was born in the year 1761, and for many years carried on the business of publishing and selling music in Edinburgh. He also enjoyed considerable reputation as a teacher of instrumental music. Among his pupils was a young lady of fortune and rank, whom he wooed, won, and married, in opposition to the wishes of her aristocratic connections. As the Moor won the fair Venetian by recounting his martial deeds, so the musical Hamilton gained his good fortune through his rhyming talents, which he directed towards the young lady with great skill and effect. Several of his lyrics are deservedly popular, and are to be met with in many collections of songs and ballads. Mr. Hamilton is also known as the composer of a number of beautiful Scottish melodies. He enjoyed the friendship of James Sibbald, the editor of the *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, who was attracted by his musical talents, and in whose bachelor quarters they spent many a gleesome evening together, in company with other *littérateurs*. Hamilton died September 23, 1814, in the fifty-third year of his age.

“Up in the Morning Early” is one of the oldest among the ancient Scottish airs. From the opening of the old song, “Cold and raw the wind does blow,” it has sometimes been called “Cold and raw.” Burns wrote the following brief version of “Up in the Morning Early:”—

“Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I’m sure it’s winter fairly.
Up in the morning’s no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a’ the hills are cover’d wi’ snaw,
I’m sure it’s winter fairly!

“The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A’ day they fare but sparely;
And lang’s the night frae e’en to morn—
I’m sure it’s winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.”

Hamilton’s version is much longer, and is perhaps the best, as well as the most widely known of his productions. It is a pity that the name of the old poet, who originally had the boldness to announce his antipathy to early rising, has not come down to posterity. The bard of the Seasons would have certainly entertained a high regard for him.

UP IN THE MORNIN’ EARLY

Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south;
The drift is driving sairly;
The sheep are cow’rin’ in the heuch;
Oh, sirs, it’s winter fairly!
Now, up in the mornin’s no for me,
Up in the mornin’ early;
I’d rather gae supperless to my bed
Than rise in the mornin’ early.

Loud roars the blast among the woods,
And tirls the branches barely;
On hill and house hear how it thuds!
The frost is nippin’ sairly.

Now, up in the mornin’s no for me,
Up in the mornin’ early;
To sit a’ night wad better agree
Than rise in the mornin’ early.

The sun peeps ower yon southland hills,
Like ony timorous earlie;
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again;
And that we find severely.
Now, up in the mornin’s no for me,
Up in the mornin’ early;
When snaw blaws in at the chimney-check,
Wha’d rise in the mornin’ early?

Nae lunties lilt on hedge or bush;
 Poor things! they suffer sairly;
 In cauldrie quarters a' the nicht,
 A' day they feed but spairly.
 Now, up in the mornin's no for me,
 Up in the mornin' early;
 A penniless purse I wad rather dree,
 Than rise in the mornin' early.

A cosie house and canty wife
 Aye keep a body cheerly;
 And pantries stowed wi' meat and drink,
 They answer uno rarely.
 But up in the mornin'—na, na, na!
 Up in the mornin' early!
 The gowans maun glint on bank and brae
 When I rise in the mornin' early.

THE RANTIN' HIGHLANDMAN.

Ae morn, last ook, as I gael out
 To flit a tether'd ewe and lamb,
 I met, as skiffin' ower the green,
 A jolly, rantin' Highlandman.
 His shape was neat, wi' feature sweet,
 And ilka smile my favour wan;
 I ne'er had seen sae braw a lad
 As this young rantin' Highlandman.

He said, "My dear, ye're sune asteer;
 Cam' ye to hear the lav'rock's sang?
 Oh, wad ye gang and wed wi' me,
 And wed a rantin' Highlandman?
 In summer days, on flow'ry braes,
 When frisky are the ewe and lamb,
 I'se row ye in my tartan plaid,
 And be your rantin' Highlandman.

"Wi' heather bells, that sweetly smell,
 I'll deck your hair, sae fair and lang,
 If ye'll consent to scour the bent
 Wi' me, a rantin' Highlandman.
 We'll big a cot, and buy a stock,
 Syne do the best that e'er we can;
 Then come, my dear, ye needna fear
 To trust a rantin' Highlandman."

His words, sae sweet, gael to my heart,
 And fain I wad hae gi'en my han';
 Yet durstna, lest my mither should
 Dislike a rantin' Highlandman.
 But I expect he will come back;
 Then, though my kin should scauld and ban,
 I'll ower the hill, or where he will,
 Wi' my young rantin' Highlandman.

MISS FORBES' FAREWELL TO BANFF.

Farewell, ye fields and meadows green!
 The blest retreats of peace an' love;
 Aft have I, silent, stolen from hence,
 With my young swain a while to rove.
 Sweet was our walk, more sweet our talk,
 Among the beauties of the spring;
 An' aft we'd lean us on a bank,
 To hear the feather'd warblers sing.

The azure sky, the hills around,
 Gave double beauty to the scene;
 The lofty spires of Banff in view—
 On every side the waving grain.
 The tales of love my Jamie told,
 In such a saft an' moving strain,
 Have so engaged my tender heart,
 I'm loath to leave the place again.

But if the Fates will be sae kind
 As favour my return once more,
 For to enjoy the peace of mind
 In those retreats I had before:
 Now, farewell, Banff! the nimble steeds
 Do bear me hence—I must away;
 Yet time, perhaps, may bring me back,
 To part nae mair from scenes so gay.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

My name it is Jack, an' a ploughman my trade;
 Nae kirk or state matters e'er trouble my head,
 A calling mair honest I'll never pursue,
 The sweetest employment is holding the plough.
 I rise in the morn, as the lark I am gay,
 Behind my twa horses I whistle away;
 Health, bloom, and contentment are wreath'd
 round my brow,
 And all my delight is in holding the plough.

Wha's out or wha's in, amang Tories or Whigs,
 Is naething to me: I will turn up my rigs;
 Nae party or pension shall e'er mak' me bow,
 For I'm independent by holding the plough.
 Ambition I banish, an' poortith defy,
 There's nane on the earth is sae happy as I;
 The pleasures of nature a' seasons I view,
 So blest is the man that attendeth the plough.

When winters blaw surly my horses they rest,
 At smiddy or mill, I can rant wi' the best;
 With friend or with neighbour I quaff the brown
 cow,
 Enjoying the sweets of my holding the plough.
 Our nobles may crowd to the bustles at court,

I wadna exchange them for country sport;
Spring, summer, an' harvest successive renew,
The fruits of my labour by holding the plough.

What though, when I happen to gae to the town,
The lasses there ca' me a country clown;

But saitens an' silks they wad hae unco few,
Without the effects of my holding the plough.
My Peggy at hame is far better than they,
She's ten times mair frank, an' is equally gay;
Baith carding an' spinning fu' weel she can do,
An' lo'es the young laddie that follows the plough.

ROBERT LOCHORE.

BORN 1762—DIED 1852.

ROBERT LOCHORE, the author of metrical tales which in the early part of the present century were published as little pamphlets, and were very popular in the west of Scotland, also several songs still held in much repute, was born at Strathaven, Lanarkshire, July 7, 1762. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker; and for many years carried on that business in Glasgow on his own account. Mr. Lochore was a citizen highly respected as a Christian philanthropist, a promoter of public improvements, and as the founder of the Glasgow Annuity Society. He devoted much leisure time in early life to poetic composition, and addressed numerous rhyming epistles to his correspondents. A number of poems contributed to various periodicals were collected by Mr. Lochore, and issued anonymously about the year 1815, in a small volume entitled "Tales in Rhyme, and Minor Pieces; in the Scottish Dialect." He married Isobel Browning of Ayrshire, at Paisley June 7, 1786,

and died in Glasgow, April 27, 1852, in his ninetieth year, leaving a large amount of unpublished MSS. in the possession of his eldest son, the Rev. Alexander Lochore, M.A., D.D., of Drymen, Stirlingshire. These include the recollections of his long life, and contain much valuable and amusing information concerning men and events of the past century, which it is to be hoped may hereafter be published, together with a selection from his manuscript poems. His "Last Speech of the Auld Brig of Glasgow on being condemned to be taken down," written when he was in his eighty-eighth year, is a very spirited production, and the more remarkable considering the great age the author had attained. Among the poet's intimate acquaintances in early life was Robert Burns, with whom and his bonnie Jean Lochore spent many evenings, and he often related the circumstance of seeing Burns reproved on the cutty stool by the Rev. Mr. Auld, familiarly known as "Daddy Auld."

WALTER'S WADDIN'.¹

"The wooin' closed, then comes the waddin',
When Reverend James the couple join'd,
A day of feastin', drinkin', gaddin',
Rantin', an' dancin', all combin'd."

PART I.

Near yon bank neuk, aboon the mill,
Beside the fir plantation,
The laigh farm-house, wi' wings there till,
Is Walter's habitation;

Some time he there a widower dwelt,
But sae he wadna tarry,
For he the force o' love sae felt
He Helen wish'd to marry,
Some chosen day.

¹ This poem is from the author's original MS., and it is believed has not been printed previously—ED.

'Bout five miles back, by a burn side,
That wimples through a meadow,

Liv'd Helen, ere she was a bride,
 A gausey, wanton widow.
 The bargain firm between the twa,
 For baith their gude was ettel't,
 That wha liv't langest wad get a'
 The gear they had, was settel't
 Quite sure that day.

A' parties pleas'd—the day was set
 To hae them join'd thegither;
 That morn arriv'd—his frien's were met
 To fetch his consort hither:
 Conven'd a' in the bridegroom's house,
 Dress'd braw wi' gaudy cleedin',
 Except a few fo'ks, auld an' douse,
 That was na very heedin'
 'Bout dress nae day.

Social they roun' a table sat,
 Was cover'd o'er wi' plenty
 O' fine milk saps, buns, cheese, an' what
 Was thought a breakfast dainty:
 Whenever John the grace had said,
 A spoon each eager gruppit,
 Nae prim, punctilious rites were paid,
 But mensfu' eat an' suppit
 Wi' gust that day.

Thus lib'ral, whan they'd a' been fed,
 Drams circelin' made them cracky,
 Rais'd was their hearts, an' unco glad,
 Fu' conthy, crouse, an' knacky.
 But for the bride they must awa',
 Their horse were saddl'd ready.
 They mount, an' rang'd were in a raw,
 Then aff—quick-trot, fu' gaudy,
 They rode that day.

The bridegroom rode a dapple-gray
 Smart geldin', plump an' sleekit,
 Upo' the front, an' he, fu' gay,
 Frae tap to tae was decket;
 Sae vogie Walter did appear,
 Whan on the way advancin',
 That whan the bride's house they drew
 near
 He set the beast a prancin',
 Right vain, that day.

The bride, wi' r party, in a room
 Was waitin', buskit finely,
 An' courteous welcom'd the bridegroom
 An' a' his frien's fu' kin'ly.
 Now bridegroom, bride, best maid an' man,
 Stood in a raw thegither,
 The priest then join'd the pair in one,
 An' duties to ilk other
 Enjoin'd that day.

While he link'd them in Hymen's ban's,
 They mute, mim were, an' blushin';
 But soon they smil'd, when frien's shook
 han's,
 An' wish'd them ilka blessin'.
 The company courteous sat or stood,
 While drams an' eake they tasted,
 Engag'd in frien'ly jocular mood.
 A wee while's time they wasted
 I' the house that day.

Then to the loan they a' cam' out,
 Wi' bustlin', hasty bicker,
 An' quick upo' their horses stont
 Were mounted a' fu' sicker;
 Except some females fear't to ride,
 Spent some time wi' their fykin',
 While some palaver'd wi' the bride,
 To get things to their likin',
 Wi' a fraise, that day.

When for the road they were set right,
 An' just began a steerin',
 The *broose*¹ wi' fury took the flight,
 An' splutterin' flew careerin';
 Thus on they drave, contendin' keen,
 Which made spectators cheeric,
 Till Tam's horse stum'd on a stane,
 An' he fell tapsalteerie
 I' the dirt that day.

Behin', wi' birr, cam' Bauldy Bell,
 Wha rush'd in contact thither,
 While whirlin' heels owre head he fell,
 Sae they lay baith thegither;
 Baith free o' skaith, they mount again,
 But, by their luckless fallin',
 The broose was won wi' vauntin' vain,
 But easy, by Jock Allan,
 That bustlin' day.

The bulk an' body cam' belyve,
 A' hobblin' at the canter;
 An' did at Walter's house arrive
 Without the least mishanter.
 A barn, set roun' wi' furms an' planks,
 Was rang'd for their admission,
 To which threescore at least,² in ranks,
 Walk'd inward, in procession,
 Fu' gay that day.

¹ The racer who first reaches the bridegroom's house wins the *broose* or race, and receives a bottle of rum or whisky, with which he returns in triumph to the approaching company; and on his arrival he drinks the bride and bridegroom's health: then all proceed, the winner riding in the van exhibiting the bottle.

² The occurrence of this wedding was about sixty years ago. Such great companies and ostentatious displays

For dinner stood—kail in tureens,
 An' legs o' mutton roasted;
 Wheat bread in heaps, pies, beef an' greens,
 An' peel'd potatoes toasted.
 The grace was said, an' wi' gude will
 All fared most delicious;
 They syn't a' down wi' nappy yill,
 An' crown'd the feast facetious
 Wi' drams that day.

Collection¹ for the poor was made
 (Frae use an' wont not swerving),
 Bestow'd on such as were decay'd,
 Ag'd, needfu', an' deservin'.
 The bridegroom's pride was rais'd to see
 Sae big an' braw a party
 Show them respect—an' a' to be
 Agreeable an' hearty
 On sic a day.

The tables to a side were flung,
 The barn floor gat a clearin',
 While groups o' couples auld an' young
 Took to themsels an airin';
 Baith out an' in confusion reign'd,—
 The barn resoun'd wi' clatter,
 In neuk o' whilk a *tub* contain'd
 Punch made wi' rum, cauld water,
 An' limes that day.

PART II.

'Bout e'enin's edge they met again
 (Then day an' night was equal).
 Still incidents, yet in a train,
 Ye'll meet wi' in the sequel.
 At ilka corner tables stood,
 To sit at, talk, an' fuddle,
 An' Ned now scrunts an interlude.
 Wi' short springs on his fiddle,
 To tune't that night.

Youngsters, wi' anxious whisperin' bizz,
 Wish'd to begin their dances,
 But at a waddin' custom is
 Best man an' bride commenees.

on occasions of this kind were common in Clydesdale at that period. To keep up such doings at weddings, young men sometimes contributed one shilling or one shilling and sixpence each, and young women one shilling or a sixpence, to defray the expense. Such large riding weddings, and the custom of collecting to defray the expense, do not now (1840) exist.

¹ Collections for the poor at marriages is an old custom in Lanarkshire and elsewhere, and is still (1840) continual in many parishes. The money is generally committed to the minister for distribution among poor persons not on the poor's-roll. It is sometimes given to the beadle for cleaning the church.

Though she ne'er learn'd steps, nor to wheel
 Wi' firds an' airs newfasont,
 Yet she kept time, sail'd through the reel,
 An' play'd her part fu' decent
 An' prim that night.

Lasses wi' lads were now asteer,
 Joy in their faces gleamin';
 An' happily each lovin' pair
 Went through the dances sweemin'.
 Poor Frank in love, wi' beatin' heart,
 There spent the e'enin' dreary,
 For Sam his rival's crafty art
 Deceoy'd from him his deary
 The lee lang night.

Betimes there was a bickrin' fray
 'Tween Davie Gray an' Sandie,
 For each keen wish'd without delay
 To dance wi' comely Annie;
 They pull'd—held—fleetchit—lang they
 strave,
 Till she had cause to wait at,
 For her new muslin gown they rave
 Frae headban' to the tail o't,
 Wi' a screed that night.

This sad mishap her mither saw,
 Her wrath she could na smother,
 But bitter seaw't them aye an' a',
 An' urg'd the fallows hither;
 The chiefs went to a drinkin' honff,
 But she affronted Annie
 By gi'en wi' neeve her chafts a gouff,
 To learn her to be canny
 'Mang lads that night.

Among the stir kind feelin's were,
 Talkin' owre drink an' laughin',—
 The dancin' drivin' on wi' birr,
 Some bank-heigh loup't in daffin';
 What bowin', scrapin', skips, an' flings,
 Crossin' an' cleekin' ith'er,
 Settin' an' shufflin', form'd in rings,
 An' whirlin' roun' thegither,
 Wi' glee that night.

Even runkl'd wives an' earles look'd gay,
 Though stiff wi' age an' stoopin',
 Fidg't, leugh, an' crack't their thumbs when
 they
 Through foursome reels gae'd loupin':
 An' whan they toon't their horns, loue
 chers
 They gae at droll narrations
 O' frolies in their youthfu' years,
 At sicken blythe occasions,
 By day or night.

The bridegroom, muckle press'd to dance,
 A' fleech and praise rejeeket;
 He wadna do't, he said at once,
 'Twas certain he wad stiek it.
 Some wags then schemed to fill him fon,
 An' in their scheme persisted;
 But he their base design saw through,
 An' cautiously resisted
 The trick that night.

Inspired wi' punch an' love, some chiefs
 Slipt cautious out a little,
 Each wi' his jo to house or fel's,
 Some points o' love to settle:
 Straught to the kill gaed Rab an' Kate,
 But sylie Geordie Logie
 Firm locked them in, poor Rab whan late
 Crap out by the kill ogie,
 Ill pleased that night.

He sought the key like one delect't,
 Wi's face an' clais a' sootie,
 While Kate within the kill was fear't
 She'd see a ghaist or clootie:
 Rab's coomie face, an' sic a trick,
 Amus'd the merry meetin',
 Whilst Tam the smith the lock did pick
 To let out Katie, sweatin'
 Wi' fricht that night.

Three brisk young lairds, wha lost their
 hearts,
 An' nearly lost their senses,
 Their partners' charms an' winnin' arts
 Stole them in kintra dances:—
 The lairds withdrew to a snug grove.
 Wi' their bewitchin' beauties;
 They wo'd an' feasted there on love,
 Punch, cardemum, an' sweeties,
 Till late that night.

Some greedy grunks wi' menseless maws
 Took mair than nature wanted,
 Baith in an' out, held by the wa's,
 Twafald hotch-potch decanted:
 Sic flavort dainties hungry tykes
 Fn' greedily gulped all in,
 Syne on the loan, an' side o' dykes,
 Some o' them drunk lay sprawlin'
 An' sick that night.

Tam, Sawney, Charlie, Will, and Hugh,
 When tipplin' yill an' whisky,
 Filled Ned the fiddler roarin' fou,
 An' played a waggish pliskie;
 They in his fiddle poured some yill,
 Which made him boist'rous surly,

Forby they hid his sneeshin mill,
 An' raised a hurlyburly
 Wi' him that night.

The fiddler fou—his wark he struck,
 Dancin' of course was ended;
 Then drinkin' parties in ilk neuk
 Their clashaclaever vended,—
 Domestic gossip, public clash,
 Were copiously detailed;
 While bustle, din, an' balderdash
 Through a' the barn prevailed
 That unco night.

'Twas late—the elder guests retired,
 In groups they hameward airted;
 Anon the young, wi' datin' tired,
 In merry mood departed;
 Sae after sic a rantin' rare,
 Frien'ship an' harmless wrangle,
 They left the newly-kippit pair,
 Baith loving an' newfangle
 That noted night.

A KINTRA LAIRD'S COURTSHIP.¹

Now, Jenny lass, my bonny bird,
 My daddy's dead, an' a' that;
 He's decently laid in the yird,
 An' I'm his heir an' a' that;
 I'm now a laird an' a' that;
 I'm now a laird an' a' that;
 His gear an' lan's at my comman',
 The rights secure an' a' that.

He left me wi' his deein' breath
 A dwellin'-house an' a' that.
 His plenishin', an' wabs o' claith,
 A barn an' byre, an' a' that;
 A docket, doos, an' a' that;
 A docket, doos, an' a' that;
 A yard wi' kail inclosed weel
 Wi' hedge an' trees, an' a' that.

I've braid craft lan', green braes an' knowes,
 Sax gude milk kye, an' a' that;
 A stirk, a ca'f, an' twa pet yowes,
 A meere, a foal, an' a' that;
 A bublejock an' a' that;
 A bublejock an' a' that;
 A grumphie, five wec pigs, forbye
 Cocks, hens, and deuks, an' a' that.

¹ This popular song has been erroneously attributed to another author. It was written by Mr. Lochore in 1802.—ED.

Ye've kent me lang for naething wrang;
 Ye ken my kin, an' a' that;
 An' I'm auld aunty Girzy's heir
 To a' her gear, an' a' that.
 What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
 What think ye, lass, o' a' that?
 What want I now, my dainty doo,
 But just a wife to a' that?

Now Jenny, dear, my yirren here
 Is to seek you to a' that;
 My heart's a' glowin' while I speer
 Gin ye'll tak' me, an' a' that;
 Mysel, my gear, an' a' that;
 Mysel, my gear, an' a' that:
 Come, gie's your loof, to be a proof
 Ye'll be a wife to a' that.

Syne Jenny laid her loof in his,
 Said she'd tak' him wi' a' that;
 While he gae her a hearty kiss,
 An' dauted her, an' a' that;
 They set the day, an' a' that;
 They set the day, an' a' that:
 Whan she'd gang hame to be his dame,
 An' hae a rant, an' a' that.

MARRIAGE AND THE CARE O'T.

Quoth Rab to Kate, My sonsy dear,
 I've wooed ye mair than ha'f a year,

And gif ye'd tak' me ne'er cou'd speer
 Wi' blateness, an' the care o't.
 Now to the point, sincere I'm wi't,
 Will ye be my ha'f marrow, sweet?
 Shake hands, an' say a bargain be't,
 An' think na on the care o't.

Na, na, quo' Kate, I winna wed,
 O' sic a snare I'll aye be redd;
 How many thoughtless are misled
 By marriage an' the care o't.
 A single life's a life o' glee,
 A wife ne'er think to mak' o' me,
 Frae toil an' sorrow I'sc keep free,
 An' a' the dools an' care o't.

Weel, weel, said Robin in reply,
 Ye ne'er again shall me deny;
 Ye may a toothless maiden die
 For me, I'll tak' nae care o't.
 Fareweel for ever, off I hie;
 Sae took his leave without a sigh.
 Oh! stop! quo' she, I'm yours; I'll try
 The married life an' care o't.

Rab wheel'd about, to Kate cam' back,
 And gae her mou' a hearty smack,
 Syne lengthen't out a luv'in' crack
 'Bout marriage an' the care o't.
 Though as she thought she didna speak,
 An' looket unco mim an' meek,
 Yet blyth was she wi' Rab to cleek
 In marriage, wi' the care o't.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BORN 1762—DIED 1851.

Conspicuous among the numerous poetic nurselings whom "Caledonia stern and wild" nurtured during the last half of the eighteenth century was Miss Baillie—"the immortal Joanna," as Sir Walter Scott called her, the authoress of several successful dramas, and of various beautiful Scottish poems. Although for more than half her long life a resident in or near London, and familiar with its best society, she never bated her national prepossessions, nor lost the dialect of her native land. She was born in the manse of Bothwell, Lanarkshire, September 11, 1762. Her father,

Dr. James Baillie, the minister of that parish, and subsequently professor of divinity in the University of Glasgow, was a scion of an old family allied to the Baillies of Jerviswood, memorable in Scottish history. Her mother, also, was one of a race well known in "the north country," for she was a descendant of the Hunters of Hunterston, and was the sister of Drs. John and William Hunter, both renowned in the annals of science. Joanna Baillie—a twin, the other child being still-born—was the youngest of a family of three children. She spent her earliest years among

the romantic scenery of Bothwell, and in all the freedom of Scottish country life. She was a fresh out-door maiden, scrambling over burns and heather, loving to listen to all nature's sounds, and to watch all nature's sights. She made verses before she learned to read, which was not till her eleventh year. Then her favourite studies were among the story-tellers and poets; and her favourite thoughts as she grew up, were of the workings of the human heart. She took every opportunity of arranging among her young companions theatrical performances, in which her power of sustaining characters was remarkable, and she frequently wrote the dialogue herself.

Notwithstanding the decided tendency of her mind, Miss Baillie did not become an author till at a later period than is usual with those who are subject to the strong impulse of genius. In 1778 her father died, and in 1784 his widow, with her two daughters, having lived for some years near Hamilton, proceeded to London to reside with her son, who had entered upon his medical career, and who, upon the death of his uncle Dr. William Hunter, had come into possession of the house which the latter had built and inhabited. It was in this abode that Joanna Baillie, at the age of twenty-eight, first resolved upon publishing, and that anonymously, a volume of poems, which did not attract much attention. They evinced talent, but not the power she afterwards manifested. Her first volume of dramas was published also anonymously in 1798; her last appeared nearly forty years later. The altered taste of the age was evident in the different reception accorded to them. "Basil" and its companions ran through five editions in eight years, while the plays published in 1836, though equally full of real dramatic power, created none of the enthusiasm of former days in a reading public, which had then turned to other fashions of literature for amusement. Besides her numerous dramas, pervaded by a pure and energetic strain of poetry, Miss Baillie was the author of poems as well as numerous songs, some of which are among the most popular Scottish lyrics of the present day. A complete edition of her works, with the exception of several minor pieces, was issued in London soon after her death. In this large volume is included a poem entitled "Abalya

Bae," which had been previously printed for private circulation, also some fugitive verses never before published.

After the marriage of her brother, Dr. William Baillie, with Miss Denman, sister of the Lord Chief-justice Denman, Joanna, with her mother and sister, passed some years at Colchester, but subsequently settled at Hampstead, near London. Her mother died in 1806, and her sole companion during the remainder of her life was her sister, whose character, virtues, and claims upon the affection of the poetess are beautifully commemorated by her in an address on her birthday, when both were in "the sere, the yellow leaf." We know of nothing more delightful in domestic poetry than these lines addressed to her faithful companion—the quaint, clever old lady, whose warm heart, shrewd sense of humour, and rich mines of legendary lore and national anecdote, helped in no small degree to fascinate the favoured guests at that old unpretending brick house, standing on the summit of the steep hill which carries the visitor to the breezy table-land of Hampstead Heath. At that house Scott, who made the acquaintance of its gifted occupant in 1806, was a frequent guest, and there, too, at times came Campbell, Rogers, Crabbe, Lord Jeffrey, Miss Aikin, Byron's wife and daughter Ada, and many others eminent in art or literature. The Great Unknown found in her a congenial spirit, and, as time proved, an enduring friend. His letters to her are well known to be among the most charming he ever wrote.

Joanna Baillie was under the middle size, but not diminutive, and her form was slender. Her countenance indicated high talent, worth, and decision, and her life was characterized by the purest morality. Her principles were sustained by a strong and abiding sense of religion; while her great genius, and the engrossing pursuits of composition, never interfered with her active benevolence or the daily duties of life. This beautiful character passed away to her heavenly home, February 23, 1851. Her sister Agnes survived her, being upwards of a hundred years old when she died.

In the memoirs of Miss Aikin, written when she was far advanced down the vale of life, is to be found this generous and pleasing tribute to the memory of her friend Joanna Baillie:—"It has been my privilege," she says, "to

have had more or less personal acquaintance with almost every literary woman of celebrity who adorned English society from the latter years of the last century nearly to the present time, and there was scarcely one of the number in whose society I did not find much to interest me: but of all these, excepting of course Mrs. Barbauld from the comparison, Joanna Baillie made by far the deepest impression upon me. Her genius was surpassing, her character the most endearing and exalted. . . . She was the only person I have ever known towards whom fifty years of close acquaintance, while they continually deepened my affection, wore away nothing of my reverence. So little was she fitted or disposed for intellectual display, that it was seldom that her genius shone out with its full lustre in conversation; but I have seen her powerful eye kindle with all a poet's fire, while her language rose for a few moments to the height of some 'great argument.' Her deep knowledge of the human heart also would at times break loose from the habitual cautiousness, and I have then thought that if she was not the most candid and benevolent, she would be one of the most formidable of observers. Nothing escaped her, and there was much humour in her quiet touches. . . . No one would ever have taken her for a married woman. An innocent and maiden grace still hovered over her to the end of her old age. It was one of her peculiar charms, and often brought to my mind the line addressed to the vowed Isabella in 'Measure for Measure,' 'I hold you for a thing enskied and saintly.' If there were ever human creature 'pure in the last recesses of the soul,' it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded, and nobly-

gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year, carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society."

In William Howitt's *Homes of the Poets*, he remarks: "Joanna Baillie—a name never pronounced by Scot or Briton in any part of the empire but with the veneration due to the truest genius, and the affection which is the birthright of the truest specimens of womanhood." Sir Walter Scott said, "If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country." Washington Irving, who enjoyed the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with the "Lady Beautiful" of Hampstead and its neighbourhood, described her to the writer as "the most gifted of the truest sisterhood of Scotland;" and Mrs. Sigourney, who visited her in 1810, said: "It was both a pleasure and a privilege to see Miss Joanna Baillie at her residence in Hampstead. On my arrival she had just returned from a long walk to visit the poor, and though past the age of seventy-six, and the day chill and windy, she seemed unfatigued, and even invigorated by the exercise. . . . Miss Baillie is well known to be a native of Scotland, and sister to the late celebrated physician of that name, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey. Whether it was the frankness of her nature touching the chords of sympathy, I know not, but it was painful to bid her farewell. The sublimity of her poetry is felt on both sides of the Atlantic: yet there is no sweeter emanation of her genius than a recent birthday tribute to her beloved sister Agnes." These beautiful lines appear among the following selections.

SIR MAURICE.

Sir Maurice was a wealthy lord,
He lived in the north countrie;
Well would he cope with foeman's sword,
Or the glance of a lady's eye.

Now all his armed vassals wait,
A staunch and burly band,
Before his stately castle gate,
Bound for the Holy Land.

Above the spearmen's lengthen'd file
Are pictured ensigns flying;
Stroked by their keeper's hand the while,
Are harness'd chargers neighing.

And looks of woe, and looks of cheer,
And looks the two between,
On many a warlike face appear,
Where tears have lately been.

For all they love is left behind,
 Hope beckons them before:
 Their parting sails swell with the wind,
 Blown from their native shore.

Then through the crowded portal pass'd
 Six goodly knights and tall;
 Sir Maurice himself, who came the last,
 Was goodliest of them all.

And proudly roved his basty eye
 O'er all the warlike train;—
 "Save ye, brave comrades!—prosp'rously,
 Heaven send us cross the main!

"But see I right?—an armed band
 From Moorham's lordless hall;
 And he who bears the high command,
 Its ancient Seneschal!

"Return! your stately keep defend;
 Defend your lady's bower,
 Best rude and lawless hands should rend
 That lone and lovely flower."

"God will defend our lady dear,
 And we will cross the sea,
 From slavery's chain, his lot severe,
 Our noble lord to free."

"Nay, nay! some wand'ring minstrel's tongue
 Hath framed a story vain;
 Thy lord, his liegemen brave among,
 Near Acre's wall was slain."

"Nay, good my lord! for had his life
 Been lost on battle-ground,
 When ceased that fell and fatal strife
 His body had been found."

"No faith to such delusions give;
 His mortal term is past."—

"Not so! not so! he is alive,
 And will be found at last!"

These latter words right eagerly
 From a slender stripling broke,
 Who stood the ancient warrior by
 And trembled as he spoke.

Sir Maurice started at the sound,
 And all from top to toe
 The stripling scann'd, who to the ground
 His blushing face bent low.

"Is this thy kinsman, Seneschal?
 Thine own or thy sister's son?
 A gentler page, in tent or hall,
 Mine eyes ne'er look'd upon.

"To thine own home return, fair youth!
 To thine own home return;
 Give ear to likely sober truth,
 Nor prudent counsel spurn.

"War suits thee not, if boy thou art;
 And if a sweeter name
 Befit thee, do not lightly part
 With maiden's honour'd fame."

He turn'd him from his liegemen all,
 Who round their chieftain press'd;
 His very shadow on the wall
 His troubled mind express'd.

As sometimes slow and sometimes fast
 He paced to and fro,
 His plumed crest now upward cast
 In air, now drooping low.

Sometimes, like one in frantic mood,
 Short words of sound he utter'd,
 And sometimes, stopping short, he stood,
 As to himself he mutter'd.

"A daughter's love, a maiden's pride!
 And may they not agree?
 Could man desire a lovelier bride,
 A truer friend than she?"

"Down, cursed thought! a stripling's garb
 Betrays not wanton will;
 Yet, sharper than an arrow's barb,
 That fear might wound me still."

He mutter'd long, then to the gate
 Return'd and look'd around,
 But the Seneschal and his stripling mate
 Were nowhere to be found.

With outward cheer and inward smart,
 In warlike fair array,
 Did Maurice with his bands depart,
 And shoreward bent his way.

Their stately ship rode near the port,
 The warriors to receive,
 And there, with blessings kind but short,
 Did friends of friends take leave.

And soon they saw the crowded strand
 Wear dimly from their view,
 And soon they saw the distant land,
 A line of hazy blue.

The white-sail'd ship with favouring breeze.
 In all her gallant pride,
 Moved like the mistress of the seas,
 That rippled far and wide.

Sometimes with steady course she went
 O'er wave and surge careering,
 Sometimes with sidelong mast she bent,
 Her wings the sea-foam sheering.

Sometimes with poles and rigging bare,
 She scudded before the blast,
 But safely by the Syrian shore
 Her anchor dropp'd at last.

What martial honours Maurice won,
 Join'd with the brave and great,
 From the fierce, faithless Saracæn,
 I may not here relate.

With boldest band on bridge or moat,
 With champion on the plain,
 I' the narrow bloody breach he fought,
 Choked up with grisly slain.

Most valiant by the valiant deem'd,
 Their praise his deeds proclaim'd,
 And the eyes of his liege-men brightly beam'd
 When they heard their leader named.

But fate will quell the hero's strength,
 And dim the loftiest brow,
 And thus our noble chief at length
 Was in the dust laid low.

He lay the heaps of dead beneath,
 As sank life's flickering flame,
 And thought it was the trance of death
 That o'er his senses came.

And when again day's blessed light
 Did on his vision fall,
 There stood by his side—a wondrous sight—
 The ancient Seneschal.

He strove, but could not utter word;
 His misty senses fled;
 Again he woke, and Moorham's lord
 Was bending o'er his bed.

A third time sank he as if dead,
 And then, his eye-lids raising,
 He saw a chief with turban'd head
 Intently on him gazing.

“The Prophet's zealous servant I;
 His battles I've fought and won.
 Christians I scorn, their creeds deny,
 But honour Mary's Son.

“And I have wedded an English dame,
 And set her parent free;
 And none, who bear an English name,
 Shall e'er be thirall'd by me.

“For her dear sake I can endure
 All wrong, all hatred smother;
 Whate'er I feel, thou art secure,
 As though thou wert my brother.”—

“And thou hast wedded an English dame!”
 Sir Maurice said no more,
 For o'er his heart soft weakness came,
 He sigh'd and wept full sore.

And many a dreary day and night
 With the Moslem Chief stay'd he,
 But ne'er could catch, to bless his sight,
 One glimpse of the fair lady.

Oft gazed he on her latticè high,
 As he paced the court below,
 And turn'd his listening ear to try
 If word or accent low

Might haply reach him there; and oft
 Traversed the garden green,
 And thought some foot-step, small and soft,
 Might on the turf be seen.

And oft to Moorham's lord he gave
 His eager ear, who told
 How he became a wretched slave
 Within that Syrian hold;

What time from liege-men parted far,
 Upon the battle-field,
 By stern and adverse fate of war,
 He was compell'd to yield;

And how his daughter did by stealth
 So boldly cross the sea,
 With secret store of gather'd wealth,
 To set her father free:

And how into the foemen's hands
 She and her people fell;
 And how (herself in captive bands)
 She sought him in his cell:

And but a captive boy appear'd,
 Till grief her sex betray'd;
 And the fierce Saracæn so fear'd,
 Spoke kindly to the maid;

How for her plighted hand sned he,
 And solemn promise gave,
 Her noble father should be free
 With every Christian slave;

(For many there, in bondage kept,
 Felt the base rule of vice;)
 How, long she ponder'd, sorely wept,
 Then paid the fearful price.

A tale that made his bosom thrill,—
His faded eyes to weep;
He, waking, thought upon it still,
And saw it in his sleep.

But harness rings, and the trumpets' bray
Again to battle calls;
And Christian Powers, in grand array,
Are near those Moslem walls.

Sir Maurice heard; untoward fate!
Sad to be thought upon!
But the castle's lord unlock'd its gate,
And bade his guest be gone.

“Fight thou for faith by thee ador'd;
By thee so well maintain'd!
But never may this trusty sword
With blood of thine be stain'd!”

Sir Maurice took him by the hand,
“God bless thee too,”—he cried;
Then to the nearest Christian band
With mingled feelings hied.

The battle join'd, with dauntless pride,
'Gainst foemen, foemen stood,
And soon the fatal field was dyed
With many a brave man's blood.

At length gave way the Moslem force;
Their valiant chief was slain:
Maurice protecte'd his lifeless corse,
And bore it from the plain.

There's mourning in the Moslem halls,
A dull and dismal sound;
The lady left its leaguere'd walls,
And safe protection found.

When months were passed, the widow'd dame
Look'd calm and cheerfully:
Then Maurice to her presence came,
And bent him on his knee.

What words of penitence or suit
He utter'd, pass we by;
The lady wept, awhile was mute,
Then gave this firm reply:

“That thou did'st doubt my maiden pride,
(A thought that rose and vanish'd
So fleetingly) I will not chide;
'Tis from remembrance banish'd.

“But thy fair fame, earn'd by that sword,
Still spotless shall it be:
I was the bride of a Moslem lord,
And will never be bride to thee.”

So firm, though gentle, was her look,
Hope on the instant fled:
A solemn, dear farewell he took,
And from her presence sped.

And she a plighted nun became,
God serving day and night;
And he of blest Jerusalem
A brave and zealous knight.

But that their lot was one of woe,
Wot ye because of this
Their separate single state? if so,
In sooth ye judge amiss.

She tends the helpless stranger's bed,
For alms her wealth is stor'd;
On her meek worth God's grace is shed,
Man's grateful blessings pour'd.

He still in warlike mail doth stalk,
In arms his prowess prove;
And oft of siege or battle talk,
And sometimes of his love.

His noble countenance the while
Would youthful listeners please,
When with alter'd voice, and a sweet sad smile,
He utter'd such words as these:

“She was the fairest of the fair,
The gentlest of the kind;
Seareh ye the wide world everywhere,
Her like ye shall not find.

“She *was* the fairest, *is* the best,
Too good for a monarch's bride:
I would not give her, in nun's coif dress'd,
For all her sex beside.”

LINES TO AGNES BAILLIE ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with
tears
O'er us have glided almost sixty years
Since we on Bothwell's bonnie braes were seen,
By those whose eyes long closed in death have
been—
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebell or the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In shenny gold, were each a wondrous sight.

Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning
grace

To woman's early bloom—changing, how soon!
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment—whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove; or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore;
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides; or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor—
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
Well may it please me in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast
been.

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste,
In fitful sports the precious time to waste,
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud was I
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
"What! is this story all thine own invention!"

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mixed world began;
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesies—
A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed—did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
And now, in later years, with better grace,
Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
With those whom nearer neighbourhood has made
The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we, side by side,

Our earthly journey held; and who can say
How near the end of our united way?
By nature's course not distant; sad and 'reft
Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may
grieve,

And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
The unboarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed;
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best:
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

(VERSION TAKEN FROM AN OLD SONG OF THAT NAME.)

The bride she is winsome and bonnie,
Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnnie,
Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
New pearlins and plenishing too,
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right mickle ado.

Woo'd and married and a'
Woo'd and married and a'
na she very weel aff'

To be woo'd and married at a'

Her mither then hastily spak—
"The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel, and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.

Woo'd and married and a',
Wi' havings and tocher sae sma'!

I think ye are very weel aff'
To be woo'd and married at a'!"

"Toot, toot!" quo' her gray-headed faither;
 "She's less o' a bride than a bairn;
 She's ta'en like a cowl frae the heather,
 Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
 Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
 As humour inconstantly leans;
 The chiel maun be patient and steady,
 That yokes wi' a mate in her tents.
 A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
 O'er her locks that the winds used to
 blaw,
 I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
 When I think o' her married at a'."

Then out spak the wily bridegroom,
 Weel waled were his wordies, I ween—
 "I'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
 Wi' the blinks o' your bonnie blue een;
 I'm pronder o' thee by my side,
 Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
 Than if Kate o' the Craft were my bride,
 Wi' purples and pearlins anew.
 Dear and dearest of ony,
 Ye're woo'd and bookit and a';
 And do you think scorn o' your Johnnie,
 And grieve to be married at a'!"

She turned, and she blush'd, and she smiled,
 And she lookit sae bashfully doun;
 The pride o' her heart was beguiled,
 And she play'd wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
 She twirled the tag o' her lace,
 And she nipit her boddice sae blue;
 Syne blinkit sae sweet in his face,
 And aff like a maikin she flew.
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Wi' Johnnie to roose her and a'!
 She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
 To be woo'd and married at a'!

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'¹

"Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" quo' she;
 "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?"
 Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
 And his doggie runnin'
 Yestreen, about the gloamin' time
 I chanced to see him comin',
 Whistling merrily the tune
 'That I am a' day hummin',' quo' she;
 "I am a' day hummin'."

"Fee him, faither, fee him," quo' she,
 "Fee him, faither, fee him;
 A' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him;
 A' the wark about the house,
 I gang sae lightly through it:
 And though ye pay some merks o' gear,
 Hoot! ye winna rue it," quo' she;
 "No; ye winna rue it."

"What wad I do wi' him, hizzy?
 What wad I do wi' him?
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him."
 "I hae twa sarks into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gie him;
 And for a merk o' mair fee,
 O, dinna stand wi' him," quo' she;
 "Dinna stand wi' him."

"Weel do I lo'e him," quo' she,
 "Weel do I lo'e him,
 The brawest lads about the place
 Are a' but hav'rels to him.
 O, fee him, faither; lang, I trow,
 We've dull and dowie been;
 He'll haud the plough, thrash i' the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en," quo' she,
 "Crack wi' me at e'en."

IT WAS ON A MORN.²

It was on a morn, when we were thrang,
 The kirk it croon'd, the cheese was making,
 And bannocks on the girdle baking,
 When ane at the door chapp't loud and lang.

Yet the auld gudewife, and her mays sae tight,
 Of a' this bauld din took sma' notice, I ween;
 For a chap at the door in braid day-light
 Is no like a chap that's heard at e'en.

But the docksie auld laird of the Warlock Glen,
 Wha waited without, half-blate, half-cheery,
 And lang'd for a sight o' his winsome clearie,
 Raised up the latch, and cam crouselly ben.

His coat it was new, and his o'erlay was white,
 His mittins and hose were cozie and bein;
 But a wooer that comes in braid day-light
 Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the earlins and lasses sae braw,
 And his bare lyart pow, sae smoothly he strakit,

¹ This is a new version of an ancient Scotch song of which Burns said, "This song, for genuine humour in the verses and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old."—Ed.

² The author's latest version is so altered from the original and more popular reading that we give both the new and old version.—Ed.

And he looked about, like a body half-glaikit,
On bonnie sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'—

“Ha, laird!” quo' the carlin', “and look ye
that way?
Fy! let nae sic fancies bewilder ye clean;
An elderlin' man, in the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at
e'en.”

“Na, na,” quo' the pawky auld wife; “I trow,
You'll no fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you.”

He hem'd and he haw'd, and he drew in his
mouth,
And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands
between,
For a wooer that comes when the sun's i' the
south,
Is mair landward than wooers that come at e'en.

“Black Madge is sae carefu'”—“What's that to
me?”
“She's sober and eydent, has sense in her
noddle—
She's douce and respeckit.” “I carena a bodle;
Love winna be guided, and fancy's free.”

Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green;
For a wooer that comes when the sun shines
bright
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then away flung the laird, and loud mutter'd he,
“A' the daughters of Eve, between Orkney
and Tweed, O!
Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel,
or widow,
May gang in their pride to the de'il for me!”

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

It fell on a morning when we wore thrang—
Our kirk was gaun, our cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girlele baking—
That aye at the door chapp'd loud and lang;
But the auld gudewife, and her mays sae tight,
Of this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween;
For a chap at the door in braid daylight
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clockie auld laird of the Warlock Glen,
Wha stood without, half cow'd, half cheerie,

And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the lateh and came crouselly ben.
His coat was new, and his owerlay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were cosie and bein;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin' and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straitkit,
And lookit about, like a body half glaikit,
On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a':
“Ha, ha!” quo' the carlin', “and look ye that
way!
Hoot! let nae sic fancies bewilder ye clean—
An elderlin' man, i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at
e'en.”

“Na, na,” quo' the pawky auld wife; “I trow
You'll fash na your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you.”
He hem'd and he haw'd, and he screw'd in his
mouth,
And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands
between,
For wooers that come when the sun's in the
south
Are mair awkward than wooers that come at e'en.

“Black Madge she is prudent.” “What's that
to me?”
“She is eident and sober, has sense in her
noddle—
Is douce and respecki'.” “I carena a bodle;
I'll bauk na my luv, and my fancy's free.”
Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;
For wooers that come when the sun shines
bright,
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird, and loud mutter'd he,
“All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney
and Tweed, O:
Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel,
and widow,
May gang wi' their pride to the wuddy for me.”
But the auld gudewife, and her mays sae tight,
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY.

When my o'erlay was white as the foam o' the lin,
And siller was chinking my pouches within;
When my lambkins were bleating on meadow and
brae,
As I went to my love in new cleeding sae gay—

Kind was she, and my friends were free,
But poverty parts good company.

How swift pass'd the minutes and hours of delight!
When piper played cheerly, and crusie burn'd
bright;

And link'd in my hand was the maiden sae dear!
As she footed the floor in her holiday gear.

Woe is me; and can it then be,
That poverty parts sic company?

We met at the fair, and we met at the kirk;
We met i' the sunshine, we met i' the mirk;
And the sound o' her voice, and the bliuks o'
her een,

The cheering and life of my bosom hae been.
Leaves frae the tree, at Martiomas flec,
And poverty parts sweet company.

At bridal and in fair, I've braced me wi' pride,
The bruse I hae won, and a kiss o' the bride;
And loud was the laughter, gay fellows among,
As I utter'd my banter, or chorus'd my song:

Dowie and dreo are jestin' and glee,
When poverty spoils good company.

Wherever I gaed kindly lasses look'd sweet,
And mithers and aunties were unco discreet;
While kebbuck and bicker were set on the board;
But now they pass by me, and never a word!

Sae let it be, for the worldly and slie
Wi' poverty keep nae company.

But the hope of my love is a cure for its smart;
And the spæwife has tauld me to keep up my
heart;

For wi' my last saxpence her loof I hae crossed,
And the bliss that is fated can never be lost.

Though cruelly we may ilka day see
How poverty parts dear company.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

(FOUNDED ON AN OLD SCOTCH SONG.)

Oh, neighbours! what had I ado for to marry!
My wife she drinks posset and wine o' Canary,
And ca's me a niggardly, thraw-gabbit cairly.

O, gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

She sups wi' her kimmers on dainties enow,
Aye bowing and smirking and wiping her mou',
While I sit aside, and am helpit but sparely.

O, gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad feast hooly and fairly!

To fairs and to bridals and preachings and a',
She gangs sae light-headed and buskit sae braw,

In ribbons and mantuas that gar me gae barely!

O, gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad spend hooly and fairly!

I' the kirk sic commotion last Sabbath she made,
Wi' babs o' red roses, and breast-knots o'erlaid;

The Dominie stickit the psalm very nearly:
O, gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad dress hooly and fairly!

She's warring and flyting frae mornin' till e'en,
And if ye gainsay her, her een glow'r sae keen,
Then tongue, neive, and cudgel she'll lay on ye
sairly:

O, gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad strike hooly and fairly!

When tired wi' her entrips, she lies in her bed,
The wark a' negleckit, the chaumer unred—

While a' our guid neighbours are stirring sae early:
O, gin my wife wad work timely and fairly!
Timely and fairly, timely and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad work timely and fairly!

A word o' guid counsel or grace she'll hear none;
She bandies the Elders, and mocks at Mess John,
While back in his teeth his own text she flings
rarely:

O, gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly;
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O, gin my wife wad speak hooly and fairly!

I wish I were single, I wish I were freed;
I wish I were doited, I wish I were dead,
Or she in the moults, to dement me nae mair, lay!
What does it 'vail to cry, Hooly and fairly!
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
Wasting my breath to cry, Hooly and fairly.

THE BLACK-COCK.

Good morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!
I see thee, slyly cowering, through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air,
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair and morning smile,
The rarest things with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still;

The rarest things, to light of day
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

One fleeting moment of delight,
I sunn'd me in her cheering sight;
And short, I ween, the term will be,
That I shall parley hold with thee.
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day:
The climbing herd-boy chaunts his lay;
The goat-flies dance their sunny ring;
Thou art already on the wing!

— — —

SAY, SWEET CAROL!

(FROM ETHWALD: A TRAGEDY.)

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day?
Little birds in leafy bower;
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;
Larks upon the light air borne;
Hunters rous'd with shrilly horn;
The woodman whistling on his way;
The new-waked child at early play.
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;
And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol, who are they
Who welcome in the evening gray?
The housewife trim, and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The sage a conning o'er his book;
The tired wight, in rushy nook,
Who, half asleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;
The proud Thanes feasting in the hall;
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.

— — —

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulder round and sleek,
And soft and fair?—thou urehin sly!

What boots it who, with sweet caresses,
First called thee his,—or squire or hind?
Since thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances, grave, but cunning,
As fringed eye-lids rise and fall;
Thy shyness, swiftly from me running,
Is infantine coquetry all.

But far afield thou hast not flown:
With mocks and threats half-lisp'd, half-
spoken,
I feel thee pulling at my gown,
Of right good-will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh, and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging;
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after-kindness more engaging.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropt daisies, are thy treasure:
F'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure!

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or horn-book thumbing.

Well; let it be!—through weal and woe
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley, shifting show,
And thou a thing of hope and change!

— — —

THE GOWAN GLITTERS ON THE
SWORD.

The gowan glitters on the sword,
The lavrock's in the sky,
And collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no! sad and slow,
And lengthen'd on the ground,
The shadow of our trysting-bush,
It wears so slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna' hear.
Oh no! sad and slow,
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din,
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To ca' the bairnies in.
Oh no! sad and slow,

These are na sounds for me,
The shadow of our trysting-bush,
It creeps sae drearily!

I coft yestreen, frae Chapman Tam,
A snood of bonnie blue,
And promised when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow.

Oh no! sad and slow,
The mark it winna pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tether'd on the grass.

O now I see her on the way,
She's past the Witch's Knowe,
She's climbing up the Brownie's Brae,
My heart is in a lowe!

Oh no! 'tis no' so,
'Tis glam'rie I have seen;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move na mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I'll try to read,
Though can'd wi' little skill,
When collie barks I'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill;

Oh no! sad and slow,
The time will ne'er be gane,
The shadow of the trysting-bush
Is fix'd like ony stane.

THE PHRENZY OF ORRA.

(FROM ORRA: A TRAGEDY.)

Hartman. Is she well?

Theobald. Her body is.

Hart. And not her mind? Oh, direst wreck of all!

That noble mind!—But 'tis some passing seizure,
Some powerful movement of a transient nature;
It is not madness!

Theo. 'Tis Heaven's infliction; let us call it so;
Give it no other name.

Eleanora. Nay, do not thus despair; when she
beholds us

She'll know her friends, and by our kindly soothing
Be gradually restored—

Alice. Let me go to her.

Theo. Nay; forbear, I pray thee;
I will myself with thee, my worthy Hartman,
Go in and lead her forth.

Orra. Come back, come back! the fierce and
fiery light!

Theo. Shrink not, dear love! It is the light of
day.

Orra. Have cocks crow'd yet?

Theo. Yes; twice I've heard already
Their matin sound. Look up to the blue sky—
Is it not daylight there? And these green boughs
Are fresh and fragrant round thee; every sense
Tells thee it is the cheerful early day.

Orra. Aye, so it is; day takes his daily turn,
Rising between the gulfy dells of night,
Like whitened billows on a gloomy sea:
Till glowworms gleam, and stars peep through
the dark,

And will-o'-the-wisp his dancing taper light,
They will not come again.

(*Bending her ear to the ground.*)

Hark, hark! aye, hark!
They are all there: I hear their hollow sound
Full many a fathom down.

Theo. Be still, poor troubl'd soul! they'll ne'er
return;—

They are for ever gone. Be well assured
Thou shalt from henceforth have a cheerful home,
With crackling fagots on thy midnight fire,
Blazing like day around thee; and thy friends—
Thy living, loving friends—still by thy side,
To speak to thee and cheer thee.—See, my Orra!
They are beside thee now; dost thou not know
them?

Orra. No, no! athwart the wav'ring garish light
Things move and seem to be, and yet are nothing.

Elea. My gentle Orra! hast thou then forgot me?
Dost thou not know my voice?

Orra. 'Tis like an old tune to my ear return'd;
For there be those who sit in cheerful halls,
And breathe sweet air, and speak with pleasant
sounds;

And once I liv'd with such; some years gone by—
I wot not now how long.

Hughobert. Keen words that rend my heart!
Thou hadst a home,

And one whose faith was pledged for thy protec-
tion.

Urston. Be more composed, my lord; some
faint remembrance

Returns upon her, with the well-known sound
Of voices once familiar to her ear.

Let Alice sing to her some fav'rite tune,
That may lost thoughts recall.

(*ALICE sings.*)

Orra. Ha, ha! the witch'd air sings for thee
bravely.

Hoot owls through mantling fog for matin birds!
It lures not me.—I know thee well enough:

The bones of murder'd men thy measure beat,
And fleshless heads nod to thee.—O! I say,

Why are ye here?—That is the blessed sun.

Elea. Ah, Orra! do not look upon us thus;
These are the voices of thy loving friends

That speak to thee; this is a friendly hand
That presses thine so kindly.

Hart. Oh, grievous state! what terror seizes
thee?

Orra. Take it away! It was the swathed dead!

I know its clammy, chill, and bony touch.
Come not again; I'm strong and terrible now;
Mine eyes have looked upon all dreadful things;
And when the earth yawns, and the hell-blast
sounds,

I'll bide the trooping of unearthly steps,
With stiff, clench'd, terrible strength.

Hugh. A murd'rer is a guiltless wretch to me.

Hart. Be patient; 'tis a momentary pitch;
Let me encounter it.

Orra. Take off from me thy strangely-fasten'd
eye;

I may not look upon thee—yet I must.
Unfix thy baleful glance: Art thou a snake?
Something of horrid power within thee dwells.
Still, still that powerful eye doth suck me in
Like a dark eddy to its wheeling core.
Spare me! O spare me, Being of strange power,
And at thy feet my subject head I'll lay!

Elea. Alas! the piteous sight! to see her thus,
The noble, generous, playful, stately Orra!

Theo. Out on thy hateful and ungenerous guile!
Think'st thou I'll suffer o'er her wretched state
The slightest shadow of a base control?

(*Raising ORRA from the ground.*)

No; rise, thou stately flower with rude blasts rent;
As honour'd art thou with thy broken stem,
And leaflets strew'd, as in thy summer's pride,
I've seen thee worshipp'd like a regal dame,

With every studied form of mark'd devotion,
Whilst I, in distant silence, scarcely proffered
E'en a plain soldier's courtesy;—but now,
No liege man to his crowned mistress sworn,
Bound and devoted is as I to thee;
And he who offers to thy alter'd state
The slightest seeming of diminish'd reverence,
Must in my blood—(*To HARTMAN*)—O pardon
me, my friend;

Thou'st wrung my heart.

Hart. Nay, do thou pardon me;—I am to blame:
Thy nobler heart shall not again be wrung.

But what can now be done? O'er such wild
ravings

There must be some control.

Theo. O none, none, none! but gentle sympathy
And watchfulness of love.

My noble Orra!

Wander where'er thou wilt, thy vagrant steps
Shall follow'd be by one who shall not weary;
Nor e'er detach him from his hopeless task;
Bound to thee now as fairest, gentlest beauty
Could ne'er have bound him.

Alice. See how she gazes on him with a look
Subsiding gradually to softer sadness.
Half saying that she knows him.

Elea. There is a kindness in her changing eye.
Yes, Orra, 'tis the valiant Theobald,
Thy knight and champion, whom thou gazest on.

WILLIAM ROSS.

BORN 1762 — DIED 1790.

WILLIAM ROSS, a young Gaelic poet, who has been styled by some of his admirers "the Burns of the Highlands," was born at Broadford, isle of Skye, in the year 1762. He was educated at Forres, to which his parents removed when he was a lad, and obtained his training as a poet among the wilds of his native hills. Having acquired a knowledge of the classics, as well as of general literature and learning, young Ross was found qualified and received the appointment of parish school-master at Gairloch. He was a warm admirer of the songs of other poets, which, together with his own compositions, he sang with great skill and beauty in a clear and melodious tenor voice. As a Gaelic scholar he was highly distinguished, and he possessed a thorough acquaintance with the science of music, being able to play on several instruments.

Ross celebrated the praises of *uisq-bea* in several spirited lyrics, which continue to be popular to this day among his countrymen. In the summer of 1872 the writer heard one of them sung by a stalwart Highlander when half way through the grand and gloomy pass of Gleneoche, and we have since listened to his Gaelic lyrics sung over bumpers of Glenlivet in a Canadian cabin near the shores of the Saguenay. The chief theme of the young poet's inspiration was not, however, Highland whisky, but Mary Ross, a rosy, golden-haired Hebridean, who remained coldly indifferent to all his lyrical attacks. Her indifference and ultimate rejection of his suit are believed to have proved fatal to the too susceptible minstrel, who died at Gairloch in 1790.

"'Twas not a life,
'Twas but a piece of childhood thrown away;"

can be truly said of this sober, simple-hearted, and winsome young Highlander, as well as of many of his brother-singers of Scotland—Bruce and John Bethune, Fergusson and John Finlay, Hislop, Pollok, Robert Nicoll, and other poets, who passed away to the silent land before they had seen thirty summers.

“The Last Lay of Love” was composed by the dying poet after he was made aware of his approaching end, the immediate cause of which was consumption and asthma, precipitated, it is said, by the espousal of his fair mistress to another lover, and her departure with her husband for her new home in England. Writing of his poetry, Ross’s biographer remarks: “It is difficult to determine in what species of poetry William Ross most excelled—so much is he at home in every department. His pas-

toral poem, ‘Oran an t-Samhraidh,’ abounds in imagery of the most delightful kind. He has eschewed the sin of M’Intyre’s verbosity and M’Donald’s anglicisms, and luxuriates amid scenes which, for beauty and enchantment, are never surpassed. His objects are nicely chosen—his descriptions graphic—his transitions, although we never tire of any object he chooses to introduce, pleasing.” Another says: “William Ross chiefly delighted in pastoral poetry, of which he seized the true and genuine spirit. ‘Moladh na h’òighe Gaelich,’ or his ‘Praise of the Highland Maid,’ is a master-piece in this species of composition. It embraces everything that is lovely in a rural scene: and the description is couched in the most appropriate language.” A good edition of his poems was published in Glasgow in 1834.

THE HIGHLAND MAID.

Let the maids of the Lowlands
Vaunt their silks and their Hollands,
In the garb of the Highlands
 Oh give me my dear!
Such a figure for grace!
For the loves such a face!
And for lightness the pace
 That the grass shall not stir.

Lips of cherry confine
Teeth of ivory shine,
And with blushes combine
 To keep us in thrall.
Thy converse exceeding
All eloquent pleading,
Thy voice never needing
 To rival the fall
Of the music of art,—
Steal their way to the heart,
And resistless impart
 Their enchantment to all.

When *Beltane* is over,
And summer joys hover,
With thee a glad rover
 I’ll wander along,
Where the harp-strings of nature
Are strung by each creature,
And the sleep shall be sweeter
 That lulls to their song.
There, bounding together,
On the lawn of the heather,

And free from the tether,
 The heifers shall throng.

There shall pasture the ewes,
There the spotted goats browse,
And the kids shall arouse
 In their madness of play;
They shall butt, they shall fight,
They shall emulate flight,
They shall break with delight
 O’er the mountains away,
And there shall my Mary
With her faithful one tarry,
And never be weary
 In the hollows to stray.

While a concert shall cheer us,
For the bushes are near us;
And the birds shall not fear us,
 We’ll harbour so still.

Strains the mavis his throat,
Lends the cuckoo her note,
And the world is forgot
 By the side of the hill.

THE BARD IN THE SOUTH.

The dawn it is breaking; but lonesome and eerie
Is the hour of my waking, afar from the glen.
Alas! that I ever came a wanderer thither,
Where the tongue of the stranger is racking my brain!

Cleft in twain is my heart, all my pleasure be-
traying;
The half is behind, but the better is straying
The shade of the hills and the copes away in,
And the truant I call to the Lowlands in vain.

I know why it wanders,—it is to be treading
Where long I frequented the haunts of my dear,
The meadow so dewy, the glades so o'erspreading,
With the gowans to lean on, the mavis to cheer.

It is to be tending where heifers are wending,
And the birds, with the music of love, are con-
tending;
And rapture, its passion to innocence lending,
Is a dance in my soul, and a song in my ear.

THE LAST LAY OF LOVE.

Reft the charm of the social shell
By the touch of the sorrowful mood;
And already the worm, in her cell,
Is preparing the birth of her brood.

She blanches the hue of my cheek,
And exposes my desperate love;
Nor needs it that death should bespeak
The hurt no remeid can remove.

The step, 'twas a pleasure to trace,
Even that has withdrawn from the scene;
And, now, not a breeze can displace
A leaf from its summit of green,

So prostrate and fallen to lie,
So far from the branch where it hung,
As, in dust and in helplessness, I,
From the hope to which passion had clung.

Yet, benison hide! where thy choice
Deems its bliss and its treasure secure,
May the months in thy blessings rejoice,
While their rise and their wane shall
endure!

For me, a poor warrior, in blood
By thy arrow shot steeped, I am prone,
The glow of ambition subdued,
The weapons of rivalry gone.

Yet, cruel to mock me, the base
Who scoff at the name of the bard,
To scorn the degree of my race,
Their toil and their travail, is hard.

Since one, a bold yeoman, ne'er drew
A furrow unstraight or unpaid;
And the other, to righteousness true,
Hung even the scales of his trade.

And I—ah! they should not compel
To waken the theme of my praise;
I can boast over hundreds to tell
Of a chief in the conflict of lays.

And now it is over—the heart
That bounded, the hearing that thrill'd,
In the song-fight shall never take part,
And weakness gives warning to yield.

As the discord that raves 'neath the cloud,
That is raised by the dash of the spray
When waters are battling aloud,
Bewilderment bears me away.

And to measure the song in its charm,
Or to handle the viol with skill,
Or beauty with carols to warm,
Gone for ever, the power and the will.

No never, no never, ascend
To the mountaiu-pass glories shall I,
In the cheer of the chase to unbend;
Enough, it is left but to die.

And yet, shall I go to my rest,
Where the dead of my brothers repair—
To the hall of the bards not unblest,
That their worthies before me are there!

WILLIAM REID.

BORN 1764 — DIED 1831.

WILLIAM REID, a bookseller and publisher, who had a happy gift of successfully adding verses to already popular poems and songs, was born at Glasgow, April 10, 1764. His education was limited to the English branches,

and at the age of fifteen he became a book-seller's apprentice. In 1790 he formed a partnership with his friend James Brash, and entered upon the career of bookseller and publisher, the firm being Brash and Reid. Their

shop soon became a resort of the authors and poets of that period, and among the number of Reid's friends was Robert Burns, who was often amused by the bookseller's little rhymes. One of these trifles, which happens to have been preserved by the writer's father, was composed on the occasion of a bookseller opening a new shop in Glasgow with an extensive collection of divinity:

"Ye that would mend your faith and hope,
Repair to the new Gospel shop;
Whene'er your faith begins to coggle,
Ye'll be set straight by Maurice Ogle."

Between 1795 and 1798 Brash and Reid published in numbers *Poetry Original and Selected*, which at the end of four years extended to four small volumes. To this work, which is now exceedingly rare, Reid and his partner made numerous original contributions. The former is remembered in his native city as a highly respectable business man, an enthusiastic patron of poets and other *literati*, and as a genial companion, overflowing with wit and humour. Dr. Strang, in his agreeable volume *Glasgow and its Clubs*, remarks of Reid that, "To a peculiarly placid temper he united a strong smack of broad humour, and an endless string of personal anecdotes, which

he detailed with a gusto altogether his own. Of all things he loved a joke, and indulged in this vein even at the risk of causing the momentary displeasure either of an acquaintance or a customer; we say *momentary*, for, with all his jesting and jocularity, he never really said, we believe, one word which was meant to offend. To 'laugh and grow fat' was his constant motto, and consequently he never troubled himself either about his own obesity, or about that of any one else who might follow his laughing example."

After a prosperous business career of more than forty years William Reid died in his native city, Nov. 29, 1831, deeply regretted by troops of friends and admirers, for while living his love of fun and frolic "aye gat him friends in ilka place." He wrote few complete pieces, his peculiar gift being the addition of stanzas to successful Scottish songs and poems, among which may be mentioned the ill-fated Fergusson's "Lea Rig," and Burns' "John Anderson" and "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," all of which appear among the following selections from Reid's writings. Other versions of "Kate o' Gowrie" and "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen" will be found elsewhere in this Work.

KATE O' GOWRIE.

When Katie was scarce out nineteen
Oh! but she had twa coal-black een!
A bonnier lass ye wadna seen
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.
Quite tired o' livin' a' his lane,
Pate did to her his love explain.
And swore he'd be, were she his ain,
The happiest lad in Gowrie.

Quo' she, "I winna marry thee,
For a' the gear that ye can gi'e;
Nor will I gang a step aje
For a' the gowd in Gowrie.
My father will gi'e me twa kye;
My mother's gaun some yarn to dye;
I'll get a gown just like the sky,
Gif I'll no gang to Gowrie."

"Oh, my dear Katie, say nae sae!
Ye little ken a heart that's wae;
Hae! there's my hand; hear me, I pray,
Sin' thou't no gang to Gowrie:

Since first I met thee at the shiel,
My saul to thee's been true and leal;
The darkest night I fear nae deil,
Warlock, or witch in Gowrie.

"I fear nae want o' claes nor nocht,
Sic silly things my mind ue'er taught;
I dream a' nicht, and start about,
And wish for thee in Gowrie.
I lo'e thee better, Kate, my dear,
Than a' my riggs and out-gaun gear;
Sit down by me till ance I swear,
Thou'rt worth the Carse o' Gowrie."

Syne on her mou' sweet kisses laid,
Till blushes a' her cheeks o'erspread;
She sigh'd, and in soft whispers said,
"Oh, Pate, tak' me to Gowrie!"
Quo' he, "Let's to the auld folk gang;
Say what they like, I'll bide their gang,
And bide a' nicht, though beds be thrang;
But I'll hae thee to Gowrie."

The auld folk syne baith gi'ed consent;
 The priest was ca'd: a' were content;
 And Katie never did repent
 That she gaed hame to Gowrie.
 For routh o' bonnie bairns had she;
 Mair strapping lads ye wadna see;
 And her braw lasses bore the gree
 Frae a' the rest o' Gowrie.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
 And bannocks in Strathbogie,
 But naething drives away the spleen
 Sae weel's a social cogie.
 That mortal's life nae pleasure shares
 Wha broods o'er a' that's fogie;
 Whane'er I'm fash't wi' worldly cares,
 I drown them in a cogie.

Thus merrily my time I pass,
 With spirits brisk and vogie,
 Blest wi' my buiks and my sweet lass,
 My cronies and my cogie.
 Then haste and gi'e's an auld Scots sang
 Sic like as Kathrine Ogie:
 A gude auld sang comes never wrang,
 When o'er a social cogie.

JOHN ANDERSON.¹

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 I wonder what ye mean,
 To rise sae early in the morn,
 And sit sae late at e'en;
 Ye'll blear out a' your e'en, John,
 And why should you do so?
 Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When Nature first began
 To try her canny hand, John,
 Her masterpiece was man;
 And you amang them a', John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe—
 She proved to be nae journeywark,
 John Anderson, my jo.

¹ In a collection of poetry published by Brash and Reid is given what is called an improved version of this song, consisting of six stanzas, said to be the production of Burns. He wrote the second and fourth verses (see page 370), the above are from the pen of Reid.—ED.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit;
 And ye needna think it strange, John,
 That I ea' ye trim and neat;
 Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
 I never think ye so;
 But I think ye're aye the same to me,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We've seen our bairns' bairns;
 And yet, my dear John Anderson,
 I'm happy in your arms;
 And sae are ye in mine, John,
 I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no;
 Tho' the days are gane that we have seen,
 John Anderson, my jo.

THE LEA-RIG.²

Will ye gang o'er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O!
 And cuddle there fu' kindly
 Wi' me, my kind dearie, O!
 At thorny bush, or birken tree,
 We'll daff and never weary, O!
 They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
 My ain kind dearie, O!

Nae herds wi' kent or collie there,
 Shall ever come to fear ye, O!
 But lav'rocks, whistling in the air,
 Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O!
 While ithers herd their lambs and ewes,
 And toil for world's gear, my jo,
 U'pon the lea my pleasure grows,
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O!

At gloamin' if my lane I be,
 Oh, but I'm wondrous eerie, O!
 And mony a heavy sigh I gi'e,
 When absent frae my dearie, O!
 But seated 'neath the milk-white thorn,
 In ev'ning fair and clearie, O!
 Enraptured, a' my cares I scorn,
 When wi' my kind dearie, O!

Whar through the birks the burnie rows,
 Aft hae I sat fu' cheerie, O!
 U'pon the bonnie greensward howes,
 Wi' thee, my kind dearie, O!
 I've courted till I've heard the crow
 Of honest chanticleerie, O!

² The first two stanzas of this song were written by Robert Fergusson.—ED.

Yet never missed my sleep aye,
When wi' my kind dearie, O!

For though the night were ne'er sae dark,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!
While in this weary world of wae,
This wilderness sae dreary, O!
What makes me blythe, and keeps me sae?
'Tis thee, my kind dearie, O!

FAIR MODEST FLOWER.

Fair modest flower, of matchless worth!
Thou sweet enticing bonnie gem,
Blest is the soil that gave thee birth,
And blest thine honour'd parent stem.
But doubly blest shall be the youth
To whom thy heaving bosom warms;
Possess'd of beauty, love, and truth,
He'll clasp an angel in his arms.
Though storms of life were blowing snell,
And on his brow sat brooding care,

Thy seraph smile would quick dispel
The darkest gloom of black despair.
Sure Heaven hath granted thee to us,
And chose thee from the dwellers there,
And sent thee from celestial bliss,
To show what all the virtues are.

OF A' THE AIRTS.

Upon the banks o' flowing Clyde
The lasses busk them braw;
But when their best they hae put on,
My Jeanie dings them a':
In hamely weeds she far exceeds
The fairest o' the toun;
Baith sage and gay confess it sae,
Though drest in russit gown.

The gamesome lamb that sucks its dam
Mair harmless canna be;
She has nae faut, if sie ye ca't,
Except her love for me;
The sparkling dew, o' clearest hue,
Is like her shining een;
In shape and air wha can compare
Wi' my sweet lovely Jean?

JAMES GRAHAME.

BORN 1765 — DIED 1811.

JAMES GRAHAME, whose principal poem will long endear his name to all who can appreciate the devout thoughts and poetic feeling which it inspires, was born at Glasgow, April 22, 1765. After passing through a regular academical course at the university of his native city, he entered the law office of his cousin, Laurence Hill, of Edinburgh. His own wishes would have led him to the church, but the youthful poet passively acquiesced in his father's decision. In 1791 he became a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet; but the confinement to his desk being found injurious to his health, which was always delicate, he turned his attention to the bar, and in March, 1793, was admitted as a member of the Faculty of Advocates. Three years later he married the daughter of Richard Grahame, Esq., of Annan.

While at the Glasgow University, young Grahame issued a collection of his poems, which in an amended form appeared in 1797; and four years later he published, "Mary Stuart, an Historical Drama," which, although it contains numerous fine passages, failed in commanding much attention. "The Sabbath," the best of his productions, and the one on which his reputation rests, made its appearance anonymously in 1804. So cautious was Grahame that he should not be known as the author, that he exacted a promise of secrecy from the printer, whom he was in the habit of meeting clandestinely, at obscure coffee-houses, in order to correct the proofs, but never twice at the same place, lest they should attract observation. The secret was even concealed from his own family, and the mode he took to communicate it to Mrs. Grahame presents a pleasing picture

of his amiable and diffident disposition. On its publication the poet brought the book home with him and left it on the parlour table. Returning soon after he found his wife engaged in its perusal: but without venturing to ask her opinion, he continued to walk up and down the room in breathless anxiety, till she burst out with the warmest eulogium on the performance, adding, "Ah, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!" The acknowledgment of the authorship, and the hearing of the acknowledgment, must, under such circumstances, have afforded exquisite pleasure to both.

"The Sabbath" was subjected to a severe ordeal of criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*; but the critic afterwards made ample atonement to the wounded feelings of the poet and his friends, in reviewing his subsequent work, the "British Georgics," an example which it would have been well for Byron to have imitated, by expressing regret for the wanton and cruel attack made on the poem and its gentle author when he called it a "volume of cant by sepulchral Grahame." The world would not have been the loser if his lordship, in lieu of "Don Juan" and other similar productions, had written some of the same kind of "cant." In 1805 a second edition of "The Sabbath" was published, to which Grahame added "Sabbath Walks;" and such had become the popularity of the poem, that three editions were sold the same year. Robert Southey, who greatly admired it, said, "While the criticasters of his own country were pronouncing sentence of condemnation upon it for its pious dulness and inanity, 'The Sabbath' had found its way from one end of Great Britain to the other."

In 1806 Grahame gave to the world another delightful poem, "The Birds of Scotland," containing pictures of the charming creatures, with descriptions of their haunts and habits almost rivalling in graphic fidelity those of Audubon and Alexander Wilson. It was written at Kirkhall, a beautiful and retired spot on the banks of the Esk, where he resided during two successive summers. It was near the ruins of the once splendid residence of the sanguinary Mackenzie,¹ and the humble cottage

of John Kilgour, whom he has in his poem so interestingly contrasted. It is also in the same beautiful poem that he makes allusion to the youthful days spent at his father's cottage on the romantic banks of the Cart, showing that those happy days were still fresh and green in his memory:—

"I love thee, pretty bird!² for 'twas thy nest
Which first, unhelped by older eyes, I found;
The very spot I think I now behold
Forth from my low-roofed home I wandered blythe
Down to thy side, sweet Cart, where cross the stream
A range of stones, below a shallow ford,
Stood in the place of the new-spanning arch;
Up from that ford a little bank there was,
With alder copse and willow overgrown,
Now worn away by mingling winter floods;
There, at a bramble root, sunk in the grass,
The hidden prize, of withered field-straws formed,
Well lined with many a coil of hair and moss,
And in it laid five red-veined spheres, I found."

The most ambitious, but the least interesting of Grahame's works, entitled the "British Georgics," appeared in 1809. "No practical farmer," wrote Lord Jeffrey, "will ever submit to be schooled in blank verse, however near it may approach to prose, or will ever condescend to look into the 'British Georgics' for instruction; while the lovers of poetry must be very generally disgusted by the tediousness of those discourses on practical husbandry which break in every now and then, so ungracefully, on the loftier strains of the poet. They who do read on, however, will be rewarded, we think, by many very pleasing and beautiful passages; and even those whose natures are too ungentle to admire this kind of poetry must love the character from which it proceeds, and which it has so strong a tendency to form."

At this period Grahame's original desire of entering the church was revived with irresistible power, and his father's death having relieved him from all wish to continue in the law, he proceeded to London in May, 1809, where he was soon after ordained by the Bishop of Norwich. He was appointed to the curacy of Shefton Mayne, in Gloucestershire, and was afterwards settled for some time in the parish of Sedgefield. Declining health induced him to visit Edinburgh for medical advice, and after a brief sojourn there he proceeded to Whitehall, the seat of his eldest brother, where

¹ Sir George Mackenzie, lord-advocate of Scotland from 1674 to 1686, notorious for the part he played in the religious persecutions.

² The yellow hammer.

he breathed his last on September 14, 1811, in the forty-seventh year of his age. Grahame has been often compared with Cowper, whom in many respects he resembles. He has no humour or satire, it is true, but the same powers of close and happy observation which the poet of Olney applied to English scenery, were directed by Grahame to that of Scotland, and both were strictly devout and national poets. There is perhaps no author, excepting Burns, whose productions Scotchmen of education, separated from their native land, read with more delight, than the poems of the Rev. James Grahame.

Professor Wilson, a hearty friend and admirer

of the amiable and pious poet, paid the following truthful tribute to his memory:—

“Such glory, Grahame! is thine: thou didst despise
To win the ear of this degenerate age
By gorgeous epithets, all idly heap'd
On theme of earthly state, or idler still,
By tinkling measures and unchasten'd lays,
Warbled to pleasure and her siren train,
Profaning the best name of poesy.
With loftier aspirations, and an aim
More worthy man's immortal nature, thou
That holiest spirit that still loves to dwell
In the upright heart and pure, at noon of night
Didst fervently invoke, and, led by her
Above the Aonian mount, send from the stars
Of heaven such soul-subduing melody
As Bethlehem shepherds heard when Christ was born.”

THE SABBATH.¹

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle, and the milkmaid's
song.

The scythe lies glitt'ring in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze:
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the
dale;

And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose eurling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village
broods:

The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.

¹ The poem of “The Sabbath” will long endear the name of James Grahame to all who love the due observance of Sunday, and are acquainted with the devout thoughts and poetic feeling which it inspires.—*Allan Cunningham*.

The most lively, the most lovely sketches of natural scenery, of minute imagery, and of exquisite incident unexpectedly developed, occur in his compositions with ever-varying, yet ever-assimilating features.—*James Montgomery*.

Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on
man,

Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheeded of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning-ray.

But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys;—
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screen'd from the winter's
cold

And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or
tree;

But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves:
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With cover'd face and upward, earnest eye.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pile mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning-air pure from the city's smoke,
While, wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the
bough,

As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved
ground:

The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-
pleas'd;

These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God: these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues:
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:

The people rising, sing, "With harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;" harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a soften'd stop controls,
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.

Again the organ-peat, loud rolling, meets
The halleluiahs of the choir: sublime
A thousand notes sympathiously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheer'd;
He smiles on death; but, ah! a wish will rise—
"Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!
No lukewarm accents from my lips should flow;
My heart would sing; and many a Sabbath-day
My steps should thither turn; or, wand'ring far
In solitary paths, where wild flowers blow,
There would I bless His name who led me forth
From death's dark vale, to walk amid those
sweets,

Who gives the bloom of health once more to glow
Upon this cheek, and lights this languid eye."

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands,
The vaulted firmament: far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezecless air;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save where the linnet lights upon the spray;
Where not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom;
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath-noon:
Silence his praise: his disembodied thoughts,

Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyreal.—

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath-service of the shepherd-boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound is lull'd
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps: the volume clos'd,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he
sings

The sacred lays, his weekly lesson, conn'd
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learn'd, where humble
worth

Pines unrewarded by a thankless State.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race, to godliness devote.
What though the sceptic's scorn hath dared to
sail

The record of their fame! What though the men
Of worldly minds have dared to stigmatize
The sister-cause, Religion and the Law,
With Superstition's name! yet, yet their deeds,
Their constancy in torture and in death,—
These on tradition's tongue still live, these shall
On history's honest page be pictured bright
To latest times. Perhaps some bard, whose muse
Disdains the servile strain of Fashion's choir,
May celebrate their unambitious names.
With them each day was holy, every hour
They stood prepared to die, a people doom'd
To death; old men, and youths, and simple
maids.

With them each day was holy; but *that* morn
On which the angel said, "See where the Lord
Was laid," joyous arose; to die that day
Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways,
O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes,
they sought

The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas: fast by such brooks,
A little glen is sometimes scoop'd, a plat
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers
seem

Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foil'd
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws:
There, leaning on his spear (one of the array
That, in the times of old, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The infatuate monarch and his wavering host,
Yet rang'd itself to aid his son dethroned),

The lyart veteran heard the word of God
 By Cameron thunder'd, or by Renwick pour'd
 In gentle stream: then rose the song, the loud
 Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
 Her plaint; the solitary place was glad,
 And on the distant cairns, the watcher's ear¹
 Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
 But years more gloomy follow'd; and no more
 The assembled people dared, in face of day,
 To worship God, or even at the dead
 Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
 And thunder-peals compell'd the men of blood
 To crouch within their dens; then dauntlessly
 The scatter'd few would meet, in some deep dell
 By rocks o'er-canopied, to hear the voice,
 Their faithful pastor's voice; he by the gleam
 Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
 And words of comfort spake: over their souls
 His accents soothing came, as to her young
 The heathfowl's plumes, when at the close of eve
 She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
 By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
 Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast
 They cherish'd cower amid the purple blooms.

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
 The house of prayer itself, no place inspires
 Emotions more accordant with the day,
 Than does the field of graves, the land of rest:
 Oft at the close of evening-prayer, the toll,
 The funeral-toll, announces solemnly
 The service of the tomb; the homeward crowds
 Divide on either hand: the pomp draws near;
 The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
 "I am the resurrection and the life."
 Ah me! these youthful bearers robed in white,
 They tell a mournful tale; some blooming friend
 Is gone, dead in her prime of years: 'twas she,
 The poor man's friend, who, when she could not
 give,

With angel-tongue pleaded to those who could,
 With angel-tongue and mild beseeching eye,
 That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
 For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,
 Rejoiced to die; for happy visions bless'd
 Her voyage's last days,² and, hovering round,
 Alighted on her soul, giving presage
 That heaven was nigh.—Oh what a burst
 Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy
 Her heavenward eyes suffused! Those eyes are
 closed:

¹ Sentinels were placed on the surrounding hills, to give warning of the approach of the military.—*G. Grahame.*

² Towards the end of Columbus's voyage to the New World, when he was already near, but not in sight of land, the drooping hopes of his mariners (for his own confidence seems to have remained unmoved), were revived by the appearance of birds, at first hovering round the ship, and then lighting on the rigging.—*Grahame.*

Yet all her loveliness is not yet flown:
 She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
 Retains that smile; as when a waveless lake,
 In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
 Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,
 Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
 Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
 Again that knell! The slow procession stops:
 The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick-emboss'd
 With melancholy ornaments (the name,
 The record of her blossoming age), appears
 Unveil'd, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
 The final rite. Oh! hark that sullen sound!
 Upon the lower'd bier the shovell'd clay
 Falls fast, and fills the void.—

But who is he
 That stands aloof, with haggard wistful eye,
 As if he coveted the closing grave?
 And he does covet it; his wish is death:
 The dread resolve is fixed; his own right hand
 Is sworn to do the deed: the day of rest
 No peace, no comfort, brings his woe-worn spirit;
 Self-cursed, the hallow'd dome he dreads to enter;
 He dares not pray; he dares not sigh a hope;
 Annihilation is his only heaven.
 Loathsome the converse of his friends! he shuns
 The human face; in every careless eye
 Suspicion of his purpose seems to lurk.
 Deep piny shades he loves, where no sweet note
 Is warbled, where the rook unceasing caws:
 Or far in moors, remote from house or hut,
 Where animated nature seems extinct,
 Where even the hum of wandering bee ne'er
 breaks

The quiet slumber of the level waste;
 Where vegetation's traces almost fail,
 Save where the leafless cannachs wave their tufts
 Of silky white, or massy oaken trunks
 Half-buried lie, and tell where greenwoods grew—
 There on the heathless moss outstretch'd, he
 broods

O'er all his ever-changing plans of death:
 The time, place, means, sweep, like a moonlight
 rack,

In fleet succession, o'er his clouded soul—
 The poniard, and the opium draught, that brings
 Death by degrees, but leaves an awful chasm
 Between the act and consequence; the flash
 Sulphureous, fraught with instantaneous death;
 The ruin'd tower perch'd on some jutting rock,
 So high that, 'tween the leap and dash below,
 The breath might take its flight in midway air;
 This pleases for a time; but on the brink,
 Back from the toppling edge his fancy shrinks
 In horror; sleep at last his breast becalms,
 He dreams 'tis done; but starting wild awakes,
 Resigning to despair his dream of joy.
 Then hope, faint hope revives—hope that Despair
 May to his aid let loose the demon Frenzy,
 To lead scared Conscience blindfold o'er the brink

Of Self-destruction's cataract of blood.
 Most miserable, most incongruous wretch!
 Dar'st thou to spurn thy life, the boon of God,
 Yet darest to approach his holy place?
 Oh dare to enter in! maybe some word,
 Or sweetly chanted strain, will in thy heart
 Awake a chord in unison with life.
 What are thy fancied woes to his whose fate
 Is (sentence dire!) incurable disease,
 The outcast of a lazar-house, homeless,
 Or with a home where eyes do scowl on him?
 Yet he, even he, with feeble step draws near,
 With trembling voice joins in the song of praise.
 Patient he waits the hour of his release;
 He knows he has a home beyond the grave.

Or turn thee to that house, with studded doors,
 And iron-visor'd windows,—even there
 The Sabbath sheds a beam of bliss, though faint;
 The debtor's friends (for still he has some friends)
 Have time to visit him; the blossoming pea,
 That climbs the rust-worn bar, seems fresher
 tinged;
 And on the little turf, this day renew'd,
 The lark, his prison mate, quivers the wing
 With more than wanted joy. See, through the
 bars,
 That pallid face retreating from the view,
 That glittering eye following, with hopeless look,
 The friends of former years, now passing by
 In peaceful fellowship to worship God:
 With them, in days of youthful years, he roam'd
 O'er hill and dale, o'er broomy knove; and wist
 As little as the blithest of the band
 Of this his lot; condemn'd, condemn'd unheard,
 The party for his judge: among the throng,
 The Pharisaical hard-hearted man
 He sees pass on, to join the heaven-taught prayer,
 "Forgive our debts, as we forgive our debtors:"
 From unforgiving lips most impious prayer!
 Oh happier far the victim, than the hand
 That deals the legal stab! The injured man
 Enjoys internal, settled calm; to him
 The Sabbath-bell sounds peace; he loves to meet
 His fellow-sufferers, to pray and praise:
 And many a prayer, as pure as o'er was breathed
 In holy faunes, is sigh'd in prison halls.
 Ah me! that clank of chains, as kneel and rise
 The death-doom'd row. But see, a smile illumines
 The face of some; perhaps they're guiltless: Oh!
 And must high-minded honesty endure
 The ignominy of a felon's fate?
 No, 'tis not ignominious to be wrong'd;
 No;—conscious exultation swells their hearts,
 To think the day draws nigh, when in the view
 Of angels, and of just men perfect made,
 The mark which rashness branded on their names
 Shall be effaced; when, wafted on life's storm,
 Their souls shall reach the Sabbath of the skies;
 As birds, from bleak Norwegia's wintry coast,
 Blown out to sea, strive to regain the shore,

But, vainly striving, yield them to the blast,
 Swept o'er the deep to Albion's genial isle,
 Amazed they light amid the bloomy sprays
 Of some green vale, there to enjoy new loves,
 And join in harmony unheard before.

Relentless Justice! with fate-furrow'd brow!
 Wherefore to various crimes, of various guilt,
 One penalty, the most severe, allot?
 Why, pall'd in state, and nitred with a wreath
 Of nightshade, dost thou sit portentously,
 Beneath a cloudy canopy of sighs,
 Of fears, of trembling hopes, of boding doubts,
 Death's dart thy mace? Why are the laws of
 God,

Statutes promulg'd in characters of fire,
 Despised in deep concerns, where heavenly guid-
 ance

Is most required? The murd'rer—let *him* die
 And him who lifts his arm against his parent,
 His country, or his voice against his God.
 Let crimes less heinous, dooms less dreadful meet
 Than loss of life! So said the law divine,
 That law beneficent, which mildly stretch'd
 To the forgotten and forlorn the hand
 Of restitution: yes, the trumpet's voice
 The Sabbath of the jubilee¹ announced:
 The freedom-freighted blast, through all the land
 At once, in every city, echoing rings,
 From Lebanon to Carmel's woody cliffs,
 So loud, that far within the desert's verge
 The couching lion starts, and glares around.
 Free is the bondman now, each one returns
 To his inheritance. The man, grown old
 In servitude, far from his native fields,
 Hastes joyous on his way; no hills are steep,
 Smooth is each rugged path; his little ones
 Sport as they go, while oft the mother chides
 The lingering step, lured by the wayside flowers.
 At length the hill from which a farewell look,
 And still another parting look, he threw
 On his paternal vale, appears in sight:
 The summit gain'd, throbs hard his heart with joy
 And sorrow blent, to see that vale once more!
 Instant his eager eye darts to the roof
 Where first he saw the light; his youngest born
 He lifts, and, pointing to the much-loved spot,
 Says, "There thy fathers lived, and there they
 sleep."

Onward he wends; near and more near he draws:
 How sweet the tinkle of the palm-bower'd brook!
 The sunbeam slanting through the cedar grove
 How lovely, and how mild! but lovelier still
 The welcome in the eye of ancient friends,
 Scarce known at first! and dear the fig-tree shade,
 'Neath which on Sabbath eve his father told²
 Of Israel from the house of bondage freed,
 Led through the desert to the promised land;

¹ See Lev. xxv. 8-10.

² See Deut. vi. 6, 7, 21.

With eager arms the aged stem he clasps,
 And with his tears the furrow'd bark bedews:
 And still, at midnight-hour, he thinks he hears
 The blissful sound that brake the bondman's
 chains,
 The glorious peal of freedom and of joy!

Did ever law of man a power like this
 Display? power marvellous as merciful,
 Which, though in other ordinances still
 Most plainly seen, is yet but little mark'd
 For what it truly is—a miracle!
 Stupendous, ever new, perform'd at once
 In every region, yea, on every sea
 Which Europe's navies plough;—yes, in all lands
 From pole to pole, or civilized or rude,
 People there are to whom the Sabbath morn
 Dawns, shedding dews into their drooping hearts:
 Yes, far beyond the high-heaved western wave,
 Amid Columbia's wildernesses vast,
 The words which God in thunder from the mount
 Of Sinai spake, are heard, and are obey'd.
 Thy children, Scotia, in the desert land,
 Driven from their homes by fell Monopoly,
 Keep holy to the Lord the seventh day.
 Assembled under loftiest canopy
 Of trees primeval (soon to be laid low),
 They sing, “By Babel's streams we sat and wept.”

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
 To regions where the morn of life was spent!
 In foreign lands, though happier be the elime,
 Though round our board smile all the friends we
 love,

The face of Nature wears a stranger's look.
 Yea, though the valley which we love be swept
 Of its inhabitants, none left behind,
 Not even the poor blind man who sought his
 bread

From door to door, still, still there is a want;
 Yes, even he, round whom a night that knows
 No dawn is ever spread, whose native vale
 Presented to his closed eyes a blank,
 Deplores its distance now. There well he knew
 Each object, though unseen; there could he wend
 His way guideless through wilds and mazy woods;
 Each aged tree, spared when the forest fell,
 Was his familiar friend, from the smooth birch,
 With rind of silken touch, to the rough elm:
 The three gray stones, that marked where heroes
 lay,
 Mourn'd by the harp, mourned by the melting
 voice

Of Cona, oft his resting-place had been:
 Oft had they told him that his home was near:
 The tinkle of the rill, the murmuring
 So gentle of the brook, the torrent's rush,
 The cataract's din, the ocean's distant roar,
 The echo's answer to his foot or voice,
 All spoke a language which he understood,
 All warn'd him of his way. But most he feels

Upon the hallow'd morn the saddening change:
 No more he hears the glad some village bell
 Ring the bless'd summons to the house of God;
 And for the voice of psalms, loud, solemn, grand,
 That cheer'd his darkling path, as with slow step
 And feeble he toil'd up the spire-topp'd hill,
 A few faint notes ascend among the trees.

What though the cluster'd vine there hardly
 tempts
 The traveller's hand; though birds of dazzling
 plume

Perch on the loaded boughs; “Give me thy woods,
 (Exclaims the banish'd man), thy barren woods,
 Poor Scotland; sweeter there the reddening haw,
 The sloe, or rowan's bitter bunch, than here
 The purple grape; more dear the redbreast's
 note,

That mourns the fading year in Scotia's vales,
 Than Philomel's, where spring is ever new;
 More dear to me the redbreast's sober suit,
 So like a wither'd leaflet, than the glare
 Of gaudy wings that make the Iris dim.”

Nor is regret exclusive to the old:
 The boy, whose birth was midway o'er the main,
 A ship his cradle, by the billows rock'd,
 “The nursing of the storm,”—although he claims
 No native land, yet does he wistful hear
 Of some far-distant country still call'd home,
 Where lambs of whitest fleece sport on the hills,
 Where gold-speck'd fishes wanton in the streams;
 Where little birds, when snowflakes dim the air,
 Light on the floor, and peck the table-crumbs,
 And with their singing cheer the winter day.

But what the loss of country to the woes
 Of banishment and solitude combined!
 Oh! my heart bleeds to think there now may live
 One hapless man, the remnant of a wreck,
 Cast on some desert island of that main
 Immense, which stretcheth from the Cochin shore
 To Acapulco. Motionless he sits,
 As is the rock his seat, gazing whole days
 With wandering eye o'er all the watery waste;
 Now striving to believe the albatross
 A sail appearing on the horizon's verge;
 Now vowing ne'er to cherish other hope
 Than hope of death. Thus pass his weary hours,
 Till welcome evening warn him that 'tis time,
 Upon the shell-notch'd calendar to mark
 Another day—another dreary day—
 Changeless—for in these regions of the sun,
 The wholesome law that dooms mankind to toil,
 Bestowing grateful interchange of rest
 And labour, is annull'd; for there the trees,
 Adorn'd at once with bud, and flower, and fruit,
 Drop, as the breezes blow, a shower of bread
 And blossoms on the ground: but yet by him,
 The hermit of the deep, not unobserved
 The Sabbath passes,—'tis his great delight.

Each seventh eve he marks the farewell ray,
 And loves and sighs to think that setting sun
 Is now empurpling Scotland's mountain-tops,
 Or, higher risen, slants athwart her vales,
 Tinting with yellow light the quivering throat
 Of day-spring lark, while woodland birds below
 Chant in the dewy shade. Thus, all night long
 He watches, while the rising moon describes
 The progress of the day in happier lands.
 And now he almost fancies that he hears
 The chiming from his native village church;
 And now he sings, and fondly hopes the strain
 May be the same that sweet ascends at home
 In congregation full,—where, not without a tear,
 They are remember'd who in ships behold
 The wonders of the deep:¹ he sees the hand,
 The widowed hand, that veils the eye suffused:
 He sees his orphan boy look up, and strive
 The widowed heart to soothe. His spirit leans
 On God. Nor does he leave his weekly vigil,
 Though tempests ride o'er welkin-lashing waves
 On winds of cloudless wing;² though lightnings
 burst

So vivid, that the stars are hid and seen
 In awful alternation: calm he views
 The far-exploding firmament, and dares
 To hope—one bolt in mercy is reserved
 For his release; and yet he is resign'd
 To live; because full well he is assured
 Thy hand does lead him, thy right hand upholds.³

And thy right hand does lead him. Lo! at last,
 One sacred eve, he hears, faint from the deep,
 Music remote, swelling at intervals,
 As if th' embodied spirit of sweet sounds
 Came slowly floating on the shoreward wave:
 The cadence well he knows—a hymn of old,
 Where sweetly is rehearsed the lowly state
 Of Jesus, when his birth was first announced,
 In midnight music, by an angel choir,
 To Bethlehem's shepherds, as they watch'd their
 flocks.

Breathless, the man forlorn listens, and thinks
 It is a dream. Fuller the voices swell;
 He looks, and starts to see, moving along,
 The semblance of a fiery wave,⁴ in crescent form,
 Approaching to the land; straightway he sees
 A towering whiteness; 'tis the heaven-fill'd sails
 That waft the mission'd men, who have renounced
 Their homes, their country, nay, almost the world,

¹ See Psal. cvii. 23, 24.

² In the tropical regions, the sky during storms is often without a cloud.—*Grahame*.

³ See Psal. cxxxix. 9, 10.

⁴ In some seas, as particularly about the coast of Malabar, as a ship floats along, it seems during the night to be surrounded with fire, and to leave a long tract of light behind it. Whenever the sea is gently agitated, it seems converted into little stars; every drop, as it breaks, emits light, like bodies electrified in the dark.—*Darwin*.

Bearing glad tidings to the furthest isles
 Of ocean, that the dead shall rise again.
 Forward the gleam-girt castle coastwise glides.
 It seems as it would pass away. To cry
 The wretched man in vain attempts, in vain,
 Powerless his voice, as in a fearful dream:
 Not so his hand; he strikes the flint, a blaze
 Mounts from the ready heap of withered leaves;
 The music ceases; accents harsh succeed,
 Harsh, but most grateful; downward drop the
 sails;

Engulf'd the anchor sinks; the boat is launch'd;
 But cautious lies aloof till morning dawn;
 Oh then the transport of the man, unused
 To other human voice beside his own,
 His native tongue to hear! He breathes at home,
 Though earth's diameter is interposed.
 Of perils of the sea he has no dread,
 Full well assured the mission'd bark is safe,
 Held in the hollow of th' Almighty's hand;
 (And signal thy deliverances have been
 Of those thy messengers of peace and joy).
 From storms that loudly threaten to unfix
 Islands rock-rooted in the ocean's bed,
 Thou dost deliver them—and from the calm,
 More dreadful than the storm, when motionless
 Upon the purple deep the vessel lies
 For days, for nights, illumed by phosphor lamps;
 When sea-birds seem in nests of flame to float;
 When backward starts the boldest mariner
 To see, while o'er the side he leans, his face
 As if deep-tinged with blood.

Let worldly men

The cause and combatants contemptuous scorn,
 And call fanatics them who hazard health
 And life, in testifying of the truth,
 Who joy and glory in the cross of Christ!
 What were the Galilean fishermen
 But messengers commission'd to announce
 The resurrection and the life to come?
 They too, though clothed with power of mighty
 works

Miraculous, were oft received with scorn;
 Oft did their words fall powerless, though enforced
 By deeds that mark'd Omnipotence their friend.
 But when their efforts fail'd, unweariedly
 They onward went, rejoicing in their course.
 Like helianthus,⁵ borne on downy wings
 To distant realms, they frequent fell on soils
 Barren and thankless; yet oft-times they saw
 Their labours crown'd with fruit an hundred-fold,
 Saw the new converts testify their faith
 By works of love, the slave set free, the sick
 Attended, prisoners visited, the poor
 Received as brothers at the rich man's board.

⁵ "Sunflower." The seeds of many plants of this kind are furnished with a plume, by which admirable mechanism they are disseminated far from their parent stem.—*Darwin*.

Alas! how different now the deeds of men
Nursed in the faith of Christ!—the free made
slaves!

Stolen from their country, borne across the deep,
Enchain'd, endungeon'd, forced by stripes to live,
Doom'd to behold their wives, their little ones,
Tremble beneath the white man's fiend-like frown!
Yet even to scenes like this, the Sabbath brings
Alleviation of the enormous woe:
The oft-reiterated stroke is still;
The clotted scourge hangs hardening in the
shrouds.

But see, the demon man, whose trade is blood,
With dauntless front, convene his ruffian crew,
To hear the sacred service read. Accursed,
The wretch's bile-tinged lips profane the Word
Of God: accursed, he ventures to pronounce
The decalogue, nor falters at that law
Wherein 'tis written, Thou shalt do no murder.
Perhaps, while yet the words are on his lips,
He hears a dying mother's parting groan;
He hears her orphan'd child, with lisping plaint,
Attempt to rouse her from the sleep of death.

O England! England! wash thy purpled hands
Of this foul sin, and never dip them more
In guilt so damnable; then lift them up
In supplication to that God whose name
Is Mercy; then thou may'st, without the risk
Of drawing vengeance from the surecharged clouds,
Implore protection to thy menaced shores;
Then God will blast the tyrant's¹ arm that grasps
The thunderbolt of ruin o'er thy head;
Then will he turn the wolfish race to prey
Upon each other; then will he arrest
The lava torrent, causing it regorge
Back to its source with fiery desolation.

Of all the murderous trades by mortals plied,
'Tis War alone that never violates
The hallow'd day by simulate respect,
By hypocritic rest: no, no, the work proceeds.
From sacred pinnacles are hung the flags²
That give the sign to slip the leash from slaughter;
The bells³ whose knoll a holy calmness pour'd
Into the good man's breast, whose sound consoled
The sick, the poor, the old—perversion dire—
Pealing with sulph'rous tongue, speak death-
fraught words:
From morn to eve Destruction revels frenzied,
Till at the hour when peaceful vesper chimes
Were wont to soothe the ear, the trumpet sounds
Pursuit and flight altern; and for the song
Of larks descending to their grass-bowered homes,
The croak of flesh-gorged ravens, as they slake
Their thirst in hoof-prints fill'd with gore, disturbs
The stupor of the dying man: while Death

Triumphantly sails down th' ensanguined stream,
On corseS throned, and crown'd with shiver'd
boughs,
That erst hung imaged in the crystal tide.⁴

And what the harvest of these bloody fields?
A double weight of fetters to the slave,
And chains on arms that wielded Freedom's
sword.

Spirit of Tell! and art thou doom'd to see
Thy mountains, that confess'd no other chains
Than what the wintry elements had forged—
Thy vales, where Freedom, and her stern compeer,
Proud virtuous Poverty, their noble state
Maintain'd, amid surrounding threats of wealth,
Of superstition, and tyrannic sway—
Spirit of Tell! and art thou doom'd to see
That land subdued by Slavery's basest slaves,
By men whose lips pronounce the sacred name
Of Liberty, then kiss the despot's foot?
Helvetia! hadst thou to thyself been true,
Thy dying sons had triumph'd as they fell:
But 'twas a glorious effort, though in vain.
Aloft thy Genius, 'mid the sweeping clouds,
The flag of Freedom spread; bright in the storm
The streaming meteor waved, and far it gleam'd!
But, ah! 'twas transient as the iris' areh,
Glanced from leviathan's ascending shower,
When 'mid the mountain waves heaving his head,
Already had the friendly-seeming foe
Possess'd the snow-piled ramparts of the land;
Down like an avalanche they rolled, they crushed
The temple, palace, cottage, every work
Of art and nature, in one common ruin.
The dreadful crash is o'er, and peace ensues—
The peace of desolation, gloomy, still:
Each day is like a Sabbath; but, alas!
No Sabbath-service glads the seventh day;
No more the happy villagers are seen,
Winding adown the rock-hewn paths that wont
To lead their footsteps to the house of prayer;
But, far apart, assembled in the depth
Of solitudes, perhaps a little group
Of aged men, and orphan boys, and maids
Bereft, list to the breathings of the holy man
Who spurns an oath of fealty to the power
Of rulers chosen by a tyrant's nod.
No more, as dies the rustling of the breeze,
Is heard the distant vesper-hymn; no more
At gloaming hour the plaintive strain, that links
His country to the Switzer's heart, delights
The loosening team; or if some shepherd-boy
Attempt the strain,⁵ his voice soon faltering stops;
He feels his country now a foreign land.

O Scotland! canst thou for a moment brook

⁴ After a heavy cannonade, the shivered branches of trees and the corpses of the killed are seen floating together down the rivers.—*Grahame.*

⁵ The "Ranz des Vaches."

¹ Bonaparte.

² Church-steepleS are frequently used as signal-posts.

³ In revolutionary France bells were melted into balls

The mere imagination, that a fate
 Like this can e'er be thine, that o'er those hills,
 And dear-bought vales, whence Wallace, Douglas,
 Bruce,
 Repell'd proud Edward's multitudinous hordes,
 A Gallic foe, that abject race, should rule?
 No, no! let never hostile standard touch
 Thy shore: rush, rush into the dashing brine,
 And crest each wave with steel; and should the
 stamp
 Of Slavery's footstep violate the strand,
 Let not the tardy tide efface the mark;
 Sweep off the stigma with a sea of blood.

But truce with war, at best a dismal theme:
 Thrice happy he who, far in Scottish glen
 Retired (yet ready at his country's call),
 Has left the restless emmet-hill of man!
 He never longs to read the saddening tale
 Of endless wars; and seldom does he hear
 The tale of woe; and ere it reaches him,
 Rumour, so loud when new, has died away
 Into a whisper, on the memory borne
 Of casual traveller: as on the deep,
 Far from the sight of land, when all around
 Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell,
 That gently heaves the ship, tells, as it rolls,
 Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrow'n.

O Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales;
 But most, on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
 Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
 Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song
 Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
 Or when the simple service ends, to hear
 The lifted latch, and mark the gray-hair'd man,
 The father and the priest, walk forth alone
 Into his garden-plot or little field,
 To commune with his God in secret prayer—
 To bless the Lord that in his downward years
 His children are about him; sweet meantime,
 The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
 Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
 When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
 Nor is the contrast between youth and age
 To him a painful thought; he joys to think
 His journey near a close; heaven is his home.
 More happy far that man, though bowed down,
 Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
 Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
 Of riches and of fame, who have renounced
 The glorious promise of the life to come,
 Clinging to death. Or mark that female face,
 The faded picture of its former self,
 The garments coarse but clean; frequent at
 church,
 I've noted such a one, feeble and pale,
 Yet standing, with a look of mild content,
 Till beckon'd by some kindly hand to sit.
 She had seen better days; there was a time
 Her hands could earn her bread, and freely give

To those who were in want; but now old age
 And lingering disease have made her helpless.
 Yet is she happy, aye, and she is wise,
 (Philosophers may sneer, and pedants frown,)
 Although her Bible be her only book;
 And she is rich, although her only wealth
 Be recollection of a well-spent life—
 Be expectation of the life to come.
 Examine here, explore the narrow path
 In which she walks; look not for virtuous deeds
 In history's arena, where the prize
 Of fame or power prompts to heroic acts.
 Peruse the lives themselves of men obscure;
 There charity, that robs itself to give,
 There fortitude in sickness nursed by want,
 There courage that expects no tongue to praise
 There virtue lurks, like purest gold deep-hid
 With no alloy of selfish motive mixed.
 The poor man's boon, that stints him of his bread,
 Is prized more highly in the gift of Him
 Who sees the heart, than golden gifts from hands
 That scarce can know their countless treasures
 less:
 Yea, the deep sigh that heaves the poor man's
 breast
 To see distress, and feel his willing arm
 Palsied by Penury, ascends to Heaven,
 While ponderous bequests of lands and goods
 Ne'er rise above their earthly origin.

And should all bounty that is clothed with
 power
 Be deem'd unworthy? Far be such a thought!
 Even when the rich bestow, there are sure tests
 Of genuine charity: yes, yes, let wealth
 Give other alms than silver or than gold—
 Time, trouble, toil, attendance, watchfulness,
 Exposure to disease—yes, let the rich
 Be often seen beneath the sick man's roof;
 Or cheering, with inquiries from the heart,
 And hopes of health, the melancholy range
 Of couches in the public wards of woe:
 There let them often bless the sick man's bed,
 With kind assurances that all is well
 At home, that plenty smiles upon the board,
 The while the hand that earn'd the frugal meal
 Can hardly raise itself in sign of thanks.
 Above all duties, let the rich man search
 Into the cause he knoweth not, nor spurn
 The suppliant wretch as guilty of a crime.

Ye bless'd with wealth! (another name for power
 Of doing good), oh would ye but devote
 A little portion of each seventh day
 To acts of justice to your fellow-men!
 The house of mourning silently invites.
 Shun not the crowded alley; prompt descend
 Into the half-sunk cell, darksome and damp;
 Nor seem impatient to be gone: inquire,
 Console, instruct, encourage, soothe, assist;

Read, pray, and sing a new song to the Lord;
Make tears of joy down grief-worn furrows flow.

O Health! thou sun of life, without whose
beam

The fairest scenes of nature seem involved
In darkness, shine upon my dreary path
Once more; or, with thy faintest dawn, give hope
That I may yet enjoy thy vital ray:
Though transient be the hope, 'twill be most
sweet,

Like midnight music, stealing on the ear,
Then gliding past, and dying slow away.
Music! thou soothing power, thy charm is proved
Most vividly when clouds o'ercast the soul,—
So light displays its loveliest effect
In lowering skies, when through the murky rack
A slanting sunbeam shoots, and instant limus
Th' ethereal curve of seven harmonious dyes,
Eliciting a splendour from the gloom:
O Music! still vouchsafe to tranquillize
This breast perturb'd; thy voice, though mourn-
ful, soothes;

And mournful aye are thy most beauteous lays,
Like fall of blossoms from the orchard boughs,
The autumn of the spring: enchanting Power!
Who, by thy airy spell, canst whirl the mind
Far from the busy hints of men, to vales
Where Tweed or Yarrow flows; or, spurning time,
Recall red Flodden field; or suddenly
Transport, with alter'd strain, the deafen'd ear
To Linden's plain!—But what the pastoral lay,
The melting dirge, the battle's trumpet-peal,
Compar'd to notes with sacred numbers link'd
In union, solemn, grand! Oh then the spirit,
Upborne on pinions of celestial sound,
Soars to the throne of God, and ravish'd hears
Ten thousand times ten thousand voices rise
In slow explosion—voices that erewhile
Were feebly tuned, perhaps, to low-breathed
hymns
Of solace in the chambers of the poor,
The Sabbath worship of the friendless sick.

Bless'd be the female votaries,¹ whose days
No Sabbath of their pious labours prove,
Whose lives are consecrated to the toil
Of ministr'ing around the uncurtain'd couch
Of pain and poverty: blessed be the hands,
The lovely hands (for beauty, youth, and grace
Are oft conceal'd by Pity's closest veil),
That mix the cup medicinal, that bind
The wounds which ruthless warfare and disease
Have to the loathsome lazar-house consign'd.

Fierce Superstition of the mitred king!
Almost I could forget thy torch and stake,
When I this blessed sisterhood survey,

¹ Beguine nuns.

Compassion's priestesses, disciples true
Of him whose touch was health, whose single
word

Electrified with life the palsied arm,
Of him who said, "Take up thy bed, and walk"—
Of him who cried to Lazarus, "Come forth."

And he who cried to Lazarus, "Come forth,"
Will, when the Sabbath of the tomb is past,
Call forth the dead, and reunite the dust
(Transform'd and purified) to angel souls.
Ecstatic hope! belief! conviction firm!
How grateful 'tis to recollect the time
When hope arose to faith! Faintly at first
The heavenly voice is heard: then by degrees
Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.
Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long
Has dwelt in city-crowds, wandering afield
Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring
Unfold the daisy's bud, delighted hears
The first lark's note, faint yet, and short the song,
Check'd by the chill ungenial northern breeze;
But, as the sun ascends, another springs,
And still another soars on loftier wing,
Till all o'er head, the joyous choir unscen,
Poised welkin-high, harmonious fills the air,
As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven.

THE BIRDS OF SCOTLAND.²

(EXTRACT.)

The woodland song, the various vocal choirs,
That harmonize fair Scotia's streamy vales;
Their habitations, and their little joys;
The winged dwellers on the leas, and moors,
And mountain cliffs; the woods, the streams
themselves,
The sweetly rural, and the savage scene,—
Haunts of the plumy tribes,—be these my theme!

Come, Fancy, hover high as eagle's wing:
Bend thy keen eye o'er Scotland's hills and
dales;
Float o'er her farthest isles; glance o'er the
main:
Or, in this briary dale, flit with the wren,
From twig to twig; or, on the grassy ridge,
Low nestle with the lark. Thou, simple bird,
Of all the vocal choir, dwell'st in a home

² Grahame's "Birds of Scotland" is a delightful poem: yet its best passages are not superior to some of Clare's about the same charming creatures—and they are with ornithologists after Audubon's and our own heart.—*Professor Wilson.*

The "Birds of Scotland" is a fine series of pictures, giving the form, the plumage, the haunts and habits of each individual bird with a graphic fidelity rivaling the labours of Wilson—*Allan Cunningham.*

The humblest; yet thy morning song ascends
Nearest to heaven,—sweet emblem of his song,¹
Who sung thee wakening by the daisy's side!

With earliest spring, while yet the wheaten blade
Scarce shoots above the new-fallen shower of snow,
The skylark's note, in short excursion, warbles:
Yes! even amid the day-obscuring fall,
I've marked his wing winnowing the feathery flakes
In widely-circling horizontal flight.
But, when the season genial smiles, he towers
In loftier poise, with sweeter, fuller pipe,
Cheering the ploughman at his furrow end,—
The while he clears the share, or, listening, leans
Upon his paddle-staff, and, with raised hand,
Shadows his half-shut eyes, striving to scan
The songster melting in the flood of light.

On tree or bush no lark was ever seen:
The daisied lea he loves, where tufts of grass
Luxuriant crown the ridge; there, with his mate,
He founds their lowly house, of withered bents,
And coarsest speargrass; next, the inner work
With finer and still finer fibres lays,
Rounding it curious with his speckled breast.
How strange this untaught art! it is the gift,
The gift innate of Him, without whose will
Not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.

And now the assiduous dam her red-speckled
treasure
From day to day increases, till complete
The wanted number, blythe, beneath her breast,
She cherishes from morn to eve,—from eve
To morn shields from the dew, that globuled lies
Upon her mottled plumes; then with the dawn
Upsprings her mate, and wakes her with his song.
His song full well she knows, even when the sun,
High in his morning course, is hailed at once
By all the lofty warblers of the sky:
But most his downward-veering song she loves;
Slow the descent at first, then, by degrees,
Quick, and more quick, till suddenly the note
Ceases; and, like an arrow-fledge, he darts,
And, softly lighting, perches by her side.

But now no time for hovering welkin-high,
Or downward-gliding strain; the young have
chipped,
Have burst the brittle cage, and gaping bills
Claim all the labour of the parent pair.
Ah, labour vain! the herd-boy long has marked
His future prize; the ascent, and glad return,
Too oft he viewed; at last, with prying eyes,
He found the spot, and joyful thought he held
The full-ripe young already in his hand,
Or bore them lightly to his broom-roofed field:
Even now he sits, amid the rushy mead,
Half-hid, and warps the skep with willow rind,

¹ Burns.

Or rounds the lid, still adding coil to coil,
Then joins the osier hinge; the work complete
Surveying, oft he turns, and much admires,
Complacent with himself; then hies away
With plundering intent. Ah, little think
The harmless family of love, how near
The robber treads! he stoops, and parts the grass,
And looks with eager eye upon his prey.
Quick round and round the parents fluttering
wheel,
Now high, now low, and utter shrill the plaint
Of deep distress.—But soon forgot *their* woe!
Not so with *man*; year after year *he* mourns,
Year after year the mother weeps her son,
Torn from her struggling arms by ruffian grasp,
By robbery legalized.

Low in a glen,
Down which a little stream had furrowed deep,
'Tween meeting birchen boughs, a shelvy channel,
And brawling mingled with the western tide;
Far up that stream, almost beyond the roar
Of storm-bulged breakers, foaming o'er the rocks
With furious dash, a lowly dwelling lurked,
Surrounded by a circle of the stream.
Before the wattled door, a greensward plat,
With daisies gay, pastured a playful lamb;
A pebbly path, deep-worn, led up the hill,
Winding among the trees, by wheel untouched,
Save when the winter fuel was brought home,—
One of the poor man's yearly festivals.
On every side it was a sheltered spot,
So high and suddenly the woody steeps
Arose. One only way, downward the stream,
Just o'er the hollow, 'tween the meeting boughs.
The distant wave was seen, with, now and then,
The glimpse of passing sail; but, when the breeze
Crested the distant wave, this little nook
Was all so calm, that, on the limberest spray,
The sweet bird chanted motionless, the leaves
At times scarce fluttering. Here dwelt a pair,
Poor, humble, and content; one son alone,
Their William, happy lived at home to bless
Their downward years; he, simple youth,
With boyish fondness, fancied he would love
A seaman's life, and with the fishers sailed,
To try their ways, far 'mong the western isles,
Far as Saint Kilda's rock-walled shore abrupt,
O'er which he saw ten thousand pinions wheel
Confused, dimming the sky. These dreary shores
Gladly he left; he had a homeward heart:
No more his wishes wander to the waves.
But still he loves to cast a backward look,
And tell of all he saw, of all he learned;
Of pillared Staffa, lone Iona's isle,
Where Scotland's kings are laid; of Lewis, Skye,
And of the mainland mountain-circled lochs;
And he would sing the rowers' tuning chant,
And chorus wild. Once on a summer's eve,
When low the sun behind the Highland hills
Was almost set, he sung that song, to cheer

The aged folks; upon the inverted quern
The father sat; the mother's spindle hung
Forgot, and backward twirled the half-spun
thread;

Listening with partial well-pleased look, she gazed
Upon her son, and inly blessed the Lord
That he was safe returned. Sudden a noise
Bursts rushing through the trees; a glance of steel
Dazzles the eye, and fierce the savage band
Glare all around, then single out their prey.
In vain the mother clasps her darling boy,
In vain the sire offers their little all:
William is bound; they follow to the shore,
Implore, and weep, and pray; knee-deep they
stand,
And view in mute despair the boat recede.

TO MY SON.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps totter'd o'er the ground,
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine
ear,

By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
O! Nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refined!
O! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than Beauty's magic smile:
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss, unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise,—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give!
For, O! it would a joy in death impart,
To think I still survived within his heart;
To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look, bedimm'd with tears;
And tell, regretful, how I look'd and spoke;
What walks I loved; where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand;
How gently use the accent of command;
What love I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn;
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him, the way, the truth, the life.

But, far and farther still my view I bend,—
And now I see a child thy steps attend:—
To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant
play;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing, thou tell'st him, *There thy grandsire
lies!*

THE WILD DUCK AND HER BROOD.

How calm that little lake! no breath of wind
Sighs through the reeds; a clear abyss it seems,
Held in the concave of the inverted sky,—
In which is seen the rook's dull flagging wing
Move o'er the silvery clouds. How peaceful sails
Yon little fleet, the wild duck and her brood!
Fearless of harm, they row their easy way;
The water-lily, 'neath the plummy prows,
Dips, re-appearing in their dimpled track.
Yet, even amid that scene of peace, the noise
Of war, unequal, dastard war, intrudes.
Yon revel rout of men, and boys, and dogs,
Boisterous approach; the spaniel dashes in;
Quick he descries the prey; and faster swims,
And eager barks; the harmless flock, dismay'd,
Hasten to gain the thickest grove of reeds,
All but the parent pair; they, floating, wait
To lure the foe, and lead him from their young;
But soon themselves are forced to seek the shore.
Vain then the buoyant wing; the leaden storm
Arrests their flight; they, fluttering, bleeding fall,
And tinge the troubled bosom of the lake.

THE POOR MAN'S FUNERAL.

Yon motely, sable-suited throng, that wait
Around the poor man's door, announce a tale
Of woe; the husband, parent, is no more.
Contending with disease, he labour'd long,
By penury compell'd; yielding at last,
He laid him down to die; but, lingering on
From day to day, he from his sick-bed saw,
Heart-broken quite, his children's looks of want
Veil'd in a clouded smile: alas! he heard
The elder lispingly attempt to still
The younger's plaint,—languid he raised his head,
And thought he yet could toil, but sunk
Into the arms of Death, the poor man's friend!

The coffin is borne out; the humble pomp
Moves slowly on; the orphan mourner's hand
(Poor helpless child!) just reaches to the pull.
And now they pass into the field of graves,
And now around the narrow house they stand,
And view the plain black board sink from the
sight.

Hollow the mansion of the dead resounds,
As falls each spadeful of the bone-mix'd mould.
The turf is spread; uncover'd is each head,—
A last farewell! all turn their several ways.

Woe's me! those tear-dimm'd eyes, that sobbing
breast!
Poor child! thou thinkest of the kindly hand
That went to lead thee home. No more that hand

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

TO A REDBREAST THAT FLEW IN
 AT MY WINDOW.

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

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

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

HELEN D. STEWART.

BORN 1765—DIED 1838.

Mrs. DUGALD STEWART, the second wife of the celebrated professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, was born in the year 1765. Her maiden name was Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun, third daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun, youngest son of William, fifth Lord Cranstoun. She became the wife of Dugald Stewart—a benevolent, upright, and liberal man of undoubted talent—one of the most polished writers of his day, and as fascinating a teacher as ever occupied a university chair—July 26, 1790. Having survived her distinguished husband ten years, she died at Wariston House, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, July 23, 1838. Mrs. Stewart was a sister of the celebrated Countess Purgstall, the subject of Capt. Basil Hall's *Schloss Hainfeld*. Hew Ainslie, the venerable Scottish poet, who lived under her roof while Lord Palmerston

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

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