













THE  
POETS AND POETRY  
OF  
SCOTLAND.











1787-1870



THE  
POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME

COMPRISING CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE MORE  
NOTEWORTHY SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES

By JAMES GRANT WILSON

*ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS ENGRAVED ON STEEL*

VOL. I.

FROM THOMAS THE RHYMER TO RICHARD GALL.  
BORN A.D. 1219                      BORN A.D. 1776



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I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing  
but the thread that binds them is mine own.

MONTAIGNE.

A floury grene  
Full thiek of grass, full soft and sweet,  
With floures fele faire undir feet,  
And little used.

CHAUCER.

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## PREFACE.

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THE purpose of this Work is to give a comprehensive view of Scottish Poetry from the earliest to the present time, in a condensed and easily accessible form. Comparatively few persons can command sufficient leisure to enable them to examine thoroughly, in these busy days upon which we have fallen, the wilderness of separate volumes of the Scottish poets, and still fewer can afford to place them on the shelves of their libraries. Many readers regret being thus deprived of the opportunity of becoming fully acquainted in a systematic manner with a body of poetry and song, than which there is none superior in the literature of any land ancient or modern. To all such the present Work it is believed will come as a great boon. It will be found to present selections from the writings of some two hundred and twenty Scottish poets, sufficiently ample in extent to enable the reader to form a precise opinion respecting the style and merits of the authors.

Another purpose of this Work is to supply what has long been a desideratum in Scottish literature—concise biographies of the poets, with notices of their works, and critical remarks upon their writings—to tell, in short, when they lived, what they wrote, and the estimation in which their writings are held by competent authorities. To quote the words of one whose poems are included in this Collection, “We have undertaken to discourse here for a little on the Poets, what ideas men have formed of them, what work they did.”

The two volumes in which this Work is comprised will be found to contain a large and satisfying proportion of all that is truly beautiful among the productions of the best-known Scottish poets. That every reader should find in these pages every one of his favourite poems is perhaps too much to expect; but it is believed that of those on which the unanimous verdict of the intelligent has set the seal of being worthy of preservation, few, if any, will be found wanting. The work covers a period of above six hundred years, the first poem in the collection having been written about the middle of the thirteenth century, and the latest during the third quarter of the nineteenth. Embraced within the time from THOMAS THE RHYMER to ROBERT BUCHANAN will

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be found more than ten-score names of Scottish singers, not all alike in the measure of their fame, for "one star differeth from another star in glory;" but names that are thought to be worthy of honourable mention among the minstrels of their native land—that noble brotherhood who speak for themselves in tones of harmony, grandeur, and pathos, and upon whom Wordsworth bestowed his benediction:—

" Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares,—  
 The Poets! who on earth have made us heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

The writings of the earlier poets being couched in language not easily understood except by students of ancient literature, it has been deemed expedient to restrict the extracts from their works to short specimens, which, however, exhibit the form in which their thoughts were conveyed. But to enable the reader fully to understand the nature and scope of these writings, detailed descriptions have been given of their subject matter, with such explanations as seemed to be required. On the other hand, full scope has been given to the more modern poets, from whose writings very copious extracts have been made; and many admirable and lengthy productions, such as Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," Beattie's "Minstrel," Blair's "Grave," Home's "Douglas," Grahame's "Sabbath," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," and Pollok's "Course of Time," appear in full in these pages. Other poems of too great length to be given complete, are represented by such ample extracts that after their perusal the reader will find himself quite at home with the author.

Independently of names like those of Burns and Scott, that stand as landmarks in the world's literature, it may be truthfully asserted that no nation beneath the sun is more abundant than Scotland in local bards that sing of her streams and valleys and heathery hills, till almost every mountain and glen, every lake and brook of North Britain, has been celebrated in sweet and undying song. If it be true, as it has been said, that Scotland has given birth to two hundred thousand poets, the Editor asks for a generous and kindly consideration in his delicate and difficult duty of selecting some two hundred and twenty names from that large number, as well as for such other shortcomings as may doubtless be discovered in a work of this nature.

It is the peculiar good fortune of the compiler of these volumes, the preparation of which has been with him for several years a labour of love, to be able to present to his readers unpublished poems by Robert Burns, William Tennant, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Henry Scott Riddell, John Leyden, Hew Ainslie, Evan MacColl, and others who find an appropriate



niche in this Walhalla. There remains the agreeable duty of returning grateful thanks to the authors who have contributed original contributions to these pages, and to other living writers and their publishers, who have given permission to make use of copyright poems, as well as to many friends who have communicated information and in various ways afforded facilities to the Editor in the preparation of this Work.

There is a passage in an ancient volume which appears to be appropriate as a concluding paragraph to this introductory page. Cotton Mather remarks, in the dedication to his *Decennium Luctuosum*, "Should any *petit monsieur* complain (as the captain that found not himself in the tapestry hangings which exhibited the story of the Spanish invasion in 1588) that he don't find himself mentioned in this history, the author has this apology: He has done as well and as much as he could, that whatever was worthy of a mention might have it; and if this collection of matters be not complete, yet he supposes it may be more complete than any one else hath made; and now he hath done, he hath not pulled up the ladder after him; others may go on as they please with a completer composure."

NEW YORK, *January*, 1876.



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THE

POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

PERIOD 1219 TO 1776.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

BORN 1219 — DIED 1299.

SO little is known with certainty concerning Thomas the Rhymer, the "day-starre" of Scottish poetry, that even his name has long been a subject of controversy. No other bard of ancient or modern times is more rich in designations. Commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, he is also known as Thomas Rymer, Sir Thomas Learmont or Lermont, Thomas of Ereildoune, and Thomas Rymer of Ereldon, the name given to him by his son, and one that existed in the poet's native county of Berwickshire during the thirteenth century. In the year 1296 one John Rimour, a Berwickshire freeholder, did homage, in company with others, to Edward I. King of England. The fact that persons named Learmoth still claim the right of sepulchre in the churchyard at Earlston as representing Thomas the Rhymer, is a fact in favour of the supposition that he

did bear that name. His territorial appellation as proprietor of a mount or hill at Ereildoune may have grown into Laird of Ersilmount, and have gradually become converted into Larsilmount or Learmont.<sup>1</sup>

But whatever may have been his name, he was undoubtedly a gentleman of condition, and his wife is believed to have been a daughter of the knight of Thirlstane, an ancestor of the Earls of Lauderdale. The same uncertainty concerning his proper designation also exists in respect to the exact time of his birth. Sir Walter Scott, who styles him the earliest Scottish poet, conjectures that he was born between 1226 and 1229, while later authorities assign 1219 as the year of his birth.

The family to which Thomas belonged seems to have taken its territorial title from Ereil-

<sup>1</sup> The biographers of Russia's greatest poet, with the single exception of Alexander Pushkin, claim for Michael Lermontof (1811-41)—whose Scottish ancestors settled in Poland in the seventeenth century, and from thence passed into the dominions and service of the first Tsar of the Romanoff dynasty—kinship with the father of Scottish poetry. Lermontof often refers in his poems to the home of his forefathers. In one he says:—

"Beneath the curtain of mist,  
Beneath a heaven of storms,  
Among the hills of my Scotland,  
Lies the grave of Ossian;  
Thither flies my weary soul,  
To breathe its native gale,  
And from that forgotten grave,  
A second time to draw its life."

And in another poem called "The Wish," he longs to

have the wings of the bird, that he might fly "to the west, to the west, where shine the fields of my ancestors," and where "in the deserted tower among the misty hills rests their forgotten dust." Above the sword and shield hanging on the ancient walls he would fly, he cries, and with his wing flick off the gathered dust of ages.

"And the chords of the harp of Scotland would I touch,  
And its sounds would fly along the vaults,  
By me alone awakened, by me alone listened to;  
No sooner resounding than dying away."

But vain are his fancies, he adds, his fruitless prayers to be delivered from the harsh laws of fate—

"Between me and the hills of my fatherland  
Spread the waves of seas;  
The last scion of a race of hardy warriors  
Withers away amid alien snows."

doune, or according to modern corruption Earlston, a small village situated on the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed. He himself resided in a Border keep at the south-western extremity of this hamlet, the ruins of which, called "Rhymer's Tower," are, after the lapse of six centuries, still to be seen; and on a stone in the front wall of the church of Earlston is the inscription:—

"Auld Rhymer's race  
Lies in this place."

Tradition says that this stone with its modernized spelling was transferred from the old church, which stood at a distance of a few yards from the existing building; also that it was substituted for a very ancient stone destroyed in 1782. The poet probably lived to be more than threescore and ten. He is known to have died before, or early in, the year 1299, as that is the date of a charter granted by his son and heir to the Trinity House at Soltra, in which he calls himself *filius et heres Thome Rynour de Erceidon*. Henry the Minstrel represents the poet to have been a companion-in-arms of Sir William Wallace in 1296; so if this authority is to be credited the poet died between that period and the date of his son's document.

Among his countrymen Thomas is celebrated as a prophet no less than a poet. The prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer were first published in Latin and English, early in the seventeenth century. Barbour, Wyntoun, and Blind Harry each refer to his prophetic character. The Bishop of St. Andrews is introduced by Barbour as saying, after Bruce had slain the Red Cumyn—

"I hop Thomas' prophye  
Of Hersildoune, were fyd be  
In him; for swa our Lord help me,  
I haiff gret hop he schall be king,  
And haiff this land all in leding."

Wyntoun's words are these:—

"Of this sycht quillum spak Thomas  
Of Erceidoun, that sayd in derne,  
Thare sould meet stalwartly, stark, and sterne.  
He said it in his prophetic  
But how he wist, it was terly."

Blind Harry represents Rhymer as saying, on being falsely informed that Sir William Wallace was dead—

"For such, or he decess,  
Mony thousand on feild shal mak thar end.  
And Scotland thriss he sall bring to the pess;  
So gud of hand agayne sall nevir be kend."

"The popular tale of the neighbourhood relates," says Sir Walter in a note to his *Border Minstrelsy*, that "Thomas was carried off at an early age to Fairy Land, where he acquired all the knowledge which afterwards made him famous. After seven years' residence he was permitted to return to the earth to enlighten and astonish the world by his prophetic powers; still, however, being bound to return to his royal mistress (the Queen of the Fairies) whenever she should intimate her pleasure. Accordingly, Thomas was making merry with his friends in the Tower of Erceidoun, when a person came running in with fear and astonishment, and told that a hart and hind had left the neighbouring forest, and were composedly and slowly parading the street of the village. The poet arose instantly and followed the animals to the forest, whence he was never seen to return. According to the popular belief he still 'drees his weird' (undergoes his doom) in Fairy Land, and is expected, at some future day, to revisit the earth."

Robert de Brunne, an English writer who was contemporary with Thomas of Erceidoun, commemorates him as the author of a metrical romance entitled "Sir Tristrem," which was supposed to be lost, till a copy of it was discovered among the Auchinleck manuscripts in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and published in 1804, with an introduction and notes by Sir Walter Scott. It was for a long time to Robert de Brunne alone that we owed the preservation of Thomas the Rhymer's fame as a poet. In the "Prolog" to his *Annals*, written about 1338, he thus records his admiration of Sir Tristrem:—

"Sir Tristrem  
Over Gestes<sup>1</sup> it has the 'steem<sup>2</sup>  
Over all that is, or was."

The recovery of this poem is of the more consequence that it presents us, in its original simplicity, with a story of great celebrity, which was subsequently altered and perverted into a thousand degenerate forms by the *disceurs* of Normandy. Sir Tristrem was one of the ancient

<sup>1</sup> Romances.

<sup>2</sup> Esteem.

heroes of Wales, and if we can trust ancient authorities acted a distinguished part in the history of King Arthur and the knights of the Round Table. Gottfried of Strasburg, a German minstrel of the thirteenth century, says "that many of his profession told the tale of Sir Tristrem imperfectly and incorrectly, but that he derived his authority from 'Thomas of Britannia,' master of the art of romance, who had read the history in British books, and knew the lives of all the lords of the land, and made them known to us." The poem is written in what Robert de Brunne calls

"so quainte Inglis  
That many one wate not what it is ;"

and Sir Walter Scott has drawn from this circumstance, combined with the originality of the romance, a conclusion of so much importance to the literary fame of Scotland, that we are induced to give it in his own words.

"It will follow," says Sir Walter, "that the first classical English romance was written in part of what is now Scotland; and the attentive reader will find some reason to believe that our language received the first rudiments of improvement in the very corner where it now exists in its most debased state. In England it is now generally admitted that after the Norman conquest, while the Saxon language was abandoned to the lowest of the people, and

while the conquerors only deigned to employ their native French, the mixed language now called English only existed as a kind of *lingua franca* to conduct the necessary intercourse between the victors and the vanquished. It was not till the reign of Henry III. that this dialect had assumed a shape fit for the purposes of the poet; and even then the indolence or taste of the minstrels of that period induced them to prefer translating the Anglo-Norman and French romances which had stood the test of years, to the more precarious and laborious task of original composition. It is the united opinion of Wharton, Tyrwhitt, and Ritson, that there exists no English romance<sup>1</sup> prior to the days of Chaucer which is not a translation of some earlier French one." While the kings and knights of England were entertained with chivalric tales, told in the French language—by the *lais* of Marie, the *romances* of Chretien de Foyes, or the *fableaux* of the *trouveurs*—the legends of Scotland, which could boast of never having owned a victor's sway, were written in that Anglo-Saxon-Pictish mixture known by the name of Inglis or English. Thomas the Rhymer, and other Scottish poets whose works have now perished, had been famed throughout Europe for romances written in their native language—the language of Chaucer, a hundred years before "the day-starre of English poetry" was born.

## SIR TRISTREM.

(EXTRACT FROM FYTTE FIRST.)

I was at (Ereeldoune :)  
With Tomas spak Y thare ;  
Ther herd Y rede in roume,  
Who Tristrem gat and bare.  
Who was king with croun ;  
And who him forsterd yare ;  
And who was bold baroun,  
As thair elders ware,  
    Bi yere :—  
Tomas tells in toum,  
This aentours as thai ware.

This semly somers day,  
In winter it is nought sen ;  
This greves wexen al gray,  
That in her time were grene :

So dos this world Y say,  
Y wis and nought at wene ;  
The gode bene al oway,  
That our elders have bene  
    To abide :—  
Of a knight is that Y mene ;  
His name is sprong wel wide.

Wald Morgen thole no wrong,  
Thei Morgan lord wes ;  
He brak his castels strong,  
His bold borwes he ches :

<sup>1</sup> Sir Walter means no romance in English written by an Englishman, for the English was at that time common to both Scotland and England.

His men he slough among.  
 And reped him mani a res:  
 The wer lasted so long,  
 Til Morgan asked pes  
 Thurch pine;  
 For sothe, withouten les,  
 His liif he wende to tine.

Thus the batayl it bigan,  
 Witeth wele it was so,  
 Bituene the Douk Morgan.  
 And Rouland that was thro.  
 That never thai no lan,  
 The pouer to wirche wo:  
 Thai spilden mani a man,  
 Betuen hem selven to,  
 In prise;  
 That on was Douk Morgan,  
 That other Rouland Riis.

The knightes that wer wise  
 A forward fast thai bond,  
 That ich a man schul joien his.  
 And seven yer to stond:  
 The Douk and Rouland Riis,  
 Therto thai bed her hond,  
 To heighe and holden priis.

And foren till Ingland,  
 To lende:  
 Markes King thai fond,  
 With knightes mani and hende.  
 To Marke the king thai went,  
 With knightes proud in pres;  
 And told him to th' ende,  
 His auentours as it wes:  
 He preyd hem as his frende,  
 To duelle with him in pes:  
 The knightes thai were hende,  
 And dede with outen les,  
 In lede:  
 A turnament they chess,  
 With knightes stithe on stede.  
 Glad a man was he  
 The trnament did erie,  
 That maidens might him se,  
 And over the walls to lye:  
 Thai asked who was fre,  
 To win the maistric:  
 Thai said that best was he,  
 The child of Ermonic,  
 In tour:  
 Forthi chosen was he.  
 To maiden Blaunche Flour.

## JOHN BARBOUR.

BORN 1316 — DIED 1395.

JOHN BARBOUR, an eminent historical poet, whose name is also written Barber, Barbere, and Barbare, was born at Aberdeen, according to Lord Hailes in 1316; other authorities have variously assigned 1320, 1326, and 1330 as the dates of his birth. He studied for the church, and in 1356 was by King David appointed to the archdeaconry of Aberdeen. In August, 1357, there was a safe-conduct granted by Edward III. of England, at the request of the Scottish king, to "John Barber, archdeacon of Aberdeen, with three scholars in his company, coming into England for the purpose of studying at the University of Oxford; *et ibidem actus scolasticos exercendo*," &c. In September of the same year he was appointed by the Bishop of Aberdeen one of his commissioners to treat at Edinburgh concerning the ransom of the Scottish king, then

a prisoner in England. In 1365 he appears to have visited St. Denis, near Paris, in company with six knights, his attendants, it is supposed, for a religious purpose, as the king of England granted them a safe-conduct through his dominions.

At the desire, it is said, of King David he composed his historical poem of "The Actes and Life of that most Victorious Conqueror, Robert Bruce, King of Scotland; wherein are contained the Martiall Deeds of those Valient Princes, Edward Bruce, Syr James Douglas, Eric Thomas Randal, Walter Stewart, and sundrie others," which he finished, as he himself informs us, in 1375. This celebrated poem, though only second in antiquity to the "Sir Tristrem" of Thomas the Rhymer, is one of the finest in the old English language. In clearness and simplicity it must rank before

either Gower or Chaucer; and in elevation of sentiment Pinkerton does not hesitate to prefer it to both Dante and Petrarch. Warton, than whom there was no better judge of the comparative merits of the early British poets, says, that "Barbour adorned the English language by a strain of versification, expression, and poetical images far superior to the age." Dr. Irving, another eminent critic, pronounces his opinion in the following words:—"Barbour seems to have been acquainted with those finer springs of the human heart which elude vulgar observation; he catches the shades of character with a delicate eye, and sometimes presents us with instances of nice discrimination. His work is not a mere narrative of events; it contains specimens of that minute and skilful delineation which marks the hand of a poet."

Had the style of the poem been much inferior to what it is, the subject is of a nature which could not fail to excite a deep interest in the breast of the Scottish people, recounting as it does the gallant deeds of some of the most renowned characters in their history: of a Bruce who rescued Scotland from the dominion of England; and of a Douglas, a Randolph, and other brave spirits, who assisted in that glorious enterprise. To this day "The Bruce"—the first epic in the English language—is a favourite work among the common people of Scotland, through the medium of a modern version. The poem is in octo-syllable lines forming rhymed couplets, of which there are seven thousand. It was first published at Edinburgh in 1616, although some authorities state that an earlier edition existed. Since that period upwards of twenty different editions have appeared, the best of which are Pinkerton's and Dr. Jamieson's, the latter published in 1826. From some passages in Wyntoun's "Chronicle," it has been supposed that Barbour wrote another poem giving a genealogical history of the kings of Scotland. In 1870 Henry Bradshaw, the learned librarian of Cambridge University Library, discovered MSS. which we can hardly err in believing to be early copies of poems hitherto unknown, by Barbour. The first is a volume which was described at the Duke of Lauderdale's sale in 1692 as a "History of the Grecian and Trojan wars," and is a metrical translation by Lydgate, a monk of Bury, of

Colonna's *Destruction of Troy*. But for some cause the volume does not explain, the translation is not entirely that of Lydgate, and twice the transcriber inserts the following note: "Here endis the monk and beginnis Barbour," with a like note at the end of each interpolated passage. These two portions consist of 1560 and 600 lines respectively, and of them Professor Cosmo Innes says that the language, and the Romance octo-syllable couplets, would satisfy those well acquainted with "The Brus" that they are unquestionably Barbour's work. The other manuscript contains the lives of about fifty saints in 32,000 lines of octo-syllable verse, translated from the Latin, which, from internal evidence, is believed to be also the production of Archdeacon Barbour.

About 1378 the sum of ten pounds was paid to Barbour by the king's command, as the first reward, it would seem, for the composition of his poem of "The Bruce." This gift was followed at the interval of a few months by a grant of a perpetual annuity of twenty shillings; and the *Rotuli Scaccarii*, after Barbour's death, state expressly that this annuity was granted "for compiling the Book of the Acts of the most illustrious prince, King Robert Bruce."

The reward which Barbour received for his second poem, now lost, was a pension for life of ten pounds a year. The grant is dated December 5, 1388. The pension was payable in two moieties—the one at Whitsunday, the other at Martinmas. The last payment which he received was at Martinmas, 1394, so that the celebrated poet must have died between that date and Whitsunday, 1395. The precise day of his death was probably March 13th, on which day Barbour's anniversary continued to be celebrated in the cathedral church of St. Machar, at Aberdeen, until the Reformation—the expense of the service being defrayed from the perpetual annuity granted to Barbour by the first of the Stewart kings in 1378. "*pro compilacione Libri de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Roberti de Brus.*" Such are all the memorials which the destructive hand of time has left us of one of the earliest and greatest of Scottish poets, the Froissart of his native land. He was justly celebrated in his own times for his learning and genius; but the humanity of his senti-

ments, and the liberality of his views, were greatly in advance of the age in which he lived. His eulogy on liberty, the very first to be found in the English language, has been often quoted, but not more often than it deserves.

### SPEECH OF KING ROBERT.<sup>1</sup>

(FROM THE BRUCE.)

And quhen the gud king gan thaim se  
 Befor him swa assemblit be;  
 Blyth and glad, that thar fayis war  
 Rabutyt apon sic maner;  
 A litill quhill he held him still;  
 Sync on this wyss he said his will.  
 "Lordingis, we aucht to love and luff  
 All mychty God, that syttis abuff,  
 That sendis ws sa fayr begynnyng.  
 It is a gret discomforting  
 Till our fayis, that on this wiss  
 Sa sone has bene rabutyt twiss.  
 For quhen thai off thair ost sall her,  
 And knaw suthly on quhat maner  
 Thair ward, that wes sa stout,  
 And syne yone othyr joly rout,  
 That I trow off the best men war.  
 That thai mycht get amang thaim thar,  
 War rabutyt sa sodanly:  
 I trow, and knawis it all clerly,  
 That mony a hart sall waverand be,  
 That semyt er off gret bounté.  
 And, fra the hart be discunmyt,  
 The body is nocht worth a myt.  
 Tharfor I trow that gud ending  
 Sall folow till our begynnyng.  
 And quhether I say nocht this yow till,  
 For that ye suld folow my will  
 To fycht; bot in yow all sall be.  
 For gill yow thinkis speidfull that we  
 Fecht, we sall; and gill ye will,  
 We leve, your liking to fulfill.  
 I sall consent, on alken wiss,  
 To do, rycht as ye will dywyss.  
 Tharfor sayis off your will planly."  
 And with a woce than gan thai cry;  
 "Gud king, for owtyu nar delay,  
 To morne alsone as ye se day,  
 Ordane yow hale for the bataill.  
 For doute off dede we sall nocht fail:  
 Na na payn sall refusyt be,  
 Quhill we haill maid our countré fre!"

Quhen the king had hard sa manlyly  
 Thai spak to fechtung, and sa hardely,

In hart gret glaidship can he ta:  
 And said; "Lordingis, sen ye will sua,  
 Schaip we ws tharfor in the mornyng.  
 Swa that we, be the sone rysing,  
 Haff herd mess; and buskyt weill  
 Ilk man in till his awn eschell,  
 With out the pailyownys, arayit  
 In bataillis, with baneris displayit.  
 And luk ye na wiss brek aray.  
 And, as ye luf me, I yow pray  
 That ilk man, for his awne honour,  
 Purway him a gud banecour.  
 And, quhen it cummys to the fycht,  
 Ilk man set hart, will, and mycht,  
 To stynt our fayis mekill prid.  
 On hors thaim will arayit rid:  
 And cum on yow in full gret hy.  
 Mete thaim with speris hardely.  
 And think than on the mekill ill,  
 That thai and tharis has done ws till;  
 And ar in will yeit for to do,  
 Giff thai haf mycht to cum thar to.  
 And certis, me think weill that ye  
 For owt abasing aucht to be  
 Worthy, and of gret wasselagis.  
 For we haff thre gret awantagis.  
 The fyrst is, that we haf the rycht:  
 And for the rycht ay God will fycht.  
 The tothyr is, that thai cummyu ar,  
 For lypynnyng off thair gret powar,  
 To sek ws in our awne land;  
 And has broucht her, rycht till our hand,  
 Ryches in to sa gret quantité,  
 That the powrest of yow sall be  
 Bath rych, and mychty thar with all,  
 Giff that we wyne, as weill may fall.  
 The thrid is, that we for our lyvis,  
 And for our childre, and for our wywis,  
 And for our fredome, and for our land.  
 Ar strenyeit in to bataill for to stand.  
 And thai, for thair mycht anerly,  
 And for thai lat of ws heychtly,  
 And for thai wald destroy ws all.  
 Mais thaim to fycht; bot yeit may fall,  
 That thai sall rew thair barganyng.  
 And certis I warne yow off a thing;  
 That happyn thaim, as God forbed;  
 That deyt on roid for mankyu heid!

<sup>1</sup> Delivered on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.



That thai wyn ws opynly,  
 Thai sall off ws haf na merey.  
 And, sen we know thair felone will,  
 Me think it suld accord to skill,  
 To set stoutnes agayne felony;  
 And mak sa gat a juperty.  
 Quharfor I yow requer, and pray,  
 That with all your mycht, that ye may,  
 Ye press yow at the begynnyng,  
 But cowardyss or abaysing,  
 To mete thaim at thair fyrst assemble  
 Sa stoutly that the henmaist trymble.  
 And menys of your gret manheid,  
 Your worschip, and your douchtid deid;  
 And off the joy that we abid,  
 Giff that ws fall, as weill may tid,  
 Hap to wencuss this gret battaill.  
 In your handys with out faile  
 Ye ber honour, price, and richés,  
 Fredome, welth, and blythnes;  
 Gyff ye contene yow manlyly.  
 And the contrar all halyly  
 Sall fall, giff ye lat cowardlyss  
 And wyktynes yow suppriss.  
 Ye mycht haf lewynt in to thredome;  
 Bot, for ye yarynt till have fredome,  
 Ye ar assemblyt her with me.  
 Tharfor is needfull that ye be  
 Worthy and wyeht, but abaysing.  
 And I warne yow weill off a thing;  
 That mar myscheff may fall ws naue,  
 Than in thair handys to be tane:  
 For thai suld sla ws, I wate weill,  
 Rycht as thai did my brothyr Nele.  
 Bot quhen I mene off your stoutnes,  
 And off the mony gret prowes,  
 That ye haff doyne sa worthely;  
 I traist, and trowis sekyrly,  
 To haff plane wietour in this fyeht.  
 For thought our fayis haf mekill mycht,  
 Thai have the wrang; and succudry,  
 And cowatyss of senyowry,  
 Amowys thaim for owtynt mor.  
 Na ws char dreid thaim, bot befor:  
 For strenth off this place, as ye se,  
 Sall let us enweronyt to be.  
 And I pray yow als specially,  
 Bath mar and les commonaly,  
 That name of yow for gredynces  
 Haff ey to tak of thair ryches:  
 Na prisoneris for to ta;  
 Quhill ye se thaim contraryt sa,  
 That the feld anerly yowris be.  
 And than, at your liking, may ye  
 Tak all the riches that thar is.  
 Giff ye will wyrk upon this wiss,  
 Ye sall haiff wietour sekyrly.  
 I wate nocht quhat mar say sall I.

Bot all wate ye quhat honour is:  
 Contene [yow] than on sic awiss,  
 That your honour ay sayvt be.  
 And Ik hycht her in leauté;  
 Giff ony deys in this bataille,  
 His ayr, but ward, releff, or taile,  
 On the fyrst day sall weid:  
 All be he neuir sa young off eild.  
 Now makys yow redy for to fyeht.  
 God help ws, that is maist of mycht!  
 I rede, armyt all nycht that we be,  
 Purwayit in bataill sua, that we  
 To mete our fayis ay be boune.”  
 Than ansueryt thair all, with a soune:  
 “As ye dywyss all sall be done.”  
 Than till thair imys went thair sone;  
 And ordanyt thaim for the fechtung:  
 Syne assemblyt in the ewynnyng;  
 And swagat all the nycht bad thair,  
 Till on the morn that it wate day.

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### THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY.<sup>1</sup>

(FROM THE BRUCE.<sup>2</sup>)

A! fredome is a nobil thing;  
 Fredome mayss a man to haiff liking.

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<sup>1</sup> Barbour, contemplating the enslaved condition of his country, breaks out into the following animated lines on the blessings of liberty.—*George Ellis*.

Some readers may more readily arrive at the meaning of this fine apostrophe through the following paraphrase:—

Ah! freedom is a noble thing,  
 And can to life a relish bring.  
 Freedom all solace to man gives;  
 He lives at ease that freely lives.  
 A noble heart may have no ease,  
 Nor aught beside that may it please,  
 If freedom fail for 'tis the choice,  
 More than the chosen, man enjoys.  
 Ah! he that ne'er yet lived in thrall,  
 Knows not the weary pains which gall  
 The limbs, the soul of him who 'plains  
 In slavery's foul and festering chains;  
 If these he knew, I ween right soon  
 He would seek back the precious boon  
 Of freedom, which he then would prize  
 More than all wealth beneath the skies.

<sup>2</sup> Our archdeacon was not only famous for his extensive knowledge in the philosophy and divinity of those times, but still more admired for his admirable genius for English poetry; in which he composed a history of the life and glorious actions of Robert Bruce. A work not only remarkable for a copious circumstantial detail of the exploits of that illustrious prince, and his brave companions in arms Randolph, Earl of Moray, and the Lord James Douglas, but also for the beauty of its style, which is not inferior to that of his contemporary, Chaucer.—*Henry's History of Great Britain*.

Fredome all solace to man giffis,  
 He levys at ess that frely levys.  
 A noble hart may haiff name ess,  
 No ellys nocht that may him pless,  
 Gyff fredome faillythe: for fre liking  
 Is yharuyt our all othir thing.  
 Na he that ay hass levyt fre,

May nocht knaw weill the propyrtie,  
 The angry, na the wrechyt dome  
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome,  
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,  
 Than all perquer he suld it wyt,  
 And suld think fredome mar to pryss  
 Than all the gold in ward that is.

## ANDREW WYNTOUN.

BORN 1350 — DIED 1420.

ANDREW WYNTOUN, or Andrew of Wyntoun, in point of time the third of the early Scottish poets whose works have been handed down to us, lived towards the close of the fourteenth century. Of the place or exact date of his birth nothing positive is known. He is believed to have been born about 1350. The rhyming chronicler was a canon-regular of St. Andrews, the most important religious establishment in the kingdom, and in or before the year 1395 he was elected prior of the monastery of St. Serf, in Lochleven. Of this Wyntoun gives an account in his "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland:"—

"Of my defeate it is my name  
 Be baptisme, Andrewe of Wyntoune,  
 Of Sanct Andrew's a chanoune  
 Regular; bot, noucht forthi  
 Of thaim all the best worthy.  
 Bot of their grace and thair favoure  
 I wes but meryt, made prioure  
 Of the Yuch withiin Lochlevyne."

In the chartulary of the priory of St. Andrews there are several public instruments by Andrew Wyntoun, as prior of Lochleven, dated between the years 1395 and 1413; and in the last page of his "Cronykil" he makes mention of the Council of Constance, which began November 16, 1414, and terminated May 20, 1418. On the supposition that he brought down his narrative of events to as late a period as he possibly could, his death may be supposed to have occurred in 1420, or the year following.

Notwithstanding the great value of Wyntoun's historical poem, written at the request of "Schyr Jhone of the Wemyis," it was suf-

fered to remain neglected for nearly four centuries. In 1795, however, an edition of that portion of it which relates more immediately to the affairs of Scotland was published, with very valuable notes by David Macpherson, who omitted the introductory portion of this famous "Cronykil," in which, after the fashion of Roger of Chester and other venerable historians, the author most learnedly treats of the creation and of the general history of the world before he reaches the subjects which more pertinently relate to his work, *i.e.* the history of Scotland. "The Chronicle of Wyntoun," says Dr. Irving, "is valuable as a picture of ancient manners, as a repository of historical anecdotes, and as a specimen of the literary attainments of our ancestors. With a perseverance of industry which had numerous difficulties to encounter, he has collected and recorded many circumstances that tend to illustrate the history of his native country; nor, rude as the composition may seem, is his work altogether incapable of interesting a reader of the present age of refinement. To those who delight to trace the progress of the human mind his unpolished production will afford a delicious entertainment." Another writer remarks "that Wyntoun's genius is certainly inferior to that of his predecessor Barbour, but that at least his versification is easy, his language pure, and his style often animated."

In Wyntoun's work the student of history will find what, in the absence of more ancient records, must be now regarded as the original accounts of numerous transactions in Scottish

story. Many of these the poet has related from his own knowledge or from the reports of eye-witnesses; and of the general fidelity of his narrative there is every reason to form the most favourable opinion, from the strict agreement which is to be found between him and other authorities, where there happens, on any fact, to be other authors to refer to—such as the “*Foedera Angliæ, or the Fragments of the Chartulary of the Priory of St. Andrews,*” from which Wyntoun drew largely and literally. Of Barbour and other writers he speaks in a generous and respectful manner, and modestly avows his inability to write equal to the author of “*Bruce,*” as in the following lines:—

“The Stewartis originale  
The Archedekyne has trefty hal,  
In metre fayre mare westyly  
Than I can thynk be my study,” &c.

That Wyntoun was a man of learning his poem gives evidence, as it contains quotations from Aristotle, Cicero, Josephus, Livy, and other ancient authors, and also mentions Augustin, Cato, Dionysius, Homer, Virgil, &c. In the “*Chronicle*” there is preserved

*the first of Scottish songs*, which is believed by several authorities to be ninety years older than Barbour’s work. Allan Cunningham deemed it too melodious and too alliterative for that early date, and as rather belonging to the same period as the rhyming chronicler himself. It is a little elegiac song on the death of Alexander III., who was accidentally killed in the year 1286:—

“Quhen Alysandyr oure Kyng wes dede,  
Dat Scotland led in luwe and le,  
Away wes sons of ale and brede,  
Of wyne and wax, of gamin and gle:  
Oure gold wes changyd in-to lede,  
Cryst, borne in-to virgynyte,  
Succour Scotland and remede,  
Dat stad is in perplexyte.”

In 1872 a new edition of Wyntoun’s work appeared, edited by David Laing, containing the suppressed or omitted portions of the “*Chronicle,*” and forming nearly one-third of the entire poem. There are several manuscript copies of the “*Chronicle,*” more or less perfect, still extant, of which the one known as the Royal MS., in the British Museum, is by general consent considered the most perfect.

## THE CHRONICLE OF SCOTLAND.

(EXTRACT.<sup>1</sup>)

Ande, or all this tyme wes gone,  
The yhowng Erle off Murrawe Jhon,  
And Schyre Archebald off Dowglas,  
That brodyr till Schyre Jamys was,  
Purchasyd thame a company,  
A thowsand wyeht men and hardy.  
Till Anand in a [tranowntyng]  
Thai come on thame in the dawng:  
Thare war syndry gud men slayne.  
Schyre Henry the Ballyoll thame agayne  
Wyth a staffe fawcht sturdly.  
And dyntis delt rycht dowehtyly,  
That men hym lovyd efftyr his day.  
Thare deyde Schyre Jhone than the Mowbray:  
And Alysawndyre the Brws wes tane.  
Bot the Ballyoll his gat is gane  
On a barme hors wyth leggys bare:  
Swa fell, that he ethchapyd thare.  
The lave, that ware noucht tane in hand,  
Fled, qwhare thai mycht fynd warrand:

Swa that all that cumpany  
Dyscumfyt ware all halyly.

The Scottis men syne, that hade dredyng.  
That Schyre Edward, off Ingland Kyng,  
Suld cum wyth fors in till oure land  
(As he dyd, nowcht agayne standand  
The pese, that sworne wes, and made,  
And confermyd wyth selys brade),  
Made ordynawns thare land to save.  
To the Erle Patryk thai gave  
The Castell off Berwyke in kepyng;  
And syne the town in governyng  
Thai gave till Alysawndyr off Seytown,  
That wes a knyght off gud renown.  
Schyre Andrew off Murrawe gud and wyeht.  
That was a bald and a stowt knyght,  
That nane bettyr wes in his day,  
Fra the gud Kyng Robert wes away,  
Was made Wardane off all the land.  
And fra he tuk that state on hand,  
He gert sowmownd his folk in by:  
And thai assemblyd hastyly.

<sup>1</sup> Book viii. chap. xxvi.

And wyth that folk he held his way  
 Till Roxburch, quhare the Ballyoll lay,  
 That had befor in England bene:  
 Off sergeandys thare and knychtis kene  
 He gat a gret company.  
 Schyre Andrew thidder can hym hy;  
 Hys men held noucht all gud array;  
 Swm yhowng men, as I herl say,  
 Come on the bryg; bot Inglis men  
 Swa gret debate made wyth thame then,  
 That thai welle swne war pwt away;  
 The bryg syne occupyd thai.  
 And in defens off Rawff Goldyng,  
 That wes borne downe on a myddyng,  
 Schyre Andrew Murrawe owt off his stale,  
 That wend, that all his menyhé hale  
 Had folowyd, bot thai dyd noucht swa  
 (For swme off thame war fere hym fra,  
 And othir swne owt off array,

For purwayd noucht at poynt war thai,  
 Swa bot full fewe wyth hym ar gane)  
 He wes nere-hand lefft hym allane,  
 To the bryg went he sturdly,  
 As all hys men had bene hym by,  
 And made sic pay, that men sayis yhete,  
 He gert fele fall down till his fete  
 Sprewland, as thai chyknys ware.  
 And qwhen his fays saw hym thare  
 Forowtyn fere feychtand allane,  
 And has hym in his armys tane,  
 And embrasyt hym sturdly,  
 [He] turnyd hym wyth hym in hy  
 For to beteche hym till his men,  
 That he wend at his bake war then,  
 Than all the Inglis company  
 Behynd stert on hym sturdly,  
 And magrawe his, thai have hym tane;  
 Bot swthly he yhald hym to nane.

## HENRY THE MINSTREL.

BORN 1360—DIED ———.

HENRY THE MINSTREL, or Blind Harry, as he was familiarly called, who commemorated the deeds of the champion of Scottish liberty in a heroic poem entitled "Ye Aetis and Deidis of ye Illuster and Vailzeand Champioun Shry William Wallace," flourished in the fifteenth century. Of his personal history we know very little—we do not even possess more than half his name; and have no means of knowing whether Henry was a Christian or surname. He is stated by Dempster to have been living in 1361; but Major, who is supposed to have been born about 1446, stated that when he was in his infancy Henry the Minstrel wrote his "Aetis and Deidis." Major also informs us that the poet was blind from his birth, and that he gained his food and clothing by the recitation of histories or "gestes" before the nobles of the land. It is said by the Minstrel himself that his work was founded on a narrative of the life of Wallace written in Latin by Arnold Blair, chaplain to the Scottish hero, and which, if it ever had existence, is now lost; and from the immediate descendants of Wallace's contemporaries.

"The Wallace" abounds in evident exagger-

rations and anachronisms, but as a poem it is simple, interesting, and exciting. As a narrative of facts it must be remembered that we have it not through the medium of the author's own pen, but through oral recitation, to the corruptions of which there are no limits. The circumstance of the poet's correctness as regards several incidents heretofore believed to be fictitious—as, for example, Wallace's expedition to France—having been recently verified by the discovery of authentic evidence, should induce us to be careful in ascribing to the Minstrel errors in which it abounds, rather than to the reciters of his work, who are much likelier to be the culprits. "That a man born blind," says George Ellis, "should excel in any science is sufficiently extraordinary, though by no means without example; but that he should become an excellent poet is almost miraculous, because the soul of poetry is description. Perhaps, therefore, it may be safely assumed that Henry was not inferior, in point of genius, to Barbour or Chaucer, nor indeed to any poet in any age or country." The praise of this eminent critic exceeds that which is justly due to Henry the Minstrel,

deservedly popular as his effusions are. "The Wallace" cannot certainly be compared to the great poem of the learned Archdeacon of Aberdeen."

"The Bruce" is evidently the work of a politician as well as a poet. The characters of the king, of his brother, of Douglas, and of the Earl of Moray are discriminated, and their separate talents always employed with judgment, so that every event is prepared and rendered probable by the means to which it is attributed; whereas the 'Life of Wallace' is a mere romance, in which the hero hews down whole squadrons with his single arm, and is indebted for every victory to his own muscular strength. Both poems are filled with descriptions of battles, but in those of Barbour our attention is successively directed to the cool intrepidity of King Robert, to the brilliant rashness of Edward Bruce, or to the enterprising stratagems of Douglas; while in Henry

we find little more than a disgusting picture of revenge, hatred, and blood." This critic errs in underrating, as the writer first quoted does in overrating, the merits of Blind Harry. The assertion that any portion of his "Wallace" is disgusting only exhibits an ignorance of the work on which the criticism is passed. The poem is in ten-syllable lines, the epic verse of a later period, and it is not deficient in poetical effect or elevated sentiment. A modern paraphrase of the poem, by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, has long been a favourite book amongst the peasantry of Scotland, and it was the reading of this volume which had so great an effect in kindling the genius and patriotic ardour of Robert Burns. The only MS. of Blind Harry's heroic poem is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and bears date 1488. The first edition of the work was published in 1570; the latest and most correct, with notes and glossary by Dr. Jamieson, in 1820.

## THE DEATH OF WALLACE.<sup>1</sup>

(FROM SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.)

On Wednesday the fals Sotheroun furth brocht,  
Till martyr him as thai befor had wrocht.  
Rycht suth it is, a martyr was Wallace,  
Als Osauold, Edmunt, Eduuard, and Thomas.  
Off men in armes led him a full gret rout.  
With a bauld spreit gud Wallace blent about:  
A preyst he askyt, for God at deit on tre.  
King Eduuard than eummandyt his clergé,  
And said; "I charge, apayn off loss off lywe,  
Nane be sa bauld yon tyrand for to schrywe.  
He has rong lang in contrar my hienace."  
A blyst byshop, sone, present in that place,  
Off Canterbury ne than was rychtwyss lord,  
Agayn the king he maid this richt reoord;  
And [said]; "My self sall her his confessioun,  
Gyff I haiff nyeht, in contrar off thi croun.  
And thou throu force will stop me off this thing,  
I wov to God, quhilk is my rychtwyss king,  
That all Inghland I sall her enterdyt,  
And mak it knawin thou art ane herretyk.

The sacrement off kyrk I sall him geiff;  
Syn tak thi chos, to sterwe or lat him leiff.  
It war nar waill, in worschip off thi croun,  
To kepe sie ane in lyff in thi bandoun,  
Than all the land and gud at thow has refyd.  
Bot cowatiee the ay fra honour drefyd.  
Thow has [thi] lyff rongyn in wrangwis deid;  
That sall be seyn on the, or on thi seid."  
The king gert charge thai suld the byshop ta;  
Bot sad lordys consellyt to lat him ga.  
All Inghlissmen said, at his desyr was rycht;  
To Wallace than he rakyt in thar sight.  
And sadly hard his confessioun till ane end.  
Hymbly to God his spreit he thar comend;  
Lawly him serwyt with hartlye deuocioun  
Apon his kneis, and said ane orysoun.  
His leyff he tuk, and to West monastyr raid.  
The lokmen than thai bur Wallace but baid  
On till a place, his martyrdom to tak;  
For till his ded he wald na forthy mak.  
Fra the fyrst nycht he was tane in Scotland,  
Thai keypt him in to that sammyn band.  
Na thing he had at suld haiff doyn him gud;  
Bot Inghlissmen him seruit off earnail fud.  
Hys worldly lyff desyrd the sustenance,  
Thocht he it gat in contrar off plesance.  
Thai thretty dayis his band thai durst nocht slaik,  
Quhill he was bundyn on a skamyll off ayk,  
With im chenyeis that was bath stark and keyn.

<sup>1</sup> Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, notices Barbour and Henry the Minstrel in these words:—"Although this work is professedly confined to England, yet I cannot pass over two Scotch poets of this period who have adorned the English language by a train of versification, expression, and poetical imagery far superior to their age; and who consequently deserve to be mentioned in a general review of our national poetry."

A clerk thai set to her quhat he wald meyn.  
 "Thow Scot," he said, "that gret wrangis has don,  
 Thi fatell hour, thow seis, approchis son.  
 Thow suld in mynd remembyr thi mysdeid,  
 At clerkis may, quhen thai thair psalmis reid  
 For Crystyn saullis, that makis thaim to pray,  
 In thair nowmyr thow may be ane off thai;  
 For now thow seis on fors thou mon decess."  
 Than Wallace said: "For all thi roid rahress,  
 Thow has na charge, supposs at I did myss;  
 Yon blyst byschop has hecht I sall haiff blis;  
 And trew [1] weill, that God sall it admyt:  
 Thi febyll wordis sall nocht my conscience smyt.  
 'onford I haiff off way that I suld gang,  
 Maist payn I feill at I bid her our lang."  
 Than said this clerk: "Our king oft send the till;  
 Thow mycht haiff had all Scotland at thi will,  
 To hald off him, and cessay off thi stryff;  
 So as a lord rongyn furth all thi lyff."  
 Than Wallace said; "Thou spekis off mychty  
 thing.  
 Had I lestyl, and gottyn my rychtwyss king,  
 Fra worthi Bruce had rasaut his croun,  
 I thoct haiff maid Ingland at his bandoun.  
 So wttraly it suld beyn at his will,  
 Quhat plessyt him, to sauff thi king or spill."  
 "Weill," said this clerk, "than thow repentis  
 nocht:

Off wykkydness thow has a felloun thoct.  
 Is nayn in warld at has sa mony slane;  
 Tharfor till ask, me think thow suld be bane,  
 Grace off our king, and syn at his barnage."  
 Than Wallace smyld [a] litill at his langage.  
 "I grant," he said, "part Inglissmen I slew  
 In my quarrel, me thoct nocht halff enew.  
 I mowyt na wer bot for to win our awin;  
 To God and man the rycht full weill is knawin.  
 Thi frustyr wordis dois nocht bot taris me,  
 I the commaund, on Goddis halff, lat me be."  
 A schyrray gart this clerk sone fra him pass;  
 Rycht as thai durst, thai grant quhat he wald  
 ass.  
 A Psaltyr buk Wallace had on him eur;  
 Fra his childeid fra it wald nocht deseur.  
 Bettyr he trowit in wiage for to speid.  
 Bot than he was dispalyeid off his weid.  
 This grace he ast at Lord Clyffurd that knycht,  
 To lat him haiff his Psaltyr buk in sycht.  
 He gert a preyst it oppyn befor him hauld,  
 Quhill thai till him had done all at thai wauld.  
 Stedfast he red, for ocht thai did him thar:  
 Feyll Sotheroun said, at Wallace feld na sayr.  
 Gud deuocioun sa was his begynnyn,  
 Conteynd tharwith, and fair was his endyng;  
 Quhill spech and spreyt at anys all can fayr  
 To lestand blyss, we trow, for curmayr.

## JAMES THE FIRST.

BORN 1394 — DIED 1437.

JAMES THE FIRST, one of the most chivalric, and certainly the most accomplished of the ancient Scottish kings, was born at Dunfermline in 1394. His elder brother having fallen a victim to the ambition of his uncle the Duke of Albany, Robert III., filled with anxiety for the safety of his only remaining son, and in order to place him beyond the reach of a faithless kindred until he should attain to manhood, resolved to send him to the court of France to complete his education, which had been begun under the learned prelate Walter Wardlaw, archbishop of St. Andrews. Accordingly, in 1405, the young prince sailed from his native country under the care of the Earl of Orkney, but the vessel being captured by an English squadron, in violation of a treaty of peace which then existed between the two nations, he was car-

ried prisoner to the Tower of London. This act of gross injustice completed the calamities of the infirm King Robert, who sank under the blow, and it led to the captivity of James for more than eighteen years.

After a confinement of two years in the Tower the young prince was removed to Nottingham Castle. In 1413 he was taken back to the Tower, but in the course of the same year was transferred to Windsor Castle. In 1414 the English king, Henry IV., took James with him in his second expedition into France, but on his return committed him anew to Windsor Castle, where he remained till his final liberation. Though kept in close confinement he was instructed in every branch of knowledge which that age afforded, and became also eminently expert in all athletic exercises. Hector Boece tells us that he was a proficient

in every branch of polite literature, in grammar, oratory, Latin and English poetry, music, jurisprudence, and the philosophy of the times;<sup>1</sup> and Drummond says "that there was nothing wherein the commendation of wit consisted, or any shadow of the liberal arts did appear, that he had not applied his mind to, seeming rather born to letters than instructed." Philosophy and poetry were the sources from which the unfortunate young prince drew the consolation he so much needed. Speaking of his determination to write the "King's Quhair," his greatest work, he says—

"And in my tyme more ink and paper spent  
To lyte effect, I take conclusion  
Sun new thing to write;"

and that he did not seek the consolations of philosophy in vain is shown by many passages in his matchless poem:—

"Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,  
Despeired of all joye and remedye;  
For-tirt of my thought and wo-begone,  
And to the wyndow gan I walk in hie,  
To see the world and folk y<sup>e</sup> went forbye.  
As for the tyme, *though I of nairthis jude*  
*Mycht have no more, to luke it did me gude."*

At length James was restored, when in his thirtieth year, to his kingdom, returning to Scotland in April, 1424, having espoused the Lady Joanna Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and grand-daughter of John, duke of Gaunt. His descriptions of the small garden, once the moat of Windsor Castle, which was seen from his place of confinement, and the first glimpse he there obtained of his future queen, are among the most beautiful and touching passages in the poem. Proceeding first to Edinburgh he was received by his people with a degree of affectionate enthusiasm which could scarcely have been expected from their former indifference to his fate: he afterwards went to Scone, accompanied by his queen, where they were both solemnly crowned. When first informed on his arrival in the kingdom of the lawlessness which prevailed in

it he exclaimed, "By the help of God, though I should myself lead the life of a dog, I shall make the key keep the castle, and the bush secure the cow." The sentiment was worthy a prince, and he set himself vigorously at work to curb his lawless nobles, and to better the condition of his distracted kingdom.

In 1436 James renewed the allegiance with France, giving his daughter Margaret in marriage to the dauphin. The year following a conspiracy was formed against him, and on the night of February 20 he was assassinated at Perth by a band of ruffians led by Sir Robert Graham of Strathearn. His death was universally bewailed by the nation, and his inhuman murderers were put to death by the horrible tortures practised in that age. Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Eugene IV., who was in Scotland as legate at the time of this catastrophe, in giving an account of it, said that he "was at a loss which most to applaud, the universal grief which overspread the nation on the death of the king, or the resentment to which it was roused, and the just vengeance with which his murderers were pursued; who, being all of them traced and dragged from their lurking retreats, were, by the most lingering tortures that human invention could suggest, put to death."

"A cruel crime rewarded cruelly."

Margaret, dauphiness of France, eldest daughter of the murdered king, inherited not a little of her father's gallant spirit and poetic ability. It is of her that the familiar story is related that, walking in the gallery of the palace, and finding Alain Chartier, the poet, asleep there, she reverently kissed him. "How could you kiss one so ugly?" exclaimed one of her maids of honour. "I do not," answered the princess. "kiss the man, but the lips that have uttered so many beautiful thoughts"—a kiss which Menage says will immortalize her.

Of the king's principal poetical work Pinkerton, a writer extremely penurious of praise, says that it "equals anything Chaucer has written;" and Ellis remarks that "it is not inferior in poetical merit to any similar production" of the father of English poetry. It is most undoubtedly true that neither Chaucer nor any contemporary poet of either England or Scotland is characterized by that delicacy

<sup>1</sup> He was well learnt to fecht with the sword, to just, to turnay, to worsyle, to sing and dance, was an expert medicinar, richt crafty in playing baith of lute and harp, and sin-ry other instruments of music: he was expert in gramer, oratory, and poetry, and maid sae flowan' and sententious versis—he was ane natural and borne poete. — *Boece's Histo. y.*

which distinguishes the productions of King James. Considering the rude age in which he wrote, and that Chaucer and Gower, with whose writings he was well acquainted, and whom indeed he acknowledges in one of his stanzas for his masters, were so distinguished, as well as Dunbar, for an opposite character, it is certainly one of the greatest phenomena in the annals of poetry. The "King's Quhair" was for centuries lost to the world, the only MS. copy in existence, at the Bodleian Library, having been discovered by Lord Woodhouselee, who in 1783 first published it to the world, with explanatory notes and a critical dissertation. The subject is the royal poet's love for his future queen, described in the allegorical style of the age, but with much fine description, sentiment, and poetical fancy. To King James is likewise ascribed two humorous poems entitled "Christis Kirk on the Grene" and "Pebelis to the Play," descriptive of the rural manners and pastimes of that age. These poems are great favourites. To the former allusion is made by Pope, who writes—

"One likes no language but the Fairy Queen:  
Or Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green."

His claim to either has been disputed, but Allan Ramsay, Sir Walter Scott, and others unhesitatingly ascribe "Christis Kirk on the Grene" to the royal poet, while authorities equally entitled to credit entertain the same feelings of certainty as respects the authorship of his other poem, "Pebelis to the Play." The poems of the royal poet were first collected and published at Perth in 1786, and are also to be found in Sibbald's *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*. In 1873 was published an edition of "The Poetical Remains of King James the First of Scotland, with a Memoir by the Rev. Dr. Rogers," containing, in addition to the compositions previously mentioned, a song on "Absence" and a sacred poem entitled "Divine Trust," the latter included among our selections.

Historians relate that the king was a skilful musician, playing on eight different instru-

ments, and to him accord the honour of introducing "a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all others," to quote the language of Tassoni, an Italian writer who flourished in the early part of the sixteenth century. James is known, from contemporary authorities, to have cultivated music with more than usual ardour, and under circumstances of long imprisonment and solitude, singularly calculated to give to his compositions that "plaintive and melancholy" style which the Italian writer tells us was regarded as the characteristic of the kind of music which the king invented, and which we know to be the characteristic of the national music of Scotland as existing during the past four and a half centuries.

Dyer said of this accomplished prince—

"Amid the bards whom Scotia holds to fame,  
She boasts, nor vainly boasts, her James's name;  
And less, sweet bard! a crown thy glory shows,  
Than the fair laurel that adorns thy brows;"

and Washington Irving, in the article entitled "A Royal Poet," in the *Sketch Book*, has given us a charming description of the king and his Quhair (Book), consisting of 197 seven-lined stanzas, declared by Lockhart to be "infinitely more graceful than any piece of American writing that ever came from any other hand, and well entitled to be classed with the best English writings of our day." Mr. Irving, after a visit to Windsor Castle, remarks, "I have been particularly interested by those parts of the poem which breathe his immediate thoughts concerning his situation, or which are connected with the apartment in the Tower. They have thus a personal and local charm, and are given with such circumstantial truth as to make the reader present with the captive in his prison, and the companion of his meditations. . . . As an amatory poem it is edifying, in these days of coarser thinking, to notice the nature, refinement, and exquisite delicacy which pervade it, banishing every gross thought or immodest expression, and presenting female loveliness clothed in all its chivalrous attributes of almost supernatural purity and grace."



THE KING'S QUHAIR.<sup>1</sup>

(EXTRACT.)

Than wold I say, Giff God me had devisit  
 To lyve my lyf in thraldom thus and pyne,  
 Quhat was the cause that he more me comprisit,  
 Than othir folk to lyve in such ruyne?  
 I suffere alone amang the figuris nyne,  
 Ane wofull wrache that to no wight may spede,  
 And yit of every lyvis help has nede.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke,  
 I wold bewaille my fortune in this wise.  
 For quihich, again distresse confort to seke,  
 My custum was on' mornis for to rise  
 Airly as day, O happy exercise!  
 By the come I to joye out of turment!  
 Bot now to purpose of my first entent.

Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,  
 Despeired of all joye and remedye,  
 For-tirit of my thoucht and wo-begone,  
 And to the wyndow gan I walk in hyc,  
 To see the world and folk that went forbye,  
 As for the tyme, though I of mirthis fude  
 Mycht have no more, to luke it did me gude.

Now was there maid fast by the Touris wall  
 A gardyn faire, and in the corneris set  
 Ane herbere grene, with wandis long and small,  
 Railit about, and so with treis set  
 Was all the place, and hawthorn hegis knet,  
 That lyf was non, walkinge there forbye,  
 That mycht within scarec any wight aspye.

So thick the beuis and the leves grene  
 Beschadit all the allyes that there were,  
 And myddis every herbere mycht be senec  
 The scharp grene suete jenekere,  
 Growing so fair with branches here and there,  
 That, as it semyt to a lyf without,  
 The bewis spred the herbere all about.

And on the small grene twistis sat  
 The lytl suete nygtingale, and song  
 So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat  
 Of luvis use, now soft now lowd among,  
 That all the gardynis and the wallis rong  
 Rycht of thaire song. . . . .

Kest I doun myn eye ageyne,  
 Quhare as I saw walkyng under the Toure,

Full secretly, new cumyn hir to pleyne,  
 The fairest or the freschest young flour  
 That ever I sawe, methought, before that houre,  
 For quihich sodayne abate, anon astert  
 The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stood abaisit then a lyte,  
 No wonder was, for quhy? my wittis all  
 Were so ouercome with plesance and delyte,  
 Only through lating of myn eyen fall,  
 That sudaynly my hert become hir thrall  
 For ever; of free wyll, for of manace  
 There was no takyn in hir suete face.

And in my hede I drew ryght hastily,  
 And eft sones I lent it forth ageyne,  
 And saw hir walk that verray womanly,  
 With no wight mo, bot only women tueyne.  
 Than gan I study in myself and seyne,  
 Ah suete! are ye a worldly creature,  
 Or hevying thing in likeness of nature?

Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princeesse,  
 And cumyn are to louse me out of band?  
 Or ar ye veray Nature the goddessse,  
 That have depayntit with your hevynly hand,  
 This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?  
 Quhat sall I think, allace! quhat reverence  
 Sall I mester to your excellence!

Giff ye a goddessse be, and that ye like  
 To do me payne, I may it not astert;  
 Giff ye be worldly wight, that dooth me sike,  
 Quhy lest God mak you so, my derest hert!  
 To do a sely prisoner thus smert,  
 That lufis you all, and wote of noncht but wo,  
 And, therefore, merci suete! sen it is so.

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my mone,  
 Bewailing myn infortune and my chance,  
 Unknawin how or quhat was best to done,  
 So ferre I fallyng into lufis dance,  
 That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,  
 My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,  
 Was changit elene rycht in ane other kind.

Of hir array the form gif I sal write,  
 Toward her goldin haire, and rich atyre,  
 In fretwise couchit with perlis quhite,  
 And grete balas lemyng as the fyre,  
 With mony ane emerant and faire saphire,  
 And on hir hede a chaplet fresh of hewe,  
 Of plumys partit rede, and quhite, and blew.

Full of quaking spangis brycht as gold,  
 Forgit of schap like to the amorettris,

<sup>1</sup> The "King's Quhair" is a long allegory, polished and imaginative, but with some of the tediousness usual in such productions.—*Henry Hallam*.

The author of our first serious and purely imaginative poem, the "King's Quhair," and our earliest truly comic and homely poem, "Pebelis to the Play."—*Alban Cunningham*.

So new, so fresch, so pleasant to behold,  
The plumys eke like to the floure jonettis,  
And other of schap, like to the floure jonettis;  
And, above all this, there was, wele I wote,  
Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.

About hir neck, quhite as the fayre annaille,  
A gudelic cheyne of small orfeverye,  
Quhare by there hang a ruby, without faille  
Like to ane hert schapin verily,  
That, as a sperk of lowe so wantonly  
Semyt birnyng upon hir quhite throte.  
Now gif there was gud pertye, God it wote.

And for to walk that fresche Mayes morowe,  
Ane huke she had upon her tissew quhite,  
That gudeliare had not bene sene to forowe,  
As I suppose, and girt sche was alyte;  
Thus halfling lowse for haste, to suich delyte,  
It was to see her youth in gudelihed,  
That for rudenes to speke thereof I drede.

In hir was youth, beautee, with humble apert,  
Bonntee, richesse, and womanly faiture,  
God better wote than my pen can report,  
Wisdomme, largesse, estate, and conyng sure  
In every point, so gnydit hir mesure,  
In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,  
That nature mycht no more hir childe auance.

And, quhen sche walkit, had a lytill thrawe  
Under the suete grene bewis bent,  
Hir faire fresch face, as quhite as any snawe,  
Sche turnyt bas, and furth hir wayis went.  
Bot then began myn axis and turment!  
To sene hir part, and folowe I na mycht;  
Methought the day was turnyt into nycht.

#### CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN.<sup>1</sup>

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen  
Such dancing nor deray,  
Neither at Falkland on the green,  
Or Peeblis at the Play;  
As was (of *wonaris* as I *ween*)  
At Christ's Kirk on a day:  
There came our Kitties washen clean,  
In their new kirtillis of gray,  
Full gay.  
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

<sup>1</sup> James Sibbald has named St. Salvator's Chapel, at St. Andrews, as the scene of the diversions celebrated in this lively ballad, by other authorities the scene is assigned to Garroch, Aberdeenshire. It was, however, most probably at the old kirk town of Leslie, a place in all respects suiting the requirements of the poem, and within six miles of Falkland Palace, a favourite resort of the gallant king.—Ed

To dance thir damysellis them dieht,  
These lasses licht of laitis;  
Their gloves were of the raffell right,  
Their schone were of the straitis,  
Their kirtles were of lyncome light,  
Well prest with many plaitis;  
They were so nyss when men them nigh'd,  
They squelit like any gaitis,  
Full loud,  
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Of all these maidens mild as meid,  
Was none so gynn as Gillie;  
As any rose her rude was red,  
Her lyre was like the lily:  
Fow yellow, yellow was her head,  
But she of love was silly,  
Though all her kin had sworn her dead,  
She would have but sweet Willie  
Alone,  
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

She scorned Jock and skraipet at him,  
And murgeon'd him with mokkis,  
He would have luvit, she would not let him,  
For all his yellow lokkis;  
He cherisht her, she bad go chat him,  
She comptit him not two elokkis;  
So shamefully his short gown set him,  
His limbs were like two rokkis,  
She said,  
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Tom Lutar was their minstrel meet,  
O Lord, as he could lanss,  
He played so schill, and sang so sweet,  
While Towsy took a trans;  
Old Light-foot, there he did forelit,  
And counterfeited France,  
He us'd himself as man discreet,  
And up took morrice dance,  
Full loud,  
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Then Stephen came stepping in with stends,  
No rink might him arrest,  
Splayfoot he bobbit up with bends,  
For Maud he made request:  
He lap while he lay on his lends  
But rising he was priest,  
While that he hostit, at both ends,  
For honour of the feast,  
That day.  
At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Sync Robin Roy began to revel  
And Downy till him druggit,  
Let he, quoth Jock, and call'd him javell,  
And by the tail him tugged;

The kensie eleikit to a cavell,  
 But, Lord! if they then luggit,  
 They parted, there, manly with a nevell;  
 God wot if hair was ruggit,

Between them,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

One bent a bow, sic sturt could steir him.  
 Great skayth wes'd to have scared him;  
 He chesit a flane as did affeir him;  
 The t'other said *dirdum dardum*:  
 Through both the cheikis he thought to cheir  
 him,

Or throw the erss have ehard him,  
 But by an akerbraid it came not near him,  
 I can not tell what marr'd him,

There,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

With that a friend of his cried, Fy!  
 And up an arrow drew;  
 He forged it so furiously,  
 The bow in flenderis flew;  
 So was the will of God, trow I!  
 For, had the tree been true,  
 Men said, that kend his archery,  
 That he had slain anew,

That day,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green.

An hasty hensure called Harry  
 Who was an archer heynd,  
 Tilt up a takill withouten tary,  
 That torment so him teynd;  
 I wot not whether his hand could vary,  
 Or the man was his freynd;  
 But, he escaped through nichtis of Mary,  
 As man that no ill meynd,

But gude.  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Then Lowre as a lion lap,  
 And soon a flane could fedder;  
 He hecht to pierce him at the pap,  
 Thereon to wed a wedder:  
 He hit him on the wame a wap;  
 It buft like any bledder;  
 But so his fortune was, and lap,  
 His doublet was of ledder;

And saved him,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The buff so bousteouslie abaisit him,  
 To the erd he dnschit down;  
 The other for dead he preissit him,  
 And fled out of the town:  
 The wives come furth and up they paisit him,  
 And fand e life in the loun;

And with three routis they raised him,  
 And couverit him of swoune,  
 Again,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day,

A zaip young man, that stood him neist,  
 Loos'd off a shot with ire;  
 He ettlit the bern in at the breist,  
 The bolt flew o'er the byre;  
 One cried, fy! he had slane a priest,  
 A mile beyond a mire;  
 Then bow and bag from him he keist,  
 And fled als ferse as fyre

Of flynt,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

With forkis and flailis they let great flappis,  
 And flang together like friggis;  
 With bowgaris of barnis that beft blue kappis,  
 While they of bernis made briggis;  
 The reird raise rudely with the rappis,  
 When rungis was laid on riggis;  
 The wyffis come forth, with crys and clappis,  
 Lo! where my liking liggis,

Quoth they,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

They girnit, and leit gird, with granis,  
 Each gossip other grevit:  
 Some struck with stingis, some gathered stanis,  
 Some fled, and evil eschewit;  
 The minstrel wan within two wanis,  
 That day, full well he previt:  
 For he came home with unbirs'd banis,  
 Where fechtaris were misehevit,

For ever,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Heich Huebeoun, with an hissell ryss;  
 To red can throw them rummill;  
 He mudlet them down, like any mice,  
 He was no batie-bummil;  
 Though he was wicht, he was not wise,  
 With such jangleris to jummil;  
 For from his thumb they dang a slice,  
 While he cried barla-fummil,

I'm slain,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

When that he saw his blood so reid,  
 To flee might no man lat him;  
 He would it had been for auld feid:  
 He thought one cried, have at him;  
 He gart his feet defend his heid,  
 The far farar it set him;  
 While he was past out of all pleid,  
 He suld been swift that gat him,

Through speed,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The town sowtar in grief was bowdin,  
 His wife hang in his waist:  
 His body was with blood all browdin,  
 He granit like any gaist;  
 His glittering hair, that was full gowden,  
 So hard in love him laist;  
 That for her sake he was not zowdin,  
 Seven mile while he was chaist,  
 And more,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The miller was of manly mak,  
 To meet him was no mowis;  
 Their durst not ten come him to tak,  
 So nowit he their nowis;  
 The buschment haill about him brak,  
 And bikkerit him with bowis,  
 Syne traitourly behind his back,  
 They hewed him on the howis.  
 Behind,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

Two that were heidsmen of the herd,  
 Ran upon nderis like rammis;  
 Than follow it feymen, right unaffair'd,  
 Bet on with barrow tramnis;  
 But where their gobbis were ungeird,  
 They got upon the gammis;  
 While bloody barkit was their beird;  
 As they had werreit lammis  
 Most like,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

The wives kest up an hideous yell,  
 When all the yunkeris yokkit;  
 As fierce as any fyr-flaught fell,  
 Frickes to the field they flokkit:  
 The carlis with clubbis could other quell,  
 While blood at briestis out bokkit:  
 So rudely rang the commoun bell,  
 While all the steeple rokkit,  
 For reird,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

When they had beirit, like baited bullis,  
 And braucwod, brynt in bailis,

They wox as meek as any mulis,  
 That mangit were with mailis:  
 For faintness thir forfochin fullis  
 Fell down, like flauchtir failis;  
 Fresh men came in and haild the dulis  
 And dang them down in dailis,  
 Bedene,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

When all was done, Dick, with an aix,  
 Came forth, to fell a futher:  
 Quod he, Where are you hangit smaiks,  
 Right now wald slain my bruther?  
 His wife bad him go home, good glaiks,  
 And so did Meg his mother;  
 He turn'd, and gave them both their paiks,  
 For he durst ding none other,  
 For feir,  
 At Christ's Kirk on the green, that day.

#### DIVINE TRUST.<sup>1</sup>

Sen throw vertew inecassis dignitie,  
 And vertew is flour and rute of nobles ay,  
 Of ony wit or quhat estait thou be  
 His steppis follow, and dreid for none effray;  
 Eject vice, and follow truth alway;  
 Lufe maist thy God that first thy lufe began,  
 And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

Be not our pronde in thy prosperitie,  
 For as it cummis, sa will it pas away;  
 The tyme to compt is schort, thow may weil se,  
 For of grene grass some cummis wallowit hay.  
 Labour in truth quhilk suith is of thy fay;  
 Traist maist in God, for He best gyde thé can,  
 And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

Sen word is thrall, and thoct is only fre,  
 Thou dant thy toung that power hes and may  
 Thou steik thy ene fra warldis vanitie,  
 Refraime thy lust and harkin quhat I say:  
 Graip or tho slyde, and keip furth the hie way,  
 Thou hald thé fast upon thy God and man,  
 And for ilk inche He will thé quyte ane span.

## ROBERT HENRYSON.

BORN 1430 — DIED 1506.

ROBERT HENRYSON, or HENDERSON, a poet and fabulist of the fifteenth century, was chief

schoolmaster of Dunfermline. Lord Hailes conjectures that he acted as preceptor to the

<sup>1</sup>Of the king's hymns or sacred poems only one specimen has been preserved at the close of the collection

called *The Gude and Godlie Ballates*, published in 1570. It has been entitled by Dr Rogers "Divine Trust."—ED.

Benedictine convent of that town. It is supposed that he was born about the year 1430, and it is known that he died at an advanced age, as Sir Francis Kinaston tells us "that being very old, he died of a diarrhœ or fluxe." It is also known that he passed away early in the sixteenth century, as his name appears among the latest of the poets lamented by Dunbar in his poem on the "Deth of the Makkaris," printed in the year 1508:—

" In Dumfermling he hes tane Broun,  
With gude Mr. Robert Henrysson."

On the poet's own testimony he appears to have lived to a good old age, and happily not to have been without the comforts so necessary in advanced years. In the opening stanzas of the "Testament of Faire Creseide," the longest of his productions, he says:—

"I made the fire, and beked me aboute,  
Then toke I drink, my spirits to comforte,  
And armed me well for the cold thereoute.  
To cutte the winter night, and make it shorte,  
I took a quere, and lefte all other sporte,  
Written by worthy Chancer glorions,  
Of faire Creseide and lusty Troilus."

Of this poem a critic says, "Wittily observing that Chaucer, in his fifth book, had related the death of Troilus, but made no mention what became of Creseide, he learnedly takes upon him, in a fine poetical way, to express the punishment and end due to a false inconstant, which commonly ends in extreme misery." The poem was first printed by Henry Charteris in 1593, and has been appended to various editions of Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*. The "Testament of Creseide" and Henryson's pastoral poem of "Robene and Makye," the earliest of bucolics in the Scottish language, was printed (sixty-five copies) for the Bannatyne Club in 1824 by George Chalmers. Of the latter poem a writer in Blackie's *Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen* remarks, "I consider it superior in many respects to the similar attempts of Spenser and Broune; it is free from the glaring improprieties which sometimes appear in the pastorals of those more recent writers, and it exhibits many

genuine strokes of poetical delineation." His poetical tale entitled "The Traitie of Orpheus Kyng, and how he came to yeld to hewyn and to hel to seik his Quene," was first published in 1508. Portions of both of these poems have been highly commended by Sir Walter Scott, Warton, and other competent judges; but it is in his fables that Henryson's poetical powers appear to greatest advantage. The best of his "Fabils," thirteen in number, is the common story of the "Toun Mouse and the City Mouse," which he treats with much humour and characteristic description, and concludes with a beautifully expressed moral. He gives it the Scotch title of "The Borrowstoun Mous and the Landwart Mous." This collection, in manuscript, is still preserved in the Harleian Library, and is dated 1571.

The "Fables" of Henryson were reprinted in 1832 for the Bannatyne Club, from the edition of Andrew Hart, printed in Edinburgh, 1621,—of which the only known copy is in the Advocates' Library—with a memoir prefixed by Dr. Irving, the editor. "Nearly the whole of Henryson's poems," says a critic, "bear evidence of having been composed in the decline of life. In this he resembled his model Chaucer, whose *Canterbury Tales*, the best of all his works, were written when on the verge of threescore years and ten. Henryson had not, however, like Chaucer, cause to blame a vagrant muse in his dying hours, for anything in his writings which might pollute to future ages the stream of future morals. His sentiments are uniformly worthy of his years—pure, chastened, and instructive; and whatever share of the poetical art he displays it is solely employed in giving to the lessons of virtue some heightening charm, or rendering the ways of vice more odious." Until recently it was a subject of regret that only specimens of Henryson's poems were to be met with in the collections of Hailes, Pinkerton, Ramsay, Sibbald, Irving, and Ellis. The desideratum was at length supplied by David Laing, who first collected his poetical writings and prepared a memoir of his life, issued at Edinburgh in 1865.

THE TWO MICE.<sup>1</sup>

Esopo, myne autour, makis mentioun  
 Of twa myiss; and they war sisters deir;  
 Off quhom the elder dwelt in borrowstoun;  
 The yonger wend up-on-land, weil neir  
 Rycht solitair; quhyle under busk and breir,  
 Quhyle in the corn, in uther menys schacht,  
 As outlawis dois that levis on ylin wacht.

The rurall mouss into the winter tyde  
 Had hungar, cauld, and tholit grit distress;  
 The tothir mouss that in the burgh can byde  
 Was gilt brother, and made ane free burgess.  
 Tol-free alsua, but custom, mair or less,  
 And freedom had to ga quhair eir sche list  
 Amang the cheiss and meill, in ark and kist.

Ane tyme quhen scho was full, and on fute fure,  
 Scho tuk in mynd her sister up-on-land,  
 And langit for her cheir, and her welfair,  
 And se quhat lyfe scho led under the wand:  
 Barefute allane, with pykstaf in her hand,  
 As pure pilgrim, scho passit out of town,  
 To seik her sister, baith our daill and down.

Throw mony wilsun wayis couth scho walk,  
 Throw mure and moss, throwout bank, busk,  
 and breyrir,  
 Fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,  
 Cum furth to me, myne suet sister deir!  
 Cry peip anis—with that the mouse couth heir,  
 And knew her voce, as kynnismen will do  
 By verry kind; and furth scho came her to.

Their hairtly cheir, Lord God! gif ye had seen,  
 Was kyind quhen thir sisters twa wer met,  
 Quhilk that oft syss was schawin thame betwene;  
 For quhyles thai leuch, and quhyles for joy  
 thay gret;  
 Quhyles kissit suet, and quhyles in armis plet,  
 And thus they fure, quhill sobirt was their meid,  
 Then fute for fute onto thair chalmer yeid.

As I hard say, it was a simple wane  
 Off fog and fernie, full maikly was it maid,  
 A silly scheill under a yerl-fast stane,  
 Of quhilk the entry was not hie nor bred:  
 And in the same thai went bot mair abaid,  
 Withoutten fyre or candell burnand bricht,  
 For commonly sic pykers lykys not lycht.

Quhen they war ligit thus, thir silly myss,  
 The yungest sister until her bairie hyied,  
 Brought forth nuttis, and peiss, instead of spyss;  
 Gif that was welfarn doit, on thame besyd,  
 This burgess mouss permyugit full of pryd,

Than said, sister, is this your daily fude?  
 Quhy not, quod scho, think ye this mess not gude?

Na, be my saul, me think it but a skorn;  
 Ma dame, quod sche, ye be the mair to blame;  
 My moder said, after that we wer born,  
 That ye and I lay baith within her wame;  
 I kep the rycht auld custom of my dame,  
 And of my syre, lyvand in povertie,  
 For landis haif we nane of propertie.

My fair sister, quod scho, haif me excusit;  
 This rude dyet and I can not accord;  
 With tender meit my stomach ay is usit;  
 For quhy, I fair as weil as ony lord,  
 Thir widderit peiss and nuttis, or thai be bord,  
 Will brek my teith, and mak my mouth full  
 skender,  
 Quhilk usit wer befor to meit mair tender.

Weill, weill sister, than quoth the rural mouss,  
 Gif that ye pleiss sic things as ye se heir,  
 Baith meit and drink, and arbourie and house,  
 Sall be your awin—will ye remain all yeir,  
 Ye sall it haif, with blyth and hairtly cheir;  
 And that suld make the messes that are rude,  
 Amang friendis richt tendir, suet and gude.

Quhat plesans is in feists feir delicate,  
 The quhilk ar given with a gloumand brow;  
 A gentle heart is better recreate  
 With blyth usage than seith to him a cow;  
 Ane *Modicum* is better, yeill allow,  
 Sae that gude-will be carver at the dess,  
 Than a thrawn vult, and mony a spycie mess

For all this moral exhortatioun,  
 The burges mous had little will to sing,  
 But hevely scho kest her visage down,  
 For all the daintys scho couth till her bring;  
 Yit at the last scho said, half in hiething,  
 Sister, this vittell and your ryal feist  
 May weil suffice for sic a rural beist.

Let be this hole, and cum unto my place,  
 I sall you schaw, by gude experience,  
 That my *Gude-Fridays* better than your *Pase*,  
 And a dish licking worth your hale expence;  
 Houses I haif enow of grit defence,  
 Of cat, nor fall, nor trap, I haif nae dreid.  
 I grant, quod sche, convinced, and furth they  
 yeid.

In skugry ay throw rankest gras and corn,  
 And wonder slie prively throw they creip;  
 The eldest was the gyde, and went befor,  
 The yonger to her wayis tuke gude keip;  
 On nicht they ran, and on the day did sleip,

<sup>1</sup> Sibbald says, "This fable is written with much naïveté, and being the very first example of that manner in the Scottish language, is eminently curious." Ed.

Till on a morning, or the lavrock sang,  
They fand the toun, and blythly in couth gang.

Not far frae thyne, on till a worthy wane,  
This burges brocht them sune quhair they  
sould be.

Without God-speid,—thair herboury was tane  
Intill a spence, wher vittel was plenty,  
Baith cheis and butter on lang skelfs richt hie,  
With fish and flesh enough, baith fresh and salt,  
And pokkis full of grots, baith meil and malt.

After, quhen they disposit wer to dyne,  
Withouten grace they wush and went to meit,  
On every dish that cuikmen can divyne,  
Muttone and beif strikin out in telzies grit;  
Ane lordis fair thus can they counterfitt,  
Except ane thing,—they drank the watter cleir  
Insteid of wyne, but yit they made gude cheir.

With blyth upcast and merry countenance,  
The elder sister then speird at her gest,  
Gif that scho thocht be reson differance  
Betwixt that chalmer and her sary nest.  
Yea dame, quoth scho; but how lang will this  
lest?

For evirmair I wate, and langer to.  
Gif that be trew, ye ar at eise, quoth scho.

To eik the cheir, in plenty furth scho brocht  
A plate of grottis, and a dish of meil,  
A threfe of eais, I trow scho spairt them nocht,  
Habundantie about her for to deill;  
Furnage full fyne scho brocht insteid of geil,  
A quhyte candle out of a coffer staw,  
Insteid of spyce, to creish thair teith with a.

Thus made they mirry, quhyte they nicht nae  
mair,  
And hail *yule!* hail! they cryit up on hie;  
But after joy aftentymes comes cair,  
And trouble after grit prosperitie:  
Thus as they sat in all thair solitie,  
The spensar came with keis in his hand,  
Opent the dore, and them at dinner fand.

They tarriet not to wash, as I suppose,  
But on to gae, quha nicht the foremost win;  
The burges had a hole, and in scho goes,  
Her sister had nae place to hyde her in;  
To so that silly mous it was grit sin,  
Sae disalait and will of all gude reid,  
For very feir scho fell in swoun, neir deid.

But as God wald, it fell a happy case,  
The spensar had nae laisar for to byde,  
Nowthir to force, to seik, nor skar, nor chais,  
But on he went, and kest the dore upwyde.  
This burges mouss his pasage weil has spyd,  
Out of her hole scho came, and cryt on hé,  
How! fair sister, cry peip, quhair eir thou be.

The rural mous lay flatlings on the ground,  
And for the deid scho was full dreiland,  
For till her heart strak mony wacfull stound,  
As in a fever trymlin fute and hand;  
And when her sister in sic plicht her fand,  
For very pitie scho began to greit;  
Synce comfort gaif, with words as hunny sweet.

Quhy ly ye thus? Ryse up my sister deir,  
Cum to your meit, this perell is owre-past;  
The uther answert, with a hevye cheir,  
I may nocht eit, sae sair I am agast:  
Lever I had this fourtie dayis fast,  
With watter kail, or gnaw beinis and peis,  
Then all your feist with this dreid and disseiss.

With fair tretie, yit gart scho her ryse;  
To burde they went, and on togither sae;  
But skantly had they drunken anes or twice,  
Quhen in came Gib Hunter, our joly cat,  
And bad God-speid.—The burges up than gat,  
And till her hole scho fled as fyre of flint;  
Badrans the uther be the back has hint.

Frae fute to fute she kest her to and frae,  
Quhyte up, quhyte doun, als cant as ony kid;  
Quhyte wald she let her ryn under the strae,  
Quhyte wald she wink and play with her buk-hid:  
Thus to the silly mous grit harm she did;  
Quhyte at the last, throw fair fortune and hap,  
Betwixt the dressour and the wall scho crap.

Syne up in haste behind the pannaling,  
Sae hiescho clam, that Gilbert might not get her.  
And be the cluks craftylye can hing,  
Till he was gane, her cheir was all the better.  
Synce doun scho lap, quhen ther was nane to let  
her.

Then on the burges mous loud couth she cry,  
Fairweil sister, heir I thy feist defy.

Thy mangery is myngit all with cair,  
Thy gyse is gud, thy gane-full sour as gall;  
The fashion of thy feris is but fair,  
So sall thou find heirefterwart may fall.  
I thank yone courtyne, and yone parpane wall,  
Of my defenss now fra you crewell beist;  
Almighty God, keip me fra sie a feist.

Wer I into the place that I cam frae,  
For weil nor wae I sould neir cum again.  
With that scho tuke her leif, and furth can gae,  
Quhyte throw the corn, quhyte throw the plain,  
Quhen scho was furth and frie, sche was rycht  
fain,

And merrylye linkit unto the mure,  
I cannot tell how afterwart scho fure.  
But I hard syne she passit to her den,  
As wad as wow, suppose it was not grit,  
Full beinly stuffit was baith butt and ben,  
With peisand nuts, and heinsand ry and quheit,  
When eir scho lykt scho had enouch of meit,

In quiet and eise, withouten dreid,  
But till her si-ster's feist nae mair she yeid.

## MORALITAS.

Freindis, heir may ye find, will ye tak heid,  
In this fable a gud moralitie.  
As fitchis myngit ar with noie seid,  
So intermellit is adversitie  
With erdly joy; so that no stait is fré  
Without truble and sum vexatioun;  
And namely thay that clymis up most hé,  
And nocht content of small possessioun.

Blissit be symple lyfe, withoutin dreid;  
Blissit be sobir feist in quieté;  
Quha hes enuche, of no moir hes heid,  
Thocht it be littill into quanté.  
Grit habowndance, and blind prosperité,  
Oft tymis maks ane evill conclusioun;

The suetest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntré,  
Is of sickness, with small possessioun.

O wantoun man! quihilk usis for to feid  
Thy wame, and makis it a God to be,  
Luke to thyself, I warne thé weill, on deid;  
The cat cummis, and to the mouss hewis é.  
Quhat dois avail thy feist and reyelté,  
With dreidfull hairt and tribulatioun?  
Thairfoir best thing in erd, I say, for me,  
Is mirry hairt, with small possessioun.

Thy awin fyre, freind, thoct it be bot a gleid,  
It warmis weill, and is worth gold to thé:  
And Salamone sayis, and ye will reid,  
*Under the herin I can nocht bettir sé,  
Then ay be blyth, and leif in honesté;*  
Quhairfoir I may conclud be this ressorioun,  
Of erdly joy it beiris moist degré,  
Blythness in hairt, with small possessioun.

## WALTER KENNEDY.

BORN 1450 — DIED 1508.

WALTER KENNEDY, a contemporary of Dunbar, was born in the district of Carrick, Ayrshire, about the middle of the fifteenth century. He resided in the town of Ayr, which he calls "hame," and belonged to the ecclesiastical order. Although Kennedy is now chiefly known to the readers of Scottish poetry by his "Flyting" or altercation with Dunbar in rhyme, he appears in his time to have possessed a very considerable poetical reputation. He speaks of himself as "of Rethory the Rose," and as one who has

"ambulate on Parnasso the mountain,  
Inspyrit with Hermes frae his golden sphere;  
And dulcely drunk of eloquence the fountain,  
Quhen purifiet with frost, and flowand cleir."

In addition to his own testimony we find him mentioned by Douglas and Lyndsay, as one of the most eminent of their contemporaries. Douglas ranks him before Dunbar in his "Court of Muses," styling him "the great Kennedie." His works, with the exception of a few short poems, have perished. Dunbar, with whom he carried on a poetical warfare, upbraids him with living by theft and beggary; but Kennedy replies that he wants not "land,

store, and stakkis," "steids and cakes," of his own. He boasts also of the favour of royalty, and even of some affinity to it:—

"I am the king's blude, his trew and special clerk,  
That never yit imagin't his offense;  
Constant in my allegiance, word, and wark,  
Only dependand on his excellence,  
Trusting to have of his magnificence  
Guerdon, reward, and benefice bedene."

The "Flyting" is a miserable exhibition of rival malice, and does as little credit to the moral sense as to the poetical taste of the combatants. It is due, however, to Kennedy to mention that the controversy did not commence with him, and that he appears to have suffered least in the wordy conflict. Lord Hailes thinks it probable that the altercation between the poets may have been merely a play of fancy, without any real quarrel existing between the parties, and that there was more mirth than malice at the bottom of the affair. It is gratifying to know that Dunbar, who survived Kennedy, survived also whatever resentment he entertained towards him, if indeed he ever felt any. In his "Lament for the Death of the Makkaris," he thus mourns the



approaching loss of his adversary, who appears, at the time the poem was written, to have been on his death-bed:—

“And Mr. Walter Kennedy  
In point of death lies wearily,  
Grit rewth it wer that so should be,  
*Timor mortis conturbat me.*”

“The Praise of Age” is the only production by Kennedy extant which is of a nature to account for the estimation in which he was anciently held. “This poem gives a favourable idea of Kennedy as a versifier. His lines are more polished than those of his contemporaries.”

### INVECTIVE AGAINST MOUTH-THANKLESS.

Ane agit man twyce forty yeirs,  
After the haly days of Yule,  
I hard him carp among the freirs,  
Of order gray, makand grit dule,  
Richt as he war a furious fule;  
Aft-tymes he sicht, and said Alace!  
Be *Claud* my care may nevir eule,  
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

Throch ignorance, and folly, youth,  
My preterit tyme I wald neir spair,  
Plesance to put into that mouth,  
Till aige said, Fule, let be thy fare,  
And now my heid is quhyt and liair,  
For feiding of that fowmart face,  
Quhairfor I murrn baith late and air,  
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

Silver and gold that I nicht get,  
Beisands, broches, robes and rings,  
Frelie to gifte, I wald nocht let,  
To please the mulls attour all things,  
Right as the swan for sorrow sings,  
Before her deid a little space,  
Richt sae do I, and my hands wrings,  
That I servt evir *Mouth-thankless*.

Bettir it were a man to serve  
With honour brave beneath a shield,  
Nor her to pleis, thoct thou sould sterv  
That will not luke on thee in eild,  
Frae that thou hast nae hair to heild  
Thy heid frae harming that it hes,  
Quhen pen and purse and all ar peild,  
Tak then a meis of *Mouth-thankless*.

It may be in example sene,  
The grand of truth wha understude,  
Frae in thy bag thou beirs thyne ene,  
Thou gets nae grace but for thy gude,  
At Venus closet, to conclud,  
Call ye not this a cankert ease:  
Now God help and the haly rude,  
And keip all men frae *Mouth-thankless*.

O brukil youth in tyme behald,  
And in thy heart thir words gae graif,  
Or thy complexion gather cauld,  
Amend thy miss, thy self to saif.  
The bliss abune gif thou wald haif,  
And of thy gilt remit and grace.  
All this I hard an auld man raif,  
After the Yule of *Mouth-thankless*.

### THE PRAISE OF AGE.

At matyne houre, in midis of the nicht,  
Walkcit of sleip, I saw besyd me sone,  
Ane agit man, semit sextie yeiris be sicht,  
This sentence sett, and song it in gud tone:  
O thryn-fold, and eterne God in trone!  
To be content and lufe thé I haif cans,  
That my licht youtheid is our past and done;  
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

Grene yowth, to aige thow mon obey and bow,  
Thy fulis lust lestis skant ane May;  
That than wes witt, is naturall foly now,  
Warldly witt, honor, riches, or fresche array:  
Deffy the devill, dreid deid and domisday,  
For all sall be accusit, as thow knawis:  
Blessit be God, my yowtheid is away:  
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis

O bittir yowth! that semit delicius;  
O swetest aige! that sumtyme semit soure;  
O rekles yowth! hie, hait, and vicious;  
O haly aige! fulfillit with honoure;  
O flowand yowth! frutles and fedand flour.  
Contrair to conscience, leyth to luf gud lawis,  
Of all vane glour the lanthorne and mirroure:  
Honor with aige till every vertew drawis.

This warld is sett for to dissaive us evin;  
Pryde is the nett, and covetece is the trane;  
For na reward, except the joy of hevyn,  
Wald I be yung into this warld agane.  
The schip of fayth, tempestous winds and rane

Of Lollerdry, dryvand in the sey' hir blawis;  
My yowth is gane, and I am glaid and fane,  
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

Law, luve, and lawtie, gravin law thay ly;  
Dissimulance hes borrowit conscience clayis;

Writ, wax, and selis ar no wayis set by;  
Flattery is fosterit baith with friends and faves.  
The sone, to brukit it that his fader bais,  
Wald sé him deid; Sathanas sic seid sawis;  
Yowtheid, adew, ane of my mortall fais,  
Honor with aige to every vertew drawis.

## WILLIAM DUNBAR.

BORN 1460 — DIED 1520.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, styled by Pinkerton "the chief of the ancient Scottish poets," was born about the year 1460. From passages in his writings he is supposed to have been a native of East Lothian. Having received his education at the College of St. Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of Master of Arts, he became a travelling novitiate of the order of St. Francis, as we learn from his poem "How Dunbar was desyred to be ane Frier," in which capacity he visited the principal towns and cities of England and Scotland. He also went to France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious—a mode of life which the poet himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of deceit, flattery, and falsehood. He returned to Scotland about the year 1490, and attaching himself to the court of the brave, generous, and accomplished James IV., he received a small pension from that monarch. What his duties at court were is not known, but he evidently entertained hopes of advancement in the church. His smaller poems abound with allusions to this effect:—

"I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,  
Bot beneficeis ar nocht leil devydit;  
Sum men has sevin, and I nocht nane,  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

"And sum, unworthy to bronk ane stall,  
Wald clym to be ane cardinal;  
Ane bishopric may nocht him gane,  
Quhilk to consider is ane pane.

"Unwourthy I, among the laif,  
Ane kirk dois craif, and nane can have," &c.

It does not appear that any ecclesiastical benefice was ever conferred upon Dunbar; a fact the more remarkable because it is known

that he became a great favourite at the Scottish court. It is believed, from allusions in his writings, that for many years he was employed by the king in some subordinate capacity in connection with various foreign embassies, and that he visited England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Leading such a life for upwards of ten years, Dunbar could not fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of a poet's education. It is probable that the poet accompanied the ambassadors who were sent to England to conclude the negotiations for the king's marriage, and that he remained to witness the affiancing of the Princess Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., which took place at St. Paul's Cross, with great solemnity and splendour, January 25, 1502; and that he was the person then styled "The Rhymer of Scotland." Three months before her arrival in Scotland Dunbar composed "The Thrissill and the Rois," one of the most beautiful, and certainly the noblest, of all prothalamia. We give the whole poem, as he wrote it, among our selections. He appears to have been on good terms with the queen, as he had previously been with the king, for he addresses several poems to her majesty in a very familiar manner. One is entitled "Prayer that the King war Johne Thomsounis Man," that is, subservient to the views of his consort, so that he might obtain what the queen desired his majesty to bestow upon him:—

"For war it so, than weill were me,  
But benefice I wald nocht be;  
My hard fortun were ondit than,  
God gif ye war Johne Thomsounis man!"

To be *John Thomson's man*, was a proverbial expression for being what is now familiarly known as a hen-pecked husband.

At Martinmas, 1507, his pension was *newly eiked*; the king having ordered it to be increased to £20, and three years afterwards it was raised to £80, to be paid during his life, "or until he be promoted to a benefice of £100 or above." It is, we think, very evident that the cause of the court-bard's non-preferment was the king's reluctance to be deprived of his company, being pleased with his compositions, and probably also with his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. His majesty would not have stood such incessant badgering about a benefice, had he not been loath to lose so bright a genius—nay, had he not loved the man. As for Dunbar himself, we doubt his having been as desirous to give up his £80 a year at court for £100 per annum, and a parish in some obscure village, as would appear to have been the case from his unceasing appeals to the king. "With all his cheerfulness and elasticity of spirit," says his biographer, "Dunbar had reached a period of life when he must have felt keenly the misfortune of continuing so long a dependant on court favour. Had the Scottish monarch not desired to retain him as a personal attendant, he would have found no difficulty in gratifying the wishes of an old and faithful servant, as the presentation to all vacant benefices was vested in the king's hands; for it has been well observed, 'that it must have been a pure priesthood, indeed, to whom Dunbar would not in his maturer years have done honour.'" Of the time or manner of Dunbar's death nothing is known with certainty. From one of his poems on the death of the poets he appears to have outlived most of his contemporaries, and probably lived until about 1520 or 1530. Next to the "Thrissill and the Rois," his most considerable poem was "The Goldyn Targe," a moral allegorical piece intended to demonstrate the general tendency of love to overcome reason; the golden targe, or shield, of reason, he shows to be an inefficient protection to the shafts of Cupid. It is cited by Sir David Lyndsay, as showing that Dunbar had "language at large." The most remarkable of his poems is the "Dance of the Sevin Deidly Synnis." It is equal in

its way to anything in Spenser. Dunbar was the author of a number of moral poems, the most solemn of which is the one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections.

Among his numerous comic pieces, which are not, however, suited to the present era, the most humorous are the "Twa Marriet Wemen and the Wedo," containing many sarcastic reflections upon the fair sex; and an account of a tournament, entitled "The Justis betuix the Tailyzour and Sowtar"—conducted according to the laws of chivalry. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and as droll as anything in Scarron or Rabelais. Dunbar is supposed to be the author of another exquisitely humorous tale, "The Freirs of Berwick," which supplied the groundwork of Allan Ramsay's well known poem of "The Monk and the Miller's Wife." Our court-bard had the fortune, rare in that age, of seeing some of his poems printed in his lifetime. In 1508, among the first efforts of the Scottish press, Chapman and Miller published his "Golden Targe" and "Two Married Women and the Widow." Most of his writings were, however, allowed to remain in the obscurity of manuscript among the Bannatyne and Maitland collections, till the beginning of the last century, when some of his productions appeared in Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*. It was not till 1834 that a complete edition of his works, accompanied by a life and valuable notes by David Laing, was published. Had any accident befallen the Bannatyne and Maitland MS. prior to 1834 Dunbar would not, as now, have been known as "the darling of the Scottish muses."

"In the poetry of Dunbar," says Dr. Irving, "we recognize the emanations of a mind adequate to splendid and varied exertion: a mind capable of soaring into the higher regions of fiction, or of descending into the humble walks of the familiar and ludicrous. His imagination, though highly prolific, was sufficiently chastened by the interposition of judgment. In his allegorical poems we discover originality, and even sublimity of invention: while those of a satirical kind present us with striking images of real life and manners. As a descriptive poet he has secured superlative praise. In the mechanism of poetry he evinces a won-

derful degree of skill; he has employed a great variety of metres; and his versification, where opposed to that of his most eminent contemporaries, will appear highly ornamental and poetical." That Celt-abhorring critic, John Pinkerton, said, "His moral pieces have a terseness, elegance, and force only inferior to those of Horace;" and Sir Walter Scott, after

many enthusiastic encomiums on his various powers, has finely remarked, "The genius of Dunbar and Gavin Douglas alone is sufficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance. . . . Dunbar is unrivalled by any poet that Scotland ever produced, and he has the honour, though not the earliest, of being regarded as the father of Scottish poetry."

## THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.<sup>1</sup>

Quhen Merch wes with variand windis past,  
And Appryll had, with hir silver schouris,  
Tane leif at Nature with ane orient blast,  
And lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,  
Had maid the birdis to begin their houris  
Amang the tender odouris reid and quhyt,  
Quhois armory to heir it was delyt:

In bed at morrow, sleiping as I lay,  
Me thoecht Aurora, with hir cristall ene,  
In at the window lukit by the day,  
And halsit me, with visage pail and grene;  
On quhois hand a lark sang fro the splene,  
Awalk, luvaris, out of your slomereng,  
Sé how the lusty morrow dois up spring.

Me thought fresche May befor my bed up stude,  
In weid depaynt of mony diverss hew,  
Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,  
In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,  
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,  
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phœbus bemys;  
Quhyll all the house illumynit of hir lemys.

Slugird, scho said, awalk amone for schame,  
And in my honour sum thing thow go wryt;  
The lark hes done the mirry day proclame,  
To raise up luvaris with confort and delyt;  
Yit nocht inressis thy courage to indyt,  
Quhois hairt sum tyme hes glaid and blisfull bene,  
Sangis to mak undir the levis grene.

Quhairto, quoth I, sall I up ryse at morrow,  
For in this May few birdis herd I sing;  
Thai haif moir cause to weip and plane thair  
sorrow;

Thy air it is nocht holsum nor benyng;  
Lord Eolus dois in thy sessone ring:

<sup>1</sup> Of this poem, in which Dunbar emblemized the junction and amity of the two portions of Britain, Dr. Irving remarks, the author "displays boldness of invention and beauty of arrangement, and in several of its detached parts the utmost strength and even delicacy of colouring;" and Dr. Langhorne finely says:—

"In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,  
And Time yet spurs the Thistle and the Rose."—Ed

So busteous are the blastis of his horne,  
Amang thy bewis to walk I haif forborne.

With that this lady sobirly did smyle,  
And said, I pryse, and do thy observance;  
Thow did promyt, in Mayis lusty quhytle,  
For to discryve the Rois of most plesance.  
Go sé the birdis how thay sing and dance,  
Illumynit oure with orient skyis bryecht,  
Annamyllit richely with new asure lycht.

Quhen this wes said, departit scho, this quene,  
And enterit in a lusty gairding gent;  
And than me thoecht, full hestely besene,  
In serk and mantill [after hir] I went  
In to this garth, most dulce and redolent,  
Off herb and flour, and tendir plantis suet,  
And grene levis doing of dew down fleit.

The purpoure sone, with tendir bemys reid,  
In orient brycht as angell did appeir,  
Throw goldin skyis puttin up his heid,  
Quhois gilt tressis sehene so wondir cleir,  
That all the world tuke confort, fer and neir,  
To luke upon his fresche and blisfull face,  
Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

And as the blisfull sounne of echerarchy  
The fowlis song throw confort of the licht;  
The birdis did with oppin voeis cry  
To luvaris so, Away thow duly nicht,  
And weleum day that comfortis every wicht;  
Haill May, haill Flora, haill Aurora sehene,  
Haill princeis Nature, haill Venus luvis quene.

Dame Nature gaif ane inhibitioun thair  
To ferss Neptunus, and Eolus the bawld,  
Nocht to perturb the wattr nor the air,  
And that no schouris [sneil] nor blastis cawld  
Effray suld flouris nor fowlis on the fold;  
Scho bad eik Juno, goddess of the sky,  
That scho the hevin suld keip amene and dry.

Scho ordand eik that every bird and beist  
Befor hir hienes suld amone compeir,  
And every flour of vertew, most and leist,

And every herb he feild fer and neir,  
As they had wont in May, fro yeir to yeir,  
To hir thair makar to mak obediens,  
Full law inclynnand with all dew reverens.

With that annone scho send the suiift Ro  
To bring in beistis of all condition;  
The restless Suallo commandit scho also  
To feche all foull of small and greit renown;  
And to gar flouris compeir of all fassoun,  
Full craftely conjurit scho the Yarrow,  
Quhiik did furth swirk als swift as onny arrow.

All present wer in twynkling of ane é,  
Baith beist, and bird, and flour, befor the  
quene;

And first the Lyone, gretast of degré,  
Was callit thair, and he, most faire to sene,  
With a full harly countenance and kene,  
Befor dame Nature come, and did inlyne,  
With visage bawld and corage leonyne.

This awfull beist full terrible wes of cheir  
Persing of luke, and stout of countenance,  
Rycht strong of corpis, of fassoun fair, but feir,  
Lusty of schaip, lycht of deliverance,  
Reid of his cullour, as is the ruby glance;  
On feild of gold he stude full nychtely,  
With flour-de-lyeis sirkulit lustely.

This lady liftit up his clavis cleir,  
And leit him listly lene upone hir kné,  
And crownit him with dyademe full deir,  
Off radyous stonis, most ryall for to sé;  
Saying, The King of Beistis mak I thé,  
And the chief protector in woddis and schawis;  
Onto thy leigis go furth, and keip the lawis.

Exerce justice with mercy and conscience,  
And lat no small beist suffir skaith na scornis  
Of greit beistis that bene of moir pissance;  
Do law elyk to aipis and unicornis,  
And lat no bowgle with his busteous hornis  
The meik pluch-ox oppress, for all his pryd,  
Bot in the yok go peciable him besyd.

Quhen this was said, with noyis and soun of joy,  
All kynd of beistis in to thair degré,  
Atonis eryit, lawd, Vive le Roy,  
And till his feit fell with humilité;  
And all thay maid him homege and fewté;  
And he did thame ressaif with princely laitis,  
Quhois noble yre is parcere prostratis.

Syne crownit scho the Egle King of Fowlis,  
And as steill dertis sherpit sho his pennis,  
And bawd him be als just to awppis and owlis,  
As unto pacokkis, papingais, or crennis,  
And mak á law for wycht fowlis and for wrennis;  
And lat no fowll of ravyne do offeray,  
Nor devoir birdis bot his awin pray.

Than callit scho all flouris that grew on feild,  
Discirnyng all thair fassionis and effeiris,  
Upon the awfull Thrissil she beheld,  
And saw him kepit with a busche of speiris;  
Considering him so able for the weiris,  
A radius croun of rubeis scho him gaif,  
And said, In feild go furth, and fend the laif:

And sen thou art a king, thou be discreit;  
Herb without vertew thou hald nocht of sic  
pryce  
As herb of vertew, and of odour sueit;  
And lat no nettill vyle, and full of vyce,  
Hir fallow to the gudly flour-de-lyce;  
Nor latt no wyld weid, full of churlicheness  
Compair hir till the lilleis nobilness:

Nor hald non udir flour in sic denty  
As the fresche Rois, of cullour reid and quhyt:  
For gife thou dois, hurt is thyne honesty;  
Considerding that no flour is so perfyt,  
So full of vertew, plesans, and delyt,  
So full of blisful angeilik bewty,  
Imperiall birth, honour, and dignité.

Than to the Rois scho turnit hir visage,  
And said, O lusty dochtir most benyng,  
Aboif the lilly, illustare of lynnage,  
Fro the stok ryell rysing fresche and ying,  
Bot ony spot or macull doing spring:  
Come blowme of joy with jemis to be cround,  
For oure the laif thy bewty is renounnd.

A coistly croun, with clarefeid stonis brycht,  
This cumly quene did on hir heid inchois;  
Quhyll all the land illumynit of the licht;  
Quhairfor me thoct the flouris did rejois,  
Crying, attonis, Hail be thou richest Rois!  
Hail hairbis Empryce, hail freschest Quene of  
Flouris,  
To thé be glory and honour at all houris.

Thane all the birdis song with vocz on bicht,  
Quhois mirthfull soun wes marvelous to heir:  
The mayvis sang, Hail Rois most riche and richt,  
That dois up flureiss under Phebus speir;  
Hail plant of yowth, hail princes dochtir deir,  
Hail blosome breking out of the blud royall,  
Quhois pretius vertew is imperiall:

The merle scho sang, Hail Rois of most delyt,  
Hail of all flouris quene and soverane:  
The lark scho sang, Hail Rois both reid and quhyt,  
Most plesand flour, of mighty cullouris tane:  
The nychtingaill sang, Hail Naturis suffragane,  
In bewty, nurtour, and every nobilness,  
In riche array, renown, and gentilness.

The commoun voce up raise of birdis small,  
Apon this wyis, O blissit be the hour  
That thou wes chosin to be our principall;

Welcome to be our Princeis of honour,  
 Our perle, our plesans, and our paramour,  
 Our peax, our play, our plane felicité;  
 Chryst thé conserf frome all adversité.

Than all the birdis song with sic a schout,  
 That I annone awoilk quhair that I lay,  
 And with a braid I turnyt me about  
 To sé this court; bot all wer went away:  
 Then up I lenyt, haltingis in affray,  
 And thus I wret as ye haif hard to-forrow,  
 Off lusty May upone the nynt morrow.

#### EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IN PAIN.

Off Lentren in the first mornyng,  
 Airly as did the day up spring,  
 Thus sang aue bird with voce upplane,  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

O man! haif mynd that thow mon pass;  
 Remembir that thow art bot ass,  
 And sall in ass return agane:  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Haif mynd that eild ay followis yowth,  
 Deth followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,  
 Devoring fruct and flowring grane:  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Welth, warldly gloir, and riche array,  
 Ar all bot thornis laid in thy way,  
 Ourcovered with flouris laid in ane trane:  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,  
 Bot Januar come als wod and kene;  
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane:  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Evermair unto this warldis joy,  
 As nerrest air succeidis noy;  
 Thairfoir quhen joy may nocht remane,  
 His verry air succeidis pane;

Heir helth returnis in seikness;  
 And mirth returnis in haviness;  
 Toun in desert, forrest in plane:  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Fredome returnis in wrechitness,  
 And trewth returnis in dowbilness,  
 With fenyeit wirdis to mak men fane;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Vertew returnis into vyce,  
 And honour into avaryce;  
 With cuvatyce is consciens slane;  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,  
 Wirk for the joy that lestis evir;  
 For uther joy is all bot vane:  
 All erdly joy returnis in pane.

## GAVIN DOUGLAS.

BORN 1474—DIED 1522.

GAVIN DOUGLAS, whom the Scottish antiquary John Pinkerton pronounced the fifth of the seven classic poets of Scotland whose works would "be reprinted to the end of the English language"—the others being Barbour, James I., Blind Harry, Dunbar, Sir David Lyndsay, and Drummond—was one of the distinguished luminaries that marked the restoration of letters in his native land at the commencement of the sixteenth century. He was the third son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, surnamed, from a well known incident in Scottish history, "Bell-the-Cat," but generally the Great Earl of Angus. Gavin was born, it is believed, at Brechin late in the year 1474, or early in 1475.

Of his early life little is known, but it is probable that, being designed for the church, he received as liberal an education as Scotland could then furnish. If it be true that his father gave

"Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,  
 Save Gavin, ne'er could pen a line,"

then his progress was perhaps due, in a great measure, to his natural talent for acquiring knowledge. All that is known with certainty on the subject is that his education was completed at the University of Paris, and that having made a continental tour he returned to his native land, and was appointed rector of Hawick in 1496, being when installed but

What we for greatest blessings take,  
 And count all things but loss and dung,  
 'Tis that Christ's love he might gain.  
 What other men do grievous think,  
 He calmly can endure;  
 He knows none truly can rejoice,  
 Whose right in Christ's not sure.  
 He on the cross of Christ alone  
 His wondering thoughts employs.  
 Where in his death he hidden sees  
 Life and eternal joys.  
 Thus he can honey from the rocks,  
 And oil draw from hard stones;  
 A gift to few, and seldom given  
 By Heaven, amongst men's sons.  
 'Tis he alone long life deserves,  
 And his years sweetly pass,  
 Who holds that treasure in his breast  
 Whose worth doth all surpass.  
 What can he want of outward things  
 Which we should buy at any rate,  
 And all things else despise?  
 Woe's me! how much do other men  
 In seas of trouble live,  
 Whose ruin oft and endless cares  
 Ev'n things they wish do give!  
 'Tis he alone in earnest can  
 Wish for his dying day,  
 All mankind's terror; yea, with tears  
 Expostulate his stay.  
 O! would to God my soul just now  
 Were raised to such a frame,  
 As freely to part hence, which soon  
 Must be, though I reclaim.  
 This present flies, another life  
 Is swiftly hastening on,  
 The way that leads to which is through  
 The cross of Christ alone.  
 How canst thou, without grief and tears,  
 Think on those impious wounds  
 Which thou didst cause, through which to thee  
 Salvation free rebounds?  
 Thou, who shun'st all fatigue, and gives  
 Thyself to soft delight,  
 With what assurance canst thou grave  
 What is the labourer's right?

If a strict life thou canst not reach,  
 At least let him not see  
 That thou wouldst partaker be.  
 That which resembles most the sun  
 We truly may call bright;  
 And what is most like to the snow,  
 Will whitest be to sight.  
 These things are sweet which in their taste  
 With honey may compare,  
 And these are sweet which can contend  
 With the high-flying air;  
 So, sure, the more thou art like Christ,  
 More perfect thou'rt indeed;  
 For, of all true perfection, he  
 Both pattern is, and head.  
 Who are persuaded of this truth,  
 When sore afflictions grieve,  
 They comfort have, that, ev'n in this,  
 They more like Christ do live.  
 Men of this stamp are very scarce,  
 Whose virtue doth them bear  
 Above the vulgar: for what's great,  
 Difficult is, and rare.  
 But we to mind salvation's work  
 Will never be advis'd;  
 And that all things are vanity,  
 'Till death hath us surpris'd:  
 Then to reflect we first begin,  
 And our past lives abhor,  
 And all these empty joys which we  
 So much admired before.  
 Then under terrors we would fly  
 To Christ, the only rock  
 Of life, whom in prosperity  
 We never did invoke.  
 The fear which can no merit have  
 Drives us to implore his grace:  
 So great his mercy, that in vain  
 We ne'er shall seek his face.  
 But yet we ought without delay  
 Examine our estate;  
 And saving interest get in Christ,—  
 Far better soon than late.  
 If any other way we seek  
 Our passions to oppose,  
 Or get tranquillity of mind,  
 We time and labour lose.

For evermore I shall you service make:  
 Sen of befoir into my mynd I made,  
 Sen first I knew your ladyship, bot lak  
 All bewtie, youth and womanheid ye had.  
 Withouthen rest my heart coult not evade,  
 Thus am I yours, and ay sensyne half bene,  
 Commandit thereto by your twa fair ene.

Thou well of virtue, flower of womanheid,  
 And patron unto patients:  
 Lady of lawy bath in word and deid,  
 Rycht sobry, swett, full meik of eloquens,  
 Bath gude and fat: to your magnificens,  
 I me commend, as I hart done before,  
 My sempill heart for now and evermore.

THE FLOWER OF WOMANHEID.

In being obliged to sing without reward or notice; and we find the name of Scot selected by Alexander Montgomerie to point a reflection on neglected merit, in one of his sonnets addressed to Robert Hudson:

"Ye know, Ill gnyding genders many goes,  
 And specially in poets: for example,  
 Ye can pen out twa cupis an' ye please,  
 Yourself and I, *Mit Scot* and Robert Sempie."

In Allan Ramsay's *Bevergreen*, and in the collections of Hailes, Pinkerton, and Sibbald, will be found many pleasing specimens of Scot's poetry. The Bannatyne MS. contains others which have never been printed: but, considering how often that valuable collection has been examined by competent judges, we may conclude that nothing has been neglected whose oblivious repose is worth disturbing. Allan Cunningham says: "Gay and light, and elegant beyond most poets of his time, Alexander Scot sang with much more sweetness than strength, and was more anxious after the smoothness of his numbers than the natural beauty of his sentiments. He flows smooth, but he seldom flows deep; he is refined and delicate, but has little vigour and no passion. Yet his verses are exceedingly pleasing; they are melodious, with meaning in their melody, and possess in no small degree that easy and gliding-away grace of expression of which the old minstrel vaunted—

' Forbye how sweet my numbers flow,  
 And slide away like water.'"

ALEXANDER SCOT, the prevailing amatory character of whose poems caused him to be called the *Scottish Anacreon*, though there are many points wanting to complete the resemblance to the Teian bard, was a subject of James V., and also flourished during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whom she addressed "Ane New Yere Gift," when she came from France in 1562. Little is known of his personal history beyond what can be conjectured from his writings. It is supposed that he was born about the year 1502. In his address to Mary, which begins:

"Welcome, illustre lady, and our queen!"

he designates himself her "simple servant Sanders Scot," and shows that he was a warm friend to the Reformed religion, which he recommends in strong terms to her majesty's protection. The poet concluded his address, which is in twenty-eight stanzas, with an alliterative verse, highly characteristic:

"Fresh, fudgent, flourish, fragrant flower, formose,  
 Lantern to love, of ladies lamp and lot,  
 Cherry mast chaste, chief carmiche and close,  
 Small sweet smaragd, smelling bot smit or smot:  
 Noblest nature, nourice to nurture not,  
 Sent by thy simple servant Sanders Scot,  
 Greeting great God to grant thy grice guid year!"

The poet appears to have been totally neglected by the court, and in a beautiful little fable, entitled "The Eagle and Robin Redbreast," he feelingly laments his hard fate



twenty-two years of age. In 1509 Douglas was made provost of the collegiate church of St. Giles, Edinburgh, and five years later the queen-mother, then Regent of Scotland, who had married his nephew, the young Earl of Angus, appointed him abbot of Aberbrothock; and soon after conferred upon him the archbishopric of St. Andrews, in a letter to the pope extolling him for his eminent virtue and great learning, and earnestly soliciting him to confirm her nomination. His holiness did not, however, grant the queen's request, but issued a bull designating Forman, bishop of Moray, for the vacant dignity; while at the same time the chapter, who approved of neither Douglas nor Forman, made choice of John Hepburn, prior of St. Andrews.

To console Douglas for his disappointment the queen in 1515 made him Bishop of Dunkeld; but the Duke of Albany, who in this year was declared regent, to prevent him from obtaining that see, accused him of contravening the laws of the realm in obtaining bulls from Rome, in consequence of which he was imprisoned for a year in the Castle of Edinburgh. On the reconciliation of the queen and the duke, Douglas obtained his liberty, and was consecrated at Glasgow by Archbishop Beaton. In 1517 he accompanied the Duke of Albany to France, but soon returned to Scotland, and repaired to his diocese, where he applied himself diligently to the duties of his episcopal office. In 1521 he was compelled by the disputes between the Earls of Arran and Angus to take refuge in England, where he was kindly received by Henry VIII., and where he formed the acquaintance of Erasmus, who speaks of his regal mien, and of Polydore Virgil, a learned Italian who was then writing a history of England. The bishop is believed to have supplied the latter with information concerning the early period of the Scottish nation. We are informed by Holingshed that during his residence in London Douglas received a pension from the English monarch, who, with all his faults, was a liberal patron of literature. Bishop Douglas died in London of the plague in September, 1522, and was interred in the chapel-royal of the Savoy.

In this ancient little church, on the banks of the Thames, there was discovered in 1873, after a long disappearance, the old brass plate

which indicated his burial-place. The inscription describes him as "Gavannus Dowglas, Natione Scotus, Dunkellensis Præsul, patria sui exul. Anno Christus 1522." The words *patria sui exul* are suggestive of the similar epitaph of Dante, between whom and Douglas there is at least the resemblance that each of them shed a lustre by his genius on a stormy and anarchic period of his country's history, and died in exile.

Hume says that the bishop "left behind great admiration of all his virtues and love of his person in the hearts of all good men; for, besides the nobility of his birth, the dignity and comeliness of his personage, he was learned, temperate, and of singular moderation of mind, and, in those turbulent times, had always carried himself among the factions of the nobility equally, and with a mind to make peace, and not to stir up parties, which qualities were very rare in a clergyman of those days." Douglas, who is also highly eulogized by George Buchanan, is also remembered as the author of one of the best historical Scottish witticisms. When the Hamiltons, in April, 1520, were planning their attack on the Douglases in the High Street of Edinburgh, which, after it came off, was known among skirmishes as "Clear-the-causeway," from the sweep which was made of the assailants, Gavin, as a man of peace, remonstrated with one of their chief abettors, James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow. The archbishop laid his hand upon his heart, and said, "Upon my conscience, I cannot help what is going to happen." But, lo! as he was speaking, the armour which he had donned beneath his episcopal rochet began to rattle. "Ha! my lord," said the witty Gavin, "I perceive that your conscience is not sound, as appears from its *clatters*"—a rejoinder the double force of which can be appreciated only by a Scotchman.

As a man of letters Douglas stands distinguished as the first poetical translator of the classics in Britain. Besides the translation of Ovid's *De Remedio Amoris*, he translated the *Æneid* of Virgil, with the additional thirteenth book of Mapheus Vigius, into Scottish verse. This he undertook at the request of Henry, first lord Sinclair, in 1512, and completed it in the short space of eighteen months. It was first printed in London under the following

title:—“*The XIII Bukes of Eneidos of the Famous Poet Virgill*. Translated out of Latine Verses into Scottish Meter by the Reverend Father in God, Mayster Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld and Unkil to the Erle of Angus. Every Buke hauing hys perticular Prologe.” Douglas’ *Virgil* possesses one excellence to which no succeeding translation has any pretension. The prologues of his own composition which he has prefixed to the different books are such as almost to place him on a level with the poet he had so ably translated. It has been said, “They yield to no descriptive poems in any language;” and Warton remarks, “The second book of Virgil’s *Aeneid* is introduced with metrical prologues which are often highly poetical, and show that Douglas’ proper walk was original poetry.” These original prologues, it has been supposed, suggested to Scott the idea of the introduction to the several cantos of “*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*” and “*Marmion*.”

Douglas is also the author of two allegorical poems, the one entitled “*The Palace of Honour*” and the other “*King Hart*.” The first named was addressed, as an apologue for the conduct of a king, to James IV., and was written prior to 1501. “It is a poem,” says Warton, “adorned with many pleasing incidents and adventures, and abounds with genius and learning.” “*King Hart*” is believed to have been written in the latter part of his life, and contains what Dr. Irving styles “a most ingenious adumbration of the progress of human life.” It was first printed in Pinkerton’s collection of *Ancient Scottish Poems*, published in 1786. It is perhaps worthy of mention that the well-known *Pilgrim’s Progress* bears a strong resemblance to Douglas’ “*Palace of Honour*,” although it is hardly possible that Bunyan could have met with the poem. The works of Bishop Douglas were first published, with a memoir, notes, glossary, &c.,

by Rev. Mr. Scott, in 1787; the latest and most complete edition appeared in 1874, in four vols., bearing the following title:—“*The Poetical Works of Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld*. With Memoir, Notes, and Glossary, by J. Small, Librarian of the University of Edinburgh.”

In the only attempt made by Dr. James Beattie, in a poetical epistle, to use the Mearns or Aberdeen dialect after the manner of Robert Burns, he mentions the name of Douglas in his happy summary of the early Scottish poets:—

“I here might gie a skreed o’ names,  
Dawties of Heliconian dames,  
The foremost place Gavin Douglas claims,  
That pawky priest.  
And wha can match the first King James,  
For saing or jest;  
Montgomery grave, and Ramsay gay,  
Dunbar, Scot, Hawthornden, and mae  
Than I can tell; for o’ my fae  
I maun brak aff;  
’Twould tak’ a five-long summer day  
To name the half.

Another poetical allusion to the amiable and virtuous prelate occurs in one of George Dyer’s poems:—

“Dunkeld, no more the heaven-directed chaunt  
Within thy sainted walls may sound again,  
But thou, as once the Muse’s favourite haunt,  
Shall live in Douglas’ pure Virgilian strain,  
While time devours the castle’s crumbling wall,  
And roofless abbeys pine, low-tottering to their fall.”

Horne Tooke remarks that the language of Gavin Douglas, though written more than a century after Chaucer, must yet be esteemed more ancient: even as the present English speech in Scotland is in many respects more ancient than that spoken so far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth. So Casubon says of his time. The Scottish language is purer than the English of the present day, where by “purer” he means nearer to the Anglo-Saxon.

## KING HART.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

(EXTRACT FROM CANTO FIRST.)

King Hart, into his cumlic castell strang,  
Closit about with craft and meikill ure,  
So scimlie we he set his folk amang,  
That he no dout had of misaventure:

So proudie we he polist, plaine, and pure,  
With youthheid and his lustie levis grene;  
So fair, so fresche, so liklie to endure,  
And als so blyth, as bird in symmer schene.

For wes he never yit with schouris schot,  
 Nor yit our run with rook, or ony rayne;  
 In all his lusty leaman nocht ane spot;  
 Na never had experience into payne.  
 But alway into lyking moecht to layne;  
 Onlie to love, and verrie gentillnes,  
 He wes inclynit cleinlie to remane,  
 And woun under the wyng of wantounnes.

Yit was this wourthy wicht king under ward:  
 For wes he nocht at fredom utterlie.  
 Nature had lymmit folk, for thair reward,  
 This gudlie king to governe aid to gy;  
 For so thai kest thair tyme to occupy.  
 In welthis for to wyne for thai him teitchit;  
 All lustis for to love, and underly,  
 So prevelie thai preis him and hinn preitehit.

First [war thair] *Strenth*, [and *Rage*,] and *Wantounnes*,

*Grein Lust*, *Disport*, *Jelosity*, and *Invy*;  
*Freschaes*, *New Gate*, *Waist-gude*, and *Wilfulnes*,  
*Delyvernes*, *Fulhardenes* thairby;  
*Gentrice*, *Fredome*, *Petrie* privie espy,  
*Want-wit*, *Vaingloir*, *Prodigalitie*,  
*Unrest*, *Nicht-walk*, and felon *Gluttony*;  
*Unricht*, *Dyme-sicht*, with *Sicht*, and *Subtiltie*.

Thir war the inwarde ythand servitouris,  
 Quhilk governours war to this nobil king;

And kepit him inclynit to thair curis.  
 So wes thair nocht in erde that evir nicht bring  
 Ane of thair folk awa fra his dwelling.  
 Thus to thair terme thai serve for thair reward:  
 Dansing, disporting, singing, revelling,  
 With *Bissnes* all blyth to pleis the lairde.

This folk, with all the femell thai nicht fang  
 Quhilk numerit ane milyon and weil mo,  
 That wer upbred as servitours of lang,  
 And with this king wald woun, in weil and wo.  
 For favour, nor for feid, wald found him fro;  
 Unto the tyme thair dait be run and past:  
 That gold nor gude nicht gar thame fro him go;  
 No greif, nor grame, suld grayth thame so agast.

#### APOSTROPHE TO HONOUR.

O, hie honour, sweit heuinlie flour digest!  
 Gem verteous, maist precious, gudliest,  
 For hie renom thou art guerdoun conding,  
 Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,  
 But whome in richt na worthie wicht may lest,  
 Thy greit puissance may maist anance all thing,  
 And poverall to meikall atail sone bring.  
 I thé require sen thow but peir art best,  
 That eftir this in thy hie blis we ring.

## ALEXANDER BARCLAY.

BORN 1475 — DIED 1552.

Whether ALEXANDER BARCLAY, an elegant poet of the sixteenth century, was born on Scottish or English soil has long been a *questio vexata*, affording the literary antiquary a suitable field for the display of his characteristic amenity. Bishop Bale, Dr. Bulleyn, Hollingshed, and Ritson claim him as a Scotchman; while Warton, Wood, and other writers are equally certain that he was born south of the Tweed. The year of Barclay's birth is believed, on very obscure evidence, to have been 1475. From his writings it is conjectured that about 1795 he was pursuing his studies at Oriel College, Oxford, where, or at Cambridge, he received the degree of D. D. Going afterwards to the Continent, he there added to his classical attainments a knowledge of the Dutch, French, German, and Italian languages. On his return to

England he entered the church, and became chaplain to Bishop Cornish, who in 1508 appointed him one of the priests or prebendaries of St. Mary Ottery, Devonshire. Subsequently he became a Benedictine monk of Ely, and afterwards a Franciscan monk at Canterbury. While in this situation he published an English translation of the *Mirror of Good Manners*, a treatise compiled in Latin by Dominyke Maneyn for the use of the "juvent of England." After the Reformation Barclay accepted a ministerial charge in the Protestant Church as vicar of Much-Badew, in Essex. In 1546 he was vicar of Woking, in Somersetshire; and in April, 1552, he became rector of All-Hallows, Lombard Street, London. He possessed this living but six weeks, and died in the month of June at Croydon, in Surrey, where he was buried.

Of his personal character diametrically different accounts have been given. Bale, a Protestant, treats Barclay's memory with indignity, and charges him with having lived a scandalous life; while Pitts, a Roman Catholic, assures us that the poet directed his studies to the service of religion, and employed his time in composition, in his religious duties, and in reading the lives of the saints.

Barclay was the author of a large number of works, original and translated, and he is entitled to grateful commemoration as having done more for the improvement of English literature than any of his contemporaries. His principal poetical production, entitled "The Shyp of Fooles," is an extremely curious and once widely popular satire, which, under the allegory of a ship freighted with fools of all kinds, held the mirror up to the prevailing vices and follies of every rank and profession at that important and suggestive period of history immediately preceding the Reformation. Barclay's metrical version in the balade or octave stanza, adapted from a German poem by Sebastian Brandt, called "Navis Stultifera," printed by Pynson in 1509, contains large additions satirizing the follies and vices of his own countrymen. Of this work Warton writes: "All ancient satirical writings, even those of an inferior cast, have their merit, and deserve attention, as they transmit pictures of familiar manners and preserve popular customs. In this light at least Barclay's 'Ship of Fools,' which is a general satire on the times, will be found entertaining. Nor must it be denied that his language is more

cultivated than that of many of his contemporaries, and that he has contributed his share to the improvement of the English phraseology. His author, Sebastian Brandt, appears to have been a man of universal erudition, and his work for the most part is a tissue of citations from the ancient poets and historians." A beautiful edition of this work, with a glossary and biographical notices by T. J. Jamieson, keeper of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, was published in 1874. Copies of the Pynson edition are very rare, and are valued at upwards of one hundred pounds.

Among Barclay's other works are his "Elogues," translations freely made from Mantuanus and Eneas Silvius, and which are the earliest specimens of pastoral poetry in the English language; "The Castle of Labour," an allegorical poem; and a translation of Sallust's *History of the Jugurthine War*, published five years after the poet's death. It is one of the earliest specimens of English translation from the classics, and on the title-page may be read, "translated into English by Syr Alexander Barklaye, prieste: nowe perused and corrected by Thomas Paynell." Of the "Elogues," Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, says, "They are, like Petrarch's and Mantuan's, of the moral and satirical kind, and contain but few touches of rural description and bucolic imagery." Barclay's abilities, it may be added, gained him very great distinction as a writer even during his lifetime. He was admired for his wit and eloquence, and for a fluency of style not common in that age.

### OF THEM THAT GIVE JUDGMENT ON OTHERS.

Who that reputyth hym selfe iust and fawtles,  
Of maners gode, and of luyngge commendable,  
And iugeth other (parchaunce that ar gyttles)  
To be of a condicion reprobable,  
Hymselfe nat notyng, thoughte that he were  
culpable,  
He is a fole, and onys shall haue a fall,  
Syns he wyll other iuge, hym selfe yet worst of all.  
Many fallyth in great peryll and damage,  
And greuous deth by the vyce of folysshnes,  
Perseuerantly bydynge in theyr outrage,  
Theyr soule infect with synne and viciousnes;

And though that deth hym alway to them  
addres,  
Yet hope they in longe lyfe and prosperyte,  
And neuer asswageth theyr blynde iniquyte.  
The tyme passeth as water in a ryuere,  
No mortal man can it reuoke agayne;  
Dethe with his dartis vnwaroly doth apere,  
It is the ende of euery man certayne,  
The last of all ferys and ende of worldly payne:  
But thoughte we knowe that we all must haue an  
ende,  
We slepe in synno disdaynyng vs to amende,

Some thynke them gode, iust and excellent,  
 Myghty stronge and worthy of pernynence:  
 Charitable, chast, constant and innocent,  
 Nat doutynge deth nor other inconuenience:  
 But yet ar they wrappyd sore in synne and  
 offence,

And in a vayne hope, contynue in suche wyse  
 That all the worlde (saue them selfe) they dispyse.

They take on them the workes of God omnipotent,  
 To iuge the secrete of manny's mynde and  
 thought;

And where no sygne is sene playne and eydent  
 They iuge a man, saynge his lyfe is nought.  
 And if deth one hath vnto his last ende brought,  
 (As mad) they mende nat theyr mysgouernaunce,  
 Nat thynkyng that they ensue must the same  
 daunce.

#### OF ELEVATED PRIDE AND BOASTING.

That lawde is vyle the whiche doth procede  
 From manny's owne mouth vtred in wordes  
 vayne;

Of suche foly no wyse man taketh hede,  
 But by disression doth hym selfe refrayne;  
 But pompe and pryde whiche doth all men  
 disdayne

Engendreth folys: whiche thynkyng to excell  
 All other in erth, at last fall downe to hell.

Besyde our folys rehersyd here before  
 In dyuers barges almost innumerable,  
 Yet stately pryde makyth the number more,  
 Whiche is a vyce so moche abhominable,  
 That it surmountyth without any fable  
 All other vyces in furour and vylenes,  
 And of all synne is it rote and maystres.

The noblest hertis by this vyce ar acloyed.  
 It is confounder mekenes and vertue;  
 So by the same is many one destroyed  
 In soule and body whiche them to it subdue.  
 Wherefore let the wyse his statelynes eschewe.  
 For it hath be sene, is sene, and euer shall,  
 That first or last foule pryde wyll haue a fall.

The first inuentour of this vnhappy vyce,  
 As doth the scripture playne expres and tell,  
 Was Lucyfer, whiche to hym dyd attyce  
 A crused number both stately and cruell,  
 In mynde intendencyng his Maker to excell;  
 Or els if he coude come to his intent  
 For to be egall with God omnytpotent.

Thus of all synnes pryde was the first of all,  
 Bygon by Lucifer; but God omnytpotent

Perecuyng his foly made hym and his to fall  
 From heuen to hell, to paynes violent  
 In horryble shape: before so excellent  
 Shynynge in heuen before the aungels all,  
 Thus had his folysshe pryde a greuous fall.

#### OF EVIL COUNSELLORS, JUDGES, AND LAWYERS.

He that office hath and hyghe autorite,  
 To rule a royalmie, as iuge or counsellour,  
 Whiche seynge Justice, playne ryght and equyte,  
 Them falsly blyndeth by fauour or rigour,  
 Condemnyng wretches gyltles; and to a trans-  
 gressour  
 Formede shewing fauour: suche is as wyse a  
 man  
 As he that wolde seeth a quycke sowe in a pan.

Right many labours nowe, with hyghe diligence,  
 For to be lawyers the comons to counsayle,  
 Therly to be in honour had and in reuerence;  
 But only they labour for theyr pryuate auayle:  
 The purs of the elyent shal fynde hym ap-  
 parayle.  
 And yet knowes he neyther lawe, good counsel  
 nor justice,  
 But speket at auenture, as men throwe the dyce.

Suche in the senate ar taken oft to counsayle  
 With statis of this and many a other region,  
 Whiche of theyr maners vnstable ar and frayle,  
 Nought of lawe ciuyl knowinge nor canon.  
 But wander in derknes, clerenes they haue  
 none.  
 O noble Rome, thou gat nat thy honours  
 Nor general empyre by suche counsellours.

Whan noble Rome all the worlde dyd gouerne  
 Theyr councellers were olde men iust and  
 prudent,  
 Whiche egally dyd euery thyng deseerne,  
 Wherby theyr empyre became so excellent.  
 But nowe a dayes he shall haue his intent  
 That hath most golde, and so it is befall  
 That aungels worke wonders in Westmyenster hall.

They cursyd coyne makyth the wronge seme  
 right;  
 The cause of hym that lyueth in pouertye  
 Hath no defence, tyeion, strength nor myght:  
 Suche is the olde custome of this faculte  
 That colours oft cloke justice and equyte:  
 None can the mater fele nor vnderstoude  
 Without the aungell be weyghty in his honde.

## DAVID LINDSAY.

BORN 1490—DIED 1555.

SIR DAVID LINDSAY of the Mount, so called from a family estate of that name near Cupar-Fife, a celebrated poet, moralist, and reformer, was born, it is believed, in 1490, at his father's seat. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, which he entered in 1505. Here he remained for four years. In 1512 he became an attendant of the infant prince, afterwards James V., his duty being to take the personal charge of him during his hours of recreation. He held this position for twelve years, exercising an important and beneficial influence in the formation of his character, when he was dismissed on a pension by the four guardians to whose care the young king was committed in 1524. Lindsay now devoted his time to the congenial pursuit of literature, and in 1528 produced his "Dream," in which he exposes, with truth and great boldness, the disorders in church and state, which had arisen from the licentious lives of the Romish clergy and the usurpations of the nobles. In the following year he wrote and presented to the king his "Complaynt," in which he reminds his majesty of his faithful services in the days of his youth. It is pleasant to record that, more fortunate than one of his poetical predecessors, Lindsay was in 1530 appointed by James I. king-at-arms, and at the same time had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him.

In the "Complaynt of the King's Papingo," Sir David's next production, the royal parrot is made to ridicule, in a most happy vein of humour, the vices of the Popish clergy. In 1531 the poet was sent with two other ambassadors to Antwerp to renew an ancient treaty of commerce with the Netherlands, and on his return he married a lady of the Douglas family. In 1535 he produced before the king a drama entitled "A Satyre of the Three Estatis." The same year he was sent with Sir John Campbell to Germany in quest of a queen for the young king: but none of the portraits of German beauty which they brought

back pleasing him, Lindsay was the following year sent on a similar mission to France. In 1536 he wrote his "Answer to the Kingis Flyting," and his "Complaynt of Basche the King's Hound;" and in 1538 "The Supplication against Syde Taillis," a part of women's dress. On the death of Magdalene of France, two months after her marriage with James, Lindsay composed his "Deploration of the Death of Queen Magdalene;" and on the arrival in Scotland of Mary of Guise, James' second consort, Sir David superintended a variety of public pageants and spectacles for the welcoming of her majesty.

In 1541 the poet produced "Kittie's Confession," written in ridicule of auricular confession. The year following he lost his prince and pupil, who died of a broken heart, and during the succeeding regency the Romish clergy obtained an act to have Lindsay's satirical poems against them and the corruptions of their church publicly burned. In 1544 and the two succeeding years he represented the town of Cupar-Fife in Parliament. In 1546 there was printed in London Lindsay's "Tragical Death of David Beatoun, Bishoppe of St. Andrews, in Scotland; wherunto is ioyned the Martyredom of Maister George Wyscharte, for whose sake the afore said Bishoppe was not long after slayne." His pithy motto about the foulness of the deed, combined with its desirableness, has been often quoted:—

"As for the cardinal, I grant  
He was the man we weil might want;  
*God will forgive it soon.*  
But of a truth the sooth to say,  
Although the loon be weil away,  
The fact was foully done."

In 1548 he was sent on a mission to Denmark, and two years later published the most pleasing of all his productions, "The History and Testament of Squire Meldrum;" and in 1553 appeared his last and most important work, "The Monarchie." He is supposed to have spent the remaining years of his life at the

Mount, his paternal estate. The exact date of his death is not known, but it occurred between January and April, 1555. As a poet Lindsay does not rank with Dunbar and Douglas. Warton, who was the first in modern times to revive the recollection of Lindsay as a poet, does not venture farther than to discover in some of his poems "many nervous, terse, and polished lines." The lord Lyon king-at-arms was, however, one of the trio of great Scottish singers of the sixteenth century, and his place and power as a poet has been described with much exactness in "Marmion:"—

"In the glances of his eye,  
A penetrating, keen and shy  
Expression found its home;  
The flash of *that satiric rage*  
Which, bursting on the early stage,  
*Branded the vices of the age,*  
*And broke the keys of Rome."*

All of Lindsay's poems are in his "ain braif tongue," for the use of which, amidst all the rage for Latin writing, he takes occasion in the first book of "The Monarchie," to give an abundance of very excellent reasons. Neither Aristotle nor Plato, he says, wrote in Dutch: neither Virgil "the prince of poetry," nor Cicero "the flower of oratory," wrote in Arabic; but each in his own mother tongue. Lindsay's satirical powers and broad humour long rendered him an especial favourite with the common people of Scotland, with whom many of his moral sayings passed into proverbs. So much was this the case, that in days past when they heard a proposition stated of a doubtful character, they would observe "There is na sic a word in a' Davie Lindsay." The century which saw his death saw no fewer than fifteen editions of his works, in whole or part, issued from the presses of St. Andrews, Edinburgh, London, and Paris: and successive editions appearing during the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, kept his

name and fame more prominently before his countrymen than was the case with any of the early poets. Perhaps the most valuable and accurate of the numerous editions of Lindsay was that published in 1806 by Chalmers, till the appearance in 1871 of David Laing's carefully revised edition, and that of the Early English Text Society.

Of the bold herald-poet so beautifully introduced in "Marmion"—

"Still is thy name in high account,  
And still thy muse has charms,  
Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,  
Lord Lyon King-at-arms!"—

Hallam, in his *Literary History of Europe*, writes: "In the earlier part of this period (1520–50) we can find very little English poetry. Sir David Lindsay, an accomplished gentleman and scholar of Scotland, excels his contemporary Skelton in such qualities, if not in fertility of genius. Though inferior to Dunbar in richness of imagination and in elegance of language, he shows a more reflecting and philosophical mind; and certainly his satire upon James V. and his court is more piquant than the other's panegyric upon the thistle. But in the ordinary style of his versification he seems not to rise much above the prosaic and tedious rhymers of the fifteenth century. His descriptions are as circumstantial without selection as theirs: and his language, partaking of a ruder dialect, is still more removed from our own. . . . Lindsay's poetry is said to have contributed to the Reformation in Scotland,—in which, however, he is but like many poets of his own and preceding times. The clergy were an inexhaustible theme of bitter reproof." Pinkerton, who estimated his satirical poetry more highly, remarks, "Lindsay had prepared the ground, and John Knox only sowed the seed."

## THE COMPLAYNT.

(EXTRACT.)

Schir, I besek thy excellence,  
Heir my complaynt with patience;  
My dolent hart dois me con-straine  
Of my infortune to complaine;

Albeit I stand in greit doutance,  
Quhome I sall wyte of my mischance,  
Quhiddir Saturnus crueltie,  
Regnaud in my nativitie,

Be bad aspect quhilk wirkis vengeance.  
 Or utheris hevynly influence;  
 Or gif I be predestinate,  
 In court to be infortunate,  
 Quhilk hes sa lang in service bene,  
 Continually with King and Quene,  
 And enterit to thy Majestic,  
 The day of thy nativitie:  
 Quhairthrow my freindis bene eschamit.  
 And be my fais I am defamit,  
 Seand that I am nocht regardit,  
 Nor with my brether of court rewardit;  
 Blamand my sleuthfull negligence,  
 That seikis nocht sum recompence.  
 Quhen divers men dois me demand,  
 Quhy gettis thou nocht sum peice of land,  
 As weil as uther men hes gotten?  
 Than wis I to be deid and rottin,  
 With sic extreme discomforting,  
 That I can mak na answering.  
 I wald sum wise man did me teiche.  
 Quhidder that I suld flatter or fleiche:  
 I will nocht flyt—that I conclude,  
 For erabbing of thy Celstude:  
 And to flatter, I am defamit;  
 Laek I reward, than am I schamit:  
 But I hope thou sall do as weil,  
 As did the father of fameill,  
 Of qhome Christ makis mentioun,  
 Quhilk for ane certane pensioun,  
 Feit men to wirk in his vineyard:  
 Bot quha come last gat first reward,  
 Quhairthrow the first men war displeisit,  
 But he thame prudently appeisit:  
 For thouch the last men first war servit,  
 Yit gat the first quhat they deservit.  
 Sa am I sure thy Majestic  
 Sall anis reward me or I die.  
 And rub the roust off my ingine,  
 Quhilk bin for langour like to tyne:  
 Althoch I beir nocht like ane baird,  
 Lang service yairnis ay reward.  
 I can nocht wyte thine excellence,  
 That I sa lang want recompence;  
 Had I solystit like the lave,  
 My reward had nocht bin to crave;  
 But now I may weil understand,  
 A dumb man yit wan never land:  
 And in the court men gettis na thing  
 Withoutin opportune asking.  
 Allace! my sleuth and shamefulness  
 Debarrit me fra all greediness;  
 Greedy men that are diligent,  
 Richt oft obtenis thair intent,  
 And failyeis nocht to conques landis,  
 And namely at yong princes handis.  
 But I take never no uther cure  
 In special, but for thy plesure:

And now I am na mair despaird,  
 Bot I sall get princely reward.  
 The quhilk to me sall be maire gloir,  
 Nor thame thou did reward befor.  
 Men quhilk dois ask ocht at ane king,  
 Suld ask his grace ane nobil thing,  
 To his excellence honourabill,  
 And to the asker profitabill:  
 Thocht I be in my asking liddir,  
 I pray thy grace for to consider,  
 Thow hes maid baith lordis and lairdis,  
 And hes gevin mony rich rewardis  
 To thame quhilk was full far to seik,  
 Quhen I lay nichtlie be thy cheik.

I tak the Quenis grace, thy mother,  
 My lord chancellor, and mony uther,  
 Thy nureis, and thy auld maistress,  
 I tak thame all to beir witness;  
 Old Willie Dillie wer he on lyve,  
 My life full weil he culd diseryve,  
 How as ane chapman beiris his pack,  
 I bure thy grace upon my back:  
 And sum times strydlingsis on my nek,  
 Dansand with mony bend and bek.  
 The first syllabis that thou did mute  
 Was *Pa Da Lyn* upon the lute.  
 Than playit I twenty springis perqueir,  
 Quhilk was greit plesure for to heir.  
 Fra play thou let me never rest;  
 But *Gynkertoun* thou luifit ay best.  
 And ay quhen thou came from the scule,  
 Then I behuiffit to play the fule:  
 As I at lenth into my DREME,  
 My sindrie service did expreme.  
 Thoht it bene better, as sayis the wise,  
 "Flap at the court nor gude service;"  
 I wait thou luifit me better than,  
 Nor now sum wife dois hir gude-man;  
 Than men till uther did reord  
 That Lyndesay wald be maid ane lord.  
 Thow hes maid lordis, schir, by St. Geil,  
 Of sum that hes nocht servit sa weil.

To yow, my lordis, that standis by,  
 I sall yow schaw the causis quhy;  
 Gif ye list tary, I sall tell  
 How my infortune thus befell.  
 I prayit daylie on my kné,  
 My young maister that I nicht sé,  
 Of eild in his estait royall,  
 Havand power imperiall;  
 Than traistit I without demand,  
 To be promotit to sum land;  
 Bot myne asking I got our sone,  
 Because ane eclipse fell in the mone,  
 The quhilk all Scotland maid on steir,  
 Than did my purpose ryn arreir,



The quhilk war langsum till declair.  
 And als myne hart is wounder fair,  
 Quhen I have in remembrance,  
 The suddan change to my mischancee.  
 The king was not twelf yeiris of age,  
 Quhan new rewarlis came in thair rage.  
 For commoun-weil makand na cair,  
 Bot for thair profite singlarair.

Imprudently, like witles fules,  
 Thay take the young prince from the seulis.  
 Quhere he, under obedience,  
 Was learnand vertew and science,  
 And hastilie pat in his hand  
 The governance of all Scotland:  
 As quha wald, in ane stormie blast,  
 Quhen marinaris been all agast,  
 Throw danger of the seis rage,  
 Wald tak ane child of tender age,  
 Quhilk never had bin on the sey,  
 And gar his bidding all obey,  
 Geving him hail the governall,  
 To ship, marchand, and marinall,  
 For dreid of rockis and foir land,  
 To put the ruthir in his hand:  
 Without Goddis grace is na refuge,  
 Gif thare be danger ye may judge.  
 I give thame to — —  
 Quhilk first devisit that counsell;  
 I will nocht say that it was tressoun,  
 But I dar sweir it was na ressoun.  
 I pray God lat me never see riug  
 Into this realme sa young ane king.

#### SUPPLICATION IN CONTEMPTION OF SIDE TAILS.

Sovereign, I mean of their side tails,  
 Whilk through the dust and dubs trails,  
 Three quarters lang behind their heels,  
 Express agane all commonweals:  
 Though bishops in their pontificals  
 Have men for to bear up their tails,  
 For dignity of their office;  
 Richt so ane queen or ane emprice,  
 Howbeit they use sic gravity,  
 Comformand to their majesty,  
 Though their robe-royals be upborne,  
 I think it is ane very scorn,  
 That every lady of the land  
 Should have her tail so side trailand;  
 Howbeit they been of high estate,  
 The queen they should not counterfeit.  
 Wherever they go it may be seen  
 How kirk and causay they soop clean.

The images into the kirk  
 May think of their side tails great irk:  
 For when the weather been maist fair,  
 The dust flies highest into the air,  
 And all their faces does begary;  
 Gif they could speak, they wald them wary. . .  
 But I have maist into despite  
 Poor claggoeks clad in Raploch white,  
 Whilk has scant twa merks for their fees,  
 Will have twa ells beneath their knees.  
 Kittok that cleekit was yestreen,  
 The morn, will counterfeit the queen: . . .  
 In barn nor byre she will not bide,  
 Without her kirtle tail be side.  
 In burghs, wanton burgess wives  
 Wha may have sidest tails strives,  
 Weel bordered with velvet fine,  
 But followand them it is ane pyne:  
 In summer, when the streit is dryis,  
 They raise the dust aboon the skies;  
 Nane may gae near them at their case  
 Without they cover mouth and neese. . . .  
 I think maist pane after ane rain,  
 To see them tuckit up again;  
 Then when they step furth through the street  
 Their fauldings flaps about their feet: . . .  
 They waste mair claiith, within few years.  
 Nor wald cleid fifty score of freirs. . . .

Of tails I will no more indite.  
 For dread some duddron me despite.  
 Notwith-standing, I will conclude,  
 That of side tails can come nae gude,  
 Sider nor may their ankles hide,  
 The remanent proceeds of pride,  
 And pride proceeds of the devil:  
 Thus always they proceed of evil.

Ane other fault, sir, may be seen,  
 They hide their face all bot the een;  
 When gentlemen bid them gude day  
 Without reverence they slide away. . . .  
 Without their faults be soon amended,  
 My flyting, sir, shall never be ended.  
 But wad your grace my counsel tak,  
 Ane proclamation ye should mak,  
 Baith through the land and burrow-stouns,  
 To shaw their face, and cut their gowns. . . .  
 Women will say, this is nae bourds,  
 To write sic vile and filthy words;  
 But wald they clenge their filthy tails,  
 Whilk over the mires and middings trails,  
 Then should my writing clengt be,  
 None other mends they get of me.  
 Quoth Lindsay, in contempt of the side tails,  
 That duddrons and duntibours through the  
 dubs trails.

THE BUILDING OF THE TOWER OF  
BABEL.

(FROM THE MONARCHIE.)

Their great fortress then did they found,  
And east till they gat sure ground,  
All fell to work both man and child,  
Some howkit clay, some burnt the tyld.  
Nimron, that curious champion,  
Deviser was of that dungeon.  
Nathing they spared their labouris,  
Like busy bees upon the flowers,  
Or emmets travelling into June;  
Some under wrocht, and some aboon,  
With strang ingenious masonry,  
Upward their wark did fortyfy: . . .  
The land about was fair and plain,  
And it rase like anc heich montane.  
Those fulish people did intend  
That till the heaven it should ascend:  
Sae great ane strength was never seen  
Into the world with men's een.  
The wallis of that wark they made,  
Twa and fifty fathom braid:  
Ane fathom then, as some men says,  
Micht been twa fathom in our days;  
Ane man was then of mair stature  
Nor twa be now, of this be sure.

The translator of Orosius  
Until his chronicle writes thus,

That when the sunn is at the hicht  
At noon, when it doth shine maist bricht,  
The shadow of that hideous strength  
Sax mile and mair it is of length:  
Thus may ye judge into your thoecht,  
Gif Babylon be heich, or nocht.

Then the great God omnipotent,  
To whom all things been present, . . .  
He secand the ambition,  
And the prideful presumption,  
How thir proud people did pretend  
Up through the heavens till ascend, . . .  
Sic languages on them he laid  
That nane wist what ane other said;  
Where was but ane language afore,  
God sent them languages three score;  
Afore that time all spak Hebrew,  
Then some began for to speak Grew,  
Some Dutch, some language Saracen,  
And some began to speak Latin.  
The maister men gan to ga wild  
Cryand for trees, they brocht them tyld.  
Some said, Bring mortar here at ance,  
Then brocht they to them stocks and stanes;  
And Nimrod, their great champion,  
Ran ragand like ane wild lion,  
Menacing them with words rude,  
But never ane word they understood. . .  
—— for final conclusion,  
Constrained were they for till depart,  
Ilk company in ane sundry airt. . .

## RICHARD MAITLAND.

BORN 1496 — DIED 1586.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND, a poet, lawyer, and statesman, was born in 1496. He was the son of William Maitland of Lethington, and Martha, daughter of George, lord Seaton. Having received the usual university education at the College of St. Andrews, he went to France to study law. On his return to Scotland he was employed in various public offices by James V., and afterwards by the Regent Arran and Mary of Guise. In the year 1551 he was appointed Lord of Session, and soon after he was knighted. In his sixty-fourth year he had the misfortune to lose his sight, but his blindness did not incapacitate him for

business. In 1562 he was made lord privy-seal and a member of the privy-council. He continued a Lord of Session during the reign of Queen Mary and the minority of her son James VI. In July, 1584, his great age compelled him to resign his seat on the bench, previous to which time he had relinquished the office of lord privy-seal to his second son John, afterwards Lord Thirlstane, Lord High-chancellor of Scotland. Sir Richard died March 20, 1586, at the age of ninety, leaving seven sons, the eldest of whom, Sir William, historically known as Secretary Lethington, was accounted the ablest statesman of his age;

and one who in his day played many parts, being "anything by fits, but nothing long."

With the single exception of a passage in Knox's *History*, which imputes to him having accepted bribes to aid Cardinal Beaton in effecting his escape from imprisonment, a charge which is not generally credited, Maitland is uniformly spoken of by contemporary writers with great respect. Many of his manuscript decisions are preserved in the Advocates' Library of Edinburgh. His collections of *Early Scottish Poetry*, in two vols., a folio and a quarto, were, with other MSS., presented by the Duke of Lauderdale to Samuel Pepys, the

founder of the Pepysian Library at Cambridge, where they are still preserved. A selection from these may be seen in Pinkerton's valuable collection of *Ancient Scottish Poems*. Sir Richard's own poems were for the first time printed in 1830, in a handsome quarto volume, for the Maitland Club, which derives its name from him. His *History and Chronicle of the Hous and Suretume of Seytoun* was printed for the Maitland Club in 1829. His principal poetical pieces are the "Satyres," "Ballet of the Creatioun of the World," "The Blind Baron's Comfort," and a supplication "Agains Oppressioun of the Comouns."

## THE CREATION AND PARADISE LOST.

God by his word his wark began,  
To form this eard and hevin for man,  
The sie and watter deip;  
The sun, the mune and stars sae bricht,  
The day devydit from the nicht,  
Thair courses just to keip;  
The beists that on the grund do muve,  
And fishes in the sie;  
Fowls in the air to flie above,  
Of ilk kind formed he:  
Sum creiping, sum fleiting,  
Sum fleing in the air,  
Sae heichly, sae lichtly  
In muving heir and thair.

Thir warks of gret magnificence,  
Prefytit by his providence,  
According to his will:  
Nixt he made man: to gife him glore,  
Did with his image him decore,  
Gaife paradysc him till;  
Into that garden heviny wrocht,  
With pleasures mony a one,  
The beists of every kynd wer brocht,  
Thair names he suld expone;  
These kenning and namcing,  
As them he list to call,  
For eisng and pleising  
Of man, subdued them all.

In heavenly joy man sae possest,  
To be alane God thoct not best,  
Made Eve to be his maik:  
Bad them increass and multiplie,  
And of the fruit frae every tree  
Thair pleasure they suld take,

Except the tree of gude and ill  
That in the midst dois stand,  
Forbad that they suld eum thertill,  
Or twitch it with thair hand:  
Lest lukiug and plucking,  
Baith they and all thair seid,  
Seveirly, awsteirly,  
Suld die without remeid.

Now Adam and his lusty wife  
In paradyce leidand thair lyfe,  
With pleasures infineit;  
Wanting nae thing suld do them ease,  
The beists obeying them to please,  
As they could wish in spreit:  
Behald the serpent sullenlic  
Envyand man's estate,  
With wicket craft and subiltie  
Eve temptit with desait:  
Nocht feiring, but speiring,  
Quhy scho tike not her till,  
In using and chusing  
The fruit of gude and ill!

Commandit us, scho said, the Lord,  
Noways therto we suld accoord,  
Undir eternall pain:  
But grantit us full libertie  
To eit the fruit of every tree,  
Except that tree in plain.  
No, no, nocht sae, the serpent said,  
Thou art desaitet therin:  
Eit ye therof, ye sall be made  
In knawledge lyke to him.  
In seiming and deiming  
Of every thing ariecht,

As dewlie, as trewly,  
As ye wer gods of nicht.

Eve thus with these fals words allurit,  
Eit of the fruit, and syne procurit

Adam the same to play:  
Behald, said scho, how precious,  
Sae dilicate and delicious,

Besyde knowledge for ay;  
Adam puft up in worldly glore,  
Ambition and high pryde,  
Eit of the fruit; allace therefore,  
And sae they baith did slyde;  
Neglecting, forgetting,  
The eternall Gods command,  
Quha scourged and purged  
Them quyt out of that land.

Quhen they had eiten of that fruit,  
Of joy then war they destitute,  
And saw thair bodys bare;  
Annon they past with all their speid,  
Of leives to mak themselves a weid,

To cleith them, was thair care;  
During the tyme of innocence,  
Nae sin or schame they knew,  
Frae tyme they gat experience,  
Unto ane buss they drew,  
Abyding and hyding,  
As God suld not them see,  
Quha spyed, and cryed,  
Adam, *quhy hydys thou thee?*

I being naikit, Lord, throu feir,  
For schame I durst not to compeir,  
And sae I did refuse.  
*Had thou not eiten of the tree,  
That knowledge had not bein in thee,  
Nor git nae sic excuse.*

The helper, Lord, thou gaife to me,  
Has cawsit me to transgress.  
*Sayd scho, the serpent subtiltie  
Persuaded me nae less,  
Intreiting, be eiting,  
That we suld be perfyite,  
Me fylit, begyllit;  
In him lyes all the wyte.*

Jehove, that evir juged richt,  
Bringing his justicee to the licht,  
The serpent first did jage;  
Because the woman thou begyllt,  
For evir thou sall be exylt,  
Said he, without refuge;  
Betwixt her seid and thy off-spring  
Nae peace nor rest sall be,  
And hir seid sall thy heid down thring,  
For all thy subtiltie;

Abhorred, deformed,  
Thou on thy breist sall gang,  
In feiding and leiding  
Thy lyfe the beists amang.

The woman nixt, for her offence,  
Did of the Lord resave sentence,  
Her sorrow suld increase,—  
With woe and pain her childrene beir,  
Subdewt to man, under his feir,  
No libertie possess:  
For Adams falt he cursd the erth,  
That barrane it suld be,  
Without labour suld yeild nae birth  
Of corns, nor herb, nor tree;  
Bot working and irking  
For evir suld remain,  
And being in doing  
In erth returnd again.

O cruel serpent venemous,  
Dispyful and seditious,  
The grund of all our care!  
Thou fals-bound slave unto the devill,  
Thou first inventar of this evill,  
Of bliss quhilk made us bare;  
O devlish slave! did thou believe,  
Or hou had thou sic grace,  
Therby for evir thou might live  
Abye into that place:  
Thy grudging gat scrudging,  
And sae God lute the se,  
Desavers no cravers  
Of his reward suld be.

O dainty dame, with eirs bent  
That harkent to that fals serpent!  
Thy bains we may sair ban;  
Without excuse thou art to blame,  
Thou justly has obtaint that name,  
The very *wo of man*:  
With teirs we may bewail and greit  
That wicket tyme and tyde,  
Quhen Adam was obligit to sleip,  
And thou tane off his syde.  
No sleiping bot weiping  
Thy seid hes fund sensyne;  
Thy eiting and sweating  
Is turn'd to wo and pyne.

Adam, thy part quha can excuse,  
With knowledge thou that did abuse  
Thyne awn felicitie.  
The serpent his inventing fals,  
The womans sune consenting als,  
Was nocht sae wicketly.  
God did prefer thee to this day,  
And them subdewt to thee,

Sae all that they culd mein or say,  
 Suld not have moved thee  
 To breeking, abjecting  
 That hie command of lyfe  
 Quhilk gydid, provydit  
 The ay to live bot stryf.

Behald the state that man was in,  
 And als how it he tynt throw sin,  
 And lost the same for ay;  
 Yet God his promise dois perform,  
 Sent his Son of the Virgin born,  
 Our ransome deir to pay.  
 To that great God let us give glore,  
 To us has bein sae gude,  
 Quha be his grace did us restore,  
 Quherof we were denude;  
 Not caring nor sparing  
 His body to be rent,  
 Redeiming, relieving  
 Us quhen we wer all schent.

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#### SATIRE ON THE TOWN LADIES.

Some wifis of the borowstoun  
 Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,  
 In warld they wait not what to weir;  
 On claitis they ware mony a croun:  
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

And of fine silk their furrit klokis,  
 With hingan sleeves, like geil pokis:  
 Nae preaching will gar them forbeir  
 To weir all thing that sin provokis:  
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their wilicoats maun weel be bewit,  
 Brouddred richt braid, with pasments sewit.  
 I trow wha wald the matter speir,  
 That their gudeman had cause to rue it,  
 That evir their wifis wore sic geir.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,  
 Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;  
 With gartens of ane new maneir,  
 To gar their courtliness be knawin;  
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Sometime they will beir up their gown,  
 To shaw their wilicoat hingan down;  
 And sometimes baith they will upbeir,  
 To shaw their hose of black or brown:  
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and hause beidis—  
 With velvet hats heigh on their heidis,  
 Cordit with gold like ane younkeir.  
 Braidit about with golden threidis;  
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their muillis—  
 In kirk they are not content of stuilis,  
 The sermon when they sit to heir,  
 Bnt carries cushcons like vain fulis;  
 And all for newfangleness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,  
 In spice and drugis in ane day,  
 Nor wald their mothers in ane yeir.  
 Whilk will gar mony pack decay,  
 When they sae vainly waste their geir.

Leave, burgess men, or all be lost,  
 On your wifis to mak sic cost,  
 Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.  
 She that may not want wine and roast,  
 Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them, and nobles of blude,  
 Nae differenee but ane velvet lude!  
 Their camroek curchies are as deir,  
 Their other claitis are as gude,  
 And they as costely in other geir.

Of burgess wifis though I speak plain,  
 Some landwart ladies are as vain,  
 As by their claiting may appeir.  
 Wearing gayer nor them may gain,  
 On ower vain claitis wasting geir.

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## FLORENCE WILSON.

BORN 1500 — DIED 1547.

FLORENCE WILSON, commonly known by his Latinized name of Florentius Volusenus, was born on the banks of the Lossie, in the vicinity of Elgin, about the year 1500. He received the rudiments of his education in his native place, and prosecuted his academical studies in the University of King's College, Aberdeen. Repairing afterwards to England, his talents

recommended him to the notice of Cardinal Wolsey, who appointed him preceptor to his nephew, and he accompanied the youth to Paris, where he was sent for his education. On Wolsey's death in 1530 Wilson lost his pupil; but he soon after found another friend in the person of the learned Cardinal du Bellai. Intending to proceed to Rome with this prelate, he travelled with him as far as Avignon, where he was seized with an illness which caused him to be left behind, and prevented his continuing his journey. On his recovery he applied to the celebrated Cardinal Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras, a churchman styled by Erasmus "*eximium hujus ætatis decus.*"

In a letter to his nephew Sadolet thus describes the interview which took place. "I had," he writes, "by chance gone into my library when it was already night, and was turning over some books very diligently, when my chamberlain announced that there was some one wished to see me. I inquire, Who is he? A person in a gown, was the answer. I ordered him to be admitted; he comes in. I ask what he may want, that he should come to me at such an hour; for I was anxious to get quit of the man speedily, and return to my studies. Then he, having entered on his introductory matter in very humble terms, spoke with such propriety, correctness, and modesty as to produce in me a desire to question him more particularly, and to become more intimately acquainted with him. Therefore, shutting my book, I turned towards him, and asked from what country he came, what studies he had pursued, and what had brought him into these parts. He replied that he was a Scotchman. You come, then, said I, from the remotest region of the earth; where have you studied? (This question I asked because his discourse betokened genius and an elegant Latinity.) In my own country first, he answered, and afterwards at Paris. What do you seek here? I asked. I came hither, he replied, moved by a strong desire to see you, and from having heard at Avignon that you were in want of some one to undertake the charge of instructing your youth."

The influence of the cardinal procured the desired situation, and Wilson was appointed teacher of the Greek and Latin languages in

the public school of Carpentras, a town in the department of the Vaucluse. How long he retained this situation is not known, but it was long enough to compose his celebrated work *De Animi Tranquillitate Dialogus, Florentio Voluseno Scoto Auctore*, which was published at Lyons in 1543. In this dialogue, which displays throughout a vast compass of learning and an intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Latin classics, there are interspersed several Latin poems of his own composition, which in elegance are little inferior to the productions of his contemporary and friend Buchanan. On the Continent the work was reprinted at Leyden and at the Hague, and at Edinburgh in 1571. A third edition was published in the latter city by Ruddiman in 1707, and a fourth in 1751, with a preface by Dr. John Ward. Warton remarks of this work, "It is addressed, as an apologue for the conduct of a king, to James IV., is adorned with many pleasing incidents and adventures, and abounds with genius and learning." Wilson continued to reside on the Continent, visiting many parts of Italy and France, until the year 1546, when he felt a strong desire to see Scotland, and accordingly set out on his return home, but was taken ill on the road, and died at Vienne in Dauphiny in 1547.

Wilson maintained a high character for genius and learning in the age in which he lived, and his countryman George Buchanan paid a tribute to him in an epigram which he composed upon his death:

"Hic Musis, Volusene, jaces carissime ripam  
Ad Rhodani, terra quam procul a patria!  
Hoc meruit virtus tua, tellus que foret altrix  
Virtutum, ut cineres conderet illa tuos."

Besides his treatise *De Tranquillitate Animi*, which has ever been much admired for the beauty of the philosophy as well as the elegance of the Latinity, Wilson wrote a volume of Latin poems, said to have been printed in London in 1612. In the *Bannatyne Miscellany* there are published two of his letters, the one in English, the other in Latin—the former addressed to Thomas Cromwell, afterwards Lord Cromwell, earl of Essex. The following ode was translated from the Latin by Robert Blair, the gifted author of "The Grave."

Why do I, O most gracious God!  
So heavily complain?  
And at thy providence most just,  
Why do I thus repine?

Since by reflecting I perceive,  
And certainly do know,  
That I, my wretched self alone,  
Am cause of all my woe.

Who wittingly do strive in vain  
From darkness light to bring;  
And life and solid joys expect  
Under death's awful reign?

As bitter wormwood never doth  
Delicious honey yield,  
Nor can the cheerful grape be reap'd  
From thistles in the field;

So who, in this uncertain life,  
Deceitful joys pursue,  
They fruits do seek upon such trees  
On which it never grew.

That fading beauty men admire,  
Of person, and of face;  
That splendour of rich ornament,  
Which stately buildings grace;

That train of noble ancestors,  
Which gives illustrious birth,  
Wealth, luxury; then add to these  
All the delights on earth:

Yea, whatsoever object doth  
Invite our wandering sight,  
And whatsoe'er our touch doth feel  
With pleasure and delight, —

They all, like despicable dust  
And atoms fly away:  
And are mere dreams of the short night  
Which we have here to stay.

That which is past is nothing sure;  
And what of joy to come  
Impatiently we want, when got,  
Is quickly past and gone:

And when 'tis past, like other things,  
It nothing will be thought;  
Should then that dream which nothing is  
So anxiously be sought?

Go now, go fool, to catch the wind!  
Prepare thy nets to bind;  
Which thing no man but he that's mad  
Did ever yet pretend.

See if thou canst thy shadow grasp,  
Which no man yet could find;  
It flies the more, the more thou  
To follow art inclined.

That which will leave thee 'gainst thy will  
Thou freely shouldst forsake;  
And wisely choose those better things  
Which none from thee can take.

What comfort can that mortal have  
Who earth's whole wealth ingrosv,  
If, after this short span of life,  
His soul's for ever lost?

With how much wiser conduct he  
His course of life doth steer,  
Who, by his pious endeavours  
Of doing good whilst here;

And by an holy, humble life,  
When he shall hence remove,  
Secures a passage for himself  
Into the heavens above.

Meanwhile, wouldst thou a small taste have  
Of real happiness?  
And whilst thou on this earth doth dwell,  
Some pleasant days possess?

Lay down all fears and anxious cares;  
To things within thy power  
Confine thy wish; and make thy will  
Strict reason's laws endure.

If thou affection do transgress,  
The bounds by reason placed,  
In noise and trouble thou shalt live,  
Both wretched and disgraced.

If thou wouldst perfect peace enjoy,  
Thy heart see thou apply  
To know Christ, and him crucified:  
This is the only way.

How happy is that man who doth  
This blessed peace attain!  
He all the joys on earth, besides,  
Will know to be but vain.

He doth not set his heart on wealth,  
The care of worldly men,  
But strives to do that which is good,  
And Heaven's reward to gain.

He flies the fond delights which we  
So ardently affect;  
Shuns them as crosses, and as things  
Which contemplation check.

What we for greatest blessings take,  
 He wholly doth disdain:  
 And counts all things but loss and dung,  
 That Christ's love he might gain.

What other men do grievous think,  
 He calmly can endure;  
 He knows none truly can rejoice,  
 Whose right in Christ's not sure.

He on the cross of Christ alone  
 His wondering thoughts employs,  
 Where in his death he hidden sees  
 Life and eternal joys.

Thus he can honey from the rocks,  
 And oil draw from hard stones;  
 A gift to few, and seldom given  
 By Heaven, amongst men's sons.

'Tis he alone long life deserves,  
 And his years sweetly pass,  
 Who holds that treasure in his breast  
 Whose worth doth all surpass.

What can he want of outward things  
 Who hath this pearl of price,  
 Which we should buy at any rate,  
 And all things else despise!

Woe's me! how much do other men  
 In seas of trouble live,  
 Whose ruin oft and endless cares  
 Ev'n things they wish do give!

'Tis he alone in earnest can  
 Wish for his dying day,  
 All mankind's terror; yea, with tears  
 Expostulate its stay.

O! would to God my soul just now  
 Were raised to such a frame,  
 As freely to part hence, which soon  
 Must be, though I reclaim.

This present flies, another life  
 Is swiftly hasting on,  
 The way that leads to which is through  
 The cross of Christ alone.

How canst thou, without grief and tears,  
 Think on these impious wounds  
 Which thou didst cause, through which to thee  
 Salvation free rebounds?

Thou, who shun'st all fatigue, and gives  
 Thyself to soft delight,  
 With what assurance canst thou crave  
 What is the labourer's right?

If a strict life thou canst not reach,  
 At least let him not see  
 Thee much unlike himself, with whom  
 Thou wouldst partaker be.

That which resembles most the sun  
 We truly may call bright;  
 And what is most like to the snow,  
 Will whitest be to sight.

These things are sweet which in their taste  
 With honey may compare,  
 And these are swift which can contend  
 With the light-flying air;

So, sure, the more thou art like Christ,  
 More perfect thou'rt indeed;  
 For, of all true perfection, he  
 Both pattern is, and head.

Who are persuaded of this truth,  
 When sore afflictions grieve,  
 This comfort have, that, ev'n in this,  
 They more like Christ do live.

Men of this stamp are very scarce,  
 Whose virtue doth them bear  
 Above the vulgar; for what's great,  
 Difficult is, and rare.

But we to mind salvation's work  
 Will never be advised;  
 And that all things are vanity,  
 Till death hath us surpris'd:

Then to reflect we first begin,  
 And our past lives abhor,  
 And all these empty joys which we  
 So much admired before.

Then under terrors we would fly  
 To Christ, the only rock  
 Of life; whom in prosperity  
 We never did invoke.

The fear which can no merit have  
 Drives us to implore his grace:  
 So great his mercy, that in vain  
 We ne'er shall seek his face.

But yet we ought without delay  
 Examine our estate;  
 And saving interest get in Christ,—  
 Far better soon than late.

If any other way we seek  
 Our passions to oppose,  
 Or get tranquillity of mind,  
 We time and labour lose.



Welcome to be our Princes of honour,  
 Our peate, our play, our plane felicit;  
 Ourevered with horns laid in ane trane;  
 Av all bot thornis laid in thy way,  
 Our peate, our plesens, and our paramour,  
 Ourest the consert frome all adversite;

Than all the birds song with sic a schour,  
 That I amone awolk quhair that I lay,  
 And with a brail I mairyt me about  
 To sic this court; bot all wer went away:  
 Then up I lenyt, ballingis in affray,  
 And thus I wret as ye haif hard to-forrow,  
 Off husy May upone the nynt morrow.

## EARTHLY JOY RETURNS IX PAIX.

Off Louren in the first mornynge,  
 Airly as did the day up spring,  
 Thus sang ane bird with voce applang,  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

O man! haif mynd that thou mon pass;  
 Remember that thou art bot ass,  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

Haif mynd that cild ay followis yowth,  
 Deith followis lyfe with gaipand mowth,  
 Devoering fecht and howring grame;  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

Welch, warldly gloit, and riche array,  
 Ourcovered with horns laid in ane trane;  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

Come nevir yit May so fresche and grene,  
 Bot dunnar come als wod and kene;  
 Wes nevir sic drowth bot anis come rane;  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

Evermar unto this warldis joy,  
 As nerrest air succedis noy;  
 Thatfor quhen joy may nocht remane,  
 His verry air succedis pane;

Heir heith returns in sickness;  
 And mirth returns in haviness;  
 Town in desert, forrest in plaine;  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

Fredome returns in wrechthiness,  
 And trewth returns in dowbilness,  
 With envyeit wridis to mak men fane;  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

Vertew returns into yvee,  
 And honour into awarvee;  
 With envayvee is consens slane;  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

Sen erdly joy abydis nevir,  
 Wrik for the joy that bestis evir;  
 For ither joy is all bot vane;  
 All erdly joy returns in pane.

Of his early life little is known, but it is pro-  
 quary John Pinkerton pronounced the fifth of  
 the seven classic poets of Scotland whose works  
 would "be reprinted to the end of the English  
 language"—the others being Barbour, James  
 I., Blind Harry, Dunbar, Sir David Lyndsay,  
 and Drummond—was one of the distinguished  
 luminaries that marked the restoration of let-  
 ters in his native land at the commencement  
 of the sixteenth century. He was the third  
 son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, surnamed,  
 "Bell-the-Carl," but generally the great Earl  
 having made a continental tour he returned to  
 his native land, and was appointed rector of  
 Hawick in 1496, being when installed but

father gave  
 "Thanks to Saint Botham, son of mine,  
 Save Gavin, ne'er could pen a line,"

BORN 1474—DIED 1522.

## GAVIN DOUGLAS.



## ALEXANDER SCOT.

BORN 1502—DIED —.

ALEXANDER SCOT, the prevailing amatory character of whose poems caused him to be called the *Scottish Anacreon*, though there are many points wanting to complete the resemblance to the Teian bard, was a subject of James V., and also flourished during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whom he addressed "Ane New Yere Gift," when she came from France in 1562. Little is known of his personal history beyond what can be conjectured from his writings. It is supposed that he was born about the year 1502. In his address to Mary, which begins:

"Welcome, illustrate lady, and our queen!"

he designates himself her "simple servant Sanders Scot," and shows that he was a warm friend to the Reformed religion, which he recommends in strong terms to her majesty's protection. The poet concluded his address, which is in twenty-eight stanzas, with an alliterative verse, highly characteristic:

"Fresh, fulgent, flourist, fragrant flower, formose,  
Lantern to love, of ladies lamp and lot,  
Cherry maist chaste, chief carbuncle and chosse,  
Small sweet smaragd, smelling bot smit or smot:  
Noblest nature, nourice to nurture not,  
This dull indyte, dulce, double, daisy dear,  
Sent by thy simple servant Sanders Scot,  
Greeting great God to grant thy grace guid year!"

The poet appears to have been totally neglected by the court, and in a beautiful little fable, entitled "The Eagle and Robin Redbreast," he feelingly laments his hard fate

in being obliged to sing without reward or notice; and we find the name of Scot selected by Alexander Montgomery to point a reflection on neglected merit, in one of his sonnets addressed to Robert Hudson:

"Ye knaw, ill guyding genders mony gees,  
And specially in poets: for example,  
Ye can pen out twa cuple an' ye please,  
Yourself and I, *Auld Scot* and Robert Semple."

In Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, and in the collections of Hailes, Pinkerton, and Sibbald, will be found many pleasing specimens of Scot's poetry. The Bannatyne MS. contains others which have never been printed; but, considering how often that valuable collection has been examined by competent judges, we may conclude that nothing has been neglected whose oblivious repose is worth disturbing. Allan Cunningham says: "Gay and light, and elegant beyond most poets of his time, Alexander Scot sang with much more sweetness than strength, and was more anxious after the smoothness of his numbers than the natural beauty of his sentiments. He flows smooth, but he seldom flows deep; he is refined and delicate, but has little vigour and no passion. Yet his verses are exceedingly pleasing; they are melodious, with meaning in their melody, and possess in no small degree that easy and gliding-away grace of expression of which the old minstrel vaunted—

'Forbye how sweet my numbers flow,  
And slide away like water.'

## THE FLOWER OF WOMANHEID.

Thou well of virtue, flower of womanheid,  
And patron unto patiens;  
Lady of lawty baith in word and deid,  
Rycht sobir, sweet, full meik of eloquens,  
Baith gude and fair; to your magnificens  
I me commend, as I haif done before,  
My sempill heart for now and evermore.

For evermore I sall you serviee mak:  
Sen of befor into my mynd I made,  
Sen first I knew your ladyship, bot lak  
All bewtie, youth and womanheid ye had,  
Withouten rest my heart couth not evade.  
Thus am I yours, and ay seusyne haif bene,  
Commandit thereto by your twa fair ene.

Your twa fair ene maks me aft syis to sing,  
 Your twa fair ene maks me to sieh also,  
 Your twa fair ene maks me grit comforting,  
 Your twa fair ene is wyt of all my woe,  
 Your twa fair ene will not ane heart let go,  
 But links him fast that gets a sicht of them:  
 Of every virtue bricht, ye bear the name.

Ye bear the name of gentilness of blude,  
 Ye bear the name that mony for ye deis,  
 Ye bear the name ye are baith fair and gude,  
 Ye bear the name of every sweet can pleis,  
 Ye bear the name fortune and you agreis,  
 Ye bear the name of lands of lenth and breid;  
 The well of vertew and flower of womanheid!

---

### RONDEL OF LOVE.

Lo what it is to luv,  
 Learn ye that list to pruve,  
 By me, I say, that no ways may  
 The grund of greif remove,  
 But still decay, both nicht and day;  
 Lo what it is to luv.

Luv is ane fervent fire,  
 Kendillit without desire.  
 Short plesour, lang displesour;  
 Repentance is the hire;  
 Ane pure tressour, without messour;  
 Luv is ane fervent fire.

To luv and to be wise,  
 To rege with gude advise;  
 Now thus, now than, so goes the game,  
 Incertain is the dice;  
 There is no man, I say, that can  
 Both luv and to be wise.

Flee always from the snare,  
 Learn at me to beware;  
 It is ane pain and dowble train  
 Of endless woe and care:  
 For to refrain that denger plain,  
 Flee always from the snare.

---

### TO HIS HEART.

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,  
 And hald thee with thy sovereign,  
 For I had lever want ane heart,  
 Nor have the heart that does me pain;

Therefore go with thy luv remain,  
 And let me live thus unmolest;  
 See that thou come not back again,  
 But bide with her thou luv'st best.

Sen she that I have servit lang  
 Is to depart so suddenly,  
 Address thee now, for thou sall gang  
 And beir thy lady company.  
 Fra she be gone, heartless am I;  
 For why? thou art with her possesset.  
 Therefore, my heart! go hence in hy,  
 And bide with her thou luv'st best.

Though this belappit body here  
 Be bound to servitude and thrall,  
 My faithful heart is free intair,  
 And mind to serve my lady at all.  
 Wald God that I were perigall  
 Under that redolent rose to rest!  
 Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall  
 Abide with her thou luv'st best.

Sen in your garth the lily whyte  
 May not remain among the luv,  
 Adien the flower of baill delyte:  
 Adien the sneecour that may me save;  
 Adieu the fragrant balmie suaif,  
 And lamp of ladies lustiest!  
 My faithful heart she sall it have,  
 To bide with her it luv'st best.

Dejlore, ye ladies clear of hue,  
 Her absence, sen she must depart,  
 And specially ye luv'st true,  
 That wounded be with luv'st dart.  
 For ye sall want you of ane heart  
 As well as I, therefore at last  
 Do go with mine, with mind i'wart,  
 And bide with her thou luv'st best.

---

### LOVE ANE LEVELLER.

Love preysis, bot comparison,  
 Both gentle, simple, general:  
 And of free will gives wareson,  
 As fortune chances to befall:  
 For love makes noble ladies thrall  
 To baser men of birth and blude;  
 So love gaur's sober women small  
 Get maistrice o'er great men of gude.

Firm love, for favour, fear, or feid,  
 Of rich nor poor to speak should spare;  
 For love to greatness has no heed,  
 Nor lightless lowliness ane air,  
 But puts all persons in compare:  
 This proverb plainly for to preve,

That men and women, less and mair,  
Are come from Adam and from Eve.

So though my liking were a lady,  
And I no lord, yet ne'ertheless,  
She should my service find as ready  
As duke to duchess dought him dress;  
For as proud princely love express  
Is to have soverainitie;  
So service comes of simpleness,  
And lealest love of low degree.

So lovers lair no leid should lack,  
A lord to love a simple lass;  
A lady also for love to take  
Ane proper page her time to pass—  
For why? as bright bene burnished brass  
As silver wrought in rieli device,  
And as gude drinking out of glass  
As gold—though gold give greater price.

---

#### THE EAGLE AND ROBIN REDBREAST.

The prince of all the fethert kynd,  
That with spred wings out fleis the wind,  
And tours far out of humane sight  
To view the schynand orb of licht:  
This ryall bird, the braif and great,  
And armit strang for stern debait,  
Nae tyrant is, but condescends  
Aftymes to treit inferiour friends.

Ane day at his command did flock  
To his hie palace on a rock,  
The courtiers of ilk various syze  
That swiftly swim in christal skyis;  
Thither the valiant tersals doup,  
And heir rapacious corbies croup,  
With greidy gleds and slie gormals,  
And diinsome pyis and clatterin daws;  
Proud pecocks, and a hundred mae,  
Bruscht up thair pens that solemn day,  
Bowd first submissive to my lord,  
Then tuke thair places at his borde.

Mein tyme quhyle feisting on a fawn,  
And drinking blude frae lamies drawn,  
A tunefull robin trig and yung,  
Hard by upon a bour-tree sung.  
He sang the eagles ryall lyne,  
His persing ee and richt divyne,  
To sway out-owre the fetherit thrang,  
Quha dreid his martial bill and fang;  
His flicht sublime, and eild renewit,  
His mynd with clemencie endewit;

In safter notes he sang his luve,  
Mair hie his beiring bolts for Jove.

The monarch bird with blythness hard  
The chaunting lilil silvan bard,  
Calit up a buzart, quha was than  
His favourite and chamberlane.  
Swift to my treasury, quod he,  
And to yon canty robin gie  
As mekle of our currant geir  
As may mentain him throw the yeir;  
We can weil spairt, and its his due.  
He bad, and furth the Judas flew,  
Straight to the brench quhair robin sung,  
And with a wickit heand tung,  
Said, Ah! ye sing sae dull and ruch,  
Ye haif deivt our lugs mair than enuch,  
His majestie hes a nyse ceir,  
And nae mair of your stuff can beir;  
Poke up your pypes, be nae mair sene  
At court, I warn ye as a frein.

He spak, quhyle robinis swelling breist  
And drouping wings his greif exprest;  
The teirs ran happing douu his cheik,  
Grit grew his hairt he cond nocht speik,  
No for the tinsell of rewaird,  
But that his notis met nae regaird;  
Straicht to the schaw he spred his wing,  
Resolvit again nae mair to sing,  
Quhair princelie bountie is suppress,  
By sic with quhome they ar opprest,  
Quha cannot beir (because they want it)  
That ocht suld be to merit grantit.

---

#### LAMENT WHEN HIS WIFE LEFT HIM.

To love unlov'd it is a pain;  
For she that is my sovereign,  
Some wanton man so high has set her,  
That I can get no love again,  
But break my heart, and nought the better.

When that I went with that sweet may  
To dance, to sing, to sport, and play,  
And oft-times in my armis plet her—  
I do now mourn both night and day,  
And break my heart, and nought the better.

Where I was wont to see her go,  
Right timely passand to and fro,  
With comely smiles when that I met her—  
And now I live in pain and wo,  
And break my heart, and nought the better.

Whattane ane glaikit fool am I  
 To slay myself with melancholy,  
 Sen weill I ken I may not get her?  
 Or what should be the cause, and why,  
 To break my heart, and nought the better?

My heart, sen thou may not her please,  
 Adieu! as good love comes as gais;  
 Go choose another, and forget her!  
 God give him doleur and disease,  
 That breaks his heart, and nought the better.

## GEORGE BUCHANAN.

BORN 1506—DIED 1582.

GEORGE BUCHANAN, the best Latin poet of his time, and known as the Scottish Virgil, was born at Killearn, Stirlingshire, in February, 1506. He was educated at the University of Paris, and at the College of St. Andrews, taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, October 3, 1525. While employed as tutor to the Earl of Murray he gave great offence to the clergy by a satirical poem, and was obliged to take refuge on the Continent, from which he did not return to Scotland until 1560. While living abroad he was for a time tutor to the celebrated Montaigne, who records the fact in his Essays; and for a year and a half he was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition, then transferred to a monastery, where he employed his leisure in writing a considerable portion of his inimitable Latin version of the Psalms. Though he had embraced the Protestant religion, and was well known as a reformer, his reception at the court of Queen Mary was favourable; he became her classical tutor, was employed to regulate the universities, and became Principal of St. Leonard's College, in the University of St. Andrews. Dr. Johnson greatly admired Buchanan's beautiful verses addressed to Mary, and said, "All the modern languages cannot furnish so melodious a line as—

*"Farnosina resonare doces. Amarillida silvas."*

The queen bestowed on Buchanan a pension of 500 pounds Scots. Although a layman he was in June, 1567, on account of his great abilities and extraordinary learning, elected moderator of the General Assembly of Scotland.

It is uncertain at what precise date his admirable version of the Psalms was first printed,

but a second edition appeared in 1566. The work was inscribed in an elegant dedication to Queen Mary, who in 1564, after the death of Quentin Kennedy, had conferred upon him the temporalities of Crossraguel Abbey. The murder of Darnley and Mary's marriage to Bothwell induced Buchanan to join the party of the Earl of Murray, whom he accompanied to the conference at York, and afterwards at Hampton Court. Whilst in London he addressed some highly complimentary verses to the English queen, who had no dislike to praise, especially from the learned, and she settled upon the poet a pension of £100. At the desire of the earl he was prevailed upon to write his famous *Detectio Mariæ Reginæ*, which was published in 1571, a year after the regent's assassination by Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. The year previous (1570) he was appointed by the estates of the realm one of the preceptors to the young king, who was then in his fourth year; and to Buchanan James VI. was indebted for all his classical learning. The poet proved his independence by a liberal application of the rod, the fame whereof has come down to our own day; and he said of the Scottish Solomon that he "made him a pedant because he could make nothing else of him." When seated on the English throne the king used to say of a person in high place about him, that he ever "trembled at his approach; it minded him so of his pedagogue." James regarded Buchanan's *History of Scotland* as an infamous invective, and admonished his son in his *Basilicon Doron* to punish such of his future subjects as should be guilty of possessing copies of the work.

In the seventy-fourth year of his age

Buchanan composed a brief sketch of his own life, and about the same time published his famous treatise *De Jure Regni*, advocating strongly the rights of the people. The last twelve years of his life he employed in composing in Latin his well-known history of Scotland, published in Edinburgh in 1582, under the title of *Rerum Scotticarum Historia*. He died, unmarried, on the morning of Friday, Sept. 28, 1582, and was honourably interred by the city of Edinburgh in the Greyfriars' Churchyard; and, says Dr. Irving in his life of the poet, "his ungrateful country never afforded his grave the common tribute of a monumental stone." Since those lines were written the poet of whom Scotland is justly proud has been indebted to a simple Scottish artisan for erecting a tablet to point out to the pilgrim to his grave the last resting-place of not only the first Latin poet of his country, but of his age. An edition of Buchanan's works was published by Ruddiman at Edinburgh, in two folio vols. in 1714, and another at Leyden in 4to in 1725.

The character and works of Buchanan, who

was equally distinguished as a poet, historian, and jurist, exhibit a rare union of philosophical dignity and research with the finer sensibilities and imagination of the poet. Even Dr. Johnson admitted his great literary achievements in his happy reply to Buchanan's countryman, who said, "Ah! Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan had he been an Englishman?" "Why, sir," he replied, "I should not have said had he been an Englishman what I will say of him as a Scotchman, that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced." Certainly the most applauded of Buchanan's poetical works is the translation of the Psalms, particularly Ps. civ., which has been rendered into Latin by nine Scottish poets. Mackenzie remarks that his "version of the Psalms will be esteemed and admired as long as the world endures, or men have any relish for poetry;" and Bishop Burnet said, "Buchanan in his immortal poems shows so well how he could imitate all the Roman poets in their several ways of writing, that he who compares them will be often led to prefer the copy to the original."

ON NEÆRA.<sup>1</sup>

My wreck of mind and all my woes,  
And all my ills, that day arose,  
When on the fair Neæra's eyes  
Like stars that shine  
At first, with hapless fond surprise,  
I gazed with mine.

When my glance met her searching glance,  
A shivering o'er my body burst,  
As light leaves in the green woods dance  
When western breezes stir them first;  
My heart forth from my breast to go,  
And mix with hers already wanting,  
Now beat, now trembled to and fro,  
With eager fondness leaping, panting.

Just as a boy, whose nourice woos him,  
Folding his young limbs in her bosom,  
Heeds not caresses from another,  
But turns his eyes still to his mother,

When she may once regard him, watches,  
And forth his little fond arms stretches.  
Just as a bird within the nest  
That cannot fly, yet constant trying,  
Its weak wings on its tender breast  
Beats with the vain desire of flying.

Thou, wary mind, thyself preparing  
To live at peace, from all ensnaring,  
That thou mightst never mischief catch,  
Plac'dst you, unhappy eyes, to watch  
With vigilance that knew no rest,  
Beside the gateways of the breast.

But you, induc'd by dalliance deep,  
Or guile, or overcome by sleep,  
Or else have of your own accord  
Consented to betray your lord:  
Both heart and soul then fled and left  
Me spiritless, of mind bereft.

Then cease to weep: use is there none  
To think by weeping to atone;  
Since heart and spirit from me fled,  
You move not by the tears you shed:

<sup>1</sup> This and the succeeding poem were translated from the Latin of Buchanan by Robert Hogg, a nephew of the Ettrick Shepherd — Ed.

But go to her, entreat, obtain:  
 If you do not entreat, and gain,  
 Then will I ever make you gaze  
 U'pon her, till in dark amaze  
 You sightless in your sockets roll,  
 Extinguish'd by her eyes' bright blaze,  
 As I have been deprived of heart and soul.

### THE FIRST OF MAY.

All hail to thee, thou First of May,  
 Sacred to wonted sport and play,  
 To wine, and jest, and dance, and song,  
 And mirth that lasts the whole day long!  
 Hail! of the seasons honour bright,  
 Annual return of sweet delight;  
 Flower of reviving summer's reign.  
 That hastes to time's old age again!  
 When spring's mild air at Nature's birth  
 First breath'd upon the new-form'd earth;  
 Or when the fabled age of gold,  
 Without fix'd law, spontaneous roll'd;  
 Such zephyrs, in continual gales,  
 Pass'd temperate along the vales,  
 And soften'd and refresh'd the soil,  
 Not broken yet by human toil;  
 Such fruitful warmth perpetual rest  
 On the fair islands of the blest—  
 Those plains where fell disease's moan  
 And frail old age are both unknown.  
 Such winds with gentle whispers spread  
 Among the dwellings of the dead,  
 And shake the cypresses that grow  
 Where Lethe murmurs soft and slow.  
 Perhaps when God at last in ire  
 Shall purify the world with fire,  
 And to mankind restore again  
 Times happy, void of sin and pain,  
 The beings of this earth beneath  
 Such pure ethereal air shall breathe.  
 Hail! glory of the fleeting year!  
 Hail! day the fairest, happiest here!  
 Memorial of the time gone by,  
 And emblem of futurity!

### FRANCISCANUS.<sup>1</sup>

(EXTRACTS.)

Oft musing on the ills of human life,  
 Its buoyant hopes, wild fears, and idle strife,

<sup>1</sup> These extracts, published anonymously, are believed to have been translated from Buchanan's bitter and powerful satire against the Franciscan friars by the Rev. Dr. Candler.—Ed.

And joys—of hue how changeful! tho' serene,  
 That flit ere you can tell where they have been—  
 (Even as the bark, when ocean's surges sweep,  
 Raised by the waning winds, along the deep  
 Is headlong by the howling tempest driven,  
 While the staid pilot, to whose charge is given  
 Her guidance, skilfully the helm applies,  
 And in the tempest's face she fairly forward flies),  
 I have resolved, my earthly wandering past,  
 In rest's safe haven to secure at last  
 Whate'er of fleeting life, by Fate's decree  
 Ere end my pilgrimage, remains to me,—  
 To give to Heaven the remnant of my days—  
 And wash away in penitence and praise,  
 Far from this wild world's revelry uncouth,  
 The sins and follies of my heedless youth.  
 O, blest and hallowed day! with cincture bound,  
 My shaven head the gray hood veiling round,  
 St. Francis, under thine auspicious name,  
 I will prescribe unto this fleshly frame  
 A life ethereal, that shall upward rise,  
 My heavenward soul commencing with the skies.  
 This is my goal—to this my actions tend—  
 My resting-place—original and end.

If 'tis thine aim to reach the goal of life  
 Thro' virtue's path, and, leaving childish strife,  
 To free thy darken'd mind from error's force  
 To trace the laws of virtue to their source,  
 And raise to heavenly things thy purged sight,  
 I view thy noble purpose with delight;  
 But if a shadowy good doth cross thy way,  
 And lure thee, phantom-like—but to betray—  
 Oh! while 'tis time, restrain thy mad career,  
 And a true friend's yet timely warning hear;  
 Nor let old error with bewilder'd eye,  
 Nor let the blind and senseless rabble's cry  
 More move thee than stern reason's simple sway.  
 That points to truth the undiscovered way.  
 But deem not that high Heaven I dare defy,  
 Or raise again vain war against the sky.  
 For from my earliest youth I have rever'd  
 The priests and holy fathers, who appeared  
 By virtue's and religion's holy flame  
 Worthy a bright eternity of fame.  
 But seldom underneath the dusky eowl,  
 That shades the shaven head and monkish seowl,  
 I picture a St. Paul: the priestly stole  
 Oft covers the remorseless tyrant's soul,  
 The glutton's and the adulterer's grovelling lust,  
 Like soulless brute, each wallowing in the dust,  
 And the smooth hypocrite's still smiling brow,  
 That tells not of the villany below.

Still deathful is the drug-enuenom'd draught,  
 Tho' golden be the bowl from which 'tis quaff'd:  
 The ass, in Tyrian purple tho' array'd,  
 Is as much ass, as ass-like when he bray'd;  
 Still fierce will be the lioness—the fox  
 Still crafty—and still mild the mighty ox—



The vulture still will whet the thirsty beak—  
 The twittering swallow still will chirp and squeak:  
 Thus tho' the vesture shine like drifted snow,  
 The heart's dark passions lurk unchang'd below.  
 Nor when the viper lays aside his skin,  
 Less baleful does the venom work within;  
 The tiger frets against his cage's side,  
 As wild as when he roam'd in chainless pride.  
 Thus neither crossing mountains nor the main,  
 Nor flying human haunts and follies vain,

Nor the black robe nor white, nor cowl-clad head,  
 Nor munching ever black and mouldy bread,  
 Will lull the darkly-working soul to rest,  
 And calm the tumults of the troubl'd breast.  
 For always, in whatever spot you be,  
 Even to the confines of the Frozen Sea,  
 Or near the sun, beneath a scorching clime,  
 Still, still will follow the fierce lust of crime—  
 Deceit and the dark working of the mind,  
 Where'er you roam, will not be left behind.

## JAMES THE FIFTH.

BORN 1512—DIED 1542.

JAMES THE FIFTH was born at the palace of Linlithgow in the month of April, 1512. When the fatal field of Flodden numbered among its victims the chivalrous James IV., his successor, the infant prince, was not a year and a half old. Among those who had charge of his education was the celebrated Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and John Bellenden, the translator of Boethius' *History*. The works of both authors abound with passages referring to the share which they had in the formation of the young sovereign's character. It would seem that to the poet the task had chiefly fallen of attending the prince in his hours of amusement. In his "Complaint" he says—

"And ay quhen thou came from the schule,  
 Then I behufft to play the fule."

It is to the happy influence of Sir David Lindsay that we may ascribe a large share of that regard for justice, that taste for literature and art, and that love of poetry, music, and romance for which the young Scottish king became distinguished.

In his twelfth year the nobles, tired of the state of misrule into which Scotland had been brought, and of the dissensions among themselves, requested James to assume the government. His power, however, was merely nominal, as four guardians were appointed, by whom the whole authority of the state was exercised in his name. The Earl of Angus, one of these, soon obtained the ascendancy over his colleagues, and he held the young

king in such restraint as induced him to make his escape from the palace of Falkland when in his seventeenth year, and take refuge in Stirling Castle, the residence of his mother. By the most vigorous measures the king now proceeded to repress disorders and punish crime throughout the kingdom. Attended by a numerous retinue, under the pretence of enjoying the pleasures of hunting, he visited various districts, executing thieves and marauders, and caused the laws to be obeyed on every foot of Scottish soil. The most memorable of his victims was the noted borderer Johnnie Armstrong, who was summarily hanged with his twenty-four followers, "quhilk," says Pit-scottie, "monic Scottisman heavilie lamented, for he was ane doubtit man and als guid ane chieftain as evir was upon the borderis either of Scotland or England."

In 1535 James proceeded to France upon a matrimonial expedition, and married Magdalene, eldest daughter of the French king, who died of consumption within forty days of her arrival in Scotland. He afterwards espoused Mary of Guise. A rupture with Henry VIII. led to the battle of Solway Moss, one of the most inglorious engagements in Scottish annals. The command of the army having been conferred on Oliver Sinclair, a favourite of the king, the high-spirited and discontented nobles indignantly refused to obey such a leader, and were in consequence easily defeated by an inferior force. When the tidings of this disaster reached James he was frantic with

grief and mortification. Hastening to Edinburgh, he shut himself up for a week, and then passed over to Falkland, where he took to his bed. Meantime the queen had given birth to a daughter, afterwards the beautiful but unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. On being informed of this event he said, "It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass," deeming it another misfortune that it was not a male heir. A little before his death, which occurred previous to the 13th of December, 1542, when he was but thirty-one years of age, he was heard muttering the words "Solway Moss," the scene of that disaster which hurried him to an early grave. The love of justice endeared the lamented monarch to the people, who conferred on him the title of "King of the Poor." Other princes have been called great and bold and mighty, but it was the far nobler pride of James to be styled THE KING OF THE POOR.

Of the elegant and useful arts, and of all branches of what was called profane learning, he was a liberal patron and active promoter. "He furnished the countrie," says Pitseottie, "with all kyndis of craftismen, sik as Frenchmen, Spainyardis, and Dutchmen, quhilk ever wes the finest of thair profession that culd be had: quhilk brought the countrie to great policie." Lindsay, Buchanan, Bellenden, Maitland, Montgomery, and many others of

inferior fame, were among the men of letters who contributed to shed a lustre on his reign, and who, in an age when there was no reading public, could live on the patronage of the court alone. To gratify a strong passion for adventures of a romantic character James would often roam through the country in disguise under the soubriquet of "The Gudeman of Ballangeich." He is believed to be the author of the well-known and popular ballads of "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "The Jollie Beggar," both founded on his own adventures. Sir Walter Scott said of the last-mentioned, that it was the best comic ballad in any language. George Chalmers and some other authorities have attributed other productions to the pen of the commons' king, but it is thought without sufficient evidence. The two songs attributed to James V. are both productions of great merit—remarkable for their rognish humour and freedom of expression, albeit they are rather broad for the last half of the nineteenth century:

"Old times are changed, old manners gone."

Yet no change of manners or evolutions of time will much affect poetry which is founded in nature; and this makes the lyrics of James as fresh and lively and intelligible as they were more than three hundred years ago, when they were composed by the young king.

## THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,  
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,  
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,  
Will you lodge a silly poor man?  
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,  
And down ayont the ingle he sat:  
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,  
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free  
As first when I saw this countrie,  
How blythe and merry wad I be!  
And I wad never think lang.  
He grew canty, and she grew fain,  
But little did her auld minny ken  
What thir slec twa thegither were say'ng,  
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O, quo' he, an' ye were as black  
As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,  
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,  
And awa' wi' me thou shon'd gang.  
And O, quo' she, an I were as white  
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,  
I'd cleed me braw and lady-like,  
And awa' wi' thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;  
They rose a wee before the cock,  
And wilyly they shot the lock,  
And fast to the bent are they gane.  
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,  
And at her leisure pat on her claise:  
Synce the servant's bed she gaes,  
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;  
 The strae was cauld, he was away,  
 She clapt her hands, cry'd Waladay,  
     For some of our gear will be gane!  
 Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,  
 But nought was stown that could be mist;  
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd Praise be blest,  
     I have lodg'd a leal poor man!

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,  
 The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,  
 Gae but the house, lass, and waken my bairn,  
     And bid her come quickly ben.  
 The servant gaed where the daughter lay,  
 The sheets were cauld, she was away,  
 And fast to her goodwife did say,  
     She's aff with the gaberlunzie man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,  
 And haste ye find these traitors again;  
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,  
     The wearifu' gaberlunzie man.  
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,  
 The wife was wud, and out o' her wit,  
 She could na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,  
     But she curs'd ay, and she bann'd.

Meantime far 'hind out o'er the lee,  
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,  
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,  
     Cut frae a new cheese a whang'  
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,  
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.  
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,  
     My winsome gaberlunzie man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,  
 Ill-faurdly wad she crook her mou';  
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,  
     After the gaberlunzie man.  
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,  
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue  
 To follow me frae town to town,  
     And carry the gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,  
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,  
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,  
     To carry the gaberlunzie on.  
 I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,  
 And draw a black clout o'er my ee;  
 A eripple or blind they will ca' me,  
     While we shall be merry and sing.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

There was a jollie beggar,  
 And a begging he was boun,

And he took up his quarters  
 Into a landart town:  
 He wadna lie into the barn,  
 Nor wad he in the byre,  
 But in ahint the ha' door,  
 Or else afore the fire.  
 And we'll go no more a roving,  
     A roving in the night:  
 We'll go no more a roving,  
     Let the moon shine e'er so bright.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en,  
 Wi' gude clean straw and hay,  
 And in ahint the ha' door  
 'Twas there the beggar lay.  
 Up gat the gudeman's daughter,  
 All for to bar the door,  
 And there she saw the beggarman  
 Standing in the floor.  
 And we'll go no more a roving,  
     A roving in the night,  
 Though maids be e'er so loving,  
     And the moon shine e'er so bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,  
 Fast to the bed he ran—  
 O hoolie, hoolie wi' me, sir,  
 Ye'll waken our gudeman.  
 The beggar was a cunning loon,  
 And ne'er a word he spak—  
 But lang afore the cock had crawn  
 Thus he began to crack:  
 And we'll go no more a roving,  
     A roving in the night,  
 Save when the moon is moving,  
     And the stars are shining bright.

Have ye ony dogs about this toun,  
 Maiden, tell me true?  
 And what wad ye do wi' them,  
 My hinney and my dow?  
 They'll rive a' my meal-powks,  
 And do me mickle wrang.  
 O dool for the doing o't,  
 Are ye the poor man?  
 And we'll go no more a roving,  
     A roving in the night,  
 Nor sit a sweet maid loving  
     By coal or candle light.

Then up she gat the meal-powks,  
 And flang them o'er the wa',  
 The deil gae wi the meal-powks  
 My maiden fame and a':  
 I took ye for some gentleman,  
 At least the laird o' Brodie—  
 O dool for the doing o't,  
 Are ye the poor bodie?

And we'll go no more a roving,  
A roving in the night,  
Although the moon is moving,  
And stars are shining bright.

He took the lassie in his arms,  
And gae her kisses three,  
And four-and-twenty hunder merk  
To pay the nurse's fee:  
He took a wee horn frae his side,  
And blew baith loud and shrill,  
And four-and-twenty belted knights  
Came skipping o'er the hill.  
And we'll go no more a roving,  
A roving in the night,

Nor sit a sweet maid loving  
By coal or candle light.

And he took out his little knife,  
Loot a' his duddies fa',  
And he was the bravest gentleman  
That was amang them a'.  
The beggar was a clever loon,  
And he lap shoulder height,  
O ay for sicken quarters  
As I got yesternight!  
And we'll ay gang a roving,  
A roving in the night,  
For then the maids are loving,  
And stars are shining bright.

## ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

BORN 1540 — DIED 1614. (?)

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY, known as a poet in 1568, is supposed to have been a younger son of Montgomery of Hazlehead Castle, in Ayrshire. Of his personal history there are no authentic memorials. In his poem entitled "The Navigatioun," he calls himself "ane German born." Dempster describes him as "*Eques Montanus vulgo vocatus*;" but is certain that he was never knighted. In the titles to his works he is styled Captain, and it has been conjectured that he was an officer in the body-guard of the Regent Morton. Melville in his *Diary* mentions him about 1577 as "Captain Montgomery, a good honest man, and the regent's domestic." His poetical talents secured him the friendship of James VI., from whom he received a pension. In the king's "Renlis and Cantelis to be observit and eschewit in Scottish Poesie," published in 1584, his majesty quotes some of Montgomery's poems as examples of the different styles of verse. His best known production is his allegorical poem of "The Cherrie and the Slae," on which Allan Ramsay formed the model of his "Vision," and to one particular passage in which he was indebted for his description of the Genius of Caledonia. It was first published in 1595, and reprinted two years later by Robert Waldegrave, "according to a copie corrected by the author himselfe." Another

of his compositions is styled "The Flying between Montgomerie and Polwart," which is written after the manner of the "Flying of Dunbar and Kennedie." He is also the author of "The Minde's Melodie," consisting of paraphrases of the Psalms, and a great variety of sonnets. Among the books presented by Drummond of Hawthornden to the University of Edinburgh is a manuscript collection of the poems of Montgomery, consisting of odes, sonnets, psalms, and epitaphs. His death occurred between 1597 and 1615, in which latter year an edition of his "Cherrie and Slae" was printed by Andrew Hart. Editions of his poetical works were published in 1751 and 1754; and in 1822 a complete edition, with a biographical preface by Dr. Irving, was issued in Edinburgh, under the superintendence of David Laing.

An eminent critic says of Montgomery, that he "deserves more notice than he has obtained; he was long spoken of, but seldom read; and I am willing to believe that the fortunate abuse of Pinkerton contributed to his fame, by arming in his behalf all the lovers of old Scottish song. The cast of his genius is lyrical; there is a sweetness and a liquid motion about even his most elaborate productions, and one cannot easily avoid chanting many passages on perusal. His thoughts are ready, his images

at hand, and his illustrations natural and apt. His language is ever flowing, felicitous, and abundant. His faults are the faults of the times. Printing had opened the treasures of ancient lore; and all our compositions were speckled and spotted with classical allusions. He embalms conceits in a stream of melody, and seeks to consecrate anew the faded splendour of the heathen mythology. Such dis-

play of scholarship was less affected than than it would be now. To glance, as the stream of story flows along, at old glory and at ancient things, is very well when happily managed and not dwelt upon; but Venus can only come into courtships now to be laughed at, and the most reasonable god in all the mythology will abate rather than increase the interest of any living poet's song."

## THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

(EXTRACT.)

About an bank with balmy bewis,  
 Quhair nychtingales thair notis renewis,  
 With gallant goldspinks gay;  
 The mavis, merle, and progne proud,  
 The lintquhyt, lark, and laverock loud,  
 Salutit mirthful May.  
 Quhen Philomet had sweetly sung,  
 To progne scho deplord,  
 How Tereus cut out hir tung,  
 And falsly hir deflourd;  
 Quilk story so sorie  
 To schaw hir self scho semit,  
 To heir hir so neir hir,  
 I doubtit if I dreimit.

The cushat crouds, the corbie erys,  
 The coukow couks, the prattling pyes  
 To geck hir they begin:  
 The jargoun or the jangling jayes,  
 The craiking craws, and keckling kays,  
 They deavt me with thair din.  
 The painted pawn with Argos eyis  
 Can on his mayock call;  
 The turtle wails on witherit treis,  
 And echo answers all,  
 Repeting with greiting,  
 How fair Nareissus fell,  
 By lying and spying  
 His schadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare  
 In hidlings hirpling heir and thair,  
 To mak thair morning mange.  
 The con, the cunning, and the cat,  
 Quhais dainty downs with dew were wat,  
 With stif mustachis strange.  
 The hart, the hynd, the dae, the rae,  
 The fulmart and false fox:  
 The beardit buck clam up the brae,  
 With birssy bairs and brocks;

Sum feiding, sum dreiding  
 The hunter's subtle snairs,  
 With skipping and tripping,  
 They playit them all in pairs.

The air was sobir, saft, and sweit,  
 Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weit,  
 But quyt, calm, and clear,  
 To foster Flora's fragrant flowris,  
 Quhairon Apollo's paramouris,  
 Had trinklit mony a teir;  
 The quhilk lyke silver schaikers shynd,  
 Embroydering bewties bed,  
 Quhairwith their heavy heids deelynd,  
 In Mavis collouris cled,  
 Sum knoping, sum dropping,  
 Of balmy liquor sweit,  
 Excelling and smelling,  
 Throw Phebus hailsum heit.

Methocht an heavenlie heartsom thing,  
 Quhair dew lyke diamonds did hing,  
 Ovre twinkling all the treis,  
 To study on the flurist twists,  
 Admiring nature's alchymists,  
 Laborious bussie beis,  
 Quhair of sum sweetest honie socht,  
 To stay thair lyves frae sterve,  
 And sum the waxie veschells wrocht,  
 Thair purchase to preserve;  
 So heiping, for keiping  
 It in thair hyves they hyde,  
 Precisely and wyscly,  
 For winter they provyde.

## NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

Hey, now the day's dawning:  
 The jolly cock's crowing;  
 The eastern sky's glowing;  
 Stars fade one by one;

The thistle cock's crying  
On lovers long lying,  
Cease vowing and sighing;  
The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing  
With gowans all glowing,  
And white lilies growing,  
A thousand as one;  
The sweet ring-dove cooing,  
His love notes renewing,  
Now moaning, now suing;  
The night is nigh gone.

The season excellung,  
In scented flowers smellung,  
To kind love compellung  
Our hearts every one;  
With sweet ballads moving  
The maids we are loving,  
Mid musing and roving  
The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women  
The young knights are dreaming,  
With bright breastplates gleaming,  
And plumed helmets on;  
The barbed steed neighs lordly,  
And shakes his mane proudly,  
For war-trumpets loudly  
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,  
The warriors all glowing,  
And, snorting and blowing,  
The steeds rushing on;  
The lances are crashing,  
Out broad blades come flashing  
Mid shouting and dashing—  
The night is nigh gone.

---

#### WHILE WITH HER WHITE HANDS.

While with her white and nimble hands  
My mistress gathering blossoms stands  
Amid the flowery mead;  
Of lilies white, and violets,  
A garland properly she plaits  
To set upon her head:

Thou sun, now shining bright above,  
If ever thou the fire of love  
Hast felt, as poets feign:  
If it be true, as true it seems,  
In courtesy withdraw thy beams,  
Lest thou her colour stain.

If thou her fairness wilt not burn  
She'll quit thee with a kinder turn,  
And close her sparkling eyes;—  
A brightness far surpassing thine,  
Lest thou thereby ashamed should tyme  
Thy credit in the skies.

---

#### VAIN LOVERS.

None love, but fools, unloved again,  
Who tyme their time and come no speed.  
Make this a maxim to remain,  
That love bears none but fools at feid;  
And they get aye a good gooscheed,  
In recompense of all their pain.  
So of necessitie men succeed:  
None love, but fools, unloved again.

I wot a wise man will beware,  
And will not venture but advice;  
Great fools, for me, I think they are  
Who seek warm water under ice:  
Yet some more wilful are than wise,  
That for their love's sake would be slain;  
Buy no repentance at that price—  
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Though some we see in every age,  
Like glaikit fools, gang giddy gates,  
Where reason finds no place for rage,  
They love them best who them but hates:  
Synne of their follies wyte the fates,  
As destiny did them disdain,  
Which are but idle vain conceits,—  
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Some by a proverb fain would prove,  
Who scarcely ever saw the schools,  
That love with reason is no love,  
Nor constance where occasion cools:  
There they confess like frantic fools,  
That wilfully they will be vain;  
But reason, what are men but mules?  
None love, but fools, unloved again.

Go ding a dog and he will bite,  
But fawn on him who gives him food,  
And can, as cause requires, acquit,  
As ill with ill, and good with good.  
Then love none but where thou art lov'd,  
And where thou finds them feign'd, refrain:  
Take this my counsell, I conclude—  
None love, but fools, unloved again.

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BORN 1542 — DIED 1587.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, the daughter of James V. and Mary of Lorraine, was born at Linlithgow Palace, December 8th, 1542. While she was still a child she was demanded in marriage by Henry VIII. of England for his son Edward VI. When the Earl of Huntly was solicited for his assistance in this measure, he said like a man, that he did not dislike the match so much, as the way of wooing. The wishes of this boisterous potentate were not gratified, and a war arose in consequence, during which the young princess was sent to France at the age of six years. She was kindly received by Henry II., who resolved to educate her in all the accomplishments suitable to her elevated rank. She profited by her attention and her talents from the education which a munificent king bestowed upon her, as the intended wife of the dauphin, heir-apparent of his crown. By the death of the French king, and her marriage with Francis II., whom she also lost soon after, she became an unprotected widow at the age of eighteen. France had now no charms for her; while she received invitations from all parties to return to her native country and her divided people. She arrived at Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, on the 19th of August, 1561.

Before her departure from France Mary wrote verses with great facility in the language of that country, which may be said to have been her mother-tongue. She never attained to a good knowledge of English, not even of that form of it spoken in her native land. Her poems on the death of the dauphin, and on her leaving France, have "very considerable merit in the ideas, the imaginations, and the very genius of elegiac poetry," says her vindicator Whitaker, who has translated them into English. She was not only a poetess, but the cause of poetry in others. Many a *vaudeville* was written on her departure for Scotland, and one of her subjects, Alexander Scot, known as the Scottish Anacreon because he sung so much of love, sent "Ane New Year Gift" in

the form of a poetical address, in twenty-eight stanzas. It begins—

"Welcome, illustrate lady, and our queen!"

and in one verse the poet makes pointed allusion to certain prophecies which assigned a brilliant future to the young queen:—

"If saws be sooth to shaw thy celstitude,  
What bairn should brook all Britain by the sea,  
The prophecy expressly does conclude  
The French wife of the Bruce's blood should be:  
Thou art by line from him the ninth degree,  
And was King Francis' perty maik and peer;  
So by descent the same should spring of thee,  
By grace of God against this good new year."

After many vicissitudes of fortune, and struggles with her turbulent and semi-savage nobles, Mary was at last forced to flee from her own kingdom to that of a rival and enemy, for refuge from the hands of those who were capable of almost any deed of violence. But as well might the beautiful and unfortunate queen claim protection from her kinswoman as the hunted deer seek refuge in a tiger's den. For nineteen years she was confined a prisoner in various castles, and at length ended her sad and chequered career on the block. She was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, February 8, 1587, in the forty-fifth year of her age. "The admirable and saintly fortitude with which she suffered," it has been well remarked, "formed a striking contrast to the despair and agony which not long afterwards darkened the death-bed of the English queen." Her remains now rest in Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent monument is erected to her memory. Mary's sad story may be epitomized in the lines—

"Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
The downward slope to death."

While the conduct and character of Queen Mary have been the subject of endless controversy with historians, her great beauty, her learning, and her many accomplishments are universally acknowledged. She wrote with elegance and force in the Latin, French, and Italian languages. Among her compositions

are "Poems on Various Occasions;" "Royal Advice to her Son;" a copy of verses in French, sent with a diamond ring to Queen Elizabeth; and her "Last Prayer," written originally in Latin. A meritorious poem of five stanzas has been attributed to her second husband, Lord Darnley, the father of James VI. In 1873 an edition of Queen Mary's poems in French was published, with an in-

roduction by Julian Sharman. The volume contained eight poems.<sup>1</sup> It is doubtful whether at any time the queen applied herself to the study or composition of English poetry. A distich in that language, scrawled on a window at Fotheringay, is the only fragment:—

"From the top of all my trust,  
Mishap has laid me in the dust."

#### ON THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN.

While in a tone of deepest woe  
My sweetly mournful warblings flow,  
I wildly cast my eyes around,  
Feel my dread loss, my bosom wound,  
And see, in sigh succeeding sigh,  
The finest moments of my life to fly.

Did Destiny's hard hand before,  
Of miseries such a store,  
Of such a train of sorrows shed  
Upon a happy woman's head?  
Who sees her very heart and eye  
Or in the bier or in the coffin lie;—

Who, in the morning of my day,  
And midst my flowers of youth most gay,  
Feel all my wretchedness at heart,  
That heaviest sorrows can impart;  
And can in nothing find relief  
But in the fond indulgence of my grief.

What onee of joy could lend a strain,  
Is now converted into pain;  
The day, that shines with feeblest light,  
Is now to me a darksome night;  
Nor is there aught of highest joys  
That now my soul will condescend to prize.

Full at my heart and in my eye  
A portrait and an image lie  
That figure out my dress of woe,  
And my pale face reflected show  
The semblance of the violet's blue,  
Unhappy love's own genuine hue.

To ease my sorely troubled mind,  
I keep to no one spot confin'd,  
But think it good to shift my place,  
In hopes my sadness to efface;  
For now is worst, now best again,  
The most sequestrate solitary scene.

Whether I shelter in the grove,  
Or in the open meadow rove;  
Whether the morn is dawning day,  
Or evening shoots its level ray,  
My heart's incessant feelings prove  
My heavy mourning for my absent love.

If at a time towards the skies  
I cast my sorrow-dropping eyes,  
I see his eyes sweet glancing play  
Amongst the clouds in every ray;  
Then in the clouds dark water view  
His hearse display'd in sorrow's sable hue.

If to repose my limbs apply,  
And slumbering on my couch I lie,  
I hear his voice to me rejoin,  
I feel his body touching mine;  
Engaged at work, to rest applied,  
I have him still for ever at my side.

No other object meets my sight,  
However fair it seems, or bright,  
To which my heart will e'er consent  
To yield itself in fond content;  
And robbed of the perfection be  
Of this impassioned mournful sympathy.

But here, my song, do thou refrain  
From thy most melancholy strain,  
Of which shall this the burden prove:  
"My honest heart full lively love,  
Howe'er I am by death disjoin'd,  
Shall never, never diminution find."

#### SONNET.

Que suis je, hélas! et de quoi sert la vie!  
J'en suis fors qu'un corps privé de neur;  
Un ombre vayne, un objet de malheur,  
Qui n'a plu rien qui de mourir en vie.

<sup>1</sup> *The Poems of Mary Queen of Scots*, edited by Julian Sharman. One vol. 8vo (Pickering, London, 1873). 100 copies only printed.—Ed.



Plus ne me portez, O enemys, d'envie,  
 Qui m'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur:  
 J'ai consommé d'excessive douleur,  
 Voltre ire en bref de voir assouvie,  
 Et vous amys qui m'avez tenu chere,  
 Souvenez-vous que sans cueur et sans santey,  
 Je ne saurois auqun bon œuvre fair.  
 Et que sus bas etant assez punie,  
 J'aie ma part en la joie infinie.

---

TO RONSART.<sup>1</sup>

Ronsart, si ton bon cœur, de gentille nature.  
 Te meut pour le respect d'un peu de nourriture  
 Qu'en tes plus jeunes ans tu as recu d'un roi  
 De ton roi allie, et de sa meme loi,  
 Le dirai non couart ni tache d'avarice,  
 Mais digne, a mon avis, du nom de brave prince.

Helas! n'écrivez par ses faits ni ses grandeurs,  
 Mais qu'il a bien voulu empêcher de malheurs.

---

LAST PRAYER.

Oh! my God and my Lord,  
 I have trusted in thee;  
 Oh! Jesus, my love,  
 Now liberate me.  
 In my enemies' power,  
 In affliction's sad hour  
 I languish for thee.  
 In sorrowing, weeping,  
 And bending the knee,  
 I adore and implore thee  
 To liberate me!

---

ALEXANDER HUME.

BORN 1560 — DIED 1609.

ALEXANDER HUME, a sacred poet, was the second son of Patrick, fifth baron of Polwarth, and is supposed to have been born in the year 1560. He studied at the University of St. Andrews, where he was graduated in 1574. After spending four years in France studying the law, he returned to his native country, and was admitted to practise as an advocate. His professional progress is thus related by himself in an "Epistle to Maister Gilbert Monterief, Mediciner to the King's Majestie, wherein is set down the Inexperience of the Author's Youth:"—

"Quhen that I had employ'd my youth and jaine  
 Four years in France, and was return'd againe,  
 I lang'd to learn and curious was to know

---

<sup>1</sup> The following translation was made by D. G. Rosetti:—

Ronsart, if thy good heart, of gentle kind,  
 Moves thee in regard of some little nurture  
 Which, in thy younger years, thou didst receive from a  
 king  
 Allied to thy king, and of his self same form of faith,  
 I will pronounce him no craven, nor stained with  
 avarice,

But worthy, to my thinking, of the name of a good prince.  
 Alas! write not his achievements nor his grandeur,  
 But that he strove to prevent many calamities.

The consnetudes, the custome, and the law,  
 Quhairby our native soil was guide aright,  
 And justice done to everie kind of wight.  
 To that effect, three years, or near that space,  
 I haunted maist our highest pleading place,  
 And senate, quhair causes reason'd war,  
 My breast was bruisit with leaning on the bar;  
 My buttons brist, I partly spitted blood,  
 My gown was trail'd and trumpid quhair I stood;  
 My ears war deif'd with maissars cries and din,  
 Qukilk proctoris and parties callit in.  
 I daily learnit, but could not pleisit be;  
 I saw sic things as pitie was to see,  
 Ane house overlaid with process sa misguidit,  
 That sum too late, sum never war decydit;  
 The puir abusit ane hundred divers wayes;  
 Postpon'd, deffer'd with shifts and mere delays,  
 Consumit in gudes, ourset with grief and paine;  
 Your advocate maun be refreshit with gaine,  
 Or else he fails to speake or to invent  
 Ane gude defence or weightie argument.  
 Ye 'spill your cause,' ye 'trouble him too sair,'  
 Unless his hand anointed be with nair."

Not meeting with success at the bar, Hume sought preferment at the court of James VI., but failing in this also, he entered into holy orders, and was appointed minister of Logie, in Fifeshire. He now devoted himself to writing religious songs and poems, with a view of correcting the popular taste, and displacing

the "godlie and spiritual sangis and ballatis" of that age, which were nothing more than pious travesties of the profane ballads and songs then most in vogue. In 1599 Hume published a volume entitled "Hymnes or Sacred Songs, where the right use of Poetry may be Espied," dedicated to "the faithful and vertuous Lady Elizabeth Melvil," generally styled Lady Culros, who wrote "Ane Godlye Dream, compylit in Scottish Meter," printed at Edinburgh in 1603, and at Aberdeen in 1644, which was a great favourite with the Presbyterians. The Hymns were recently reprinted by the Bannatyne Club. The best of these sacred poems, entitled by the author "The Day Estivall," is altogether an extraordinary production for the age in which it was composed. It presents the picture of a summer day from the dawn to the twilight; painted with a fidelity to nature, a liveliness of colouring, and a tasteful selection of incidents which mark the hand of a master. Besides the

"Hymns or Sacred Songs," Mr. Hume wrote a poem on the defeat of the Spanish Armada. It is called "The Triumph of the Lord after the Maner of Men," and describes a triumphal procession similar to those of the ancient Romans, in which the spoils of the conquered enemy are exhibited in succession. The following passage may suffice for a specimen:—

"Richt as the point of day beginnes to spring,  
And larks aloft melodiously to sing,  
Bring furthle all kynde of instrumentis of weir  
To gang befor, and mak ane noyce cleir;  
Gar trumpetis sounde the awful battelis blast,  
On dreadful drummes gar stryke alarum faste;  
Mak showting shalmes, and peircing phipheris shill  
Cleene cleave the cloods, and pierce the hiest hill.  
Caus nichtelie the wierlie nottis breike,  
On Hieland pipes, Scottes and Hybernicke.  
Let heir the skraichs of deadlie clarions,  
And syne let off ane volie of cannoons."

The poem has been highly praised by Dr. Leyden. The year 1609 is given as the date of Hume's death.

## THE DAY ESTIVALL.

O perfit light! quhilk schaid away  
The darknes from the light,  
And set a ruler ower the day,  
Ane uther ower the night.

Thy glorie quhen the day forth flies,  
Mair vively dois appeare.  
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes,  
The shining sun is cleare.

The shaddow of the earth, anon,  
Removes and drawis by;  
Sine in the east quhen it is gone,  
Appeares a clearer sky.

Quhilk sunne perceaves the lytill larkis,  
The lapwing and the snype,  
And tunes thair fangs like nature's clarkis,  
Ower meadow, muir, and strype.

But everie bauld nocturnal beast  
Na langer may abide,  
They hy away, baith maist and least,  
Themselves in house to hide.

They dread the day, fra they it see,  
And from the sight of men,  
To seats and covers fast they flee,  
As lyons to their den.

Oure hemisphere is poleist clein,  
And lightened more and more,  
Quhill everie thing be clearlie sein  
Quhilk semit dim before.

Except the glistering astres bright,  
Quhilk all the night were cleare,  
Offsked with a greater light,  
Na langer dois appeare.

The golden globe incontinent,  
Sets up his shining head,  
And ower the earth and firmament  
Displays his beims abroad.

For joy the birds, with boulden throats,  
Against his visage shein,  
Takes up their kindlie musike nots  
In woods and gardens grein.

Up braids the cairfull husbandman,  
His cornes and vines to see,  
And everie tymous artisan  
In buith work besilie.

The pastor quits the sloithfull sleepe,  
And passes forth with sheede,  
His little camow-nosed sheepe,  
And rowtting kie to feede.

The passenger from perrels sure  
Gangs gladdie forth the way.  
Breife everie living creatre  
Takes comfort of the day.

The subtle motty rayens light  
At rifts they are in wonne;  
The glansing thains, and vitre bright,  
Resplends agains the sunne.

The dew upon the tender crops,  
Like pearls white and round,  
Or like to melted silver drops,  
Refreshes all the pound.

The mistie rock, the clouds of raine,  
From tops of mountains skails:  
Clear are the highest hills and plaine,  
The vapors takes the vails.

Begaried is the sapphire pend  
With sprains of skarlet hew,  
And preciously from end to end  
Damasked white and blew.

The ample heaven of fabrik sure  
In cleaunes dois surpass  
The crysfall and the silver pure,  
As cleirest polest glass.

The time sa tranquil is and still,  
That na where sall ye find,  
Saive on ane high and barren hill,  
The aire of peeping wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,  
That balmie leaf do beir,  
Nor thay were painted on a wall,  
Na mair they move or steir.

Calm is the deep and purpou sé,  
Yea smother than the sand;  
The wallis that woltring wont to be,  
Are stable like the land.

Sa silent is the cessile air,  
That everie cry and call,  
The hills and dails, and forest fair,  
Againe repeats them all.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams  
Ouer rocks can softlie rin;  
The water clear, like crysfall seams,  
And makes a pleasand din.

The feilds and earthy superficie  
With verdure grene is spredd,  
And naturallie, but artifice,  
In partie colours cledd.

The flurishes and fragrant floures,  
Throw Phebus' fostring heit,  
Refresh't with dew and silver shoures,  
Casts up an odor sweet.

The clogged bussie humming beis,  
That never thinks to drowne,  
On flowers and flourishes of treis  
Collects their liquor browne.

The sunne, maist like a speidie post,  
With ardent course ascends,  
The beauty of the heavenly host,  
Up to our zenith tends.

Nocht guided by a Phaeton,  
Nor trayned in a chayre,  
Bot by the hie and holic On,  
Quhilk dois all where empire.

The burning beims down from his face  
Sa fervently can beat,  
That man and beast now seeks a place  
To save them fra the heat.

The breathless flocks drawes to the shade  
And frechure of their fald;  
The startling noit, as they were madde,  
Runnes to the rivers cadd.

The heards beneath some leafy treis  
Amids the floures they lie;  
The stabill ships upon the seis  
Tends up their sails to drie.

The hart, the hind, and fallow-deare  
Are tapisht at their rest;  
The foules and birdes that made thé beare,  
Prepares their prettie nest.

The rayons dures descending down,  
All kindles in a gleid,  
In cittie, nor in burroughs-towne,  
May nane set furth their heid.

Back from the blew paymentd whunn,  
And from ilk plaister wall,  
The hot reflexing of the sunne  
Inflames the air and all.

The labourers that timelie raiss,  
All wearie, faint, and weake,  
For heate down to their houses gais,  
Noon-meate and sleip to take.

The callour wine in cave is sought.  
Men's brotheing breists to enle;  
The water cadd and cleir is brought,  
And sallets steipit in ule.

Sun pluckes the honie plown and peare,  
The cherrie and the pesche;  
Sun likes the rime, and London beare,  
The bodie to refresche.

Forth of their skeppes sun raging beis  
Lyes out, and will not cast;  
Sun uther swarmes hives on the treis  
In knots togidder fast.

The korbeis and the kekling kais  
May scarce the heat abide;  
Halks prnyeis on the sunnie brais,  
And wedders back and side.

With gilted eyes and open wings  
The cock his courage shawis;  
With claps of joy his breast he dings,  
And twentie times he crawis.

The dow, with whistling wings sa blew,  
The winds can fast collect;  
Her purpours pennes turnes merry hew,  
Agains the sunne direct.

Now noon is went, gane is mid-day,  
The heat dois slake at last;  
The sunne descends down west away  
Fra three o'clock be past.

A little eule of breathing wind  
Now softly can arise,  
The warks throw heit that lay behind,  
Now men may enterprise.

Furth faires the flocks to seek their fude  
On everie hill and plaine.  
Qubhik labourer, as he thinks gude,  
Steppes to his turn againe.

The rayons of the sunne we see  
Diminish in their strenth;  
The schad of everie towre and tree  
Extended is in lenth.

Great is the calm, for everie quhair  
The wind is settin doune;  
The reik throwes right up in the air  
From everie towre and towne.

Their firdoung the bony birds  
In banks they do begin;  
With pipes of reeds the jolic hirds  
Halds up the mirrie din.

The maveis and the philomeeu,  
The stirling whissels loud,  
The cuschetts on the branches green,  
Full quietly they crowd.

The gloming comes, the day is spent,  
The sun goes out of sight,  
And painted is the occident  
With purpours sanguine bright.

The skarlet nor the golden threid,  
Who would their beautie try,  
Are naething like the color reid  
And beautie of the skie.

Our west horizon circuler,  
Fra time the sunne be set,  
Is all with rubeis, as it wer,  
Or roses reid ouerfrett.

What plesour wer to walk and see,  
Endlang a river cleir,  
The perfect form of everie tree  
Within the deepe appeir!

The salmon out of cruives and creills,  
Uphailed into skoutts;  
The bels and circles on the weills,  
Throw lowping of the trouts.

O! then, it wer a seemlie thing,  
While all is still and calme,  
The praise of God to play and sing,  
With cornet and with schalme.

Bot now the hirds, with mony shout,  
Calls uther be their name.  
Ga. Billie! turne our gude about,  
Now time is to ga hame.

With bellie fow, the beasts belyve  
Are turned fra the corne,  
Qubhik soberly they hameward dryve,  
With pipe and liltin horn.

Throw all the land great is the gild  
Of rustik folks that cry;  
Of bleiting sheep, fra they be fild,  
Of calves and rowtting ky.

All labourers draws hame at even,  
And can till uther say,  
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,  
Qubhik sent this summer day.

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#### RECANTATION.

Alace, how long have I delayed  
To leave the laits of youth!  
Alace, how oft have I essayed  
To daunt my lascive mouth,

And make my wayne polluted thought,  
 My pen and speech prophaine,  
 Extoll the Lord quhilk made of nocht  
 The heaven, the earth, and maine.

Scaree nature yet my face about  
 Her virile net had spun,  
 Quhen als oft as Phœbea stout  
 Was set agains the Sun;  
 Yea, als oft as the fierie flames  
 Arise and shine abroad,  
 I minded was, with sangs and psalms,  
 To glorifie my God.

But ay the canered, carnall kind,  
 Quhilk lurked me within,

Seduced my heart, withdrew my mind,  
 And made me selave to sin.  
 My senses and my saul I saw  
 Debait a deadlie strife,  
 Into my flesh I felt a law  
 Gainstand the law of life.

Even as the falcon high, and hait  
 Furth fleeing in the skye,  
 With wanton wing, hir game to gaif,  
 Disdains her caller's cry:  
 So led away with liberty,  
 And drowned in delight,  
 I wandred after vanitie—  
 My vice I give the wight.

## JAMES THE SIXTH.

BORN 1566 — DIED 1625.

JAMES, the Sixth of Scotland and First of England, called by Sully "the wisest fool in Europe," was born in the castle of Edinburgh, June 19, 1566. He was the son of Queen Mary, by her husband Henry Lord Darnley. Both by his father and mother James was the great-grandson of Henry VII. of England. It is well known that a confederation of conspirators dethroned Mary about a year after the birth of her son. While this ill-fated princess was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle James was taken to Stirling, and there crowned King of Scotland at the age of thirteen months and ten days. When he was scarcely nineteen years he became an author, by publishing *The Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie, with the Rewlis and Cawteles to be pursued and avoided*. These essays were printed at Edinburgh in 1585, by T. Vautroullier, and consist of a mixture of prose and poetry; the poems being chiefly a series of sonnets, while the prose consists of a code of laws for the construction of verse according to the ideas of that age. There is little in the king's style or his ideas to please the present age; yet compared with the efforts of contemporary authors these poems may be said to present a respectable appearance. This volume was reprinted in 1814, with a prefatory memoir

by R. P. Gillies. Copies of the original edition have been sold for more than £25. At Bindley's sale one brought £26, 5s.

In 1591 King James produced a second volume of verse entitled *Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres*, in the preface to which he informs the reader, as an apology for inaccuracies, that "scarcelie but at stolen moments had he leisure to blenk upon any paper, and yet nocht that with free, unvexed spirit." He also appears about this time to have proceeded some length with his translation of the Psalms into Scottish verse. A few years later the king wrote a treatise of counsel for his son Prince Henry, under the title of *Basilicon Doron*, which, although containing some passages offensive to the clergy, is a work of good sense, and conveys, upon the whole, a respectable impression at once of the author's abilities and moral temperament. It was published in 1599, and gained him a great accession of esteem among the English, for whose favour, of course, he was anxiously solicitous. Camden says "that in this book is most elegantly portrayed and set forth the pattern of a most excellent, every way accomplished king." Bacon considered it as "excellently written;" and Hume remarks that "whoever will read the *Basilicon Doron*, particularly the last two books, will

confess James to have possessed no mean genius."

It was a time when puns and all sorts of literary quips and quirks were much in vogue. The king was not behindhand in following this peculiar and distressing fashion. James greeted his Scottish subjects on a certain solemn occasion with a string of punning rhymes on the names of their most learned professors, Adamson, Fairlie, Sands, Young, Reid, and King.

"As Adam was the first of men, whence all beginning tak;  
So Adam-son was president, and first man in this act (!)  
The theses Fair-lie did defend, which, though they lies contain,  
Yet were fair lies, and he the sam right fairlie did maintain.  
The field first entred Master Sands, and there he made me see  
That not all sands are barren sands, but that some fertile bee.  
Then Master Young most subtilie the theses did impugue,  
And kythed old in Aristotle, although his name be Young.  
To him succeeded Master Reid, who, though Reid be his name,  
Neids neither for his disput blush, nor of his speech think shame.  
Last entered Master King the lists, and dispute like a king,  
How reason reigning as a queene should anger under bring.  
To their deserved praise have I then playd upon their names,  
And will their collodge hence be cald the Collodge of King James."

The king also wrote some vivacious verses when fifty-six years old, on the courting expedition to Spain of his son Charles and the courtly Buckingham.

On March 28, 1603, Queen Elizabeth expired, having named James as her successor, and he was crowned King of Great Britain, July 25, by Archbishop Whitgift, with all the ancient solemnity of that imposing ceremony. James was the author of various works in addition to those already mentioned: *A Discourse on the Gunpowder Plot*, *Demonology*, *A Counterblast to Tobacco*, &c. Kings are generally, as Milton has remarked, though strong in legions, but weak at arguments. James, although proud of his literary abilities, was certainly not strong in argument. He was dogmatic and pedantic, and his idea of his vocation appears to have been—

"To stick the doctor's chair into the throne,  
Give law to words, or war with words alone,  
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,  
And turn the council to a grammar-school."

So fond was James of polemics that he founded Chelsea College expressly for controversial theology. His grandson, Charles II., however, converted it into an asylum for disabled soldiers. For the encouragement of learning the king also founded, in April, 1582, the University of Edinburgh; and he conferred a lasting benefit on all who read the English language by the Authorized Version of the Holy Bible, still in use, nearly three centuries after it was completed and published by his orders. His reign was also distinguished by the establishment of new colonies and the introduction of manufactures. Early in the spring of 1625 the king was seized with tertian fever, and died March 27th, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

### A SHORT POEM OF TIME.

As I was panning in a morning aire,  
And could not sleip nor naways take me rest,  
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,  
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.  
The east was cleare, wherchly belyve I gest  
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,  
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes  
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.  
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,  
Which made the soile to savour sweet, and smell  
By dew that on the night before downe fell,

Which then was soukit by the Delphienns heit  
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hic ascending in his purpoure here  
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:  
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,  
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee:  
Yet idle men devysing did I see  
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk.  
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle  
So willingly the precious tyme to tyme:

And how they did themselves so farr begyle,  
 To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.  
 Fra tyme be past to call it bakwart wyne  
 Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr  
 To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,  
 Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?  
 Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe  
 So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw  
 Evin from the tyme, which is no wayis slaw  
 To fle from us, suppose we fled it nocht?  
 More wyse we were, if we the tyme had socht.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,  
 I wald we sould bestow it into that  
 Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.  
 Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat;  
 Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,  
 Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,  
 In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

THE CIIII. PSALME.

O Lord inspyre my spreit, and pen, to praise  
 Thy name, whose greatness farr surpassis all:  
 That syne, I may thy glour and honour blaise,  
 Which claithis the over: about the lyke a wall  
 The light remainis. O thou, whose charge,  
 and call  
 Made heavens lyke courtenis for to spraid abreid,  
 Who bowed the waters so, as serve they shall  
 For cristal syrling ouer thy house to gleid.

Who walks upon the wings of restles winde,  
 Who of the clouds his chariot made, even he  
 Who, in his presence, still the spreits doeth find  
 Ay ready to fulfill ilk just deeree  
 Of his, whose servant's fyre and flammis they be;  
 Who set the earth on her fundations sure,  
 So as her brangling none shall ever see:  
 Who, at thy charge, the deip upon her bure.

So as the tops of mountains he  
 Be fluids were onis overflowed at thy command,  
 Ay whill thy thundring voice sone made them  
 fle  
 Ower hiddous hills and howes, till nocht but  
 sand  
 Was left behind, syne with thy mightie hand  
 Thou limits made unto the roring deip.  
 So shall she never droun againe the land,  
 But brek her waves on rockis, her mairech to keip.

Thir are thy workis, who made the strands to  
 breid,  
 Syne rinn among the hills from fountains cleir,  
 Whairto wyld asses oft dois rinn with speil,  
 With uther beasts, to drinke. Hard by we heir

The chirping birds among the leaves, with heir  
 To sing, whill all the rocks aboute rebounde,  
 A woundrous worke, that thou, O Father deir,  
 Maks throchts so small yeild furth so great a  
 sounde!

O thou who from thy palace oft letts fall  
 (For to refresh the hills) thy blessed raine:  
 Who with thy works maintains the earth and all:  
 Who maks to grow the herbs and grass to gaine.  
 The herbs for foode to man, grass dois remaine  
 For food to horse and cattel of all kynde.  
 Thou causeth them not pull at it in vaine,  
 But be thair food, such is thy will and mynde.

Who dois rejoyse the hart of man with wyne,  
 And who with oyle his face maks cleir and bright,  
 And who with foode his stomach strenghtnes syne,  
 Who nourishes the very treis aright.  
 The cedars evin of Liban tall and wight  
 He planted bath, where birds do bigg their nest.  
 He made the firr trees of a woundrous height,  
 Where storks dois mak their dwelling-place, and  
 rest.

Thou made the barren hills, wyld goats refuge.  
 Thou made the rocks a residence and rest  
 For Alpin ratts, where they do live and ludge.  
 Thou maid the moone, her course, as thou  
 thought best;  
 Thou maid the sunne in tyme go to, that lest  
 He still sould shyne, then night sould never come:  
 But thou in ordour all things hes so drest,  
 Some beasts for day, for night are also some.

For Lyons young at night beginnis to raire,  
 And from their denns to crave of God some  
 pray:  
 Then, in the morning, gone is all thair caire,  
 And homeward to their caves rinnis fast, fra day  
 Beginnes to kythe, the sunne dois so them fray.  
 Then man gois furth, fra tyme the sunne dois ryse.  
 And whill the evening he remainis away  
 At lesume labour, where his living lyes.

How large and mightie are thy workis, O Lord!  
 And with what wisdom are they wrought, but  
 fail.  
 The earth's great fulnes, of thy gifts recorde  
 Dois beare: heir of the seas (which divers skaille  
 Of fish contenis) dois witnes beare: ilk sail  
 Of divers ships upon the swelling waves  
 Dois testife, as dois the monstrous whale  
 Who frays all fishes with his ravening jawes.

All thir (O Lord), yea all this woundrous heape  
 Of living things, in season craves thair fill  
 Of foode from. Thou giving, Lord, they reape:  
 Thy open hand with gude things fills them still  
 When so thou list: but contrar, when thou will

Withdraw thy face, then are they troubled sair,  
 Their breath by thee received, sone dois them  
 kill;  
 Syne they returne into thair ashes bair.

But, notwithstanding, Father deare, in cace  
 Thou breath on them againe, then they revive.  
 In short, thou dois, O Lord, renewe the face  
 Of all the earth, and all that in it live.  
 Therefore immortal praise we give:  
 Let him rejoyce into his workis he maid,  
 Whose looke and touche, so hills and earth dois  
 greive,  
 As earth does tremble, mountains reikis, afraid.

To Jehoua I all my life shall sing,  
 To sound his name I ever still shall cair:  
 It shall be sweit my thinking on that king;  
 In him I shall be glaid for ever mair.  
 O let the wicked be into no whair

In earth. O let the sinful be destroyde,  
 Blesse him my soule who name Jehoua bair:  
 O blesse him now with notts that are enjoyde.

## SONNET.

We find, by proof, that into every age  
 In Phoebus' art some glistering star did shine,  
 Who, worthy scholars to the Muses sage,  
 Fulfill'd their countries with their works divine.  
 So Homer was a sounding trumpet fine  
 Amongst the Greeks, into his learned days;  
 So Virgil was among the Romans syue  
 A sprite sublim'd, a pillar of their praise!  
 So lofty Petrarch his renown did blaze  
 In tongue Italic, in a sugar'd style,  
 And to the circled skies his name did raise;  
 For he, by poems that he did compile,  
 Led in triumph love, chasteness, death, and fame:  
 But thou triumphs o'er Petrarch's proper name!

## ROBERT AYTON.

BORN 1570 — DIED 1638.

SIR ROBERT AYTON, a younger son of Andrew Ayton, of Kinaldie, Fife-shire, was born there in the year 1570, and studied at St. Leonards College, St. Andrews, where he took his master's degree after the usual course of study, in 1588. Subsequently he resided for some time in France: whence in 1603 he addressed an elegant panegyric in Latin verse to King James, on his accession to the throne of England. On his appearance at court he was knighted, and appointed one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber and private secretary to the queen, Anne of Denmark. At a later period Ayton was secretary to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. About 1609 he was sent by James as ambassador to the Emperor of Germany with the king's "Apology for the Oath of Allegiance," which he had dedicated to all the crowned heads of Europe. During Ayton's residence abroad, as well as at the court of England, he lived in intimacy with, and secured the esteem of, the most eminent persons of his time. "He was acquainted," says Aubrey, "with all the wits of his time in England; he was a great

acquaintance of Mr. Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, whom Mr. Hobbes told me he made use of, together with Ben Jonson, for an Aristarchus, when he made his epistle dedicatory, for his translation of Thucydides." Ben Jonson seemed proud of his friendship, for he told Drummond of Hawthornden that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly.

Sir Robert Ayton died in London in March, 1638, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by his nephew. The inscription is in Latin, and his bust in bronze: in his looks there is as much of the gentleman as the genius. His monument is near that of Henry V. The brass head of the humble poet is still safe and unmutated; while the silver head of the hero of Agincourt fell a victim to the value of its material: it was melted down by Cromwell's parliament to assist in paying the army!

The courtier poet's song to his forsaken mistress is one of the sweetest and happiest of our early compositions. It was on this song that Burns bestowed a Scottish dress, and for



once he failed to improve upon the original. It did not admit of emendation. The English poems of Ayton, for the first time published in the *Miscellany* of the Bannatyne Club, are few in number, but of great merit, and remind us of the elegant productions of Herriek. John Aubrey remarks "that Sir Robert Ayton was one of the best poets of his time;" and adds the more important testimony that "Mr. John Dryden has seen verses of his, *some of the best of that age*, printed with some other verses." Ayton was also the writer of verses in Greek and French, as well as in English and Latin. Several of his Latin poems are preserved in the work called *Delitiae Poetarum Scotorum*, which was printed at Amsterdam the year previous to his death.

It is sad to think that the poet who could charm us with such songs in his native tongue should have poured the stream of his fancy into the dark regions of Latin verse, and lab-

oured, like Buchanan, to make the world feel his genius in a language which only a few can understand. A critic says, "I cannot understand how a man can hope to write felicitously out of his mother tongue; by what spell is he to be possessed with all the proverbial turnings and windings of language, all those meltings of word into word—those gradations of meaning direct and implied, which give a deeper sense than they seem to bear, and assist in the richness and the strength of composition. The language may be learned and words may be meted out in heroic or lyric quantities by the aid of a discreet ear; but such verses will want the original flavour of native poetry—the leaf will come without the fragrance, and the blossom without the fruit." A privately-printed edition of Ayton's poems, with a memoir prepared from original sources of information by the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., was issued in 1871.

#### ON WOMAN'S INCONSTANCY.

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,  
Thine be the grief as is the blame;  
Thou art not what thou wast before.

What reason I should be the same?  
He that can love unlov'd again,  
Hath better store of love than brain;  
God send me love my debts to pay,  
While unthrifths fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,  
If thou hadst still continued mine;  
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,  
I might perchance have yet been thine.  
But thou thy freedom did recall,  
That if thou might elsewhere intral;  
And then how could I but disdain  
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,  
And chang'd the object of thy will,  
It had been lethargy in me,  
Not constancy, to love thee still.  
Yea, it had been a sin to go,  
And prostitute affection so;  
Since we are taught no prayers to say  
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,  
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;

I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice  
To see him gain what I have lost;  
The height of my disdain shall be,  
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;  
To love thee still, but go no more  
A begging to a beggar's door.

#### THE ANSWER.

Thou that loved once, now loves no more,  
For fear to show more love than brain;  
With heresy unhatch'd before,  
Apostasy thou dost maintain.  
Can he have either brain or love  
That doth inconstancy approve?  
A choice well made no change admits—  
All changes argue after-wits.

Say that she had not been the same,  
Should thou therefore another be?  
What thou in her as vice did blame,  
Can thou take virtue's name in thee?  
No; thou in this her captive was,  
And made thee ready by her glass;  
Example led revenge astray,  
When true love should have kept the way.

True love has no reflecting end,  
The object good sets it at rest,

And noble breasts will freely lend  
 Without expecting interest.  
 'Tis merchants' love, 'tis trade for gain,  
 To barter love for love again:  
 'Tis usury, yea, worse than this,  
 For self-idolatry it is.

Then let her choice be what it will,  
 Let constancy be thy revenge;  
 If thou retribute good for ill,  
 Both grief and shame shall check her change;  
 Thus may'st thou laugh when thou shalt see  
 Remorse reclaim her home to thee;  
 And where thou begg'st of her before,  
 She now sits begging at thy door.

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#### INCONSTANCY REPROVED.<sup>1</sup>

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,  
 And I might have gone near to love thee,  
 Had I not found the slightest prayer  
 That lips could speak had power to move thee;  
 But I can let thee now alone  
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find  
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,  
 Thy favours are but like the wind  
 That kisses everything it meets.  
 And since thou canst with more than one,  
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,  
 Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!  
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,  
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells;  
 But scent and beauty both are gone,  
 And leaves fall from her one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,  
 When thou hast handled been awhile!  
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,  
 And I will sigh, while some will smile,  
 To see thy love for more than one  
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

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#### SONG.

What means this strangeness now of late,  
 Since time must truth approve?  
 This distance may consist with state—  
 It cannot stand with love.

'Tis either cunning or distrust  
 That may such ways allow:  
 The first is base, the last unjust:  
 Let neither blemish you.

For if you mean to draw me on,  
 There needs not half this art;  
 And if you mean to have me gone,  
 You o'eract your part.

If kindness cross your wish'd content,  
 Dismiss me with a frown;  
 I'll give you all the love that's spent,  
 The rest shall be my own.

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## EARL OF ANCRUM.

BORN 1578—DIED 1654.

SIR ROBERT KERR, afterwards Earl of Ancrum, was born in 1578, and succeeded to the family estate of Fernichurst in 1590, when his

father was assassinated by a kinsman, Robert Kerr younger of Cessford. He was one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber who attended James VI. on his accession to the throne of England. In 1619 he became involved, either through family connection or friendship, in a violent quarrel which arose between the Maxwells and Johnstones respecting the wardenship of the western marches, and received a challenge from Charles Maxwell to meet him in single combat. Although his adversary was

<sup>1</sup> Altered by Burns into the song—

“I do confess that thou art fair;”

and from another of Ayton's, beginning—

“Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never thought upon,”

he took the idea of a song especially dear to all Scotchmen.—Ed.

a perfect giant, and he himself had scarcely recovered from a long illness, he promptly accepted the challenge, consulting his honour rather than his safety. It required all his skill to sustain the onset of his huge antagonist, a bold and impetuous man, but he at length ran him through the body. Having now closed, they both fell, Maxwell being uppermost; but in a few minutes he breathed his last, leaving Kerr covered with his blood. The friends of the deceased are said to have acquitted Sir Robert of all blame, yet so strict were the laws established by the king for the prevention and punishment of duels, that he was obliged to escape to Holland, where he remained for about a year. There is a letter from William Drummond, the poet, to Sir Robert on the subject of his duel, with which our readers cannot fail to be interested. Philosophically and with much kindness he thus reprehends his rashness and temerity:—"It was too much hazarded on a point of honour. Why should true valour have answered fierce barbarity; nobleness, arrogancy; religion, impiety; innocence, malice,—the disparagement being so vast? And had ye then to venture to the hazard of a combat, the exemplar of virtue and the Muses' sanctuary? The lives of twenty such as his who has fallen in honour's balance would not counterpoise your own. Ye are too good for these times, in which, as in a time of plague, men must once be sick, and that deadly, ere they can be assured of any safety. Would I could persuade you in your sweet walks at home to take the prospect of court shipwrecks."

During his exile he employed himself in the collection of pictures which he afterwards presented to Prince Charles. At the end of a year,

through the intercession of friends, he was restored to his place at court. In 1624 he addressed the following letter to his friend Drummond:—"Every wretched creature knows the way to that place where it is most made of, and so do my verses to you, that was so kind to the last, that every thought I think that way hastens to be at you. It is true I get leisure to think few, not that they are *cara* because *rara*, but indeed to declare that my employment and ingine concur to make them, like Jacob's days, few and evil." "The best is, I care as little for them as their fame; yet if you do not dislike them, it is warrant enough for me to let them live till they get your doom. In this sonnet I have sent you an approbation of your own life, whose character, however I have mist, I have let you see how I love it, and would fain praise it, and indeed fainer practise it." The poem thus diffidently introduced has had a more fortunate career than was contemplated by its author. It is the beautiful sonnet which follows this notice, and is unfortunately the only specimen of his poetical powers extant. On the accession of Prince Charles in 1625 he was promoted to be a lord of the bedchamber, and in 1633 was raised to the peerage by the titles of the Earl of Ancrum and Lord Kerr of Nesbit. Unlike many persons who owed everything to King Charles, the earl continued his steady adherent during all his trials and troubles, and on his death again took refuge in Holland, where he spent the remainder of his days. He died in 1654, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. In Park's edition of Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors* there is a portrait of the Earl of Ancrum, assigning him a thoughtful and strongly-marked countenance.

### PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.<sup>1</sup>

Sweet solitary life! lovely dumb joy,  
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise  
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy  
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self  
doth rise.  
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,

<sup>1</sup> This beautiful and sweetly plaintive sonnet, and the interesting letter which accompanied it (to Drummond of Hawthornden), must be considered as ornamental to this or to any other publication. — Thomas Park's *Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors*.

Neyer acquainted with the world's vain broils,  
When the whole day to our own use we spend,  
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.  
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge  
For injuries received, nor dost fear  
The court's great earthquake, the griev'd truth  
of change,  
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear:  
Nor knows hope's sweet disease, that charms our  
sense,  
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience.

## EARL OF STIRLING.

BORN 1580 — DIED 1640.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, an eminent statesman and poet, was born on the estate of Menstrie, near Stirling, in 1580. His original station in life was that of a small landed proprietor or laird. While still young he accompanied the Earl of Argyll abroad as his tutor and travelling companion. Previous to this period, when only fifteen years of age, he was smitten with the charms of a country beauty, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," and on his return to Scotland his passion had suffered no abatement. His first poems were addressed to his mistress, and though he actually penned a hundred songs and sonnets in her praise the lassie was not to be moved. She gave her hand to another; and as Alexander poetically tells us, "the lady, so unrelenting to him, matched her morning to one in the evening of his age." In his next attachment he was more fortunate, and after a brief courtship married the daughter and heiress of Sir William Erskine. In 1604 his first volume of poems was published in London under the title of "Aurora, containing the first Fancies of the Author's Youth." Shortly after James VI. ascended the throne of England Alexander followed him, and, it appears, soon obtained the place of gentleman of the privy chamber to Prince Henry, to whom he had addressed a poem or paracnesis. In 1607 he published some dramatic poems, entitled *Monarchick Tragedies*, dedicated to the king, with which was republished his first tragedy, founded on the history of Darius.

In act iii. scene 3, several lines of the monarch's soliloquy bear a strong resemblance to the passage in the "Tempest" beginning "The cloud-capped towers." As Shakspeare's play was in all probability written subsequently to "Darius," he would appear to have borrowed the idea from Lord Stirling, whose passage begins—

\* Let greatness of her glassie scepters vaunt,  
Not sceptres, no, but reed's, soon bruised, soon broken;

And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,  
All fals, and scarcely leaves behind a token."

On this subject Hunter writes—"Can there be any truth in the assertion that Shakspeare ever was in Scotland? I cannot believe this, and yet there are many curious arguments to be assigned to show that he was. Could he have gone to visit William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, with whom he assuredly was acquainted, and whose works he did not scruple to imitate, and even adopt, in some instances?"<sup>1</sup>

In 1613 Alexander was appointed gentleman-usher to Prince Charles. In 1614 he received the honour of knighthood from James, who used to call him his "philosophic poet," and was made master of requests. The same year he published a sacred poem entitled "Doomsday, or the Great Day of Judgment," his largest and perhaps most meritorious production, which has been several times republished. It is divided into twelve parts, or hours, as the author calls them, each hour containing upwards of one hundred stanzas. Prefixed were some complimentary verses by his friend Drummond of Hawthornden, which thus conclude:—

"Thy phoenix muse still wing'd with wonder flies  
Praise of our brookes, staine to old Pindus springs,  
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes  
Can reach the sphere where thou most sweetly sings,  
Though string'd with starres, heavens, Orpheus' harpe  
enrolle,  
More worthy thine to blaze about the Pole."

Drummond on another occasion described Alexander as "that most excellent spirit and rarest gem of our north," and Drayton coupled them in highly eulogistic verse:—

"So Scotland sent us hither for our own  
That man whose name I ever would have known  
To stand by mine; that most ingenious knight,  
My Alexander, to whom in his right  
I want extremely. Yet in speaking thus  
I do but show the love that was 'twixt us,

<sup>1</sup> *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*.  
Edinburgh, 1873, three vols.—ED.

And not his numbers; which were brave and high,  
 So like his mind was his clear poesy.  
 And my dear Drummound, to whom much I owe,  
 For his much love, and proud was I to know  
 His poesy. For which two worthy men  
 I Menstrie still shall love, and Hawthornden."

In 1621 King James made a grant to Sir William of Nova Scotia, with a view to his colonizing it. This scheme had also the sanction of Charles I., who appointed him lieutenant of the new colony, and founded the order of the Baronets of Nova Scotia, the money to be derived from whom, for the title and land in the province, was to be expended in the formation of the settlement; but the project miscarried, and Sir William sold the colony to the French "for a matter of five or six thousand pounds English money." In 1626 he was made secretary of state for Scotland; in 1630 he was created Viscount Canada; and in 1633, at the coronation of King Charles at Holyrood, Earl of Stirling. He died in 1640, and the title has been dormant since the death of the fifth earl in 1739. Among the various claimants for the extinct title was Major-general Alexander of the United States army, who served with distinction during the Revolutionary War, and was generally known

as Lord Stirling. Three years previous to his death the earl collected his poems, which were published in 1637 in one folio volume, entitled *Recreations with the Muses*. He also published at Oxford King James VI.'s version of the Psalms, which had been revised by him. Besides the works mentioned, he is believed to have written a supplement to complete the third part of Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia." A new edition of Stirling's works was undertaken in 1720 by A. Johnston, but never completed. The editor in his preface states that he had submitted the whole of them to Mr. Addison for his opinion of them, and that that very competent judge was pleased to say he had read them over with the greatest satisfaction, and found reason to be convinced that the beauties of our ancient English poets were too slightly passed over by the modern writers. "who, out of a peculiar singularity, had rather take pains to find fault with, than endeavour to excel them." A complete edition of his works was published in 1870 at Glasgow in three handsome octavo volumes, entitled "*The Poetical Works of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, &c.*, now first collected and edited, with Memoir and Notes."

## SONG.

O would to God a way were found,  
 That by some secret sympathetic unknowne  
 My faire my fancie's depth might sound,  
 And know my state as clearly as her owne.

Then blest, most blest, were I,  
 No doubt beneath the skie  
 I were the happiest wight:  
 For if my state they knew,  
 It rutheless rockes would rue,  
 And mend me if they might.

But as the babe before the wand,  
 Whose faultlesse part his parents will not trust,  
 For very feare doth trembling stand,  
 And quakes to speake, although his cause be just:

So set before her face,  
 Though bent to pleade for grace,  
 I wot not how I faile:  
 Yet minding to say much,  
 That string I never touch,  
 But stand dismaid and pale.

The deepest rivers make least din,  
 The silent soule doth most abound in care;  
 Then might my brest be read within,  
 A thousand volumes would be written there.  
 Might silence show my mind,  
 Sighes tell how I were pin'd,  
 Or lookes my woes relate:  
 Then any pregnant wit,  
 That well remarked it,  
 Would soon discern my state.

No favour yet my fair affords,  
 But looking haughtie, though with humble eyes,  
 Doth quite confound my staggering word-:  
 And as not spying that thing which she spies,  
 A mirror makes of me,  
 Where she herselfe may see:  
 And what she brings to passe,  
 I trembling too for feare,  
 Move neither eye nor care,  
 As if I were her glasse.

Whilst in this manner I remaine,  
 Like to the statue of some one that's dead,  
 Strange tyrants in my bosom raigne,  
 A field of fancies fights within my head:  
 Yet if the tongue were true,  
 We boldly might pursue  
 That diamantine hart;  
 But when that it's restrain'd,  
 As doom'd to be disdain'd,  
 My sighes show how I smart.

No wonder then although I wracke,  
 By them betray'd in whom I did confide.  
 Since tongue, heart, eyes, and all gave backe,  
 She justly may my childhishnesse deride.  
 Yet that which I conceal  
 May serve for to reveale  
 My fervencie in love.  
 My passions were too great  
 For words t'expresse my state,  
 As to my paines I prove.

Oft those that do deserve disdain  
 For forging fancies get the best reward:  
 Where I, who feele what they do faine,  
 For too much love am had in no regard.  
 Behold my prooffe, we see  
 The gallant living free,  
 His fancies doth extend;  
 Where he that is overcome,  
 Rein'd with respects stands dumbe,  
 Still fearing to offend.

My bashfulnesse when she beholds,  
 Or rather my affection out of bounds,  
 Although my face my state unfolds,  
 And in my hue discovers hidden wounds:  
 Yet jeasting at my wo,  
 She doubts if it be so,  
 As she could not conceive it.  
 This grieves me most of all,  
 She triumphs in my fall,  
 Not seeming to perceive it.

Then since in vaine I plaints impart  
 To scornfull cares, in a contemned scroule;  
 And since my toung betrayes my hart,  
 And cannot tell the anguish of my soule;  
 Henceforth I'll hide my losses,  
 And not recompt the crosses  
 That do my joyes overthrow:  
 At least to senselesse things,  
 Mounts, vales, woods, fouds, and springs,  
 I shall them onely show.

Ah! unaffected lines,  
 True models of my heart,  
 The world may see that in you shines  
 The power of passion more than art.

## A SPEECH OF COELIA.

(FROM THE TRAGEDY OF CRESUS.)

Fierce tyrant, Death, who in thy wrath didst take  
 One half of me, and left one half behind,  
 Take this to thee, or give the other back,  
 Be wholly cruel, or be no way kind!

But whilst I live, believe, thou canst not die—  
 O! e'en in spite of death, yet still my choice!  
 Oft with the inward all-beholding eye  
 I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice.

And to content my languishing desire,  
 To ease my mind each thing some help affords:  
 Thy fancied form doth oft such faith acquire,  
 That in all sounds I apprehend thy words.

Then with such thoughts my memory to wound,  
 I call to mind thy looks, thy words, thy grace—  
 Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground!  
 And where thou slept, O, sacred seems that  
 place!

My solitary walks, my widow'd bed,  
 My dreary sighs, my sheets oft bath'd with  
 tears,  
 These shall record what life by me is led  
 Since first sad news breath'd death into mine  
 ear.

Though for more pain yet spar'd a space by death,  
 Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave;  
 For my chaste flames, which quench'd were with  
 thy breath,  
 Can kindle now no more but in thy grave!

## SONNET.

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,  
 And by those golden locks, whose lock none  
 slips,  
 And by the coral of thy rosy lips,  
 And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;  
 I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,  
 Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,  
 Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,  
 Which in this darkened age have clearly shined;  
 I swear by those, and by my spotless love,  
 And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,  
 That I have never nurst but chaste desires,  
 And such as modesty might well approve.  
 Then since I love those virtuous parts in thee,  
 Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me!





WILLIAM STURGEON

OF OXFORD



## WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

BORN 1585 — DIED 1649.

From the Drummonds of Carnock, afterwards Dukes of Perth, were descended the Drummonds of Hawthornden, a branch rendered as famous by the poet, as the other has been by statesmen and warriors. William Drummond, son of Sir John Drummond, was born at Hawthornden, December 13, 1585. He was educated at the recently founded University of Edinburgh, and being designed by his father for the legal profession, was in the year 1606 sent, in accordance with the custom of that day, to France to prosecute the study of the law. He appears to have been a most diligent student, studying with great assiduity, taking notes of the lectures which he attended, and writing observations of his own upon them. That he was well fitted for this profession is not left to conjecture. The learned President Lockhart, on being shown these manuscripts, declared that if Drummond had followed the law "he might have made the best figure of any lawyer of his time." In 1610 his father, Sir John, died, and he returned to Scotland to take possession of an independent inheritance, as Laird of Hawthornden, at the same time deciding to look for happiness in rural life and literary pursuits.

A more lovely spot for a poet's retreat we never saw in or out of Scotland. "Classic Hawthornden," Sir Walter called it. Within a small space are combined all the elements of sublime and picturesque scenery, and in the immediate neighbourhood is Roslyn Castle, one of the most interesting of Gothic ruins. In this charming retreat Drummond gave himself up to the study of the poets of Greece and Rome, of modern Italy and France; and to the formation upon them of an English style of his own. His earliest publication of which we have any knowledge, is a volume of poems of the date of 1616, when he was in his thirty-first year. This volume, however, is stated in the title to be the *second* edition. His next work was produced after his recovery from a dangerous illness, and was entitled

"The Cypress Grove;" a prose rhapsody on the vanity of human life, which has been pronounced equal to the splendid passages of Jeremy Taylor on this sublimest of all earthly topics. If tradition may be credited, it was composed in one of the caves in the lofty cliff on which the House of Hawthornden stands, and which is to this day called "The Cypress Grove." About this time, and while in the same frame of mind, he wrote what he called "Flowers of Zion; or Spiritual Poems." The publication of these volumes brought Drummond great fame, and led to a familiar correspondence with several of the literary magnates of his day, among whom may be mentioned Ben Jonson, Michael Drayton, Dr. Arthur Johnston the Latin poet, and the Earls of Ancrum and Stirling. Drayton in an elegy on the English poets takes occasion to speak of Drummond with much distinction.

The most remarkable incident connected with the literary life of the Laird of Hawthornden, was the visit which the great dramatist "Rare Ben Jonson" paid to him in the spring of 1619. The Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by his distinguished guest, and chronicled some of his personal failings. Jonson alludes to all the contemporary poets and dramatists; but the most singular of all is his reference to Shakspeare, of whom he speaks with as little reverence as of any of the others. He said, "Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by an hundred miles." In describing Jonson Drummond says, "He was a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; a dissembler of the parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted; thinking nothing well done, but what either he

himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind or angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered at himself, interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; oppressed with fancy, which hath overmastered his reason, *a general disease in many poets.* "In short," concludes Drummond, "he was in his personal character the very reverse of Shakspeare, as surly, ill-natured, proud, and disagreeable, as Shakspeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable."

It should be said to Ben's honour, that when he spared not the absent, neither did he overlook him who was present. Hawthornden's verses, he allowed, "were all good, especially his epitaph on Prince Henry; save that they smelled too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the times; for a child," said he, "may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses, in running:—yet, that he wished for pleasing the king, that piece of 'Forth Feasting' had been his own." Our poet has been most unjustly attacked for his remarks about Jonson, which was simply a rough memorandum for his own use, never intended for publication. Though it treats with unparalleled severity the character and foibles of the English dramatist, there is every proof that he has not done him any injustice. It is not kindly, nor can it be said to be hostilely written. There is scarcely any writer that had any personal acquaintance with Jonson who does not confirm Drummond's sketch. Howell, in one of his letters, has a passage which may suffice to acquit our poet of any singularity in his opinions. "I was invited yesterday," he says, "to a solemn supper by B. J. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest, that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own name. T. C. buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet it seems he had not read the ethics, which, amongst other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners."

It was about the time of the English poet's visit that Drummond formed an attachment for a young lady, daughter to Cunninghame of Barnes, an ancient and honourable house. His affection was reciprocated, the marriage day was appointed, and preparations going forward for its solemnization, when she was taken ill with a fever of which she soon after died. His deep grief on this sad event he has expressed in many of those sonnets which have given him the title of the Scottish Petrarch; and it has been well said that he celebrated his dead mistress with more passion and sincerity than others use to praise their living ones. Finding his home, after this event, irksome to him, he sought consolation on the Continent, where he resided for eight years, spending his time chiefly in Paris and Rome. During his travels he collected a large library of the best ancient Greek and Latin authors, and the works of the most esteemed modern writers of France, Italy, and Spain. He afterwards presented the collection to the College of Edinburgh. The catalogue accompanying the gift, about 500 volumes, printed in the year 1627, is furnished with a Latin preface, from Drummond's pen, upon "the advantage and honour of libraries."

On his return to his native land, which Drummond found already breaking out into those political troubles which so unhappily closed the career of Charles I., he retired to the residence of his brother-in-law, Sir John Scot, where he wrote his *History of the Five Jameses, Kings of Scotland*. For purity of style and elegance of expression it is not surpassed by any Scottish work of his day. It was not published until after Drummond's death. In the year 1630 he married Elizabeth Logan, daughter to Sir Robert Logan, in whom he either found, or fancied he had found, a resemblance to his first love. By his marriage he had several children, the eldest of whom, a son, was knighted by Charles II. We know little of the private life of the poet after this period, but that he lived a retired life at his beautiful house of Hawthornden, which he repaired, as we learn from an inscription bearing date 1638 still to be seen upon the building. Drummond died December 4, 1649, wanting only nine days to the completion of his sixty-fourth year. His body

was interred in Lasswade church, in the neighbourhood of Hawthornden. Besides his history he wrote several political tracts, all strongly in favour of royalty.

It is as a poet, however, that Drummond is now known and remembered. His poems, though occasionally tinged with the conceits of the Italian school, possess a harmony and sweetness unsurpassed by the productions of any of his English or Scottish contemporaries. His sonnets are particularly distinguished for tenderness and delicacy. William Hazlitt remarks, "Drummond's sonnets, I think, come as near as almost any others to the perfection of this kind of writing, which should embody a sentiment, and every shade of a sentiment, as it varies with time, and place, and humour, with the extravagance or lightness of a momentary impression." It is generally conceded that Drummond is second only to Shakspeare as a sonnet writer; and Henry Hallam, Thomas Campbell, and Robert Southey have concurred, with some variations in degree of praise, in assigning him a high place among British poets who appeared before Milton.

Drummond seems throughout his life, if we except the early collections, to have entertained little concern for the preservation of his poems. Many of them were only printed, during his lifetime, upon loose sheets; and it was not till 1656 that Sir John Scot caused them to be collected and published in one volume. An edition of this collection was republished in London in 1659, with the following highly encomiastic title:—"The most Elegant and Elaborate Poems of that great Court Wit, Mr. William Drummond; whose labours both in Prose and

Verse, being heretofore so precious to Prince Henry and to King Charles, shall live and flourish in all ages, whiles there are men to read them, or art and judgment to approve them." Some of his poems remained in MS. till incorporated in the folio edition of his works issued in 1711. The most popular of those detached productions printed in the poet's lifetime was entitled "Polemio-Middinia, or the Battle of the Dunghill." This was a satire upon some of the author's contemporaries; and contains much humour in a style of composition which had not before been attempted in Scotland. It long retained its popularity in Edinburgh, where it was almost yearly reprinted; and it was published at Oxford in 1691, with Latin notes and a preface by Bishop Gibson. The latest edition of Drummond's works appeared in London in 1833, with a life by Peter Cunningham, a son of "honest Allan." In 1873 another memoir of the poet appeared, from the pen of Professor David Masson.

The first poem which appears among our selections from Drummond was designed as a compliment to King James VI., on his visit to Scotland in 1617. Of the many effusions which that event called forth this only has maintained its popularity, and indeed, as a performance professedly panegyric, it is no ordinary praise to say that it has done so. "It attracted," as Lord Woodhouselee has remarked, "the envy as well as the praise of Ben Jonson, is superior in harmony of numbers to any of the compositions of the contemporary poets of England, and in its subject one of the most elegant panegyrics ever addressed by a poet to a prince."

## THE RIVER OF FORTH FEASTING.

(EXTRACT.)

What blust'ring noise now interrupts my sleep?  
 What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal  
 deeps?  
 And seem to call me from my watery court?  
 What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,  
 Are convey'd hither from each night-born spring?  
 With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,  
 Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,  
 And, full of wonder, overlook the land?  
 Whence come these glittering throngs, these  
 meteors bright,

This golden people, glancing in my sight?  
 Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?  
 What load-star draweth us all eyes?  
 Am I awake, or have some dreams conspir'd  
 To mock my sense with what I most desir'd?  
 View I that living face, see I those looks,  
 Which with delight were wont t'amaze my brooks?  
 Do I behold that worth, that man divine,  
 This age's glory, by these banks of mine?  
 Then find I true what I long wish'd in vain;  
 My much-beloved prince is come again.

So unto them whose zenith is the pole,  
When six black months are past, the sun does  
roll:

So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,  
Fair Helen's brothers show their clearing lights:  
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,  
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;  
The feather'd sylvans, cloud-like, by her fly,  
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;  
Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,  
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;  
In lasting cedars they do mark the time  
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.

Let mother Earth now deck'd with flowers be  
seen;  
And sweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows  
green:

Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,  
Such as on India's shores they use to pour;  
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn  
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was  
born.

May never hours the web of day outweave;  
May never night rise from her sable cave!  
Swell proud my billows, faint not to declare  
Your joys as ample as their causes are:  
For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,  
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp;  
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist  
repair,

Strew all your springs and grotts with lilies fair.  
Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and  
pray

Our floods and lakæ may keep this holiday;  
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,  
Which see the rising or the setting sun,  
Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Oehil's  
snows:

Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne, tortoise-like that flows,  
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,  
Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day;  
Ness, smoking sulphur, Leve, with mountains  
crown'd,

Strange Lomond, for his floating isles renown'd;  
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,  
The snaky Doon, the Orr with rusby hair,  
The crystal-streaming Nith, loud-bellowing  
Clyde,

Tweed which no more our kingdoms shall divide,  
Rank-swelling Anan, Lid with curl'd streams,  
The Esk, the Solway, where they lose their  
names;

To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,  
Our triumphs; bid all come and be our guests.  
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,  
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival;  
This day shall by our currents be renown'd;  
Our hills about shall still this day resound:  
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,  
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.

To virgins flowers, to sun-burnt earth the rain,  
To mariners fair winds amidst the main;  
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,  
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,  
That day, dear prince.

---

S O N G.

Phœbus, arise,  
And paint the sable skies  
With azure, white, and red;  
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tython's  
bed,

That she thy career may with roses spread,  
The nightingales thy coming each where sing,  
Make an eternal spring.  
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead;  
Spread forth thy golden hair  
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,  
And, emperor-like, decore  
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair:  
Chase hence the ugly night,  
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious  
light.

This is that happy morn,  
That day, long-wished day,  
Of all my life so dar'k,  
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn,  
And fates my hopes betray.)  
Which, purely white, deserves  
An everlasting diamond should it mark.  
This is the morn should bring unto this grove  
My love, to hear, and recompense my love.  
Fair king, who all preserves,  
But show thy blushing beams,  
And thou two sweeter eyes  
Shalt see than those which by Pencus' streams  
Did once thy heart surprise:  
Nay, suns, which shine as clear  
As thou when two thou didst to Rome appear.  
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise.

If that ye winds would hear  
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,  
Your furious chiding stay;  
Let Zephyr only breathe,  
And with her tresses play,  
Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death.  
The winds all silent are,  
And Phœbus in his chair  
Ensaffroning sea and air,  
Makes vanish every star:  
Night like a drunkard reels  
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.  
The fields with flowers are decked in every  
hue,  
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue:  
Here is the pleasant place,  
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

## DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

Jerusalem, that place divine,  
 The vision of sweet peace is named;  
 In heaven her glorious turrets shine—  
 Her walls of living stones are framed;  
 While angels guard her on each side,  
 Fit company for such a bride.

She, decked in new attire from heaven,  
 Her wedding chamber now descends,  
 Prepared in marriage to be given  
 To Christ, on whom her joy depends.  
 Her walls, wherewith she is inclosed,  
 And streets, are of pure gold composed.

The gates, adorned with pearls most bright,  
 The way to hidden glory show;  
 And thither, by the blessed might  
 Of faith in Jesus' merits, go  
 All those who are on earth distressed  
 Because they have Christ's name professed.

These stones the workmen dress and beat  
 Before they thoroughly polished are;  
 Then each is in his proper seat  
 Established by the Builder's care—  
 In this fair frame to stand for ever,  
 So joined that them no force can sever.

To God, who sits in highest seat,  
 Glory and power given be:  
 To Father, Son, and Paraclete,  
 Who reign in equal dignity—  
 Whose boundless power we still adore,  
 And sing their praise for evermore!

## SONNETS.

Dear chorister, who from those shadows sends—  
 Ere that the blushing morn dare show her light—  
 Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends,  
 Become all ear, stars stay to hear thy plight;  
 If one whose grief even reach of thought tran-  
 scends,

Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,  
 May thee importune who like ease pretends,  
 And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite;  
 Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,  
 And long, long sing!) for what thou thus com-  
 plains,

Since Winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky  
 Enamor'd smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?  
 The bird, as if my questions did her move,  
 With trembling wings sighed forth, "I love, I  
 love."

In Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,  
 And lively see how my best days are spent;  
 What clouds of care above my head are rolled,  
 What coming ill, which I can not prevent:  
 My course begun, I, wearied, do repent,  
 And would embrace what reason oft hath told;  
 But scarce thus think I, when love hath controlled;  
 All the best reasons reason could invent.  
 Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,  
 The more I strive that I the more shall pine,  
 That only death shall be my last relief:  
 Yet when I think upon that face divine,  
 Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,  
 Mauge my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

Triumphing chariots, statues, crowns of bays,  
 Sky-threatening arches, the rewards of worth;  
 Books heavenly-wise in sweet harmonious lays,  
 Which men divine unto the world set forth;  
 States which ambitious minds, in blood, do raise  
 From frozen Tanais unto sun-burnt Gange;  
 Gigantic frames, held wonders rarely strange,  
 Like spiders' webs, are made the sport of days.  
 Nothing is constant but in constant change,  
 What's done still is undone, and when undone  
 Into some other fashion doth it range;  
 Thus goes the floating world beneath the moon:  
 Wherefore, my mind, above time, motion, place,  
 Rise up, and steps unknown to nature trace.

A good that never satisfies the mind,  
 A beauty fading like the April showers,  
 A sweet with floods of gall that runs combined,  
 A pleasure passing e'er in thought made ours,  
 A honour that more fickle is than wind,  
 A glory at opinion's frown that lowers,  
 A treasury which bankrupt time devours,  
 A knowledge than grave ignorance more blind,  
 A vain delight our equals to command,  
 A style of greatness in effect a dream,  
 A swelling thought of holding sea and land,  
 A servile lot, decked with a pompous name:  
 Are the strange ends we toil for here below,  
 Till wisest death makes us our errors know.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,  
 Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.  
 Thou solitary, who is not alone,  
 But doth converse with that eternal love.  
 O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,  
 Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,  
 Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's  
 throne,  
 Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!  
 O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,  
 And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers  
 unfold,  
 Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!  
 How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!

The world is full of horror, troubles, slights;  
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights,

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow  
With thy green mother in some shady grove,  
When immelodious winds but made thee move,  
And birds their romage did on thee bestow.  
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds ap-  
prove,

Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,  
Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,  
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?  
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,  
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,  
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;  
For which be silent as in woods before:  
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,  
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours  
Of winters past or coming, void of care.  
Well pleased with delights which present are,  
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling  
flowers—

To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers  
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,  
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,  
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.  
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs  
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven  
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and  
wrongs,  
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven!  
Sweet, artless songster! thou my mind dost raise  
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

Stay, passenger, see where enclosed lies  
The paragon of princes, fairest frame  
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,  
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame:  
At least that part the earth of him could claim  
This marble holds—hard like the Destinies—

For as to his brave spirit and glorious name,  
The one the world, the other fills the skies.  
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose;  
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears  
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,  
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears;  
Then go and tell from Gades unto Ind  
You saw where earth's perfections were confined.

Of mortal glory O soon darkened ray!  
O winged joys of man, more swift than wind!  
O fond desires, which in our fancies stray!  
O trait'rous hopes, which do our judgments blind!  
Lo, in a flash that light is gone away  
Which dazzle did each eye, delight each mind,  
And, with that sun from whence it came combin-  
ed,  
Now makes more radiant heaven's eternal day.  
Let Beauty now bedew her cheeks with tears;  
Let widowed Music only roar and groan;  
Poor Virtue, get thee wings and mount the  
spheres,  
For dwelling-pace on earth for thee is none!  
Death hath thy temple razed, love's empire  
foiled,  
The world of honour, worth, and sweetness  
spoiled.

I know that all beneath the moon decays;  
And what by mortals in this world is brought,  
In time's great periods shall return to nought;  
That fairest states have fatal nights and days.  
I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays,  
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,  
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought;  
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.  
I know frail beauty's like the purple flower  
To which one morn oft birth and death affords;  
That love ajarring is of mind's accords,  
Where sense and will bring under reason's power:  
Know what I list, this all cannot me move,  
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

## ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

BORN 1587—DIED 1641.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON, M.D. next after Buchanan the best Latin poet of Scotland, was born in the year 1587 at Caskieben, the seat of his ancestors, near Inverury, in Aberdeenshire. He is supposed to have been a student at Marischal College, Aberdeen, as he was

afterwards elected rector of that university. With the purpose of studying medicine he resided for some time at Padua, Italy, where, in 1610, the degree of M.D. was conferred upon him. He subsequently travelled in Germany, Denmark, and Holland, and then set-

tled in France, where he acquired considerable eminence as a Latin poet. He is said by Sir Thomas Urquhart to have been laureated a poet in Paris at the early age of twenty-three. He remained for twenty years in France, a period during which he was twice married to ladies whose names are unknown, but who bore him thirteen children to transmit his name to posterity. On his return to Scotland in 1632 he was appointed physician to the king, it is supposed through the recommendation of Archbishop Laud. The same year he published at Aberdeen his *Parerga* and *Epigrammata*; and in 1633 he printed at London a specimen of his new Latin version of the Psalms of David, which he dedicated to Laud. A complete translation of the whole, under the title of *Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasum Poetica*, was published at Aberdeen and London in 1637, with translations of the Te Deum, Creed, Decalogue, &c., subjoined. Besides these he translated the Song of Solomon into Latin elegiac verse, published in 1633. He also wrote *Musee Aulicee*, or commendatory verses on some of the most distinguished literary men of his time; and edited *Delitie Poetarum Scottorum*, in which he introduced many of his own pieces. Dr. Johnson was pleased to say of this work that "it would do honour to any country."

Critics have been divided as to the comparative merits of Buchanan's and Johnston's translations of the Psalms. About the middle of the eighteenth century it was the subject of a controversy in which Lauder, and an English gentleman named Benson, stood forward as the zealous advocates of Johnston; while Mr. Love and Ruddiman ably and successfully defended Buchanan. Hallam remarks, "Though the national honour may seem equally secure by the superiority of either, it has, I believe,

been usual in Scotland to maintain the older poet against all the world. I am, nevertheless, inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac metre, do not fall far short of those of Buchanan, either in elegance of style or in correctness of Latinity." Three editions of Johnston's Psalms were printed at Benson's expense, with an elegant life of the translator prefixed. One of these, in quarto, with a fine portrait of Johnston by Vertue, after Jamesone, and copiously illustrated with notes, was published in 1741. Johnston, sometimes called the Scottish Ovid, died in 1641 at Oxford, whither he had gone to visit a married daughter who resided there. Dr. William Johnston, professor of mathematics in Marischal College, Aberdeen, a brother of the poet, was a man of considerable celebrity. Wodrow says "He was ane learned and experienced physician. He wrote on the mathematics. His skill in the Latin was truly Ciceronian."

Robert Chambers, in writing of our author, says, "This poet, whose chief characteristic was the elegance with which he expressed his own simple feelings as a poet, in the language appropriate to the customs and feelings of a past nation, has left in his *Epigrammata* an address to his native spot; and although Caskieben is a piece of very ordinary Scottish scenery, it is surprising how much he has made of it by the mere force of his own early associations. With the minuteness of an enthusiast, he does not omit the circumstance that the hill of Benachie, a conical elevation about eight miles distant, casts its shadow over Caskieben at the periods of the equinox." We give a translation of this epigram, which unites a specimen of Johnston's happiest original effort with circumstances personally connected with his history.

### CASKIEBEN.

Here, traveller, a vale behold  
As fair as Tempe, famed of old,  
Beneath the northern sky!  
Here Urie, with her silver waves,  
Her banks, in verdure smiling, laves,  
And winding wimples by.

Here, towering high, Benachie spreads  
Around on all his evening shades,  
When twilight gray comes on:  
With sparkling gems the river glows;  
As precious stones the mountain shows  
As in the East are known.

Here nature spreads a bosom sweet,  
 And native dyes beneath the feet  
 Bedeck the joyous ground:  
 Sport in the liquid air the birds,  
 And fishes in the stream; the herds  
 In meadows wanton round.

Here ample barn-yards still are stored  
 With relics of last autumn's hoard,  
 And firstlings of this year;  
 There waving fields of yellow corn,  
 And ruddy apples, that adorn  
 The bending boughs, appear.

Beside the stream a castle proud  
 Rises amid the passing cloud,  
 And rules a wide domain,  
 (Unequal to its lord's desert):  
 A village near, with lowlier art,  
 Is built upon the plain.

Here was I born; o'er all the land  
 Around the Johnstons bear command,  
 Of high and ancient line:  
 Mantua acquired a noted name  
 As Virgil's birth-place; I my fame  
 Inherit shall from mine.

## CHARLES THE FIRST.

BORN 1600 — DIED 1649.

CHARLES I., King of Great Britain, was born at Dunfermline Palace, which was the dotarial or jointure house of his mother the queen, on Nov. 19, 1600, the very day that the Earl of Gowrie and his brother were dismembered at the cross of Edinburgh for their share in the celebrated conspiracy. King James remarked with surprise that the principal incidents of his own domestic and personal history had taken place on that particular day of the month; he had been born, he said, on the 19th of June; he first saw his wife on the 19th of May; and his two former children, as well as this one, had been born on the 19th of different months. Charles was only two and a half years old when his father was called to London to fill the throne of Elizabeth. The young prince was left in Scotland in charge of the Earl of Dunfermline, but joined his father in July, 1603, in company with the rest of the royal family. His elder brother, Henry, dying in 1612, Charles was four years later formally created Prince of Wales. He succeeded to the throne in 1625, and on June 22 was married to Henrietta Marie, daughter of the illustrious Henry IV. of France. We cannot follow the unfortunate Stuart through his kingly career—the political troubles and civil wars, closing with the triumph of Cromwell and the execution of Charles, June 30, 1649, in front of his own palace of Whitehall.

In literature Charles is entitled to mention chiefly as the reputed author of a work published after his death entitled *Eikon Basilike*, which contained a series of reflections, proceeding from himself, respecting various situations in which he was placed towards the close of his life. This in a short space of time went through forty-eight editions, exciting a keen interest in the fate of the king, and high admiration of his mental gifts. He was also the author of some stanzas, not devoid of merit, which entitle him to a place among the minor poets of his native land. We are indebted to Bishop Burnet for their preservation. He gives them in his *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton*, saying, "A very worthy gentleman who had the honour of waiting on him there (at Carisbrooke Castle), and was much trusted by him, copied them out from the original, who voucheth them to be a true copy." The literary works attributed to King Charles were, after his death, collected and published under the title of *Reliquiæ Sacre Carolinæ*. They consist chiefly of letters and a few state papers, and of the "Eikon Basilike," but his claim to the authorship of the latter has been much disputed; Dr. Wordsworth is certain that the king wrote it, Sir James Mackintosh is equally positive that he did not; and the question appears to be no nearer settlement than that of the authorship



of Junius, or the true character of the king's grandmother Mary Stuart. Charles was, however, certainly among the most elegant English writers of his time, and a friend to the fine arts, which he greatly encouraged in the early part of his reign.

MAJESTY IN MISERY.<sup>1</sup>

Great Monarch of the World! from whose arm  
springs  
The potency and power of kings,  
Record the royal woe, my sufferings.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree  
(The only root of righteous loyalty),  
With this dim diadem invested me:

With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,  
Thy holy union, and the royal globe;  
Yet I am levelled with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies that do daily tread  
Upon my grief, my gray dis-crowned head,  
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,  
Revenge and robbery are reformation,  
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

Great Britain's heir is forcèd into France,  
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:  
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound,  
In the king's name the king himself's un-  
crown'd;  
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,  
That in my absence they draw bills of hate  
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I,  
They are allowed to answer ere they die;  
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, Why.

But, sacred Saviour! with thy words I woo  
Thee to *forgive*, and not be bitter to  
Such as thou know'st *do not know what they do*.

Augment my patience, nullify my hate,  
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;  
Yet though we perish, bless this church and  
state!

*Vota dabunt quæ bella negarunt.*

## ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE.

Close thine eyes, and sleep secure;  
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure:  
He that guards thee, he that keeps,  
Never slumbers, never sleeps.  
A quiet conscience in the breast  
Has only peace, has only rest:  
The music and the mirth of kings  
Are out of tune unless she sings.  
Then close thine eyes in peace, and sleep  
secure—  
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure!

## FRANCIS SEMPILL.

BORN 1605 — DIED 1680.(?)

The SEMPILLS or SEMPLS of Beltrees, among the earliest and most successful cultivators of Scottish song, were small landowners or lairds in Renfrewshire. Sir James Sempill wrote

“The Packman and the Priest,” a satire in which the absurdities of Popery are exposed. He was a favourite with James VI., by whom he was knighted. Robert, the son and suc-

<sup>1</sup>The entire poem consists of twenty-four verses of very unequal merit. Archbishop Trench says: “I have dealt somewhat boldly with this poem, of its twenty-

four triplets omitting all but ten these ten seeming to me to constitute a fine poem, which the twenty four fail to do.” We refer the eleven as given above.—ED.

cessor of Sir James, had the merit of first using a form of stanza in the well-known "Elegy on Habbie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan," which Allan Ramsay and Robert Burns adopted and rendered popular. The "Sempill Ballades," a series of historical political and satirical Scottish poems attributed to him, have been recently republished in Edinburgh. Francis, the son of Robert, and the last of the rhyming lairds, was born at Beltrees early in the seventeenth century, probably about the year 1605. He was a warm adherent of the Stuarts, and wrote several panegyrics on James II. while Duke of York and Albany, and on the birth of his children. He was also the author of a piece of considerable merit, entitled "The Banishment of Poverty;" but it is as the reputed author of several admirable songs that he is chiefly indebted for the honourable place accorded to him among the song-writers of Scotland. Of his personal history nothing is known, not even the date of his death, which is believed to have occurred about the year 1680.

Allan Cunningham says: "Tradition of late has provided authors for some of our favourite songs: and since authentic history declines to chronicle those who furnish matter for present and future mirth, I can see no harm in accepting the aid of traditional remembrance. On such authority, aided by the less doubtful testimony of family papers, Francis Semple of Beltrees has obtained the reputation of writing three popular songs, 'The Blythesome Bridal,' 'Maggie Lauder,' and 'She rose and loot me in.' I have heard the tradition, but I have not seen the family manuscripts; and though I am not obliged to believe what I cannot with certainty contradict, yet I have no right to discredit what honest men have seriously asserted; the story has been for years before the world, and if any be sceptical they are also silent. Semple is of itself a worthy name. I am glad tradition has taken its part; besides, we owe much poetic pleasure to the ancestors of Francis, who wrote, like their descendant, with great ease and freedom; and why should not the mantle descend?" There are few more famous Scottish songs than "Fy, let us a' to the Bridal" and "Maggie Lauder," the humour

and broad glee of the latter being equalled by the admirable *naïveté* and grace of the former. Speaking of one of these songs the critic whom we have quoted remarks: "The freedom with which some of the characters are drawn has gone far to exclude the song ('The Blythesome Bridal') from company which calls itself polished. I quarrel not with matters of taste—but taste is a whimsical thing. Ladies of all ranks will gaze by the dozen and hour on the unattired grace and proportion of the old statues, and feel them o'er like the wondering miller in Ramsay's exquisite tale, lest glamour had beguiled their cen; but the colour will come to their cheeks, and the fans to their faces, at some over-warm words in our old minstrels; whatever is classical is pure."

"Maggie Lauder" was a favourite song in the American camp during revolutionary days, and was often sung to the commander-in-chief by stout old Putnam. An old chronicler says: "This afternoon the provincial congress of New York gave an elegant entertainment to General Washington and his suite, the general and staff officers, and the commanding officer of the different regiments in or near the city. Many patriotic toasts were offered and drank with the greatest pleasure and decency. After the toasts little Phil of the Guard was brought in to sing H——'s new campaign song, and was joined by all the under officers, who seemed much animated by the accompanying of Clute's drum-sticks and Aaron's fife. Our good General Putnam got sick and went to his quarters before dinner was over, and we missed him a marvel, as there is not a chap in the camp who can lead him in the 'Maggie Lauder' song." The hero of this beautiful song was Robert Simpsonne, *alias* "Rob the Ranter," who was also celebrated by Robert Sempill as "Habbie Simpson, the Piper of Kilbarchan." A grandson of the poet Francis deserves to be incidentally mentioned as a remarkable instance of longevity. He died in 1789 at the age of 103. He was the first in the nomination of justices of the peace for Scotland in 1708, being the year after the union, and was at the date of his decease undoubtedly the oldest judicial functionary of that or any other rank in the British Empire.

## THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

Fy, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liltin' there;  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.  
 And there will be lang kail and porridge,  
 And bannocks of Karley-meal;  
 And there will be good saut herring,  
 To relish a cog of good ale.

And there will be Sawney the sutor,  
 And Will wi' the meikle mou';  
 And there will be Tam the blutter,  
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow;  
 And there will be bow-legged Robie,  
 With thumbless Katy's goodman;  
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dobie,  
 And Laurie, the laird of the land.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,  
 And plooky-fac'd Wat i' the mill,  
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,  
 That wins in the how of the hill;  
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,  
 Wha in with black Bessie did mool,  
 With snivelling Lilly, and Tibby,  
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,  
 And coft him gray breeks to his a——,  
 Who after was hangit for stealing—  
 Great merey it happen'd na warse!  
 And there will be glead Geordy Janners,  
 And Kirsh with the lily-white leg,  
 Wha gade to the south for manners,  
 And danced the daft dance in Mons Meg.

And there will be Judan MacLaurie,  
 And blinkin' daft Barbara Macleg,  
 Wi' flae-luggit sharney-fac'd Laurie,  
 And shangy-mon'd haluket Meg.  
 And there will be happier-hipp'd Naney,  
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,  
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,  
 The lass wi' the gowden wame.

And there will be Girn-again Gibbie,  
 With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,  
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,  
 The lad that was skipper himsel.  
 There lads and lasses in pearlins  
 Will feast in the heart of the ha'  
 On sybows and rifarts and carlings,  
 That are baith sodden and raw.

And there will be fadges and brochan,  
 With fouth of good gabbocks of skate,

Powsowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,  
 And caller nowt-feet in a plate;  
 And there will be partans and backies,  
 And whittings and speldings enew,  
 With singed sheep-heads and a haggis,  
 And scallips to sup till ye spew;

And there will be lapper'd milk kebbocks,  
 And sowens, and farls, and baps,  
 With swats and well-scraped paunches,  
 And brandy in stoups and in caps;  
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,  
 With skink to sup till ye rive,  
 And roasts to roast on a brander,  
 Of flukes that were taken alive.

Serapt haddockes, wilks, dulse and tangle.  
 And a mill of good snishing to prie;  
 When weary with eating and drinking,  
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.  
 Then fy, let us a' to the bridal,  
 For there will be liltin' there;  
 For Jock's to be married to Maggie,  
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

## SHE ROSE AND LOOT ME IN,

The night her silent sable wore,  
 And gloomy were the skies,  
 Of glittering stars appeared no more  
 Than those in Nelly's eyes;  
 When to her father's gate I came,  
 Where I had often been,  
 And begged my fair, my lovely dame,  
 To rise and let me in.

Fast locked within my close embrace,  
 She trembling stood ashamed—  
 Her swelling breast, and glowing face,  
 And every touch inflamed.  
 With look and accents all divine  
 She did my warmth reprove,—  
 The more she spoke, the more she looked,  
 The warmer waxed my love.

O then beyond expressing,  
 Transporting was the joy!  
 I knew no greater blessing,  
 So blest a man was I:  
 And she all ravisht with delight,  
 Bid me often come again,  
 And kindly vowed that every night  
 She'd rise and let me in.

Full soon soon I returned again  
 When stars were streaming free,

Oh, slowly, slowly came she down,  
 And stood and gazed on me:  
 Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er.  
 Repenting her rash sin—  
 And aye she mourn'd the fatal hour  
 She rose and loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,  
 Or from such beauty part?  
 I lov'd her so, I could not leave  
 The charmer of my heart:  
 We wedded, and I thought me blest  
 Such loveliness to win:  
 And now she thanks the happy hour  
 She rose and loot me in.

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MAGGIE LAUDER.

Wha wadnae be in love  
 Wi' bonnie Maggie Lauder!  
 A piper met her gaun to Fife,  
 And speir'd what was't they ca'd her:  
 Right scornfully thus answered she,  
 Begone, you hallan-shaker:  
 Jog on your gate, you blether-skate,  
 My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie! quoth he; now by my bags,  
 I'm fidgin fain to see thee!

Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,  
 In troth I winna steer thee;  
 For I'm a piper to my trade,  
 Men call me Rab the Ranter:  
 The lasses loup as they were daft,  
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, have you your bags,  
 And is your drone in order?  
 If you be Rab, I've heard of you,—  
 Live you upon the Border?  
 The lasses a', baith far and near,  
 Have heard of Rab the Ranter—  
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,  
 If you'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,  
 About the drone he twisted;  
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green,  
 For brawlie could she frisk it:  
 Weel done! quoth he. Play up, quo' she.  
 Weel bobbed! quoth Rab the Ranter;  
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,  
 When I get sic a dancer!

Weel hae you played your part! quoth Meg:  
 Your cheeks are like the crimson—  
 There's nae in Scotland plays sae weel,  
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.  
 I've lived in Fife, baith ma' an wife,  
 These ten years and a quarter;  
 Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,  
 Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

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THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

BORN 1612 — DIED 1650.

Among the great soldiers of the seventeenth century, the celebrated Marquis of Montrose—a hero whom Cardinal de Retz deemed worthy of the pages of Plutarch, being inspired by all the ideas and sentiments which animated the classic personages whom that writer has commemorated—is certainly entitled to a place among the minor poets of Scotland. It may be truly said that he possessed an elegant genius; spoke eloquently, and wrote with a graceful and perspicuous turn of expression. James Graham, THE GREAT MARQUIS, was born in the month of September, 1612, it is believed at the family estate of Auld Mon-

trose. He was the only son of John, fourth earl, and Margaret Ruthven, daughter of the Earl of Gowrie. The future hero succeeded to his paternal estates and honours soon after Charles I. ascended the throne. During his minority he was under the guardianship of Lord Napier, who had married his sister, and who continued through life one of his warmest friends and supporters. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, where he won reputation as a classical scholar and a poet. Montrose married Madeline Carnegie, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, by whom he had two sons. On the death of his wife he went abroad,

and spent three years on the Continent, returning to Scotland in 1633, with the reputation of being the most accomplished nobleman of his time.

It were foreign to our purpose to follow the brilliant career of the chivalric soldier, or to describe the noble magnanimity and Christian spirit displayed by the Highland hero in the hour of defeat and disaster. In the year 1650 he was captured by the Parliamentary forces, and conducted to Edinburgh. There he was received as a condemned traitor, and subjected to the most barbarous indignities. The night before his execution he wrote the well-known and beautiful lines:—

“ Let them bestow on every airt a limb,  
Then open all my veins, that I may swim  
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake,—  
Then place my parboil'd head upon a stake,  
Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air. —  
Lord! since thou knowest where all these atoms are,  
I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,  
And confident thou'lt raise me with the just.”<sup>1</sup>

Montrose was executed at the Scottish capital, May 21, 1650, and in accordance with the barbarous sentence the legs and arms were cut off, and sent as trophies to the four principal cities of Scotland, while his head was affixed to a spike at the top of the Tolbooth, Edinburgh. The Great Marquis met his sad fate, and the many insults and indignities heaped upon him before his execution, with a calm and Christian spirit, with such dignity and fortitude as to excite even the admiration

<sup>1</sup> There is a coincidence worthy of notice between these lines and those written by Sir Walter Raleigh, when about to submit himself like Montrose to a judicial murder:—

“ Even such is time; who takes in trust  
Our joys, our youth, and all we have,  
And pays us but with earth and dust;  
Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days;  
*But from that earth, that grave and dust,*  
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.”—ED.

and sympathy of his enemies. On the Restoration the remains of the greatest of the Grahams were carefully collected, and interred with imposing solemnities within the precincts of St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh, and the sentence of forfeiture which parliament had passed was reversed by Charles II., thus restoring Lord Graham to his father's dignities and possessions. One of Scotland's sweetest singers has celebrated in the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* the death of the faithful royalist and gallant knight, and also that of his renowned grandson “Bonny Dundee;” and his biographer Mark Napier concludes his memoir of the Great Marquis with these lines:—

“ From you grim tower, where long, in ghastly state,  
His head proclaim'd how holiness can hate;  
From gory pinnacles, where blench'd and riven,  
Ten years his sever'd limbs insulted Heaven;  
From the vile hole, by malice dug, beneath  
The felon's gibbet, on the blasted heath,  
Redeem'd to hallow'd ground, too long denied,  
Here let the martyr's mangled bones abide.

His country blush'd, and clos'd the cloister'd tomb,  
But rais'd no record of the hero's doom;  
Blush'd, but forbore to mark a nation's shame  
With sculptur'd memories of the murder'd Graham;  
The warrior's couch, 'mid pious pageants spread,  
But left the stone unletter'd at his head:  
Vain the dark aisle! the silent tablet vain!  
Still to his country cleaves the curse of Cain,—  
Still cries his blood, from out the very dust  
Of Scotland's sinful soil,—‘*Remember me they must!*’  
But, though the *shame* must Scotland bear through  
time,

Ye bastard priesthood, answer for the *crime!*  
Preachers, not pastors, redolent of blood,  
Who cried, ‘Sweet Jesu,’ in your murderous mood,—  
Self-seeking - Christ-caressing—canting crew,  
That from the Book of Life death-warrants drew,  
Obscur'd the fount of truth, and left the trace  
Of gory fingers on the page of grace: —  
This was thy horrid handiwork, though still  
Sublime he soar'd above your savage will,  
Rous'd his great soul to glorify its flight,  
And foil'd the adder of his foe-man's spite:—  
This was thy horrid handiwork, the while  
He of the craven heart, the false Argyle,  
Sent for our sins, his country's sorest rod,  
Still doom'd his victims in the name of God,  
Denounc'd true Christians as the Saviour's foes,  
And gorg'd his ravens with the GREAT MONTROSE.”—ED.

MY DEAR AND ONLY LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

## PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray  
That little world,—of THEE,—  
Be governed by no other sway  
Than purest monarchy.  
For if confusion have a part,  
Which virtuous souls abhor,  
I'll call a Synod in mine heart,  
And never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,  
And I will reign alone;  
My thoughts did evermore disdain  
A rival on my throne:  
He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
That dares not put it to the touch,  
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,  
And always give the law,  
And have *each subject at my will*,  
And all to stand in awe.  
But 'gainst my batteries if I find  
Thou kick or vex me sore,  
As that thou set me up a blind,  
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,  
Where I should solely be,  
If others do pretend a part,  
Or dare to vie with me;  
Or if *committees* thou erect,  
And go on such a score,  
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,  
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful then,  
And constant of thy word,  
I'll make thee *glorious* by my pen,  
And *famous* by my sword:  
I'll serve thee in such noble ways  
Was never heard before,  
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee more and more.

## PART SECOND.

My dear and only love, take heed  
How thou thyself dispose:  
Let not all longing lovers feed  
Upon such looks as those:  
I'll marble-wall thee round about,  
Myself shall be the door,

And if thy heart chance to slide out,  
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like volleys shot,  
Make any breach at all,  
Nor smoothness of their language plot  
Which way to scale the wall:  
Nor balls of wildfire love consume  
The shrine which I adore,  
For if such smoke about thee fume  
I'll never love thee more.

I know thy virtues be too strong  
To suffer by surprise;  
If that thou slight their love too long  
Their siege at last will rise,  
And leave thee conqueror, in that health  
And state thou wast before:  
But if thou turn a *Commonwealth*,  
I'll never love thee more.

And if by fraud, or by consent,  
Thy heart to ruine come,  
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,  
Nor march by tuck of drum;  
But hold my arms, like ensigns, up,  
Thy falshood to deplore,  
And bitterly will sigh and weep,  
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did  
When Rome was set on fire:  
Not only all relief forbid,  
But to a hill retire,  
And scorn to shed a tear to save  
Thy spirit, grown so poor,  
But laugh and smile thee to thy grave,  
And never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bare thee once,  
Lest that thy name should die,  
A monument of marble-stone  
The truth shall testify:  
That every pilgrim, passing by,  
May pity and deplore.  
And, sighing, read the reason why  
I cannot love thee more.

The golden laws of love shall be  
Upon these pillars hung.

<sup>1</sup> Our version of this loyal ballad is taken from an old broadside sheet discovered by the late Dr Irving. It is entitled "An excellent new ballad, to the tune of 'I'll never love thee more,'" and is much superior to the common version.—Ed.

A single heart, a simple eye,  
 A true and constant tongue.  
 Let no man for more love pretend  
 Than he has hearts in store;  
 True love begun will never end—  
 Love one and love no more.

And when all gallants ride about,  
 These monuments to view,  
 Whereon is written, in and out,  
 Thou traitorous and untrue;  
 Then in a passion they shall pause,  
 And thus say, sighing sore,  
 Alas! he had too just a cause  
 Never to love thee more.

And when that tracing goddess Fame  
 From east to west shall flee,  
 She shall record it to thy shame,  
 How thou hast loved me;  
 And how in odds our love was such  
 As few have been before;  
 Thou lov'dst too many, and I too much,  
 So I can love no more.

My heart shall with the sun be fixed  
 For constancy most strange,  
 And thine shall with the moon be mixed,  
 Delighting eye in change.  
 Thy beauty shined at first more bright,  
 And woe is me therefore,  
 That ever I found thy love so light,  
 I could love thee no more.

The misty mount, the smoking lake,  
 The rock's resounding echo,  
 The whistling winds, the woods that shake,  
 Shall with me sing hey ho!  
 The tossing seas, the tumbling boats,  
 Tears dropping from each oar,  
 Shall tune with me their turtle notes,—  
 I'll never love thee more.

As doth the turtle, chaste and true,  
 Her fellow's death regret.  
 And daily mourns for his adieu,  
 And ne'er renews her mate;  
 So, though thy faith was never fast,  
 Which grieves me wondrous sore,  
 Yet I shall live in love so chaste,  
 That I shall love no more.

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#### ON THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.<sup>1</sup>

Great, good, and just, could I but rate  
 My grief with thy too rigid fate,  
 I'd weep the world in such a strain  
 As it should deluge once again;  
 But since thy loud-tongued blood demands  
 supplies  
 More from Briareus' hands than Argus' eyes,  
 I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,  
 And write thy epitaph in blood and wounds.

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## JOHN MACDONALD.

BORN 1620 (?)—DIED 1700.

JOHN MACDONALD, a Lochaber poet and politician, known among his Highland countrymen as *Iain Lom*, literally "bare John," so named from his acuteness and severity on some occasions. He was also called *Iain Mauntach*, from a slight impediment in his speech. Macdonald was of the Keppoch family, but the exact place and date of his birth is unknown. We do know that he lived in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and that he died upwards of threescore and ten, about the year 1700, so that his birth may be fixed between 1620 and 1625. Of his early life little is known. The first event that made him famous beyond

the limits of Lochaber was the active part he took in punishing the murderers of the heir of Keppoch; the massacre was perpetrated by the young Highlander's cousins. A few years later the poet, whose talents had made him a man of importance in his native country, was the means of bringing the armies of Montrose and Argyle together at Inverlochy. From the castle the bard had a fine view of the engagement, of which he gives a graphic description in his long poem "The Battle of Inverlochy."

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<sup>1</sup> Written at Brussels, on hearing of the king's execution.—ED.

“So true,” says Mackenzie, “natural, and home-brought is the picture, that all that had happened seem to be passing before their eyes. The spirit of poetry, the language, and boldness of expression have seldom been equalled, perhaps never surpassed; yet, at this distance of time, these martial strains are rehearsed with different and opposite feelings.”

The changes which afterwards took place produced no change in the politics of the royal Gaelic bard. He entered into all the turmoils of the times with his whole heart, and with a boldness which no danger could daunt nor power intimidate from what he considered his duty. He became a violent opposer of the union, and employed his muse in numerous sarcastic and bitter compositions against William and Mary. But it was against the Campbells that he wrote his sharpest satires. The head of the clan felt the influence of his ridicule so much that he offered a reward for the poet's head. The bard presented himself to the marquis at Inverary, and demanded the

reward. Argyle received him courteously, showed him through the castle, and on entering an apartment hung round with the heads of black-cocks, asked, “Have you ever seen so many black-cocks together?” “Yes,” said the bard. “Where?” demanded Argyle. “At Inverlochry,” replied the poet, alluding to the slaughter of the Campbells on that memorable day. “Ah! John,” added Argyle, “will you never cease gnawing the Campbells?” “I am sorry,” said Macdonald, “that I cannot swallow them.”

Iain Lom was a prolific writer, and among his other compositions he kept a poetical journal of Dundee's route from Keppoch to Killiecrankie. Donald Campbell, in his *Treatise on the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans*, tells us that “Mr. James Munro, than whom no man is better qualified, is preparing for publication the interesting poems of this eminent modern bard, with a memoir of the bard himself, which will, if possible, be still more interesting even than his poems.”

## THE DEATH OF GLENGARRY.

When in the morning I arose  
Pleasure was not my aim.  
Is there no end to Albin's woes,  
To deaths 'mong men of fame?  
The manly leader of the race  
Who own the Garrian glen,  
Is off to his last resting-place,  
Borne high by sorrowing men,—  
The chieftain lofty, true, and bold,  
Who never his allegiance sold.

Not safe were they who rashly met  
Thy warriors, stern and true,  
When the proud heather-bud was set  
In all their bonnets blue;  
When thy brave banner waved on high,  
And thou thyself wert seen,  
With battle kindling in thine eye,  
To draw thy broad sword keen:—  
Then, then 'twas time for Albin's foes  
To fly their fierce, their deadly blows.

That praise, that early praise was thine,  
And spread thy well known fame afar;  
Thou didst on all occasions shine,  
The wisest leader in the war.

No serried red-coats daunted thee,  
Although their well-aimed volleys rolled,  
Upon thy ranks, from musketry  
That oft in deadly slaughter told:  
Thy just distinctions ever were—  
The wise to lead, the bold to dare.

Thy lineage is, for blood and length,  
In Albin's annals unexcelled,  
And formed of chieftains famed for strength,  
Who in the deadly charge compelled  
Steeds fierce and fleet, that harnessed shone  
Like meteors coursing through the sky:  
While in their sells, as on a throne,  
They towered in their war panoply;  
And none of them has been constrained  
To deeds that have that lineage stained.

Since some in battle have forgot  
How their brave fathers plied their steel,  
No refuge has our country got  
From ruthless Fortune's crushing wheel,  
Although Clanndomill on that day,  
As ever, clothed them with renown;  
Our heroes have been *wede* away,  
In fruitless battles one by one;



And now we've lost the worthiest lord  
That in these battles drew his sword.

It was our country's destiny  
To lose three pillars of the throne,—  
Heroes who, in adversity,  
For daring, proudly, greatly shone:  
Sir Donald, our leader when combined;  
Clanronald, captain of our men;  
Alisdair, generous, good, and kind,  
Chief of the Garry's far-famed glen;  
Clanndonmill's ranks no more will see  
Leaders illustrious as the three.

When other chiefs fled from their lands,  
Our heroes, stern and unsubdued,  
Rallied their bold, their kindred bands,  
And for their king and country stood;  
Aye stood prepared in arms to die,  
When war should his fierce toes in sound,  
Or to achieve a victory  
That should their treacherous foes con-  
found;  
Such were our chiefs, than maidens mild,  
But, roused to war, than beacons wild.

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#### ON CROWNING CHARLES THE SECOND.

Upon my elbow calmly leaning,  
Within the lovely mountain-glen,  
My mind indulged itself in dreaming  
Of the strange deeds and lives of men.  
And wherefore should my voice be silent,  
While my heart bounds with pride and joy,  
Nor tell the Whigs, the base and violent,  
Their greedy, rampant reign is by?  
Their reign who falsely tried and murdered  
The true, the loyal, and the brave;  
Who, with their sophistry, bewildered  
The people whom they would enslave.

With staff in hand, the while I hasten  
To welcome home my native king,  
Why should I doubt that he will listen  
To the leal counsel I may bring?

Counsel from clans and chiefs true-hearted,  
Who suffered in their country's cause,  
Which, through the royal bard imparted,  
Should warn him to respect the laws;

But not the men whose conduct baneful  
Has scattered ruin o'er the land,

And answered but with taunts disdainful  
Those whom they robbed of wealth and land.

Remember, Charles Stuart, ever  
The lesson taught thee by the past,  
Forgetting truth and justice never,  
If thou wouldst that thy reign may last.

Think, since the throne thou hast ascended,  
Without the aid of spear or sword,  
How thy own rights may be defended,  
And eke thy people's rights restored.

No Machiavel has yet propounded  
The means to make the throne secure.  
Save when the people's rights are founded  
On a just basis, broad and sure.

But leniency is not now wanted;  
A wise severity were just:  
Let those who are already sainted  
E'en go where they have placed their trust.

Why should we grudge these men to heaven  
That have their treasure hoarded there?  
Since they have made their road so even,  
Dismiss them while accounts are square!

Thou subjects hast of high condition,  
Whose hearts are not more true than mine.  
That will, with many a sage petition,  
Crave boons, and laud thy right divine:

But right divine did not defend thee  
When thou and Cromwell were at blows;  
Then try what force wise rule may lend thee,  
And make thy people friends—not foes.

No doubt thy nobles would defend thee,  
At cost of all their lands and lives,  
But, oh! it would not do to 'tend thee,  
And leave their children and their wives!

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#### THE BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY.

(EXTRACT.)

Heard ye not! heard ye not! how that whirlwind,  
The Gael,—  
To Lochaber swept down from Loch Ness to  
Loch Eil,—  
And the Campbells, to meet them in battle-array,  
Like the billow came on,—and were broke like  
its spray!  
Long, long shall our war-song exult in that day.

'Twas the Sabbath that rose, 'twas the feast of  
St. Bride,

When the rush of the clans shook Ben-Nevis's  
side;

I, the bard of their battles, ascended the height  
Where dark Inverlochy o'ershadow'd the fight,  
And I saw the Clan-Donnell resistless in might.

Through the land of my fathers the Campbells  
have come,

The flames of their foray enveloped my home;  
Broad Keppoch in ruin is left to deplore,  
And my country is waste from the hill to the  
shore,—

Be it so! By St. Mary, there's comfort in store!

Though the braes of Lochaber a desert be made,  
And Glen Roy may be lost to the plough and the  
spade,

Though the bones of my kindred, unhonour'd,  
unurn'd

Mark the desolate path where the Campbells  
have burn'd,—

Be it so! From that foray *they never return'd!*

Fallen race of Diarmed! disloyal,—untrue!

No harp in the Highlands will sorrow for you!

But the birds of Loch Eil are wheeling on high,

And the Badenoch wolves hear the Camerons' cry—

“Come, feast ye! come feast, where the false-  
hearted lie!”

## LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE.

BORN 1665—DIED 1746.

LADY GRIZZEL BAILLIE, the noble-minded daughter of Sir Patrick Home, afterwards created Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie of Jerviswood, in Lanarkshire, was born at Redbraes Castle on Christmas Day, 1665, was married in 1692, and died at London in 1746, aged eighty-one. Her *Memoirs*, by her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, were published in 1822, and added to her claims on our regard as a lyric poetess claims of a deeper though less shining kind—those of a dutiful daughter and an affectionate wife. “Her lot was cast,” says Cunningham, “in very stormy times, and her lively invention was employed in scenes of far deeper importance than in impressing humour and pathos on song. Her turn for domestic pleasure and home-bred mirth was only equalled by her sense of propriety and her regard for prudence; and she found her skill in song not only soothed her own cares, but was a solace amid times of sore trial to her friends, with whom her genius and her virtues were in high esteem. She left many unfinished songs; for domestic cares made the visitations of the muse seldom, and the stay short; but the song on which her fame in verse must depend is one able enough to maintain it. Those who look in ‘Were nae my Heart licht I would dee’ for fine and polished language, or for a very high

strain of sentiment, must be content to be disappointed. But it has other attractions of a more popular and equally durable kind: it is written in the fine free spirit of the rustic poetry of Scotland—the words are homely and the ideas are natural, yet they are such as the heart of poesy only would have suggested; and they who seek to add deeper interest to the story, or to endow it with more suitable ideas or more natural language, will owe their success as much to good fortune as to meditation. It is now an old favourite, though songs with more melodious verse, and a more embellished style, have followed thick and threefold: yet its careless and artless ease, and simple but graphic imagery, will continue to support its reputation against its more ostentatious associates. The description of a disappointed lover, depressed in spirit and fancy-touched, will keep possession of every heart, and be present to every eye, till some poet exceed it in truth and felicity:—

‘And now he gaes damdrin’ about the dykes,  
And a’ he dow do is to hund the tykes:  
‘The live-lang nicht he ne’er steeks his e’e,  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.’

She was among the first of a band of ladies who have contributed largely to the lyric fame of Scotland; nor is she the only one of her

name who has given Scottish song the advantage of female genius. There is another who has breathed into it a far deeper pathos and a far richer spirit; need we say it is Joanna

Baillie?"—Our other selection, "O the Ewe-bughting's bonnie," was in part composed by Thomas Pringle, Lady Baillie having left it unfinished.

## WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT.

There was anes a may, and she loo'd na men:  
She biggit her bonnie bower doun i' yon glen;  
But now she cries dool! and well-a-day!  
Come doun the green gate, and come here away.

When bonnie young Johnnie cam' ower the sea,  
He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;  
He hecht me baith rings and monie braw things;  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,  
Because I was twice as bonnie as she,  
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his  
mother,  
That were na my heart licht I wad dee.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be;  
The wife took a dwam, and lay doun to dee,  
She main'd and she graned out o' dolour and  
pain,  
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,  
Said, What had he to do wi' the like of me?  
Albeit I was bonnie, I was na for Johnnie:  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

They said I had neither cow nor calf,  
Nor dribbles o' drink rins through the draff,  
Nor pickles o' meal rins through the mill-e'e;  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,  
She spied me as I cam' ower the lea;  
And then she ran in, and made a loud din;  
Believe your ain een an ye trow na me.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;  
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;  
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,  
And casts himself dowie upon the eorn-bing.

And now he gaes daundrin' about the dykes,  
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:  
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;  
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,  
We should ha'e been gallopin' doun on yon green,  
And linkin' it over the lily-white lea;  
And wow! gin I were but young for thee!

## O THE EWE-BUGHTING'S BONNIE.

O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ening and  
morn,

When our blythe shepherds play on the bog-reed  
and horn;

While we're milking they're liltin' sae joeund  
and clear;

But my heart's like to break when I think o' my  
dear!

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the  
horn,

To raise up their flocks i' the fresh simmer morn:  
On the steep ferny banks they feed pleasant and  
free—

But, alas! my dear heart, all my sighing's for  
thee!

O the sheep-herling's lightsome among the green  
braes

Where Cayle wimples clear 'neath the white-  
blossomed slaes,

Where the wild-thyme and meadow-queen scent  
the soft gale,

And the cushat crouds luesomely doun in the  
dale.

There the lintwhite and mavis sing sweet frae  
the thorn,

And blythe lilt the laverock aboon the green  
corn,

And a' things rejoice in the simmer's glad prime—  
But my heart's wi' my love in the far foreign  
clime!

O the hay-making's pleasant in bright sunny  
June—

The hay-time is cheery when hearts are in tune;  
But while others are joking and laughing sae  
free,

There's a pang at my heart and a tear i' my e'e.  
At e'en i' the gloaming, adown by the burn,

Fu' dowie, and wae, aft I daundler and mourn:  
Among the lang broom I sit greeting alane.

And sigh for my dear and the days that are gane.

O the days o' our youtheit were heartsome and  
gay,

When we herled thegither by sweet Gaitshaw  
brae.

When we plaited the rushes and pu'd the witch-  
bells

By the Cayle's ferny howms and on Hounam's  
green fells.

But young Sandy bood gang to the wars wi' the  
laird,

To win honour and gowd (gif his life it be spared!)  
Ah! little I care for wealth, favour, or fame,  
Gin I had my dear shepherd but safely at hame!

Then round our wee cot though gruff winter  
sould roar,  
And poortith glowr in like a wolf at the door;

Though our toom purse had barely twa boddles  
to clink,  
And a barley-meal sconce were the best on our  
bink;

Yet, he wi' his hirsel, and I wi' my wheel,  
Through the howe o' the year we wad fen unco  
weel;

Till the luitwhite, and laverock, and lambs bleat-  
ing fain,  
Brought back the blythe time o' ewe-bughting  
again.

## WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BORN 1665 (?) — DIED 1751.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Gilbertfield, the friend and correspondent of Allan Ramsay, was the second son of Captain William Hamilton of Ladylands, Ayrshire, and was born about 1665. He entered the army early in life, but after considerable service abroad returned to Scotland, with no higher rank than that of lieutenant. His time was now spent in field sports; in the cultivation of the society of men of genius and culture: and the occasional production of some effusion, in which the gentleman and the poet were alike conspicuous. His intimacy with the author of the "Gentle Shepherd"—three of his epistles to whom are to be found in several editions of Ramsay's works—commenced in an admiration on the part of the afterwards celebrated poet of some pieces of Hamilton's which had come under his notice. Allan, in an epistle addressed to his friend, says:

"When I begond first to con verse,  
And could your 'Ardry Whins' rehearse,  
Where bony fleck ran fast and fierce,  
It warn'd my breast;  
Then emulation did me pierce,  
Whilk since near ceast.

"May I be lickit wi' a little,  
Gin of your numbers I think little;  
Ye're never raggot, shan, nor kittle,  
But blyth and gabby;  
And hit the spirit to a tittle  
Of Standart Habby."

Towards the close of his life Hamilton resided at Letterick, in the county of Lanark,

where he died at an advanced age, May 24th, 1751. His principal productions are to be found in Watson's *Choice Collection of Scots Poems*. One of his compositions, which displays much simplicity and sweetness, records a very poetic circumstance in the ancient customs of Scotland:—

"wha will gar our shearers shear?  
Wha will bind up the brags of weir?"

In the old days it was the custom for a piper to play behind the reapers while at work; and to the poetical enthusiasm thus excited and kept alive we are most probably indebted for many of those sweet songs which have given Scottish airs so unrivalled a celebrity, while the authors and composers of them remain as unknown as if they had never lived. In 1722 Hamilton published an abridgment, in modern Scottish, of Blind Harry's *Life of Sir William Wallace*, a book that became a great favourite among certain classes in Scotland, and inspired the boyhood of numerous poets with patriotic and martial ardour. A writer says, "The name of Hamilton of Gilbertfield has suffered in celebrity from its similarity to that of a greater poet; but, if not illustrated by works of such merit as those of Hamilton of Bangour, it is connected with productions of too much merit to justify a slight regard. A writer whose strains could inspire an Allan Ramsay with emulation could not have been of a class to be forgotten. Oblivion will be kind to him on this account alone, as Sir Walter Raleigh

beautifully tells us she has been to the adorer of Laura.

“Oblivion laid Petrarch on Laura's tomb.”

The readers of Burns will remember that in one of his finest epistles he alludes to Hamilton, in company with Ramsay and the unfortunate Fergusson, as occupying a position on the Parnassian heights to which he could never hope to climb:—

“My senses wad be in a creel  
Should I but dare a hope to speel  
Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfield  
The braes o' fame,  
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel',  
A deathless name.”

#### WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG.

Willie was a wanton wag,  
The blythest lad that e'er I saw,  
At bridals still he bore the brag,  
An' carried aye the gree awa'.  
His doublet was of Zetland shag,  
And wow! but Willie he was braw,  
And at his shoulder hung a tag,  
That pleas'd the lasses best of a'.

He was a man without a clag,  
His heart was frank without a flaw;  
And aye whatever Willie said,  
It still was hauden as a law.  
His boots they were made of the jag,  
When he went to the weaponschaw.  
Upon the green none durst him brag,  
The ne'er a ane amang them a'.

And was na Willie weel worth gowd?  
He wan the love o' great and sma':  
For after he the bride had kiss'd,  
He kiss'd the lasses hale-sale a'.  
Sae merrily round the ring they row'd,  
When by the hand he led them a',  
And smack on smack on them bestow'd  
By virtue of a standing law.

And was na Willie a great loun,  
As shyre a lick as e'er was seen;  
When he dane'd wi' the lasses round,  
The bridegroom speir'd where he had been.  
Quoth Willie, I've been at the ring,  
Wi' bobbing baith my shanks are sair;  
Gae ca' your bride and maidens in,  
For Willie he dow do nae mair.

Of the following admirable song, which has by some writers been attributed to William Walkinshaw, Allan Cunningham says, “No one ever conceived a more original lyric, or filled up the outlines of his conception with more lucky drollery, more lively flashes of native humour, or brighter touches of human character. Willie is indeed the first and last of his race; no one has imitated him, and he imitated none. He is a surpassing personage, an enthusiast in merriment, a prodigy in dancing; and his careless graces and natural gifts carry love and admiration into every female bosom.”

Then rest ye, Willie, I'll gae out,  
And for a wee fill up the ring;  
But, shame light on his souple snout,  
He wanted Willie's wanton fling.  
Then straught he to the bride did fare,  
Says, Weels me on your bonnie face:  
Wi' bobbing Willie's shanks are sair,  
And I'm come out to fill his place.

Bridegroom, she says, ye'll spoil the dance.  
And at the ring ye'll aye be lag,  
Unless like Willie ye advance:  
O! Willie has a wanton leg;  
For wi' he learns us a' to steer,  
And foremost aye bears up the ring;  
We will find nae sic dancing here,  
If we want Willie's wanton fling.

#### EPISTLES TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

GILBERTFIELD, *June 26, 1719.*

O fam'd and celebrated Allan!  
Renowned Ramsay! canty callan!  
There's nower the Highlandman nor Lawlan,  
In poetic,  
But may as soon ding down Tantallan  
As match wi' thee.

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,  
I ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,  
When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder  
Wi' wit and skill;  
Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,  
And quat my quill.

Of poetry the hail quintessence  
Thou hast suck'd up, left nae excrecence

To petty poets, or sic messens,  
 Tho' round thy stool  
 They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons  
 At Ramsay's school.

Tho' Ben and Dryden of renown  
 Were yet alive in London town.  
 Like kings contending for a crown,  
 'Twad be a pingle,  
 Whilk o' you three wad gar words sound  
 And best to jingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,  
 Wer't in my pow'r but I'd create  
 Thee upo' sight the laureat  
 Of this our age,  
 Since thou may'st fairly claim to that  
 As thy first wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame  
 Gin they respect not Ramsay's name.  
 Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,  
 To their great loss,  
 And send them a' right sneaking hame  
 By Weeping-cross.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,  
 And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,  
 When thou consults thy dictionary  
 Of ancient words,  
 Which come from thy poeitic quarry  
 As sharp as swords.

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,  
 And be as light as Aristotle,  
 At Ed'nburgh we sall ha'e a bottle  
 Of reaming claret,  
 Gin that my half-pay siller shottle  
 Can safely spare it.

At cranbo then we'll rack our brain,  
 Droun ilk dull care and aching pain,  
 Whilk aften does our spirits drain  
 Of true content:  
 Woy, woy! but we's be wonder fain  
 When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,  
 Then enter in a lasting league,  
 Free of ill aspect or intrigue;  
 And, gin you please it,  
 Like princes when met at the Hague  
 We'll solemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it  
 With favour, tho' poor I ha'e done it.  
 Sac I conclude and end my sonnet,  
 Wha am most fully,  
 While I do wear a hat or bonnet,  
 YOURS, WANTON WILLIE.

## POSTSCRIPT.

By this my postscript I incline  
 To let you ken my hail design  
 Of sic a long imperfect line  
 Lies in this sentence—  
 To cultivate my dull ingine  
 By your acquaintance.

Your answer, therefore, I expect;  
 And to your friend you may direct  
 At Gilbertfield; do not neglect,  
 When ye ha'e leisure,  
 Whilk I'll embrace with great respect,  
 And perfect pleasure.

GILBERTFIELD, *July 24, 1719.*

DEAR RAMSAY,

When I receiv'd thy kind epistle  
 It made me dance, and sing, and whistle;  
 O sic a fike and sic a fistle  
 I had about it!  
 That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle  
 Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,  
 How to the rimes they did content me!  
 Tho', sir, sae high to compliment me  
 Ye might deferr'd,  
 For had ye but haff well a kent me,  
 Some less wad ser'd.

With joyfn' heart beyond expression,  
 They're safely now in my possession:  
 O gin I were a winter session  
 Near by thy lodging!  
 I'd close attend thy new profession  
 Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest there's but few  
 To vie with Ramsay dare avow,  
 In verse; for to gie thee thy due,  
 And without flecting,  
 Thou's better at that trade, I trow,  
 Than some's at preaching.

For my part, till I'm better lear't,  
 To troke with thee I'd best forbear't,  
 For an' the fook o' Ed'nburgh hear't  
 They'll call me daft;  
 I'm unco eerie, and dirt fear't  
 I mak wrang waf.

Thy verses, nice as ever nickt,  
 Made me as canty as a cricket;  
 I ergh to reply, lest I stick it;  
 Syne like a coof  
 I look, or ane whose pouch is pickit  
 As bare's my loof.

Heh winsom! how thy saft, sweet style  
 And bonny auld words gar me smile;  
 Thou's travell'd surely mony a mile  
 Wi' charge and cost,  
 To learn them thus keep rank and file  
 And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee, honest Allie,  
 (I use the freedom so to call thee.)  
 I think them a' sae braw and walie  
 And in sic order,  
 I wad nae care to be thy valie,  
 Or thy recorder.

Has thou with Rosicrucians wandert,  
 Or through some donsic desert daudert?  
 That with thy magie, town and landart,  
 For aught I see,  
 Maun a' come truckle to thy standart  
 Of poetrie.

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,  
 As if I charged thee with black art;  
 'Tis thy good genius, still alert,  
 That does inspire  
 Thee with ilk thing that's quick and smart  
 To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny nacky tale  
 Braw to sit o'er a pint of ale:  
 For fifty guineas I'll find bail  
 Against a bodle,  
 That I wad quat ilk day a meal  
 For sic a nodle.

And on condition I were as gabby  
 As either thee or honest Habby,  
 That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,  
 Or velvet plush,  
 And then thou'd be sae far frae shabby,  
 Thou'd look right sprush.

What tho' young empty airy spärks  
 May have their critical remarks  
 On thir, my blythe diverting warks;  
 'Tis sina' presumption  
 To say they're but unlearned clarks,  
 And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether  
 To tie up a' their lang loose leather;  
 If they and I chance to forgether,  
 The taue may rue it;  
 For an' they winna hand their blether,  
 They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry  
 In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I,

Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and ery.  
 And ca' them skellums;  
 I'm sure thou needs set little by  
 To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm sae bleart and doited,  
 That when I raise in troth I stoited;  
 I thought I should turn capernoited,  
 For wi' a gird,  
 Upon my bum I fairly cloited  
 On the cauld eard;

Which did oblige a little duple  
 Upon my doup, close by my rumple:  
 But had ye seen how I did trumple,  
 Ye'd split your side,  
 Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,  
 Like trough of Clyde.

GILBERTFIELD, August 24, 1719

Accept my third and last essay  
 Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,  
 Bright Ramsay, and altho' it may  
 Seem doilt and donsie,  
 Yet thrice of all things, I heard say,  
 Was ay right sonsie.

Wharefore I scarce could sleep or slumber,  
 Till I made up that happy number:  
 The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber  
 In every part  
 And snoot away like three-hand ombre.  
 Sixpence a cart.

Of thy last poem, bearing date  
 August the fourth, I grant receipt;  
 It was sae braw, gart me look blate,  
 'Maist tye my senses,  
 And look just like poor country Kate,  
 In Lucky Spence's.

I shaw'd it to our parish priest,  
 Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast;  
 He says, thou may ha'd up thy creest,  
 And craw fu' crouse,  
 The poets a' to thee's but jest,  
 Not worth a souse.

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,  
 Of compliments is sae profuse,  
 For my good havins dis me roose  
 Sae very finely,  
 It were ill breeding to refuse  
 To thank her kindly.

What tho' sometimes, in angry mood,  
When she puts on her barliehood,  
Her dialect seem rough and rude;  
Let's ne'er be fleet,  
But tak' our bit when it is good,  
And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,  
And dinna caawly thole her banter,  
She'll tak' the flings, verse may grow seanter:  
Syn'e wi' great shame  
We'll rue the day that we do want her:  
Then wha's to blame?

But let us still her kindness eulzie,  
And wi' her never breed a tulzie;  
For we'll bring aff' but little spulzie  
In sic a barter;  
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,  
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,  
My pack I scarce dare open mair,  
'Till I tak' better wi' the lair,  
My pen's sae blunted;  
And a' for fear I fill the fair,  
And be affronted.

The dull draff-drink makes me sae dowff,  
A' I can do's but bark and yowff:  
Yet set me in a claret bowff,  
Wi' fouk that's chancy,  
My muse may lend me then a gowff  
To clear my faeny.

Then Bacchus-like I'd bawl and bluster,  
And a' the muses 'bout me muster;  
Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster,  
And drink the grape,  
'Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre,  
And better shape.

The powers aboon be still auspicious,  
To thy achievements maist delicious;  
Thy poems sweet, and nae way vicious,  
But blyth and canny,  
To see I'm anxious and ambitious,  
Thy Miscellany.

A' blessings, Ramsay, on thee row;  
Lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,  
Until thou clay an auld man's pow;  
And thro' thy creed,  
Be kept frae the wirricow  
After thou's dead.

## LADY WARDLAW.

BORN 1670—DIED 1727.

"Neither history nor tradition," says Allan Cunningham, "has preserved any other proof of a genius of a very high order than is contained in the martial and pathetic ballad of 'Hardyknute,' which both tradition and history combine in ascribing to Lady Wardlaw, daughter of Sir Charles Halkett of Pitferren. From the curiosity of her compeers, or the vanity of her family, some other specimens of her poetic powers might have been expected; but whatever was looked for, nothing has come; and this is only equalled by her own modesty in seeking to confer on an earlier age the merit of a production which of itself establishes a very fair reputation." Elizabeth Halkett was born about the year 1670, and was married in 1696 to Sir Henry Wardlaw, Bart., of Pitreavie, in Fifeshire. Her death is supposed to have taken place in the year 1727. Her admirable

imitation of the old heroic ballad style was published in 1719, at Edinburgh, by James Watson, who, between the years 1706 and 1710, issued a *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Songs, both Ancient and Modern*. This imitation was greatly admired by Gray and Percy, who believed it to be ancient, though retouched by some modern hand; and by Sir Walter Scott, who said it was the first poem he ever learned, the last he should forget. "Hardyknute" is certainly a martial and pathetic ballad, but irreconcilable with all chronology, as Scott acknowledged; "A chief with a Norwegian name is strangely introduced as the first of the nobles brought to resist a Norse invasion at the battle of Largs." Other ballads have been attributed to Lady Wardlaw's pen, but, we think, without sufficient evidence.



## HARDYKNUTE.

Stately stept he east the wa',  
 And stately stept he west;  
 Full seventy yeirs he now had sene,  
 With skerss seven yeirs of rest.

He livit quhen Britons breach of faith  
 Wrought Scotland meikle wae;  
 And ay his sword tauld, to their cost,  
 He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,  
 With halls and touris a-licht,  
 And guidly chambers fair to see,  
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knight.

His dame sae peirless anes and fair,  
 For chast and bewtie deimt,  
 Nae marrow had in all the land,  
 Saif Elenor the quene,

Full thirteen sons to him scho bare,  
 All men of valour stout,  
 In bluidy ficht, with sword in hand,  
 Nync lost their lives bot doubt:

Four yit remain, lang may they live,  
 To stand by liege and land;  
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,  
 And hie was their command.

Great luvie they bare to Fairly fair.  
 Their sister saft and deir:  
 Her girdle shaw'd her middle jimp  
 And gowden glist her hair.

Quhat waefon wae her bewtie bred!  
 Waefon to young and auld;  
 Waefou, I trow, to kyth and kin,  
 As story ever tauld.

The king of Norse, in summer tyde,  
 Puft up with powir and micht.  
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle,  
 With mony a hardy knight.

The tydings to our gude Scots king  
 Came as he sat at dyne,  
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,  
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,  
 Your faes stand on the strand;  
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears  
 The king of Norse commands."

"Bring me my steed, Mage, dapple gray,"  
 Our gude king raise and cryd;  
 A trustier beast in all the land  
 A Scots king nevir sey'd.

"Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,  
 That lives on hill so hie,  
 To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,  
 And haste and follow me."

The little page flew swift as dart,  
 Flung by his master's arm,  
 "Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute,  
 And red your king frae harm."

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,  
 Sae did his dark-brown brow;  
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont  
 In dangers great to do.

He has tane a horn as grene as grass,  
 And gi'en five sounds sae shrill.  
 That trees in grene-wood schuke thereat,  
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and gie  
 Had past that summer's morn,  
 Quhen low down in a grassy dale  
 They heard their fatheris horn.

"That horn," quod they, "neir sounds in  
 peace,  
 We haif other sport to byde;"  
 And sune they heyd them up the hill,  
 And sune were at his syde.

"Late, late yestrene, I weind in peace,  
 To end my lengthened lyfe,  
 My age micht weil excuse my arm  
 Frae manly feats of stryfe.

"But now that Norse dois proudly boast  
 Fair Scotland to intrhall,  
 Its neir be said of Hardyknute  
 He feired to ficht or fall.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,  
 Thy arrows sehute sae leil,  
 That mony a comely countenance  
 They've turned to deidly pale.

"Brade Thomas, tak' ye but your lance,  
 Ye neid nae weapons mair,  
 Gif ye ficht wi't as ye did anes  
 'Gainst Westmoreland's ferss heir.

“Maleom, licht of foot as stag  
That runs in forest wyld,  
Get me my thousands thrie of men,  
Well bred to sword and schield:  
“Bring me my horse and harnisine,  
My blade of mettal cleir;”  
If faes kend but the hand it bare  
They sunc had fled for feir.  
“Fareweil, my dame, sae peirless gude,”  
And tuke her by the hand,  
“Fairer to me in age you seim,  
Than maids for bewtie fam’d:

“My youngest son sall here remain,  
To guard these stately towirs,  
And shut the silver bolt that keips  
Sae fast your painted bowirs.”

And first scho wet her comely cheiks,  
And then hir bodice grene:  
Her silken cords of twirtle twist  
Weil plett with silver schene;

And apron set with mony a dice  
Of neidle-wark sae rare,  
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,  
Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moss,  
Owre hills and mony a glen,  
Quhen he cam’ to a wounded knight,  
Making a heavy mane:—

“Here maun I lye, here maun I die,  
By treachery’s false gyles;  
Witless I was that eir gaif faith  
To wicked woman’s smyles.”

“Sir knight, gin ye were in my bowir,  
To lean on silken seat,  
My lady’s kyndlie care you’d prove,  
Quha neir kend deidly hate:

“Hir self wald watch ye all the day,  
Hir maids at deid of nicht;  
And Fairly fair your heart wald cheir,  
As scho stands in your sicht.

“Arise, young knight, and mount your steid,  
Full lown’s the schynand day;  
Cheis frae my menyie quhom ye pleis,  
To leid ye on the way.”

With smyleless luke and visage wan,  
The wounded knight reply’d,  
“Kind chiftain, your intent pursue,  
For here I maun abyde.

“To me nae after day nor nicht  
Can eir be sweet or fair,  
But sune beneath sum draping tree  
Cauld death sall end my care.”

With him nae pleiding might prevail;  
Braif Hardyknute to gain,  
With fairest words and reason strang,  
Straif courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre  
Lord Chattan’s land sae wyde;  
That lord a worthy wight was ay,  
Quhen faes his courage seyde:

Of Pictish race, by mother’s syde;  
Quhen Picts ruled Caledon,  
Lord Chattan claim’d the princely maid  
Quhen he saift Pictish croun.

Now with his ferss and stalwart train  
He reicht a rying heicht,  
Quhair, braid encampit on the dale,  
Norse menyie lay in sicht:

“Yonder, my valiant sons, and ferss,  
Our raging revers wait,  
On the unconquerit Scottish swaird,  
To try us with thair fate.

“Mak’ orisons to him that saift  
Our sauls upon the rude;  
Syn e braifly schaw your veins are fill’d  
With Caledonian blude.”

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,  
Quhyle thousands all around,  
Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,  
And loud the bongills sound.

To join his king, adoun the hill  
In haste his march he made.  
Quhyle playand pibrochs minstrells meit  
Afore him stately strade.

“Thryse welcum, valyant stoup of weir,  
Thy nation’s scheild and pryde,  
Thy king nae reason has to feir,  
Quhen thou art be his syde.”

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,  
For thrang scarce could they flie,  
The darts clove arrows as they met,  
The arrows dart the tree.

Lang did they rage and fecht full ferss,  
With little skaith to man;  
But bludy, bludy was the field  
Or that lang day was done!

The king of Scots that sindle bruk'd  
 The war that lukit lyke play,  
 Drew his braid sword and brake his bow,  
 Sen bows seimt but delay.

Quoth noble Rothsay, "Myne I'll keip,  
 I wate its bleid a skore."  
 "Haste up, my merry men," cry'd the king,  
 As he rade on before.

The king of Norse he socht to find,  
 With him to mense the feucht;  
 But on his forehead there did licht  
 A sharp unsonsie shaft;

As he his hand put up to find  
 The wound, an arrow kene,  
 O waefon chance! there pinn'd his hand  
 In midst betwene his een.

"Revenge! revenge!" cried Rothsay's heir,  
 "Your mail-coat sall nocht byde  
 The strength and sharpness of my dart,"  
 Then sent it through his syde.

Another arrow weil he mark'd,  
 It persit his neck in twa;  
 His hands then quat the silver reins,  
 He law as eard did fa'.

"Sair bleids my liege! sair, sair he bleids!"  
 Again with micht he drew,  
 And gestare dreid, his sturdy bow;  
 Fast the braid arrow flew:

Wae to the knight he ettled at;  
 Lament now quene Elgreid:  
 Hie dames too wail your darling's fall,  
 His youth and comely meid.

"Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,  
 (Of gold weil was it twyn'd,  
 Knit like the fowler's net, through quhiik  
 His steily harness shynd.)

"Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid  
 Him venge the blude it beirs;  
 Say, if he face my bended bow  
 He sure nae weapon feirs."

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,  
 Braid shoulder and arms strong,  
 Cry'd, "Quhair is Hardyknute sae fam'd,  
 And feird at Britain's throne?

"Though Britons tremble at his name,  
 I sune sall mak' him wail,  
 That eir my sword was made sae sharp,  
 Sae saft his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart couldna byde,  
 It lent him youthfou micht:  
 "I'm Hardyknute. This day," he cry'd,  
 "To Scotland's king I hecht

"To lay thee law as horse's hufe,  
 My word I mean to keep."  
 Syne with the first strake eir he strak  
 He garr'd his body bleid.

Norse ene lyke gray goshawk's staid wyld,  
 He sicht with shame and spyte;  
 "Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm  
 That left thee power to stryke."

Then gaif his head a blow sae fell,  
 It made him down to stoop,  
 As law as he to ladies usit,  
 In courtly gyse to lout.

Full sune he rais'd his bent body;  
 His bow he marvell'd sair,  
 Sen blaws till then on him but darr'd  
 As touch of Fairly fair.

Norse ferliet too as sair as he,  
 To see his stately luke;  
 Sae sune as eir he strake a fae,  
 Sae sune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair, lyke a fyre to hether set,  
 Bauld Thomas did advance,  
 A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,  
 Up towards him did prance:

He spur'd his steid throw thickest ranks,  
 The hardy youth to quell,  
 Quha stude unruvit at his approach,  
 His furie to repell.

"That schort brown shaft, sae meanly trim'd,  
 Lukis lyke poor Scotland's geir:  
 But dreidfull seems the rusty poynt!"  
 And loud he leuch in jeir.

"Aft Britons blude has dim'd its shyne,  
 This poynt cut short their vaunt;"  
 Syne pierc'd the boisteris bairded cheik,  
 Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang;  
 His stirrup was nae stay,  
 Sae feible hang his unbent kuce,  
 Sure taken he was fey.

Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,  
 Richt far was beard the thud,  
 But Thomas luikt not as he lay  
 All waltering in his blude.

With cairles gesture, mind unmuvit,  
On raid he north the plain,  
He seint in thrang of fiercest stryfe,  
Quhen winner ay the same.

Nor yit his heart dame's dimpelit cheik  
Coud meise saft love to bruik;  
Till vengeful Ann returned his scorn,  
Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik.  
All panting on the plain,  
The fainting corps of warriors lay.  
Neir to aryse again:

Neir to return to native land;  
Nae mair with blythson sounds  
To boist the glories of the day,  
And schaw their shyning wounds.

On Norway's coast the widowit dame  
May wash the rocks with teirs,  
May lang luke owre the schiples seis  
Befoir hir mate appeirs.

Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain,  
Thy lord lysis in the clay;  
The valyant Scots nae revers thole  
To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair stands a cross  
Set up for monument,  
Thousands full fierce that summer's day,  
Fill'd kene waris black intent.

Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praise Hardyknute,  
Let Norse the name aye dreid;  
Ay how he faucht, aft how he spaird,  
Sal latest ages reid.

Full loud and ehill blew westlin' wind,  
Sair beat the heavy shower,  
Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute,  
Wan neir his stately towir:

His towir that us'd with torch's bleise  
To shyne sae far at nicht,  
Seim'd now as black as mourning weid;  
Nae marvel sair he sich'd.

"Thair's nae licht in my lady's bowir,  
Thair's nae licht in my hall;  
Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,  
Nor ward stands on my wall.

"Quhat bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say!"  
Nae answer fits their dreid.  
"Stand back, my sons, I'll be your gyde;"  
But by they past with speid.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotland's faes"—  
There ceist his brag of weir,  
Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,  
And maiden Fairly fair.

Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir,  
He wist not yit with dreid;  
Sair schunke his body, sair his limbs,  
And all the warrior fled.

## JOHN CLERK.

BORN 1680 — DIED 1755.

SIR JOHN CLERK, second baronet of Penny-  
cuik, for nearly half a century one of the barons  
of the exchequer in Scotland, was born in  
1680, and succeeded his father in his title and  
estates in 1722. He was one of the commis-  
sioners for the union, and was recognized as  
one of the most accomplished men of his time.  
For twenty years he carried on a correspond-  
ence with Roger Gale, the English antiquarian,  
which appears in Nichol's *Bibliotheca Topo-  
graphica Britannica*, and contributed scien-  
tific papers to various learned societies. He

was joint author, in 1726, with Baron Serape  
of the *Historical View of the Forms and  
Powers of the Court of Eschequer in Scotland*,  
which was printed at the expense of the barons  
of exchequer at Edinburgh in 1820, in a large  
quarto volume. To Sir John are ascribed  
some amatory lines sent with a flute to Sus-  
anna Kennedy, whom he courted unsuc-  
cessfully. On attempting to blow the instru-  
ment it would not sound, and on uncovering  
it, the young lady, afterwards Countess of  
Eglinton, found the following:—

“ Harmonious pipe, how I envy thy bliss,  
 When press'd to Sylphia's lips with gentle kiss!  
 And when her tender fingers round thee move  
 In soft embrace, I listen and approve  
 Those melting notes, which soothe my soul to love.  
 Embalm'd with odours from her breath that flow,  
 You yield your music when she's pleased to blow;  
 And thus at once the charming lovely fair  
 Delights with sounds, with sweets perfumes the air.  
 Go, happy pipe, and ever mindful be  
 To court the charming Sylphia for me;  
 Tell all I feel—you cannot tell too much—  
 Repeat my love at each soft melting touch;  
 Since I to her my liberty resign,  
 Take thou the care to tune her heart to mine.”

It was to this lady that Allan Ramsay, in 1726, dedicated his “Gentle Shepherd.” The baronet was one of Ramsay's warmest friends, who “admired his genius and knew his

worth.” During the poet's latter years much of his time was spent at Pennyenik House, and at his death its master erected at his beautiful family seat an obelisk to Ramsay's memory. Sir John by his second wife had seven sons and six daughters. One of the former was the author of the well-known work on *Naval Tactics*, and father of the eccentric Lord Eldin, one of Scotland's most eminent lawyers. Sir John died at Pennyenik, October 4, 1755. His extremely humorous and popular song of “The Miller” first appeared in the second volume of Yair's *Charmer*, published at Edinburgh four years before Sir John's death: and since that date it has been included in almost all collections of Scottish song. The first verse belongs to an older and an anonymous hand.

### THE MILLER.

Merry may the maid be  
 That marries the miller,  
 For foul day and fair day  
 He's aye bringing till her;  
 Has aye a penny in his purse  
 For dinner and for supper;  
 And gin she please, a good fat cheese,  
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,  
 I speir'd what was his calling:  
 Fair maid, says he, O come and see,  
 Ye're welcome to my dwelling:  
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy  
 The truth of what he told me,  
 And that his house was warm and couth,  
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,  
 And in the kist was plenty  
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,  
 And bannocks were na scanty;

A good fat sow, a sleeky cow  
 Was standin' in the byre;  
 While lazy puss with mealy mou  
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,  
 And bids me tak' the miller,  
 For foul day and fair day  
 He's aye bringing till her;  
 For meal and malt she does na want,  
 Nor anything that's dainty:  
 And noo and then a keekling hen  
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the wind and rain  
 Blaws o'er the house and byre,  
 He sits beside a clean hearth stane  
 Before a rousing fire,  
 With nut-brown ale he lichts his tale,  
 Which rows him o'er fu' happy:  
 Who'd be a king—a petty thing,  
 When a miller lives so happy!

## ALLAN RAMSAY.

BORN 1686 — DIED 1757

ALLAN RAMSAY, the restorer of Scottish poetry, was born Oct. 15, 1686, in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire. He was descended

by the father's side from the Ramsays of Dalhousie, a genealogy of which he speaks in one of his pieces with conscious pride:—

"Dalhousie, of an auld descent—  
My chief, my stoupe, and ornament!"

His father, John Ramsay, was superintendent of Lord Hopetoun's mines at Leadhills; and his mother, Alice Bowers, was the daughter of a gentleman of Derbyshire, who had been invited to Leadhills to assist by his skill in the introduction of some improvements in the art of mining. Allan, while yet an infant, lost his father, who died at the early age of twenty-five. His mother soon after married a Mr. Crichton, a small landholder in Lanarkshire. He was sent to the village school, where he acquired learning enough, as he tells us, to read Horace "faintly in the original." In the year 1700 he lost his mother, and his step-father was not long in discovering that he was old enough to take care of himself. He took Allan to Edinburgh, and apprenticed him to a wig-maker, an occupation which most of his biographers are very anxious to distinguish from a barber. The vocation of a "skull-thacker," as Ramsay humorously calls it, would appear not to have been so un congenial as his biographers would have us believe, as it is certain that he did not abandon it when his apprenticeship ceased, but followed it for many years after. In the parish registers he is called a wig-maker down to 1716. Four years previous to this he married Christian Ross, a writer's daughter, with whom he lived most happily for a period of thirty years.

The earliest of his poems which can now be traced is an epistle addressed in 1712 "To the Most Happy Members of the Easy Club," a convivial society, of which in 1715 he was appointed poet-laureate; but it was soon after broken up by the Rebellion. In 1716 Ramsay published an edition of James I.'s poem of "Christ's Kirk on the Green," with a second canto by himself, to which, two years after, he added a third. The wit, fancy, and perfect mastery of the Scottish language which his additions to the king's poem displayed, greatly extended his reputation as a poet. Abandoning his original occupation, he entered upon the more congenial business of bookselling. His first shop was "at the sign of the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's Wynd," Edinburgh. Here he appears to have represented the threefold character of author, editor, and bookseller. His poems were printed on single sheets as

they were composed, in which shape they found a ready sale, the citizens being in the habit of sending their children with a penny for "Allan Ramsay's last piece." In 1720 he opened a subscription for a collection of his poems in a quarto volume, and the liberal manner in which it was immediately filled up by "all who were either eminent or fair in Scotland" affords a striking proof of the esteem in which the whilom wig-maker was now held. The volume, which cleared him 400 guineas, closed with an address by the author to his book after the manner of Horace, in which he thus boldly speaks of his hopes:—

"Gae spread my fame,  
And fix me an immortal name;  
Ages to come shall thee revive,  
And gar thee with new honours live.  
The future critics, I foresee,  
Shall have their notes on notes on thee;  
The wits unborn shall beauties find  
That never entered in my mind."

In 1724 the poet published the first volume of the *Tea-table Miscellany*, a collection of songs Scottish and English, which was speedily followed by a second: a third volume appeared in 1727, and a fourth after another interval. This publication acquired him more profit than lasting fame, passing through no less than twelve editions in a few years. This was followed by "The Evergreen: being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," in two volumes. This work did him even less credit as an editor than the *Tea-table Miscellany* had done. Lord Hailes says with truth that he took great liberty with the originals, omitting some stanzas and adding others; modernizing at the same time the versification, and varying the ancient manner of spelling. Ramsay availed himself of the opportunity of concealment afforded by this publication to give expression in a poem of pretended antiquity, and with a feigned signature, to those Jacobite feelings which prudence led him to conceal. It was called "The Vision," and said to be "compylit in Latin be a most lernit clerk in tyme of our hairship and oppression, anno 1300, and translait in 1524." The pretended subject was the "history of the Scots' sufferings by the unworthy condescension of Baliol to Edward I. of England till they recovered their indepen-







dence by the conduct and valour of the Great Bruce." For the period of Edward I. substitute that of George I., and for "the Great Bruce" the Pretender, and the object of the poem will stand revealed. "The Vision" is a production of great power; in it the genius of Scotland is drawn with a touch of the old heroic muse:—

"Great daring darted frae his e'e,  
A braidsword shogled at his thie,  
On his left arm a targe;  
A shining spear filled his right hand,  
In stalwart make in bane and brawnd,  
Of just proportions large;  
A various rainbow-coloured plaid  
Ower his left spaul he threw;  
Doun his braid back, frae his white head,  
The silver wimples grew.  
Amazed I gazed  
To see, led at his command,  
A stampant and rampant  
Fierce lion in his hand."

Ramsay's next publication at once established his reputation upon an enduring foundation. The "Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral comedy in five acts, the best poem of its kind, perhaps, in any language, was published in 1725. Its success was immediate and unprecedented; edition followed edition, and in a few years it was known to every admirer of poetry in Great Britain, and was a fireside companion of almost every cottager in Scotland. The popularity of Gay's "Beggars' Opera" induced Ramsay to print a new edition of the "Gentle Shepherd," with songs interspersed, adapted to Scottish airs, and these it has ever since retained. The original manuscript of the "Gentle Shepherd" was recently purchased for thirty-one guineas by William Chambers of Glenormiston. The text varies in many instances from that of the printed copies, and presents some curious readings. Ramsay, like Burns, was a careful corrector, but not always with equal taste or judgment. It is to be hoped that Mr. Chambers will publish this first draft as a literary and national object of interest.

In 1726 Ramsay removed to a house in the High Street, and instead of Mercury adopted for his sign the heads of Ben Jonson and Drummmond of Hawthornden. Here Ramsay collected the first circulating library opened in Scotland. After his death it passed into the hands of James Sibbald, editor of the well-known

*Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, by whose executors it was sold in 1806, and has since that time been broken up and disposed of by auction. "Here," says one of Ramsay's biographers, "he sold and lent books to a late period of his life; here the wits of Edinburgh used to meet for their amusement and for information; and here Gay, a congenial poet ("a little pleasant man with a tye wig," says Mr. Tytler), was wont to look out upon the Exchange in Edinburgh, to know persons and ascertain characters." Allan was now a famous and prosperous man. His society was courted by the nobility and literati of Edinburgh, and he was on familiar terms with contemporary poets—the Hamiltons of Bangour and Gilbertfield, Gay, and others. His son, afterwards a distinguished painter, he sent to Rome for instruction in his profession.

About this time the bard appeared with another volume of poems, followed in 1730 by his "Thirty Fables," undoubtedly the best of his minor productions. Among them is "The Monk and the Miller's Wife," a story which, though previously told by Dunbar, "would of itself," as it has been remarked, "be Ramsay's passport to immortality as a poet." With these he seems to have concluded his poetic labours, presenting in this another instance of his characteristic prudence. In a letter to his friend Smibert the painter he says, "I e'en gave over in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired." An edition of his poems was published in London in 1731, and another appeared in London in 1733. Three years later his passion for the drama and his enterprising spirit prompted him to erect a new theatre; but in the following year, 1737, the act for licensing the stage was passed, and the magistrates ordered the house to be shut up. By this speculation he lost considerably, and it is remarked by his biographers that this was the only unfortunate project in which he ever engaged.

In 1743 the poet lost his wife, who was buried in the Grayfriars' Churchyard; but his three daughters, grown to womanhood, in some measure supplied her place. It appears to have been about this period, and with the view of relinquishing business, which still went on prosperously, that he erected a house

on the north side of Castle Hill, where he might spend the remainder of his days in dignified retirement. The site was selected with the taste of a poet and the judgment of a painter. It commanded a view probably not surpassed in Scotland, or indeed in Europe, extending from the mouth of the Forth on the east to the Grampians on the west, and stretching away across the green hills of Fifeshire to the north—embracing every variety of beauty, of elegance, and of grandeur. The view is now intercepted by the houses of the new town. The situation did more credit to the poet's taste than the octagon-shaped house which he built and called Ramsay Lodge, and which, from its peculiar form, was compared by some of the wags of the city to a goose-pie. The poet complaining one day of this to Lord Elibank, his lordship gayly remarked, that now seeing him in it he thought it an exceedingly apt comparison! Fantastic though the house was, Ramsay spent the last twelve years of his life in it, except when he was abroad with his friends, in a state of philosophic ease which few literary men are able to attain. He seems, however, not to have abandoned his business until 1755, an event which he did not long survive. An epistle which he wrote this year, "full of wise saws and modern instances," gives his determination on the subject, and a more graphic picture of himself than could be drawn by any other person:—

"Tho' born to no ae inch of ground,  
I keep my conscience white and sound;  
And though I ne'er was a rich keeper,  
To make that up I live the cheaper;  
By this ae knack I've made a shift  
To drive ambitious care adrift;  
And now in years and sense grown auld,  
In ease I like my limbs to fould.  
Debts I abhor, and plan to be  
From shackling trade and dangers free;  
That I may, loosed frae care and strife,  
With calmness view the edge of life;  
And when a full ripe age shall crave,  
Slide easily into my grave;  
Now seventy years are o'er my head,  
And thirty more may lay me dead."

Ramsay died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1757, in the seventy-third year of his age. He was buried by the side of his wife, and with him for a time was buried Scottish poetry, there not being a single poet in Scotland to sing a requiem over the grave of the bard whose life

is one of the "green and sunny spots" in literary biography. He was one of the poets to whom, in a pecuniary point of view, poetry had been really a blessing, and who could combine poetic pursuits with those of an ordinary business. He possessed that turn of mind which Hume says it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year—a disposition always to see the favourable side of things. The merits of the "Gentle Shepherd" are of the highest order, and will carry Ramsay's name down through the coming centuries. It was his hope that he might "be classed with Tasso and Guarini," and the station is one which posterity has not denied to the Edinburgh bookseller. Ramsay thought highly of his "Fables," which are little, if at all, inferior to his comedy, evincing great skill in story-telling, and abounding in point and humour. As a song-writer he has many superiors, although some of his lyrics are justly admired, and enjoy a great degree of popularity. "Bessie Bell and Mary Gray" and the "Yellow-haired Laddie" are both beautiful productions: "Lochaber no more" is a strain of manly feeling and unaffected pathos; and the "Lass of Patie's Mill" an exquisite composition. A noble marble statue of Ramsay, at whose lamp Burns lighted his brilliant torch, has been erected in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, near those of his brother poets Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson.

The readers of this sketch of Ramsay, next to Burns the most distinguished national poet of Scotland, may be interested in knowing that the poet's son Allan attained considerable eminence as an artist, and in 1767 was appointed portrait-painter to the king and queen. He corresponded with Voltaire and Rousseau, both of whom he visited when abroad; and his letters are said to have been elegant and witty. "Ramsay, in short," remarks Allan Cunningham, "led the life of an elegant accomplished man of the world and public favourite." He was frequently of Dr. Johnson's parties, who said of him, "You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information and elegance, than in Ramsay's." He died in 1784. John Ramsay, a son of the painter, and grandson of the poet, entered the British army, and rose to the rank of major-general.

THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.<sup>1</sup>

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *the Gentle Shepherd, in love with Peggy.*ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with Jenny.*SYMON, } *two old Shepherds, tenants to Sir William.*

GLAUD, }

BAULDY, } *a Hind, engaged with Neps.*PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's niece.*JENNY, *Glaud's only daughter.*MAUSE, *an old woman, supposed to be a Witch.*ELSPA, *Symon's wife.*MADGE, *Glaud's sister.*

SCENE.—A Shepherd's Village and Fields, some few miles from Edinburgh.  
Time of action within twenty-four hours.

## ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

Beneath the south side of a craigy bield,  
Where crystal springs their halesome waters yield,  
Twa youthfu' shepherds on the gowans lay,  
Tenting their flocks ae bonnie morn of May.  
Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;  
But blyther Patie likes to laugh an' sing.

PATIE and ROGER.

SANG I.

Tune—"The wawking o' the fauld's"

*Patie.*

My Peggy is a young thing,  
Just entered in her teens,  
Fair as the day, an' sweet as May,  
Fair as the clay, an' always gay.  
My Peggy is a young thing,  
An' I'm no very anld,  
Yet weel I like to meet her  
At the wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly  
Whene'er we meet alane,  
I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair o' a' that's rare.  
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
To a' the lave I'm cauld,  
But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
At wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly  
Whene'er I whisper love,  
That I look down on a' the town,  
That I look down upon a crown.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It mak's me blyth an' bauld,  
An' naething gie's me sie delight  
As wawking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly  
When on my pipe I play,  
By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest, that she sings best.  
My Peggy sings sae saftly,  
An' in her sangs are tauld,  
Wi' innocence, the wale o' sense,  
At wawking o' the fauld.

*Pat.* This sunny morn, Roger, cheers my blood,  
An' puts a' nature in a jovial mood.  
How heartsome 'tis to see the rising plants!  
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!  
How halesome it's to snuff the cauler air,  
An' a' the sweets it bears, when void o' care!  
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?  
Tell me the cause o' thy ill-seasoned pain.

*Rog.* I'm born, O Patie, to a thwart fate!  
I'm born to strive wi' hardships sad an' great.  
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowin' flood,  
Corbies an' tods to grien for lamkins' blood;  
But I, opprest wi' never-ending grief,  
Maun ay despair o' lighting on relief.

*Pat.* The bees shall loth the flower, an' quit  
the hive,  
The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive.  
Ere scornfu' queans, or loss o' worldly gear,  
Shall spill my rest, or ever force a tear.

*Rog.* Sae might I say; but it's no easy done  
By ane whase saul's sae sadly out o' tune.  
You ha'e sae saft a voice, and slid a tongue.  
That you're the darling o' baith auld an' young.  
If I but ettle at a sang, or speak,  
They dit their lugs, syne up their leglens cleek:  
An' jeer me hameward frae the lone or bught.  
While I'm confused wi' mony a vexing thought.  
Yet I am tall, an' as well built as thee,  
Nor mair unlikely to a lass's c'e.  
For ilka sheep ye ha'e, I'll number ten,  
An' should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

*Pat.* But aiblins, neighbour, ye ha'e not a heart,  
An' downie eithly wi' your cunzie part.

<sup>1</sup> Burns, with somewhat too much extravagance, pronounced the "Gentle Shepherd" "the most glorious poem ever written;" and Professor Wilson has said, "Theocritus was a pleasant pastoral, and 'Sicilia' sees him among the stars. But all his dear idyls together are not equal in worth to the single 'Gentle Shepherd.'" Thomas Campbell remarked, "Like the poetry of Tasso and Ariosto, that of the 'Gentle Shepherd' is engraven on the memory of its native country. Its verses have passed into proverbs, and it continues to be the delight and solace of the peasantry whom it describes."—ED.

If that be true, what signifies your gear?

A mind that's scrimpit never wants some care.

*Rog.* My byre tumbled, nine braw nowt were smooed,

Three elf-shot were, yet I these ills endured;

In winter last my cares were very sma',

Though scores o' wathers perished in the snaw.

*Pat.* Were your bien rooms as thinly stock'd as mine.

Less you wad loss, and less you wad repine.

He that has just enough can soundly sleep:

The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep.

*Rog.* May plenty flow upon thee for a cross,  
That thou may'st thole the pangs o' mony a loss!  
O may'st thou dote on some fair paughty wench,  
That ne'er will lowt thy lowan drowth to quench,  
Till, bris'd beneath the burden, thou ery dool,  
An' own that ane may fret that is nae fool!

*Pat.* Sax good fat lambs, I sald them ilka clute  
At the West-port, an' bought a winsome flute,  
O' plum-tree made, wi' ivory virls round;  
A dainty whistle, wi' a pleasant sound:  
I'll be mair cantie wi't, an' ne'er ery dool,  
Than you, wi' a' your cash, ye dowie fool!

*Rog.* Na, Patie, na! I'm nae sic churlish beast,  
Some other thing lies heavier at my breast:  
I dream'd a dreary dream this hinder night,  
That gars my flesh a' creep yet wi' the fright.

*Pat.* Now, to a friend, how silly's this pretence,  
To ane wha you an' a' your secrets kens!  
Daft are your dreams, as daftly wad ye hide  
Your weel-seen love, and dorty Jenny's pride:  
Tak' courage, Roger, me your sorrows tell,  
An' safely think name kens them but yoursel.

*Rog.* Indeed now, Patie, ye hae guessed owre true,

An' there is naething I'll keep up frae you;

Me dorty Jenny looks upon asquint,

To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.

In ilka place she jeers me air an' late,

An' gars me look bombazed, an' unco blate.

But yesterday I met her yont a knowe,

She fled as frae a shelly-coated cow:

She Bauldy lo'es, Bauldy that drives the ear,

But geeks at me, an' says I smell o' tar.

*Pat.* But Bauldy loes no her, right weel I wad;  
He sighs for Neps:—sae that may stand for that.

*Rog.* I wish I cou'dna lo'e her—but, in vain,  
I still mair do't, an' thole her proud dislain.  
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,  
E'en while he fawn'd, she strak the poordumbtyke:  
If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,  
She wad ha'e shawn mair kindness to my beast.  
When I begin to tune my stock an' horn,  
Wi' a' her face she shaws a cauldribe scorn.  
Last night I played (ye never heard sic spite),  
"O'er Bogie" was the spring, an' her dolyte;  
Yet, tauntingly, she at her cousin speer'd,  
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, an' sneer'd.—  
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dimma care,  
I'll break my reed, an' never whistle mair.

*Pat.* E'en do sae, Roger; wha can help misluck,  
Saebiens she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck?

Yonder's a craig; since ye ha'e tint a' houp,  
Gae till't your ways, an' tak' the lover's loup.

*Rog.* I need na mak' sic speed my blood to spill,  
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

*Pat.* Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whinging way;

See'm careless, there's my hand ye'll win the day.

Hear how I serv'd my lass I lo'e as weel

As ye do Jenny, an' wi' heart as leal.

Last morning I was gye an' early out,

Upon a dyke I lean'd glow'ring about;

I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lee;

I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw no me;

For yet the sun was wading through the mist,

An' she was closs upon me ere she wist.

Her coats were kiltit, an' id' sweetly shaw

Her straight bare legs, that whiter were than snaw.

Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,

Her haffet-locks hang wavin' on her check;

Her cheeks sae ruddy, an' her een sae clear;

An' oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.

Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,

As she came skiffin' o'er the dewy green.

Blythsome, I cried, "My bouny Meg, come here,

I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;

But I can guess, ye're gawn to gather dew."

She scoured awa, an' said, "What's that to ye?"

"Than fare ye weel, Meg Dorts, an' e'en's ye like,"

I careless cried, an' lap in o'er the dyke.

I trow, when that she saw, within a craek,

She came wi' a right thieveless errand back;

Misea'd me first,—then bade me hound my dog,

To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.

I leugh, an sae did she: then wi' great haste

I clasp'd my arms about her neck an' waist;

About her yielding waist, an' took a fouth

O' sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.

While hard an' fast I held her in my grips,

My very saul came lowping to my lips.

Sair, sair she flate wi' me 'tween ilka smaek,

But weel I ken'd she meant no as she spak'.

Dear Roger, when your joe puts on her gloom,

Do ye sae too, an' never fash your thumb.

Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;

Gae woo anither, an' she'll gang clean wood.

#### SANG II.

*Tune*—"Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae."

Dear Roger, if your Jenny geek,  
An' answer kindness wi' a slight,  
Seem unconcern'd at her neglect;

For women in a man delight,  
But then despise wha's soon defeat,  
An' wi' a simple face gie's way

To a repulse; then be nae blate,  
Push bauldly on, an' win the day.

When maidens, innocently young,  
Say aften what they never mean,

Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,  
But tent the language o' their een:  
If these agree, an' she persist  
To answer a' your love wi' hate,  
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,  
An' let her sigh when it's too late.

*Rog.* Kind Patie, now fair-fa' your honest heart,  
Ye're ay sae eadgy, an' ha'e sie an' art  
To hearten aye: for now, as clean's a leek,  
Ye've cherished me since ye began to speak.  
Sae, for your pains, I'll make you a propine  
(My mither, rest her sul! she made it fine);  
A tartan plaid, spun of good hawslock woo',  
Scarlet an' green the sets, the borders blue:  
Wi' sprains like gowd an' siller crossed wi' black;  
I never had it yet upon my back.

Weel are you wordy o't, wha ha'e sae kind  
Redd up my ravell'd doubts, an' clear'd my mind.  
*Pat.* Weel, haud ye there—an' clear'd my mind  
frankly made

To me a present o' your braw new plaid,  
My flute be yours; an' she too that's sae nice,  
Shall come o-will, gif ye'll tak' my advice.

*Rog.* As ye advise, I'll promise to observ't;  
But ye maun keep the flute, ye best deserv't.  
Now tak' it out, an' gie's a bonny spring;  
For I'm in tift to hear you play an' sing.

*Pat.* But first we'll tak' a turn up to the height,  
An' see gif a' our flocks be feeding right;  
By that time bannocks, an' a shave o' cheese,  
Will mak' a breakfast that a laird might please;  
Might please the daintiest gabs, were they sae  
wise

To season meat wi' health, instead o' spice.  
When we ha'e tane the grace-drink at the well,  
I'll whistle fine, and sing t'ye like mysel. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,  
Where lasses use to wash an' spread their claiiths;  
A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,  
Its channel peebles, shining, smooth, an' round:  
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean an' clear;  
First please your eye, next gratify your ear:  
While Jenny what she wishes discommends,  
An' Meg, wi' better sens, true love defends.

## PEGGY and JENNY.

*Jen.* Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this  
green,

This shining day will bleach our linen clean;  
The water's clear, the lift unclouded blue,  
Will mak' them like a lily wet wi' dew.

*Peg.* Gae farder up the burn to Habbie's How,  
Where a' the sweets o' spring an' summer grow:  
Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,  
The water fa's an' mak's a singin' din;  
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,  
Kisses, wi' easy whirls, the bordering grass.  
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,  
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,

There wash oursel—it's healthfu' now in May,  
An' sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.

*Jen.* Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye  
say,

Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,  
An' see us sae! that jeering fallow Pate  
Wad taunting say, Haith, lasses, ye're no blate.

*Peg.* We're far frae ony road, an' out o' sight;  
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.  
But tell me now, dear Jenny (we're our lane),  
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?  
The neibours a' tent this as weel as I,  
That Roger lo'es ye, yet ye carena by.

What ails ye at him! Troth, between us twa,  
He's worthy you the best day o'er ye saw.

*Jen.* I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;  
A herd mair sheepish yet I never ken'd.  
He kaims his hair, indeed, an' gaes right snug,  
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bonnet lug,  
Whilk pensylie he wears a-thought a-jee,  
An' spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;  
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,  
An' few gang trigger to the kirk or fair;  
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,  
Except, How d'ye!—or, There's a bonny day.

*Peg.* Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting  
pride,

Hatred for love is unco sair to bide;  
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld:  
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld!  
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,  
That for some feckless whim will orp an' greet:  
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past;  
An' syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,  
Or seart anither's leavings at the last.

## SANG III.

Tune—"Polwart on the green"

The dorty will repent,  
If lovers' hearts grow cauld;  
An' nane her smiles will tent,  
Soon as her face looks auld.

The dawted bairn thus tak's the pet,  
Nor eats, though hunger crave:  
Whimpers an' tarrows at its meat,  
An's laught at by the lave.

They jest it till the dinner's past;  
Thus, by itself abused,  
The fool thing is obliged to fast,  
Or eat what they've refused.

Fy! Jenny, think, an' dinna sit your time.

*Jen.* I never thocht a single life a crime.

*Peg.* Nor I:—but love in whispers lets us ken,  
That men were made for us, an' we for men.

*Jen.* If Roger is my joc, he kens himsel,  
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.  
He glow'rs an' sighs, an' I can guess the cause,  
But wha's obliged to smell his hums an' haws!

When'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,  
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.  
They're fools that slavery like, an' may be free;  
The chiefs may a' knit up themselfs for me.

*Peg.* Be doing your wa's; for me, I ha'e a mind  
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.

*Jen.* Heh, lass! how can ye lo'e that rattle-  
skull?

A very deil, that ay maun ha'e his will;  
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechtin' life  
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man an' wife.

*Peg.* I'll rin the risk, nor ha'e I ony fear,  
But rather think ilk lãngsome day a year,  
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,  
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.  
There we may kiss as lang as kissing's gude,  
An' what we do, there's nane dar ca' it rude.  
He's get his will: why no? it's good my part  
To gi'e him that, an' he'll gi'e me his heart.

*Jen.* He may indeed, for ten or fifteen days,  
Mak' meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,  
An' daut ye baith afore fook an' your lane;  
But soon as his newfangelness is gane,  
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,  
An' think he's tint his freedom for your sake.  
Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delight,  
Ae day be dumb, an' a' the neist he'll flyte:  
An' may be, in his barlickhoods, ne'er stick  
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.

## SANG IV.

*Tune*—"O, dear mither, what shall I do?"

O, dear Peggy, love's beguiling,  
We ought not to trust his smiling;  
Better far to do as I do,  
Lest a harder luck betide you.  
Lasses when their fancy's carried,  
Think of nought but to be married:  
Ituning to a life, destroys  
Hartsome, free, an' youthfu' joys.

*Peg.* Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want  
pith to move  
My settled mind; I'm o'er far gane in love.  
Patie to me is dearer than my breath,  
But want o' him I dread nae other skait.  
There's nane o' a' the herds that grazing the green  
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:  
An' then he speaks wi' sic a taking art,  
His words they thirl like music through my heart.  
How blithely can he sport, an' gently rave.  
An' jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!  
Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,  
He reads fell books, that teach him meikle skill.  
He is— but what need I say that or this?  
I'd spend a month to tell ye what he is!  
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,  
The rest seem coofs compared wi' my dear Pate.  
His better sense will lang his love secure;  
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak an' poor.

## SANG V.

*Tune*—"How can I be sad on my wedding-day?"

How shall I be sad when a husband I ha'e,  
That has better sense than ony of thae  
Sour weak silly fellows, that study, like fools,  
To sink their ain joy, and mak' their wives  
snools.

The man wh' is prudent ne'er lightlies his wife,  
Or wi' dull reproaches encourages strife;  
He praises her virtues, and ne'er will abuse  
Her for a sma' failing, but find an excuse.

*Jen.* Hey, bonny lass o' Branksome! or't be lang,  
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.

O 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;  
Syne whinging gets about your ingle-side,  
Yelping for this or that wi' fashous din:

To mak' them brows then ye maun toil an' spin.  
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsel wi' broe,  
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;  
The *Deil goes o'er Jock Wabster*, hame grows hell,  
An' Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell.

*Peg.* Yes, it's a hartsome thing to be a wife,  
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are  
rife.

Gif I'm sae happy, I shall ha'e delight  
To hear their little plaints, an' keep them right.  
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,  
Than see sic wee tots tooling at your knee;  
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,  
Is to be made o', an' obtain a kiss?

Can there be toil in tenting day an' night  
The like o' them, when love mak's care delight!

*Jen.* But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a',  
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry  
draw;

But little love or eanty cheer can come  
Frae duddy doublets, an' a pantry toom.  
Your nowt may die; the spate may bear away  
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay;  
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,  
May smoor your wethers, an' may rot your ewes:  
A dyvour buys your butter, woo', an' cheese,  
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, an' flees:  
Wi' glooman brow, the laird seeks in his rent;  
It's not to gi'e; your merchant's to the bent;  
His honour mauna want; he pouns your gear:  
Syne, driven frae house an' hald, where will yo  
steer?

Dear Meg, be wise, an' live a single life;  
Troth, it's nae woe to be a married wife.

*Peg.* May sic ill luck befa' that silly she  
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.  
Let fook bode well, an' strive to do their best;  
Nae mair's required; let Heaven mak' out the  
rest.

I've heard my honest uncle aften say,  
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;  
For the maist thrifty man could never get  
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let:

Wherefore, nocht shall be wanting on my part  
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:  
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,  
An' win the vogue at market, trone, or fair,  
For halesome, clean, cheap, an' sufficient ware.  
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo',  
Shall first be sell'd, to pay the laird his due;  
Syne a' behint's our ain.—Thus, without fear,  
Wi' love an' rowth, we through the warld will  
steer;

An' when my Pate in bairns an' gear grows rife,  
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.

*Jen.* But what if some young giglet on the  
green,

Wi' dimpled cheeks, an' twa bewitching een,  
Shou'd gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,  
An' her ken'd kisses, hardly worth a feg?

*Peg.* Nae mair of that.—Dear Jenny, to be  
free,

There's some men constanter in love than we:  
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind  
Has blest them wi' solidity of mind.  
They'll reason calmly, an' wi' kindness smile,  
When our short passions wad our peace beguile.  
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,  
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.  
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art  
To keep him cheerfu', an' secure his heart.

At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,  
I'll ha'e a' things made ready to his will.  
In winter, when he toils through wind an' rain,  
A bleezing ugle, an' a clean hearth-stane;  
An' soon as he flings by his plaid an' staff,  
The seething pats be ready to tak' aff:  
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,  
An' serve him wi' the best we can afford,  
Good humour an' white bigonets shall be  
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.

*Jen.* A dish o' married love right soon grows  
cauld,

An' dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.

*Peg.* But we'll grow auld thegither, an' ne'er  
find

The loss of youth, when love grows on the mind.  
Bairns and their bairns mak' sure a firmer tye,  
Than aught in love the like o' us can spy.  
See yon twa elms, that grow up side by side,  
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom an'  
bride;

Nearer an' nearer ilka year they've prest,  
Till wide their spreading branches are increased,  
An' in their mixture now are fully blest.

This shields the other frae the eastlin blast,  
That in return defends it frae the west.  
Sic as stand single (a state sae liked by you!)  
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt maun bow.

*Jen.* I've done—I yield, dear lassie, I maun  
yield;

Your better sense has fairly won the field,  
With the assistance of a little fae  
Lies darned within my breast this mony a day.

## SANG VI.

*Tune*—"Nancy's to the green-wood gane."

I yield, dear lassie, ye ha'e won,  
An' there is nae denying,  
That sure as light flows frae the sun,  
Frae love proceeds complying.  
For a' that we can do or say  
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us;  
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae  
That by the heart-strings leads us.

*Peg.* Alake, poor pris'ner! Jenny, that's no  
fair;

That you'll no let the wee thing tak' the air:  
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,  
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.

*Jen.* Anither time's as good;—for see the sun  
Is right far up, an' we're not yet begun  
To freath the graith;—if canker'd Madge, our  
aunt,

Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:  
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind:  
For this seems true,—nae lass can be unkind.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

A snug thack house, before the door a green:  
Hens on the midding, ducks in dubs are seen.  
On this side stands a barn, on that a byre;  
A peat-stack joins, an' forms a rural square.  
The house is Glau'd's: there you may see him lean.  
An' to his divot-seat invite his frien'.

GLAUD and SYMON.

*Glau'd.* Good-morrow, neighbour Symon:—come,  
sit down,  
An' gie's your cracks.—What's a' the news in  
town!

They tell me ye was in the ither day,  
An' sald your Crummock, an' her bassen'd quey.  
I'll warrant ye've coft a pund o' eut an' dry;  
Lug out your box, an' gie's a pipe to try.

*Sym.* Wi' a' my heart;—an' tent me now, auld  
boy,

I've gathered news will kittle your mind wi' joy.  
I cou'dnae rest till I cam' o'er the burn,  
To tell ye things ha'e taken sic a turn,  
Will gar our vile oppressors stand like flaes,  
An' skulk in hidlings on the hether braes.

*Glau'd.* Fy, blaw!—Ah, Symie! rattling chieft-  
ne'er stand

To cleck an' spread the grossest lies aff-hand,  
Whilk soon flies round, like will-fire, far an' near:  
But loose your poke, be't true or fause let's hear.

*Sym.* Seeing's believing, Glau'd; an' I have seen  
Hab, that abroad has wi' our master been:  
Our brave good master, wha right wisely fled.  
An' left a fair estate to save his head:  
Because ye ken fu' weel he bravely chose  
To stand his liege's friend wi' great Montrose.

Now Cromwell's gane to Nick; an' ane ca'd Monk  
Has played the Rumples a right slee begunk,  
Restored King Charles, an' ilka thing's in tune;  
An' Habby says we'll see Sir William soon.

*Glaud.* That mak's me blyth indeed!—but  
dinna flaw:

Tell o'er your news again, an' swear till't a'.  
An' saw ye Hab! an' what did Halbert say?  
They ha'e been e'en a dreary time away.  
Now God be thanket that our laird's come hame.  
An' his estate, say, can he eithly claim?

*Sym.* They that hag-rid us till our guts did  
grane.

Like greedily hairs, dare nae mair do't again;  
An' good Sir William sall enjoy his ain.

## SANG VII.

*Tune*—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen"

Cauld be the rebels east,  
Oppressors base an' bloody;  
I hope we'll see them at the last  
Strang a' up in a woody.  
Blest be he of worth an' sense,  
An' ever high in station,  
That bravely stands in the defence  
Of conscience, king, an' nation.

*Glaud.* An' may he lang; for never did he  
stent

I's in our thriving wi' a racket rent;  
Nor grumb'd if aye grew rich, or shor'd to raise  
Our mailens, when we pat on Sunday claise.

*Sym.* Nor wad he lang, wi' senseless, saucy air,  
Allow our lyart noddles to be bare.

"Put on your bonnet, Symon;—tak' a seat.—  
How's a' at hame? How's Elspa? How does  
Kate?"

How sells black cattle?—What gie's woo' this  
year!"

An' sic-like kindly questions wad he speir.

## SANG VIII.

*Tune*—"Mucking o' Geordy's byre."

The laird wha in riches an' honour  
Wad thrive, should be kindly an' free,  
Nor rack his poor tenants, wha labour  
To rise aboon poverty:

Else, like the pack-horse that's unfothered

An' burdened, will tumble down faint:

Thus virtue by hardship is smothered,

An' rackers aft tyme their rent.

*Glaud.* Then wad he gar his butler bring bedeen  
The nappy bottle ben, an' glasses clean,  
Whilk in our breast raised sic a blythsome flame,  
As gart me mony a tyme gae dancing hame.  
My heart's e'en raised! Dear neighbour, will ye

stay,

An' tak' your dinner here wi' me the day?

We'll send for Elspa too—an' upo' sight,  
I'll whistle Pate an' Roger frae the height;  
I'll yoke my sled, an' send to the niest town,  
An' bring a draught o' ale baith stout an' brown;  
An' gar our cottars a' man, wife, an' wean,  
Drink till they tyme the gate to stand their  
lane.

*Sym.* I wad'na bank my friend his blyth design  
Gif that it had'na first of a' been mine;  
For ere yestreen I brewed a bow o' maut,  
Yestreen I slew twa weathers prime an' fat;  
A furler o' guid cakes my Elspa beuk,  
An' a large ham hings reesting in the neuk:  
I saw mysel', or I came o'er the loan,  
Our meikle pat, that scads the whey, put on,  
A mutton bouk to boil,—an' ane we'll roast;  
An' on the haggies Elspa spares nae cost;  
Sma' are they shorn, an' she can mix fu' nice  
The gusty ingans wi' a curn o' spice:  
Fat are the puddings,—heads an' feet weel sung;  
An' we've invited neighbours, auld an' young,  
To pass this afternoon wi' glee an' game,  
An' drink our master's health an' welcome hame.  
Ye mauna then refuse to join the rest,  
Since ye're my nearest friend that I like best:  
Bring wi' you a' your family; an' then,  
Whene'er you please, I'll rant' wi' you again.

*Glaud.* Spoke like yoursel, auld birky; never  
fear,

But at your banquet I sall first appear:  
Faith, we sall bend the bicker, an' look bauld,  
Till we forget that we are failed or auld.  
Auld, said I!—Troth I'm younger be a score,  
Wi' your good news, than what I was before.  
I'll dance or e'en!—Hey, Madge, come forth,  
d'ye hear?

*Enter MADGE.*

*Madge.* The man's gane gyte!—Dear Symon,  
welcome here.

What wad ye, Glaud, wi' a' this haste an' din?  
Ye never let a body sit to spin.

*Glaud.* Spin! snuff!—Gae break your wheel,  
an' burn your tow,

An' set the meiklest peat-stack in a low;

Syne dance about the bane-fire till ye die,

Since now again we'll soon Sir William see.

*Madge.* Blythe news indeed!—An' wha was't  
tald you o't?

*Glaud.* What's that to you?—Gae get my  
Sundays' coat:

Wale out the whitest o' my bobit bands,

My white-skin hose, an' mittins for my hands;

Syne frae their washing cry the bairns in haste,

An' mak' yoursels as trig, head, feet, an' waist'

As ye were a' to get young lads or e'en;

For we're gaur o'er to dine wi' Sym bedeen.

*Sym.* Do, honest Madge:—an', Glaud, I'll o'er  
the gate,

An' see that a' be done as I wad hae't. [*Exeunt.*]



## SCENE II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,  
An auld wife spinning at the sunny en'.  
At a sma' distance, by a blasted tree,  
Wi' faulded arms, an' hauf-raisd' looks, ye see

BAULDY *his lane*.

What's this!—I canna bear't! 'Tis war than hell  
To be sae brunt wi' love, yet dar'na tell!  
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning day,  
Sweeter than gowany glens, or new-mawn hay;  
Blyther than lambs that frisk out o'er the knowes;  
Straighter than aught that in the forest grows:  
Her een the clearest blob o' dew outshines;  
The lily in her breast its beauty tines;  
Her legs, her arms, her cheeks, her mouth, her een,  
Will be my dead, that will be shortly seen!  
For Pate lo'es her,—wae's me! an' she lo'es Pate;  
An' I wi' Neps, by some unlucky fate,  
Made a daft vow:—O, but ane be a beast,  
That mak's rash aiths till he's afore the priest!  
I dar'na speak my mind, else a' the three,  
But doubt, wad prove ilk ane my enemy.  
It's sair to thole;—I'll try some witchcraft art,  
To break wi' ane, an' win the other's heart.  
Here Mause lives, a witch, that for sma' price  
Can cast her cantrips, an' gi'e me advice:  
She can o'ercast the night, an' cloud the moon,  
An' mak' the deils obedient to her crune:  
At midnight hours, o'er the kirkyard she raves,  
An' howks unchristened weans out o' their graves;  
Boils up their livers in a warlock's pow:  
Rins withershins about the hemlock low;  
An' seven times does her prayers backward pray,  
Till Plotcock comes wi' lumps o' Lapland clay,  
Mixt wi' the venom o' black taid's an' snakes:  
O' this, unsousy pictures aft she makes  
O' ony ane she hates,—an' gars expire  
Wi' slaw an' racking pains afore a fire:  
Stuck fu' o' prins, the devilish pictures melt;  
The pain, by fouk they represent, is felt.  
An' yonder's Mause; ay, ay, she kens fu' weel  
When ane like me comes rinnin' to the deil.  
She an' her cat sit beekin' in her yard;  
To speak my errand, faith, amais't I'm fear'd!  
But I maun do't, though I should never thrive;  
They gallop fast that deils an' lasses drive.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

A green kail-yard; a little fount,  
Where water poplin springs:  
There sits a wife wi' wrinkled front,  
An' yet she spins an' sings.

SANG IX.

*Tune*—"Carle, an' the king come."

Peggy, now the king's come,  
Peggy, now the king's come;  
Thou shalt dance, an' I shall sing,  
Peggy, now the king's come.

Nae mair the hawkies shalt thou milk,  
But change thy plaiden coat for silk,  
An' be a lady o' that ilk,  
Now, Peggy, since the king's come.

*Enter BAULDY.*

*Baul.* How does auld honest lucky o' the glen?  
Ye look baith hale an' fere at threescore ten.

*Mause.* E'en twining out a thread wi' little din,  
An' beekin' my cauld limbs afore the sun,  
What brings my bairn this gate sae air at morn'  
Is there nae muck to lead!—to thresh, nae corn!

*Baul.* Enough o' baith—But something that  
requires

Your helping hand, employs now a' my cares.

*Mause.* My helping hand! alake! what can I do,  
That underneath baith eild an' poortith bow!

*Baul.* Aye, but ye're wise, an' wiser far than we,  
Or maist part o' the parish tells a lie.

*Mause.* O' what kind wisdom think ye I'm  
possest,

That lifts my character aboon the rest?

*Baul.* The word that gangs, how ye're sae wise  
an' fell,

Ye'll maybe tak' it ill gif I should tell.

*Mause.* What fouk say o' me, Bauldy, let me  
hear;

Keep naething up, ye naething ha'e to fear.

*Baul.* Weel, since ye hid me, I shall tell ye a'  
That ilk ane taunks about ye, but a flaw.  
When last the wind made Glead a roofless barn,  
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn:  
When Brawny elf-shot never mair came hame;  
When Tibby kined, an' there nae butter came;  
When Bessy Freetock's chuffy-checked wean  
To a fairy turned, an' cou'dna stan' its lane;  
When Wattie wandered ae night through the  
shaw,

An' tint himsel amais't among the snaw;  
When Mungo's mare stood still, an' swat wi'  
fright,

When he brought east the howdy under night;  
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,  
An' Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen:  
You, lucky, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,  
An' ilk ane here dreads you, a' round about:  
An' sae they may that mean to do you skaith;  
For me to wrang you, I'll be very laith:  
But when I niest mak' groats, I'll strive to please  
You wi' a furlet o' them, mixt wi' pease.

*Mause.* I thank ye, lad.—Now tell me your  
demand,

An', if I can, I'll lend my helping hand.

*Baul.* Then, I like Peggy.—Neps is fond o' me.  
Peggy likes Pate;—an' Pate is bauld an' slee.  
An' lo'es sweet Meg.—But Neps I downa see.  
Cou'd ye turn Patie's love to Neps, an' then  
Peggy's to me,—I'd be the happiest man!

*Mause.* I'll try my art to gar the bowls row  
right;

Sae gang your ways, an' come again at night;

'Gainst that time I'll some simple things prepare  
Worth a' your pease an' groats; tak' ye nae care.

*Baul.* Weel, Mause, I'll come, gif I the road  
can find;

But if ye raise the deil, he'll raise the wind;  
Syn'e rain an' thunder, may be, when it's late,  
Will mak' the night sae mirk, I'll tye the gate.  
We're a' to rant in Symie's at a feast;—  
O will ye come, like Badrans, for a jest?  
An' there ye can our different 'haviours spy:  
There's nane shall ken o't there but you an' I.

*Mause.* It's like I may; but let nae on what's  
past  
'Tween you an' me, else fear a kittle cast.

*Baul.* If I aught o' your secrets e'er advance,  
May ye ride on me ilka night to France.

[*Exit BAULDY.*]

MAUSE *her lane.*

Hard luck, alake! when poverty an' eild,  
Weeds out o' fashion, an' a lanely beild,  
Wi' a sma' cast o' wiles, should, in a twitch,  
Gif eane the hatefu' name, *A wrinkled witch.*  
This fool imagines, as do mony sic,  
That I'm a wretch in compact wi' Auld Nick;  
Because by education I was taught  
To speak an' act aboon their common thought.  
Their gross mistake shall quickly now appear;  
Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps  
me here;

Nane kens but me;—an' if the morn were come,  
I'll tell them tales will gar them a' sing dumb.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Behind a tree upon the plain,  
Pate and his Peggy meet;  
In love, without a vicious stain,  
The bonny lass an' cheerfu' swain  
Change vows an' kisses sweet.

PATIE *and* PEGGY.

*Peg.* O Patie, let me gang, I mauna stay;  
We're baith cry'd hame, an' Jenny she's away.

*Pat.* I'm laith to part sae soon, now we're  
alane,

An' Roger he's awa wi' Jenny gane;  
They're as content, for aught I hear or see,  
To be alane themselfs, I judge, as we,  
Here, where primroses thickest paint the green,  
Hard by this little burnie let us lean.  
Hark, how the liv'rocks chant aboon our heads,  
How saft the westlin winds sough through the  
reeds!

*Peg.* The scented meadows,—birds,—an' healthy  
breeze,

For aught I ken, may mair than Peggy please.

*Pat.* Ye wrang me sair to doubt my being kind;  
In speaking sae, ye ca' me dull an' blind;  
Gif I cou'd fancy aught's sae sweet or fair  
As my dear Meg, or worthy o' my care.

Thy breath is sweeter than the sweetest briar,  
Thy cheek an' breast the finest flowers appear.  
Thy words excel the maist delightfu' notes,  
That warble through the merl or mavis' throats.  
Wi' thee I tent nae flowers that busk the field,  
Or ripest berries that our mountains yield.  
The sweetest fruits, that hing upon the tree,  
Are far inferior to a kiss o' thee.

*Peg.* But Patrick for some wicked end may  
fleech,

An' lambs should tremble when the foxes preach.  
I dar'na stay;—ye joker, let me gang;  
Anither lass may gar you change your sang;  
Your thoughts may flit, an' I may thole the wrang.

*Pat.* Sooner a mother shall her fondness drape,  
An' wrang the bairn sits smiling on her lap,  
The sun shall change, the moon to change shall  
cease,

The gaits to elim, the sheep to yield their fleece,  
Ere aught by me be either said or done,  
Shall skaith our love; I swear by a' aboon.

*Peg.* Then keep your aith.—But mony lads  
will swear,

An' be mansworn to twa in hauf a year.  
Now I believe ye like me wonder weel;  
But if a fairer face your heart shou'd steal,  
Your Meg, forsaken, bootless might relate,  
How she was dawted anes by faithless Pate.

*Pat.* I'm sure I canna change; ye needna fear;  
Though we're but young, I've lo'ed you mony a  
year.

I mind it weel, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,  
Or lisp out words, I choos'd ye frae the thrang  
O' a' the bairns, an' led thee by the hand  
Aft to the tansy knowe, or rashy strand,  
Thou smiling by my side:—I took delight  
To pou the rashes green, wi' roots sae white;  
O' which, as weel as my young fancy cou'd,  
For thee I plet the flowery belt an' snood.

*Peg.* When first thou gade wi' shepherds to the  
hill,

An' I to milk the ewes first tried my skill;  
To bear a leglen was nae toil to me,  
When at the bught at e'en I met wi' thee.

*Pat.* When corns grew yellow, an' the heather  
bells

Bloomed bomy on the muir, an' rising fells,  
Nae birns, or briers, or whins, e'er troubled me,  
Gif I could find blae berries ripe for thee.

*Peg.* When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the  
stane,

An' wan the day, my heart was flight'ring fain:  
At a' these sports, thou still ga'e joy to me;  
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt wi' thee.

*Pat.* Jenny sings saft the *Broom o' Cowden-  
knoaves.*

An' Rosie lilt the *Milking o' the Ewes*;  
There's nane like Nancy *Jenny Nettle* sings;  
At turns in *Maggie Laidlaw* Marion dings,  
But when my Peggy sings, wi' sweeter skill,  
The *Boatman*, or the *Lass o' Patie's Mill*,

It is a thousand times mair sweet to me:  
Though they sing weel, they canna sing like thee.

*Peg.* How cith can lasses trow what they desire!  
An', roosed by them we love, blaws up that fire:  
But wha lo'es best, let time an' carriage try;  
Be constaut, an' my love shall time defy.  
Be still as now, an' a' my care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

SANG X.

*Tune*—"The yellow hair'd laddie."

*Peggy.*

When first my dear laddie gaed to the green hill,  
An' I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,  
To bear the milk-bowie nae pain was to me,  
When I at the bughting foregathered wi' thee.

*Patie.*

When corn-riggs waved yellow, an' blue heather-  
bells  
Bloomed bonny on muirland, an' sweet rising fells,  
Nae birns, briers, or breckens ga'e trouble to me,  
Gif I found the berries right ripened for thee.

*Peggy.*

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,  
An' cam' aff the victor, my heart was aye fain;  
Thy ilka sport manly ga'e pleasure to me;  
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

*Patie.*

Our Jenny sings saftly the *Curden-broom-Enoires*,  
An' Rosie lits sweetly the *Milking the Ewes*;  
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing;  
At *Thro' the Wood, Laddie*, Bess gars our lugs  
ring;

But when my dear *Peggy* sings, wi' better skill,  
The *Boatman, Tweedside* or the *Lass of the Mill*,  
It's mony times sweeter, an' pleasing to me;  
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

*Peggy.*

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!  
An' praises sae kindly increases love's fire:  
Gif me still this pleasure, my study shall be,  
To mak' mysel bet'er, an' sweeter for thee.

*Pa'*. Were thou a giglet gawky like the lave,  
That little better than our nowt behave;—  
At naught they'll ferly, senseless tales believe,  
Be blyth for silly heghts, for trifles grieve;—  
Sic ne'er cou'd win my heart, that kenna how  
Either to keep a prize, or yet prove true;  
But thou, in better sense without a flaw,  
As in thy beauty, far excels them a'.  
Continue kind, an' a' my care shall be,  
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

*Peg.* Agreed.—But hearken! yon's auld aunty's  
cry,  
I ken they'll wonder what can mak' us stay.

*Pat.* An' let them ferly.—Now a kindly kiss,  
Or five-score guid anes wadna be amiss;  
An' syne we'll sing the sang wi' tumeft' glee,  
That I made up last owk on you an' me.

*Peg.* Sing first, syne claim your hire.—

*Pat.* Weel, I agree.

SANG XI.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,  
An' rowing een, that smiling tell the truth,  
I guess, my lassie, that, as weel as I,  
You're made for love, an' why should ye deny!

*Peggy.*

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,  
Ye think us cheap, an' syne the wooing's done:  
The maiden that o'er quickly tines her power,  
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard an' sour.

*Patie.*

But gin they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
Their sweetness they may tine; an' sae may ye.  
Red-cheeked, ye completely ripe appear,  
An' I ha'e tholed an' wooed a lang half-year.

*Peggy* (*singing, fa's into Patie's arms*).

Then dinna pu' me, gently thus I fu'  
Into my *Patie's arms*, for good an' a'.  
But stint your wishes to this kind embrace,  
An' mint nae farrer till we've got the grace.

*Patie* (*wi' his left hand about her waist*).

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away!  
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day;  
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

*Sung by both.*

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,  
Gang soon to bed, an' quickly rise;  
O lash your steeds, post time away,  
An' haste about our bridal day!  
An' if ye're wearied, honest light,  
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.

[*Exeant.*]

## ACT THIRD.—SCENE I.

Now turn your eyes beyond yon spreading lime,  
An' tent a man whose beard seems bleach'd wi' time;  
An elwand fills his hand, his habit mean;  
Nae doubt ye'll think he has a pedlar been.  
But whisht! it is the knight in masquerade,  
That comes, hid in this cloud, to see his lad.  
Observe how pleas'd the loyal sufferer moves  
Through his auld av'nues, ance delightfu' groves.

SIR WILLIAM *sobs*.

The gentleman, thus hid in low disguise,  
I'll for a space, unknown, delight mine eyes  
With a full view of every fertile plain,  
Which once I lost—which now are mine again.

Yet, 'midst my joy, some prospects pain renew,  
 Whilst I my once fair seat in ruins view.  
 Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands  
 Without a roof, the gates fallen from their bands!  
 The casements all broke down: no chimney left;  
 The naked walls of tap'stry all bereft.  
 My stables and pavilions, broken walls,  
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls;  
 My gardens, once adorned the most complete,  
 With all that nature, all that art made sweet;  
 Where, round the figured green and pebble walks,  
 The dewy flowers hung nodding on their stalks;  
 But, overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier,  
 No jaceacinths or eglantines appear.  
 How do those ample walls to ruin yield,  
 Where peach and nec'trine branches found a bield,  
 And basked in rays which early did produce  
 Fruit fair to view, delightful in the use!  
 All round in gaps, the most in rubbish lie,  
 And from what stands the withered branches fly.  
 These soon shall be repaired;—and now my joy  
 Forbids all grief, when I'm to see my boy;  
 My only prop, and object of my care,  
 Since Heaven too soon called home his mother fair:

Him, ere the rays of reason cleared his thought,  
 I secretly to faithful Symon brought,  
 And charged him strictly to conceal his birth,  
 Till we should see what changing times brought forth.

Hid from himself, he starts up by the dawn,  
 And ranges careless o'er the height and lawn  
 After his fleecy charge, serenely gay,  
 With other shepherds whistling o'er the day.  
 Thrice happy life! that's from ambition free;  
 Removed from crowns and courts, how cheerfully  
 A calm contented mortal spends his time,  
 In hearty health, his soul unstained with crime!

## SANG XII.

*Tune*—"Happy clown."

Hid from himself, now by the dawn  
 He starts as fresh as roses blown;  
 And ranges o'er the heights and lawn  
 After his bleating flocks,  
 Healthful and innocently gay,  
 He chants and whistles out the day;  
 Untaught to smile, and then betray,  
 Like courtly weather-cocks.

Life happy, from ambition free,  
 Envy, and vile hypocrisy,  
 Where truth and love with joys agree,  
 Unsullied with a crime;  
 Unmoved with what disturbs the great,  
 In propping of their pride and state,  
 He lives, and, unafraid of fate,  
 Contented spends his time.

Now tow'rd's good Symon's house I'll bend my way,  
 And see what makes yon gamboling to-day;

All on the green, in a fair wanton ring,  
 My youthful tenants gaily dance and sing.  
 [Exit.

## SCENE II.

It's Symon's house, please to step in,  
 An' vissy't round an' round;  
 There's nought superfluous to gie pain,  
 Or costly to be found.  
 Yet a' is clean; a clear peat ingie  
 Glances amidst the floor;  
 The green horn spoons, beech luggies mingle  
 On skelfs foreagainst the door.  
 While the young brood sport on the green,  
 The auld anes think it best,  
 Wi' the brown cow to clear their een,  
 Snuff, crack, an' tak' their rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

*Glaud.* We anes were young oursel's.—I like to see

The bairns bob round wi' other merrylic,  
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan lad,  
 An' better looks than his I never bade;  
 Among our lads he bears the gree awa',  
 An' tells his tale the cleverest o' them a'.

*Elspt.* Poor man!—he's a great comfort to us  
 I aith;

God mak' him gude, an' hide him aye frae skaith.  
 He is a bairn, I'll say't, weel worth our care,  
 That ga'e us ne'er vexation late or air.

*Glaud.* I tr'w, gudewife, if I be not mista'en,  
 He seems to be wi' Peggy's beauty ta'en,  
 An' troth, my niece is a right dainty wean,  
 As ye weel ken: a bonnier needna be,  
 Nor better,—be't she were nae kin to me.

*Sym.* Ha, Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a  
 match;

My Patie's wild, an' will be ill to catch;  
 An' or he were, for reasons I'll no tell,  
 I'd rather be mixt wi' the mools mysel.

*Glaud.* What reason can ye ha'e? There's  
 nae, I'm sure,

Unless ye may east up that she's but poor:  
 But gif the lassie marry to my mind,  
 I'll be to her as my ain Jenny kind,  
 Fourscore o' breeding ewes o' my ain birn,  
 Five kye that at ae milking fills a kirn,  
 I'll gie to Peggy that day she's a bride;  
 By an' attour, gif my gude luck abide,  
 Ten lambs at spaining-time as lang's I live,  
 An' twa quey cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

*Elspt.* Ye offer fair, kind Glaud; but dinna  
 speer

What may be is nae fit ye yet should hear.

*Sym.* Or this day aught-days, likely, he shall  
 learn

That our denial disna slight his bairn.

*Glaud.* Weel, nae mair o't;—come, gie's the  
 other bend;

We'll drink their healths, whatever way it end.  
 [Their healths yae round.

*Sgm.* But, will ye tell me, Glaud, by some 'tis said,

Your niece is but a fundling, that was laid  
Down at your hallen-side ae morn in May,  
Right clean rowed up, an' bedded on dry hay?

*Glaud.* That clatterin' Madge, my titty, tells sic flaws,

Whene'er our Meg her cankered humour gaws.

*Enter JENNY.*

*Jen.* O father, there's an' auld man on the green,

The fellist fortune-teller e'er was seen:  
He tents our loofs, an' syne whups out a book,  
Turns o'er the leaves, an' gie's our brows a look;  
Syne tells the oddest tales that o'er ye heard:  
His head is gray, an' lang an' gray his beard.

*Sgm.* Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say;

Nane shall gae hungry by my house the day.

*[Exit JENNY.]*

But for his telling fortunes, troth, I fear,  
He kens nae mair o' that than my gray mare.

*Glaud.* Spae-men! the truth o' w' their saws I doubt;

For greater liars never ran thereout.

*JENNY returns, bringing in SIR WILLIAM; with them PATIE.*

*Sgm.* Ye're welcome, honest earle; here tak' a seat.

*Sir W'il.* I gi'e ye thanks, gudeman, I'se no be blate.

*Glaud [drinks].* Come, here's t'ye, friend.—  
How far came ye the day?

*Sir W'il.* I pledge ye, neighbour:—e'en but little way;

Rousted wi' eild, a wee piece gate seems lang;  
Twa mile or three's the maist that I dow gang.

*Sgm.* Ye're welcome here to stay a' night wi' me,

An' tak' sic bed an' board as we can gi'e.

*Sir W'il.* That's kind unsought.—Weel, gin ye ha'e a bairn

That ye like weel, an' far'd his fortune learn,  
I shall employ the arnest o' my skill  
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

*Sgm.* [*pointing to PATIE.*] Only that lad:—  
alake! I ha'e nae mae,

Either to mak' me joyfu' now, or wae.

*Sir W'il.* Young man, let's see your hand;—  
what gars ye sneer?

*Pat.* Because your skill's but littleworth, I fear.

*Sir W'il.* Ye cut before the point, but, billy, bide,

I'll wager there's a mouse-mark on your side.

*Elspt.* Betouch-us-too! an' weel I wat that's true;—

Awa, awa! the deil's o'er grit wi' you;—  
Four inch aneath his oxter is the mark,  
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a sark.

*Sir W'il.* I'll tell ye mair: if this young lad be spar'd

But a short while, he'll be a braw rich laird.

*Elspt.* A laird! hear ye, gudeman—what think ye now!

*Sgm.* I dinna ken!—Strange auld man, what art thou?

Fair fa' your heart, it's gude to bode o' wealth;  
Come, turn the timmer to laird Patie's health.

*[PATIE'S health goes round.]*

*Pat.* A laird o' twa gude whistles an' a kent,  
Twa curs, my trusty tenants on the bent,  
Is a' my great estate—an' like to be:  
Sae, cunning earle, ne'er break your jokes on me.

*Sgm.* Whisht, Patie, let the man look o'er your hand,  
Aft-times as broken a ship has come to land.

*[SIR WILLIAM looks a little at PATIE'S hand, then counts; jets falling into a trance, which they endeavour to lay him right.]*

*Elspt.* Preserver's!—the man's a warlock, or posses't

Wi' some nae good, or second sight at least:  
Where is he now!—

*Glaud.* He's seeing a' that's done  
In ilka place, beneath or yont the moon.

*Elspt.* These second-sighted fouk (his peace be here!)

See things far aff, an' things to come, as clear  
As I can see my thumb.—Wow! can he tell  
(Speer at him, soon as he comes to himself),  
How soon we'll see Sir William? Whisht, he heaves,

An' speaks out broken words, like ane that raves.

*Sgm.* He'll soon grow better.—Elspt, haste ye, gae

An' fill him up a tass o' usquebæ.

*SIR WILLIAM starts up, and speaks.*

A Knight, that for a Lion fought,  
Against a herd of bears,  
Was to lang toil and trouble brought,  
In which some thousands shares.  
But now again the Lion rares,  
And joy spreads o'er the plain:  
The Lion has defeat the bears,  
The Knight returns again.  
That Knight, in a few days, shall bring  
A shepherd frae the fauld,  
And shall present him to his King,  
A subject true and bauld.  
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd;—  
All you that hear me now,  
May well believe what I have tald,  
For it shall happen true.

*Sgm.* Friend, may your spaeing happen soon an' weel;

But, faith, I'm redd you've bargained wi' the deil,

To tell some tales that fouks wad secret keep;  
Or, do you get them tald you in your sleep!

*Sir Wil.* How'er I get them, never fash your  
beard,

Nor come I to read fortunes for reward;  
But I'll lay ten to ane wi' ony here,  
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

*Sym.* You prophesying fouks are odd kind men!  
They're here that ken, an' here that disna ken,  
The wimpld meaning o' your unco tale,  
Whilk soon will mak' a noise o'er muir an' dale.

*Glaud.* It's nae sma' sport to hear how Sym  
believes,

An' tak'st for gospel what the spaeman gives  
O' flawing fortunes, whilk he evens to Pate:  
But what we wish we trow at ony rate.

*Sir Wil.* Whisht! doubtfu' carle; for ere the  
sun

Has driven twice down to the sea,  
What I have said, ye shall see done  
In part, or nae mair credit me.

*Glaud.* Weel, be't sae, friend; I shall say  
naething mair;

But I've twa sonsie lasses, young an' fair.  
Plump ripe for men: I wish ye cou'd foresee  
Sic fortunes for them, might prove joy to me.

*Sir Wil.* Nae mair through secrets can I sift  
Till darkness blaek the bent:  
I ha'e but ance a day that gift:  
Sae rest a while content.

*Sym.* Elspa, east on the clath, fetch butt some  
meat.

An' o' your best gar this auld stranger eat.

*Sir Wil.* Delay a while your hospitable care;  
I'd rather enjoy this evening, calm an' fair,  
Around yon ruined tower, to fetch a walk  
Wi' you, kind friend, to have some private talk.

*Sym.* Soon as you please I'll answer your  
desire:—

An', Glaud, you'll tak' your pipe beside the fire;  
We'll but gae round the place, an' soon be back,  
Syne sup together, an' tak' our pint, and crack.

*Glaud.* I'll out a while, an' see the young anes  
play;

My heart's still light, albeit my locks be gray.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Jenny pretends an errand hame;  
Young Roger draps the rest,  
To whisper out his melting flame,  
An' thow his lass's breast.*

*Behind a bush, weel hid frae sight, they meet.  
See, Jenny's laughing; Roger's like to greet.  
Poor Shepherd!*

### ROGER and JENNY.

*Rog.* Dear Jenny, I wad speak t'ye, wad ye let;  
An' yet I ergh, ye're aye sae scornfu' sct.

*Jen.* An' what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak?  
Am I obliged to guess what ye're to seek?

*Rog.* Yes, ye may guess right eith for what I  
grien,

Baith by my service, sighs, and langing cen.  
An' I maun out wi't, though I risk your scorn:  
Ye're never frae my thoughts, baith e'en an' mor  
Ah! cou'd I lo'e ye less, I'd happy be;  
But happier far, cou'd ye but faney me.

*Jen.* And wha kens, honest lad, but what I may?  
Ye canna say that e'er I said you nay.

*Rog.* Alake! my frightened heart begins to fail,  
Whene'er I mint to tell ye out my tale,  
For fear some tighter lad, mair rich than I,  
Has win your love, an' near your heart may lie.

*Jen.* I lo'e my father, eousin Meg I love;  
But to this day nae man my mind cou'd move:  
Except my kin, ilk lad's alike to me;  
An' frae ye a' I best had keep me free.

*Rog.* How lang, dear Jenny!—sayna that again;  
What pleasure can ye tak' in giving pain?  
I'm glad, however, that ye yet stand free;  
Wha kens but ye may rue, an' pity me?

*Jen.* Ye ha'e my pity else, to see you set  
On that whilk mak's our sweetness soon forget.  
Wow! but we're bonny, gude, an' every thing;  
How sweet we breathe whene'er we kiss or sing!  
But we're nae sooner fools to gi'e consent,  
Than we our daffin an' tint power repent;  
When prisoned in four wa's, a wife right tame,  
Although the first, the greatest drudge at hame.

*Rog.* That only happens when, for sake o' gear  
Ane wales a wife as he wad buy a mare;  
Or when dull parents hairs together bind  
O' different tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.  
But love, true downright love, engages me  
(Though thou shou'dst scorn) still to delight in  
thee.

*Jen.* What sugar'd words frae woors' lips can  
fa'!

But girning marriage comes an' ends them a'.  
I've seen, wi' shinning fair, the morning rise,  
An' soon the sleety clouds mirk a' the skies.  
I've seen the siller spring a while rin clear,  
An' soon in mossy puddles disappear!

The bridegroom may rejoice, the bride may smile;  
But soon contentions a' their joys beguile.

*Rog.* I've seen the morning rise wi' fairest light,  
The day unclouded, sink in calmest night.  
I've seen the spring rin wimpling through the  
plain,

Increase, an' join the ocean without stain;  
The bridegroom may be blyth, the bride may  
smile;

Rejoice through life, an' a' your fears beguile.

*Jen.* Were I but sure ye lang wad love maintain,  
The fewest words my easy heart cou'd gain:  
For I maun own, since now at last you're free,  
Although I joked, I lo'ed your company;  
An' ever had a warmth in my breast,  
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

*Rog.* I'm happy now! o'er happy! haud my head!  
This gush o' pleasure's like to be my dead.

Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a' fired  
 Wi' wond'ring love! let's kiss till we be tired.  
 Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the sun an' starns away,  
 An' ferly at the quick return o' day!  
 O Jenny! let my arms about thee twine,  
 An' briss thy bonny breasts an' lips to mine.

SANG XIII.

Tune—"Leith Wynd."

Jenny.

Were I assured you'd constant prove,  
 You should nae mair complain;  
 The easy maid beset wi' love,  
 Few words will quickly gain:  
 For I must own, now since you're free,  
 This too fond heart o' mine  
 Has lang a blaek-sole true to thee,  
 Wished to be paired wi' thine.

Roger.

I'm happy now, ah! let my head  
 Upon thy breast recline;  
 The pleasure strikes me near-hand dead;  
 Is Jenny then sae kind!  
 O let me briss thee to my heart!  
 An' round my arms entwine:  
 Delightfu' thought! we'll never part;  
 Come, press thy mouth to mine.

*Jen.* Wi' equal joy my easy heart gies way,  
 To own thy weel-tryed love has won the day.  
 Now, by thae warmest kisses thou hast tane,  
 Swear thus to lo'e me, when by vows made aye.

*Rog.* I swear by fifty thousand yet to come,  
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf an' dumb,  
 There sall not be a kindlier dawted wife,  
 If ye agree wi' me to lead your life.

*Jen.* Weel I agree: niest to my parent gae,  
 Get his consent; he'll hardly say ye nay.  
 Ye ha'e what will commend ye to him weel,  
 Auld folks, like them, that want aye milk an' meal.

SANG XIV.

Tune—"O'er Bogie."

Weel, I agree, ye're sure o' me;  
 Niest to my father gae;  
 Mak' him content to gie' consent,  
 He'll hardly say ye nay:  
 For ye ha'e what he wad be at,  
 And will commend ye weel,  
 Since parents auld think love grows cauld,  
 When bairns want milk an' meal.

Should he deny, I earena by,  
 He'd contradict in vain;  
 Though a' my kin had said an' sworn,  
 But thee I will ha'e nae.  
 Then never range, nor learn to change,  
 Like those in high degree;  
 An' if you prove faithfu' in love,  
 You'll find nae fau't in me.

*Rog.* My faults contain twice fifteen forrow  
 nowt,

As mony neweal in my byres rout;  
 Five packs o' woo' I can at Lammas sell,  
 Shorn frae my bob-tail bleaters on the fell;  
 Gude twenty pair o' blankets for our bed,  
 Wi' meikle care, my thrifty mither made.  
 Ilk thing that mak's a heartsome house an' tight:  
 Was still her care, my father's great delight.  
 They left me a', whilk now gies joy to me,  
 Because I can gie' a', my dear, to thee:  
 An' had I fifty times as meikle mair,  
 Nane but my Jenny should the samen skair.  
 My love an' a' is yours; now haud them fast,  
 An' guide them as ye like, to gar them last.

*Jen.* I'll domy best. But see wha comes this way,  
 Patie an' Meg; besides, I mauna stay.  
 Let's steal frae ither now, an meet the morn;  
 If we be seen we'll drie a deal o' scorn.

*Rog.* To where the saugh-tree shades the meun-  
 nin-pool,  
 I'll frae the hill come down, when day grows cool.  
 Keep tryst, an' meet me there; there let us meet,  
 To kiss an' tell our love; there's nought sae sweet!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

This scene presents the Knight and Sym,  
 Within a gall'ry o' the place,  
 Where a' looks ruinous an' grim;  
 Nor has the baron shawn his face,  
 But joking wi' his shepherd leal,  
 Aft speers the gate he kens fu' weel.

SIR WILLIAM and SYMON.

*Sir Wil.* To whom belongs this house so much  
 decayed?

*Sym.* To aye that lost it, lending generous aid  
 To bear the head up, when rebellious tail  
 Against the laws o' nature did prevail.  
*Sir William* Worthy is our master's name,  
 Whilk fills us a' wi' joy now he's come hame.

(*Sir William* draps his making beard;  
*Simon*, transported, sees  
 The welcome knight, wi' fond regard,  
 An' grasps him round the knees.)

My master! my dear master! Do I breathe  
 To see him healthy, strong, an' free frae skaith!  
 Returned to cheer his wishing tenants' sight!  
 To bless his son, my charge, the world's delight!

*Sir Wil.* Rise, faithful Symon; in my arms enjoy  
 A place thy due, kind guardian of my boy:  
 I came to view thy care in this disguise,  
 And am confirmed thy conduct has been wise:  
 Since still the secret thou'st securely sealed,  
 And ne'er to him his real birth revealed.

*Sym.* The due obedience to your strict command  
 Was the first lock; niest my ain judgment fand  
 Out reasons plenty: since, without estate,  
 A youth, though sprung frae kings, looks bauch  
 an' blate—

*Sir W'il.* And often vain and idly spend their time,

Till, grown unfit for action, past their prime,  
Hang on their friends, which gives their souls a cast

That turns them downright beggars at the last.

*Sym.* Now, weel I wat, sir, ye ha'e spoken true;  
For there's laird Kyttie's son, that's lo'ed by few.

His father steght his fortune in his wame,  
An' left his heir nought but a gentle name.  
He gangs about, sornan frae place to place,  
As scrip't o' manners as o' sense an' grace:

Oppressing a', as punishment o' their sin,  
That are within his tenth degree o' kin;  
Rins in ilka trader's debt, wha's sae unjust  
To his ain family as to gi'e him trust.

*Sir W'il.* Such useless branches of a common-wealth

Should be lopt off, to give a state more health,  
Unworthy bare reflection. Symon, run  
O'er all your observations on my son:

A parent's fondness easily finds excuse,  
But do not, with indulgence, truth abuse.

*Sym.* To speak his praise, the longest simmer day

Wad be o'er short, could I them right display.

In word an' deed he can sae weel behave,

That out o' sight he rins afore the lave;

An' when there's ony quarrel or contest,

Patrick's made judge, to tell whase cause is best;

An' his decreet stands gude: he'll gar it stand;

Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting hand.

Wi' a firm look, an' a commanding way,

He gars the proudest o' our herds obey.

*Sir W'il.* Your tale much pleases. My good friend, proceed.

What learning has he? Can he write and read?

*Sym.* Baith wonder weel; for, troth, I didna spare

To gi'e him, at the school, enough o' lair;

An' he delights in books. He reads an' speaks,

Wi' fouks that ken them, Latin words an' Greeks.

*Sir W'il.* Where gets he books to read? and of what kind?

Though some give light, some blindly lead the blind,

*Sym.* Whene'er he drives our sheep to Edinburgh port,

He buys some books o' history, songs, or sport:

Nor does he want o' them a rowth at will,

An' carries ay a pouchefu' to the hill.

About aye Shakspeare, an' a famous Ben,

He often speaks, an' ca's them best o' men.

How sweetly Hawthornden an' Stirling sing;

An' aye ca'd Cowley, loyal to his king,

He kens fu' weel, an' gars their verses ring.

I sometimes thought he made ower great a phrase  
About fine poems, histories, an' plays:

When I reproved him ance, a book he brings,

"Wi' this," quoth he, "on braces I crack wi' kings."

*Sir W'il.* He answered well; and much ye glad my ear,

When such accounts I of my shepherd hear.

Reading such books can raise a peasant's mind  
Above a lord's that is not thus inclined.

*Sym.* What ken we better, that sae sindle look,  
Except on rainy Sundays, on a book?

When we a leaf or twa half read, half spell,

Till a' the rest sleep round, as weel's oursel.

*Sir W'il.* Well jested, Symon. But one question more

I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The youth's arrived the age when little loves  
Flighter around young hearts, like cooing doves:

Has nae young lassie, with inviting mien

And rosy cheeks, the wonder o' the green,

Engaged his look, an' caught his youthful heart?

*Sym.* I feared the warst, but kend the sma'est part,

Till late I saw him twa three times mair sweet

Wi' Glaud's fair niece, than I thought right or meet.

I had my fears, but now ha'e nought to fear,

Since, like yoursel, your son will soon appear.

A gentleman, enrich'd wi' a' thae charms,

May bless the fairest, best-born lady's arms.

*Sir W'il.* This night must end his unambitious fire,

When higher views shall greater thoughts inspire.

Go, Symon, bring him quickly here to me;

None but yourself shall our first meeting see.

Yonder's my horse and servants nigh at hand;

They come just at the time I gave command.

Straight in my own apparel I'll go dress:

Now ye the secret may to all confess.

*Sym.* Wi' how much joy I on this errand flee,

There's nae can ken that is no downright me.

[Exit SYMON.]

#### SIR WILLIAM *solo.*

Whene'er the event of hope's success appears,

One happy hour cancels the toil of years;

A thousand toils are lost in Lethe's stream,

And cares evanish like a morning dream;

When wished-for pleasures rise like morning light,

The pain that's past enhances the delight.

These joys I feel, that words can ill express,

I ne'er had known, without my late distress.

But from his rustic business and love,

I must, in haste, my Patrick soon remove,

To courts and camps that may his soul improve.

Like the rough diamond, as it leaves the mine,

Only in little breakings shows its light,

Till artful polishing has made it shine:

Thus education makes the genius bright.

#### SANG XV.

*Tune*—"Wat ye wia I met yestreen?"

Now from rusticity and love,

Whose flames but over lowly burn,



My Gentle Shepherd must be drove,  
His soul must take another turn,  
As the rough diamond from the mine,  
In breakings only shows its light,  
Till polishing has made it shine,  
Thus learning makes the genius bright.

[*Exit.*]

ACT FOURTH.—SCENE I.

The scene described in former page,  
Glaud's onset.—Enter Mause an' Madge.

MAUSE and MADGE.

*Madge.* Our laird's come hame! an' owns young  
Pate his heir.

*Mause.* That's news indeed!—

*Madge.* As true as ye stand there,

As they were dancing a' in Symon's yard,  
Sir William, like a warlock, wi' a beard  
Five nieves in length, an' white as driven snaw,  
Amang us cam', cried, *Haud ye merry a'!*  
We ferly'd meikle at his unco look,  
While frae his pouch he whirled out a book.  
As we stood round about him on the green,  
He viewed us a', but fixt on Pate his een;  
Then pawkily pretended he could spae,  
Yet for his pains an' skill wad naething ha'e.

*Mause.* Then sure the lasses, an' ilk gaping  
coof,

Wad rin about him, an' haud out their loof.

*Madge.* As fast as flaes skip to the tate o' woo,  
Whilk slee tod-lowrie hauds without his mou,  
When he, to drown them, an' his hips to cool,  
In simmer days slides backward in a pool:  
In short, he did for Pate braw things foretell,  
Without the help o' conjuring or spell.  
At last, when weel diverted, he withdrew,  
Pu'd aff his beard to Symon: Symon knew  
His welcome master: round his knees he gat,  
Hung at his coat, an' syne, for blythness, grat.  
Patrick was sent for: happy lad is he!  
Symon tald Elspa, Elspa tald it me.

Ye'll hear out a' the secret story soon:  
An' troth, it's e'en right odd, when a' is done,  
To think how Symon ne'er afore wad tell,—  
Na, no sae meikle as to Pate himsel.  
Our Meg, poor thing, alake! has lost her jo.

*Mause.* It may be sae, wha kens! an' may be no.

To lift a love that's rooted is great pain:  
Even kings ha'e tane a queen out o' the plain;  
An' what has been before may be again.

*Madge.* Sic nonsense! love tak' root, but tocher  
gude,

'Tween a herd's bairn an' ane o' gentle bluid!  
Sic fashions in King Bruce's days might be,  
But siccan ferlies now we never see.

*Mause.* Gif Pate forsakes her, Bauldy she may  
gain:

Yonder he comes, an' wow but he looks fain!  
Nae doubt he thinks that Peggy's now his ain.

*Madge.* He get her! slaverin' doof! it sets him  
weel

To yoke a pleugh where Patrick thought to teel.  
Gif I were Meg, I'd let young master see—

*Mause.* Ye'd be as darty in your choice as he;  
An' sae wad I. But, whisht! here Bauldy comes.

*Enter BAULDY, singing.*

SANG XVI.

Jocky said to Jenny, Jenny, wilt thou do't!  
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher gude.  
For my tocher gude, I winna marry thee.  
E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, I can let ye be.

*Mause.* Weel liltit, Bauldy; that's a dainty sang!  
*Baul.* I se gife ye't a: it's better than it's lang.

[*Sings again.*]

I ha'e gowd an' gear, I ha'e land enough,  
I ha'e sax guid owsen gangin in a pleugh;  
Ganging in a pleugh, an' linkin' o'er the lee,  
An' gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha'-house, a barn, an' a byre;  
A peat-stack fore the door, will mak' a rantin' fire;  
I'll mak' a rantin' fire, and merry sall we be,  
An' gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,  
Ye sall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel;  
Ye're a bonny lad, an' I'm a lassie free;  
Ye're welcomer to tak' me, than to let me be.

I trow sae; lasses will come to at last,  
Though for awhile they maun their snaw-ba's cast.

*Mause.* Weel, Bauldy, how gues a'!—

*Baul.* Faith, unco right:

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this night.

*Madge.* An' wha's the unlucky ane, if we may  
ask?

*Baul.* To find out that is nae diffient task:—  
Poor bonny Peggy, wha maun think nae mair  
On Pate turned Patrick, an' Sir William's heir.  
Now, now, gude Madge, an' honest Mause, stand  
be,

While Meg's in dumps, put in a word for me.  
I'll be as kind as ever Pate could prove,  
Less wilftu' an' aye constant in my love.

*Madge.* As Nejs can witness, an' the bushy  
thorn,

Where mony a time to her your heart was sworn.  
Fy! Bauldy, blush, an' vows o' love regard;  
What ither lass will trow a mausworn herd?  
The curse o' Heaven hinges aye aboon their heads,  
That's ever guilty o' sic simfu' deeds.  
I'll ne'er advise my niece sae gray a gut;  
Nor will she be advised, fu' weel I wat.

*Baul.* Sae gray a gut! mausworn! an' a' the  
rest!

Ye lied, auld roudes! an', in faith, had best

Eat in your words; else I shall gar ye stand,  
Wi' a het face, afore the haly band.

*Madge.* Ye'll gar me stand! ye shevelling-gabbit  
brock!

Speak that again, an', trembling, dread my rock,  
An' ten sharp nails, that, when my hands are in,  
Can fly the skin o' yer cheeks out o'er yer chin.

*Baul.* I tak' ye witness, Mause, ye heard her  
say

That I'm mansworn. I winna let it gae.

*Madge.* Ye're witness, too, he ca'd me bonny  
names,

An' should be served as his gude breeding claims.  
Ye filthy dog!—

[*Flees to his hair like a fary. A stout battle.  
MAUSE endeavours to redd them.*]

*Mause.* Let gang your grips! Fy, Madge! howt,  
Bauldy, leen!

I wadna wish this tulzie had been seen,  
It's sae daft-like,—

[*BAULDY gets out of MADGE'S clutches with a  
bleeding nose.*]

*Madge.* It's dafter like to thole

An ether-cap like him to blaw the coal.

It sets him weel, wi' vile unserapit tongue,

To cast up whether I be auld or young;

They're aulder yet than I ha'e married been,

An', or they died, their bairms' bairms ha'e seen.

*Mause.* That's true;—an', Bauldy, ye was far  
to blame,

To ca' Madge aught but her ain christened name.

*Baul.* My lugs, my nose, an' noddle find the  
same.

*Madge.* Auld roudes! filthy fallow, I sall  
auld ye!

*Mause.* Howt, no! ye'll e'en be friends wi'  
honest Bauldy.

Come, come, shake hands; this maun nae farder  
gae.

Ye maun forgi'e'm; I see the lad looks wae.

*Baul.* In troth now, Mause, I ha'e at Madge  
nae spite;

But she abusing first was a' the wyte

O' what has happened, an' should therefore crave

My pardon first, an' shall acquittance have.

*Madge.* I crave your pardon! gallow's-face, gae  
greet,

An' own your faut to her that ye wad cheat;

Gae, or be blasted in your health an' gear,

Till ye learn to perform as weel as swear.

Vow, an' loup back! was e'er the like heard tell?

Swi'th, tak' him, deil; he's o'er lang out o' hell!

*Baul.* [*running off*]. His presence be about us!  
curst were he

That were condemned for life to live wi' thee.

[*Exit BAULDY.*]

*Madge* [*laughing*]. I think I've towzed his hari-  
galds a wee;

He'll no soon grien to tell his love to me.

He's but a rascal, that wad mint to serve

A lassie sae; he does but ill deserve.

*Mause.* Ye towin'd him tightly. I commend  
ye for't;

His bleeding snout ga'e me nae little sport:

For this forenoon he had that scant o' grace,

An' breeding baith, to tell me to my face,

He hoped I was a witch, an' wadna stand

To lend him, in this case, my helping hand.

*Madge.* A witch! how had ye patience this to  
bear,

An' leave him een to see, or lugs to hear?

*Mause.* Auld withered hands, an' feeble joints  
like mine,

Obliges fouk resentment to decline;

Till aft it's seen, when vigour fails, then we

Wi' cunning can the lake o' pith supplie.

Thus I pat aff revenge till it was dark,

Syne bade him come, an' we should gang to wark.

I'm sure he'll keep his tryst; an' I cam' here

To see your help, that we the fool may fear.

*Madge.* An' special sport we'll ha'e, as I protest;

Ye'll be the witch, an' I sall play the ghaist.

A linen sheet wound round me, like ane dead,

I'll cawk my face, an' grane, an' shake my head.

We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang

A conjuring, to do a lassie wrang.

*Mause.* Then let us gae; for see, it's hard on  
night,

The westin clouds shine red wi' setting light.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

When birds begin to nod upon the bough,  
An' the green swaird grows damp wi' falling dew,  
While gude Sir William is to rest retired,  
The Gentle Shepherd, tenderly inspired,  
Walks through the broom wi' Roger ever leal,  
To meet, to comfort Meg, an' tak' farewell.

### PATIE and ROGER.

*Rog.* Wow but I'm cadgie, an' my heart louns  
light!

Oh, Maister Patrick! ay, your thoughts were right.

Sure gentle fouk are farder seen than we,

That naething ha'e to brag o' pedigree.

My Jenny now, wha brak' my heart this morn,

Is perfect yielding, sweet, an' nae mair scorn.

I spak' my mind; she heard. I spak' again;

She smiled. I kissed, I wooed, nor wooed in vain.

*Pat.* I'm glad to hear't. But oh! my change  
this day

Heaves up my joy, an' yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a father gently kind as brave,

An' an estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.

Wi' looks a' kindness, words that love confest,

He a' the father to my soul exprest,

While close he held me to his manly breast.

“Such were the eyes,” he said, “thus smiled the  
mouth

Of thy loved mother, blessing of my youth,

Who set too soon!” An' while he praise bestowed,

Adown his gracefu' cheeks a torrent flowed.

My new-born joys, an' this his tender tale,  
 Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my thoughts prevail;  
 That speechless lang, my late ken'd sire I viewed,  
 While gushing tears my panting breast bedewed.  
 Unusual transports made my head turn round,  
 Whilst I mysel', wi' rising raptures, found  
 The happy son o' a'ne sae much renowned.  
 But he has heard!—Too faithful Symon's fear  
 Has brought my love for Peggy to his ear,  
 Which he forbids. Ah! this confounds my peace,  
 While thus to beat, my heart shall sooner cease.

*Rog.* How to advise ye, troth, I'm at a stand;  
 But wret's my ease, ye'd clear it up aff hand.

*Pat.* Duty, an' haifins reason, plead his cause:  
 But what cares love for reason, rules, an' laws?  
 Still in my heart my shepherdless excels,  
 An' part o' my new happiness repels.

## SANG XVII.

*Tune*—"Kirk wad let me be."

Duty an' part o' reason  
 Pleads strong on the parent's side,  
 Which love so superior ca's treason;  
 The strongest must be obeyed:  
 For now, though I'm ane o' the gentry,  
 My constancy falsehood repels,  
 For change in my heart has no entry,  
 Still there my dear Peggy excels.

*Rog.* Enjoy them baith: Sir William will be won.

Your Peggy's bonny: you're his only son.

*Pat.* She's mine by vows, an' stronger ties o' love;

An' frae these bands nae change my mind shall move.

I'll wed nae else; through life I will be true:  
 But still obedience is a parent's due.

*Rog.* Is not our master an' yoursel to stay  
 Among us here? or, are ye gawn away  
 To London court, or ither far aff parts,  
 To leave your ain poor us wi' broken hearts?

*Pat.* To Edinburgh straight to-morrow we advance;

To London niest, an' afterwards to France,  
 Where I maun stay some years an' learn to dance,  
 An' twa-three other monkey tricks. That done,  
 I come hame strutting in my red-heeled shoon.  
 Then it's designed, when I can weel behave,  
 That I maun be some petted thing's dull slave,  
 For twa-three bags o' cash, that, I wad weel,  
 I nae mair need nor carts do a third wheel.  
 But Peggy, dearer to me than my breath,  
 Sooner than hear sie news, shall hear my death.

*Rog.* "They wha ha'e just enugh can soundly sleep;

The o'ercome only fashes fouk to keep:"

Gude Maister Patrick, tak' your ain tale hame.

*Pat.* What was my morning thought, at night's the same:

The poor an' rich but differ in the name.

Content's the greatest bliss we can procure  
 Frae 'boon the lift; without it kings are poor.

*Rog.* But an estate like yours yields braw content,

When we but pick it scantily on the bent:  
 Fine claihts, soft beds, sweet houses, an' red wine,  
 Gude cheer, an' witty frien's, whene'er ye dine;  
 Obeysant servants, honour, wealth, an' ease,  
 Wha's no content wi' thae are ill to please.

*Pat.* Sae Roger thinks, an' thinks no far amiss:  
 But mony a cloud hings hov'ring o'er the bliss.

The passions rule the roast; an', if they're sour,  
 Like the lean kye, will soon the fat deprive.

The spleen, tint honour, an' affronted pride,  
 Stang like the sharpest goods in gentry's side.

The gouts an' gravels, an' the ill disease,  
 Are frequentest wi' fouk o'erlaid wi' ease:

While o'er the muir the shepherd, wi' less care,  
 Enjoys his sober wish, an' halesome air.

*Rog.* Lord, man! I wonder aye, an' it delights  
 My heart, whene'er I hearken to your flights.

How gat ye a' that sense, I fain wad hear,  
 That I may easier disappointments bear?

*Pat.* Frae books, the wale o' books, I gat some skill;

Thae best can teach what's real gude an' ill.  
 Ne'er grudge, ilk year, to ware some stanes o' cheese,  
 To gain thae silent friends, that ever please.

*Rog.* I'll do't, an' ye sall tell me whilk to buy:  
 Faith, I se ha'e books, though I should sell my kye.

But now let's hear how you're designed to move,  
 Between Sir William's will an' Peggy's love.

*Pat.* Then here it lies: his will maun be obeyed,  
 My vows I'll keep, an' she shall be my bride;

But I some time this last design maun hide,  
 Keep ye the secret close, an' leave me here;

I sent for Peggy. Yonder comes my dear.

*Rog.* Pleased that ye trust me wi' the secret, I,  
 To wyle it frae me, a' the deils defy.

[*Exit* ROGER.]

*PATIE solus.*

Wi' what a struggle maun I now impart  
 My father's will to her that hands my heart!  
 I ken she lo'es, an' her saft sail will sink,  
 While it stands trembling on the hated brink  
 O' disappointment. Heaven support my fair,  
 An' let her comfort claim your tender care!  
 Her eyes are red!—

*Enter* PEGGY.

My Peggy, why in tears?

Smile as ye wont, allow nae room for fears:  
 Though I'm nae mair a shepherd, yet I'm thine.

*Peg.* I darna think sae high. I now repine  
 At the unhappy chance that made na me  
 A gentle match, or still a herd kept thee.  
 Wha can, withouten pain, see frae the coast  
 The ship that bears his a' like to be lost!

Like to be carried by some reiver's hand,  
Far frae his wishes, to some distant land?

*Pat.* Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it wi' me  
remains

To raise thee up, or still attend thae plains.  
My father has forbid our loves, I own;  
But love's superior to a parent's frown.  
I falsehood hate: come, kiss thy cares away;  
I ken to love as weel as to obey.

Sir William's gen'rous; leave the task to me,  
To mak' strict duty an' true love agree.

*Peg.* Speak on! speak ever thus, an' still my  
grief;

But short I daur to hope the fond relief.  
New thoughts a gentler face will soon inspire,  
That wi' nice air swims round in silk attire;  
Then I, poor me! wi' sighs may ban my fate,  
When the young laird's nae mair my heartsome  
Pate;

Nae mair again to hear sweet tales exprest,  
By the blythe shepherd that excelled the rest;  
Nae mair be envied by the tattling gang,  
When Patie kissed me, when I danced or sang.  
Nae mair, alake! we'll on the meadow play,  
An' rin haff breathless round the rucks o' hay;

As aft-times I ha'e fled frae thee right fain,  
An' fa'n on purpose, that I might be ta'en.  
Nae mair around the foggy knowe I'll creep,  
To watch an' stare upon thee while asleep.

But hear my vow, 'twill help to gie me ease:  
May sudden death, or deadly sair disease,  
An' worst o' ills attend my wretched life,  
If e'er to aye, but you, I be a wife!

## SANG XVIII.

*Tune*—"Wae's my heart that we should sunder."

Speak on, speak thus, an' still my grief,  
Hand up a heart that's sinking under  
Thae fears, that soon will want relief,

When Pate maun frae his Peggy sunder:  
A gentler face, an' silk attire,  
A lady rich, in beauty's blossom,  
Alake, poor me! will now conspire  
To steal thee frae thy Peggy's bosom.

Nae mair the shepherd, wha excelled  
The rest, whose wit made them to wonder,  
Shall now his Peggy's praises tell:

Ah! I can die, but never sunder.  
Ye meadows where we aften strayed,  
Ye banks where we were wont to wander,  
Sweet-scented rucks round which we play'd,  
You'll lose you sweets when we're asunder.

Again, ah! shall I never creep  
Around the knowe wi' silent duty,  
Kindly to watch thee while asleep,  
An' wonder at thy manly beauty?

Hear, Heaven, while solemnly I vow,  
'Though thou shouldst prove a wandering lover,  
Through life to thee I shall prove true,  
Nor be a wife to any other!

*Pat.* Sure Heaven approves; an' be assured  
o' me,

I'll ne'er gang back o' what I've sworn to thee:  
An' time, though time maun interpose a while,  
An' I maun leave my Peggy an' this isle;  
Yet time, nor distance, nor the fairest face,  
If there's a fairer, e'er shall fill thy place.  
I'd hate my rising fortune, should it move  
The fair foundation o' our faithfu' love.

If at my feet were crowns an' sceptres laid,  
To bribe my saul frae thee, delightfu' maid!

For thee I'd soon leave thae inferior things,  
To sic as ha'e the patience to be kings.—  
Wherefore that tear? Believe, an' calm thy mind.

*Peg.* I greet for joy to hear thy words sae kind.  
When hopes were sunk, an' nought but mirk  
despair  
Made me think life was little worth my care,  
My heart was like to burst; but now I see  
Thy generous thoughts will save thy love for me.  
Wi' patience, then, I'll wait ilk wheeling year,  
Hope time away, till thou wi' joy appear;  
An' a' the while I'll study gentler charms,  
To mak' me fitter for my traveller's arms:  
I'll gain on uncle Glaud; he's far frae fool,  
An' will not grudge to put me through ilk school,  
Where I may maimers learn.

## SANG XIX.

*Tune*—"Tweed-side."

When hope was quite sunk in despair,  
My heart it was going to break;  
My life appeared worthless my care,  
But now I will save't for thy sake.  
Where'er my love travels by day,  
Wherever he lodges by night,  
Wi' me his dear image shall stay,  
An' my saul keep him ever in sight.

Wi' patience I'll wait the lang year,  
An' study the gentlest o' charms;  
Hope time away, till thou appear,  
To lock thee for aye in these arms.  
Whilst thou wast a shepherd, I prized  
Nae higher degree in this life;  
But now I'll endeavour to rise  
To a height that's becoming thy wife.

For beauty, that's only skin deep,  
Must fade like the gowans in May;  
But inwardly rooted, will keep  
For ever without a decay.  
Nor age, nor the changes o' life,  
Can quench the fair fire o' love,  
If virtue's ingrained in the wife,  
An' the husband has sense to approve.

*Pat.* That's wisely said;  
An' what he wares that way shall be weel paid.  
'Though, without a' the little helps o' art,  
Thy native sweets might gain a prince's heart,

Yet now, lest in our station we offend,  
We must learn modes to innocence unkind;  
Affect at times to like the thing we hate,  
An' drap serenity to keep up state;  
Laugh when we're sad, speak when we've nought  
to say,

An', for the fashion, when we're blythe, seem  
wae;

Pay compliments to them we aft ha'e scorned,  
Then scandalize them when their backs are turned.

*Peg.* If this is gentry, I wad rather be  
What I am still; but I'll be aught wi' thee.

*Pat.* Nae, nae, my Peggy, I but only jest  
Wi' gentry's apes; for still, amangst the best,  
Good manners gi'e integrity a bleeze,  
When native virtues join the arts to please.

*Peg.* Since wi' nae hazard, an' sae sma' expense,  
My lad frae books can gather siccan sense,  
Then why, ah! why should the tempestuous sea  
Endanger thy dear life, an' frighten me?  
Sir William's cruel, that wad force his son,  
For watna-whats, sae great a risk to run.

*Pat.* There is nae doubt but travelling does  
improve;

Yet I wad shun it for thy sake, my love.  
But soon as I've shook aff my landart cast  
In foreign cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

*Peg.* Wi' every setting day an' rising morn,  
I'll kneel to Heaven, an' ask thy safe return.  
Under that tree, an' on the Suckler brae,  
Where aft we wout, when bairns, to rin an' play;  
An' to the Hissel-shaw, where first ye vowed  
Ye wad be mine, an' I as eithly trowed,  
I'll aften gang, an' tell the trees an' flowers,  
Wi' joy, that they'll bear witness I am yours.

## SANG XX.

*Tune*—"Bush aboon Traquair.

At setting day, an' rising morn,  
Wi' saul that still shall love thee,  
I'll ask o' Heaven thy safe return,  
Wi' a' that can improve thee.  
I'll visit aft the birken bush,  
Where first thou kindly tald me  
Sweet tales o' love, an' hid my blush,  
Whilst round thou didst infald me.

To a' our haunts I will repair,  
To greenwood, shaw, or fountain;  
Or where the simmer-day I'd share  
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.  
There will I tell the trees an' flowers,  
Frae thoughts unfeigned an' tender,  
By vows your mine, by love is yours  
A heart that cannot wander.

*Pat.* My dear, allow me, frae thy temples fair,  
A shining ringlet o' thy flowing hair,  
Which, as a sample o' each lovely charm,  
I'll aften kiss, an' wear about my arm.

*Peg.* Were't in my power, wi' better boons to  
please,

I'd gi'e the best I could wi' the same ease;  
Nor wad I, if thy luck had fa'en to me,  
Been in ae jot less generous to thee.

*Pat.* I doubt it no; but since we've little time,  
To ware't on words wad border on a crime:  
Love's safer meaning better is express't,  
When it's wi' kisses on the heart imprest.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT FIFTH.—SCENE I.

*See how poor Bauldy stares, like ane possess't,  
An' roars up Symon frae his kindly rest:  
Bare-legg'd, wi' night-cap, an' unbuttoned coat,  
See, the auld man comes forward to the sot.*

## SYMON and BAULDY.

*Sym.* What want ye, Bauldy, at this early  
hour,

While drowsy sleep keeps a' beneath it's power!  
Far to the north the scant approaching light  
Stan's equal 'twixt the morning an' the night.  
What gars ye shake, an' glow'r, an' look sae wan?  
Your teeth they chitter, hair like bristles stan'.

*Baul.* O len' me soon some water, milk, or ale!  
My head's grown dizzy, legs wi' shaking fail;  
I'll ne'er dare venture out at night my lane!  
Alake! I'll never be mysel again!

I'll ne'er o'erput it, Symon! Oh, Symon! Oh!

[*SYMON gives him a drink.*]

*Sym.* What ails thee, gowk! to mak' sae loud  
ado!

You've waked Sir William; he has left his bed.  
He comes, I fear, ill-pleas'd: I hear his tread.

*Enter SIR WILLIAM.*

*Sir Wil.* How goes the night? Does daylight  
yet appear!—

Symon, you're very timeously asteer.

*Sym.* I'm sorry, sir, that we've disturbed your  
rest;

But some strange thing has Bauldy's sp'rit op-  
prest:

He's seen some witch, or warsled wi' a ghaist.

*Baul.* O ay, dear sir, in troth it's very true,  
An' I am come to mak' my plaint to you.

*Sir Wil.* [*smiling*]. I lang to hear't.

*Baul.* Ah, sir! the witch ca'd Mause,

That wins aboon the mill among the haws,  
First promised that she'd help me, wi' her art,  
To gain a bonny thrawart lassie's heart.

As she had trustel, I met wi' her this night;  
But may nae friend o' mine get sie a fright!

For the curst hag, instead o' doing me guile,  
(The very thought o't's like to freeze my bluid!)  
Raised up a ghaist, or deil, I kenna whilk,  
Like a dead coorse, in sheet as white as milk;

Black hands it had, an' face as wan as death.  
 Upon me fast the witch an' it fell baith,  
 An' gat me down; while I, like a great fool,  
 Was labour'd as I used to be at school.  
 My heart out o' its hool was like to loup,  
 I pithless grew wi' fear, an' had nae houp,  
 Till wi' an elritch laugh they vanished quite  
 Syne I, haff dead wi' anger, fear, an' spite,  
 Crap up, an' fled straught frae them, sir, to you,  
 Houping your help to gi'e the deil his due.  
 I'm sure my heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,  
 Till in a fat tar-barrel Mause be brunt.

*Sir Will.* Well, Bauldy, whate'er's just shall  
 granted be.

Let Mause be brought this morning down to me.

*Baul.* Thanks to your honour, soon shall I  
 obey;

But first I'll Roger raise, an' twa three mae,  
 To catch her first, ere she get leave to squeal,  
 An' cast her cantrips that bring up the deil.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Will.* Troth, Symon, Bauldy's more afraid  
 than hurt;

The witch and ghaist have made themselves good  
 sport.

What silly notions crowd the clouded mind  
 That is through want of education blind!

*Sym.* But does your honour think there's nae  
 sic thing,

As witches aye deils up through a ring,  
 Syne playing tricks? A thousand I could tell,  
 Could never be contrived on this side hell.

*Sir Will.* Such as the devil's dancing in a muir,  
 Amongst a few old women, crazed and poor,  
 Who are rejoiced to see him frisk and loup  
 O'er braces and bogs, with candles in his dowp;  
 Appearing sometimes like a black-horned cow,  
 Aft-times like bawty, bawdrans, or a sow,  
 Then with his train through airy paths to glide,  
 While they on cats, or clowns, or broom-staffs  
 ride;

Or in an egg-shell skim out o'er the main,  
 To drink their leader's health in France or Spain;  
 Then oft, by night, dumbaze hard-hearted fools,  
 By tumbling down their cupboards, chairs, and  
 stools.

Whate'er's in spells, or if there witches be,  
 Such whimsies seem the most absurd to me.

*Sym.* It's true enough, we ne'er heard that a  
 witch

Had either meikle sense, or yet was rich;  
 But Mause, though poor, is a sagacious wife,  
 An' lives a quiet an' very honest life.

That gars me think this hobblshew that's past,  
 Will end in naething but a joke at last.

*Sir Will.* I'm sure it will. But see, increasing  
 light

Commands the imps of darkness down to night,  
 Bid raise my servants, and my horse prepare,  
 Whilst I walk out to take the morning air.

## SANG XXI.

*Tune*— 'Bonny gray-ey'd morn.'

The bonny gray-eyed morn begins to peep,  
 And darkness flies before the rising ray;  
 The hearty hynd starts from his lazy sleep,  
 To follow healthful labours of the day;  
 Without a guilty sting to wrinkle his brow,  
 The lark and the linnet tend his levee,  
 And he joins their concert driving his plough,  
 From toil of grimace and pageantry free.

While flustered with wine, or maddened with loss  
 Of half an estate, the prey of a main,  
 The drunkard and gamester tumble and toss,  
 Wishing for calmness and slumber in vain,  
 Be my portion health and quietness of mind,  
 Placed at a due distance from parties and state,  
 Where neither ambition, nor avarice blind,  
 Reach him who has happiness linked to his fate.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

While Peggy laes up her bosom fair,  
 Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;  
 Gland, by his morning ingle, tak's a beek,  
 The rising sun shines motty through the reek;  
 A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,  
 An' now an' then his joke man intervene.

GLAUD, JENNY, and PEGGY.

*Gland.* I wish, my bairns, it may keep fair till  
 night;

Ye dinna use sae soon to see the light,  
 Nae doubt, now, ye intend to mix the thrang,  
 To tak' your leave o' Patrick or he gang.  
 But do ye think, that now, when he's a laird,  
 That he poor landwart lasses will regard?

*Jen.* Though he's young master now, I'm very  
 sure  
 He has mair sense than slight auld friends,  
 though poor.

But yesterday, he ga'e us mony a tug,  
 An' kissed my cousin there frae lug to lug.

*Gland.* Ay, ay, nae doubt o't, an' he'll do't  
 again;

But be advised, his company refrain:  
 Before, he as a shepherd sought a wife,  
 Wi' her to live a chaste an' frugal life;  
 But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake  
 Sic godly thoughts, an' brag o' being a rake.

*Peg.* A rake! what's that? Sure, if it means  
 aught ill,

He'll never be't, else I ha'e tint my skill.

*Gland.* Daft lassie, ye ken nought o' the affair;  
 Ane young, an' gude, an' gentle's unco rare.  
 A rake's a graceless spark, that thinks nae shame  
 To do what like o' us thinks sin to name.

Be wary then, I say, an' never gi'e  
 Encouragement, or bound wi' sic as he.

*Peg.* Sir William's virtuous, an' o' gentle blood;  
An' may no Patrick, too, like him, be good!

*Glaud.* That's true; an' mony gentry mae than  
he,

As they are wiser, better are than we,  
But thinner sawn: they're sae puft up wi' pride,  
There's mouny o' them mocks ilk haly guide,  
That shaws the gate to heaven. I've heard mysel  
Some o' them laugh at doomsday, sin, an' hell.

*Jen.* Watch o'er us, father! heh! that's very  
odd;

Sure, him that doubts a doomsday, doubts a God!

*Glaud.* Doubt! why, they neither doubt, nor  
judge, nor think,

Nor hope, nor fear; but curse, debauch, an'  
drink:

But I'm no saying this, as if I thought  
That Patrick to sic gates wi' e'er be brought.

*Peg.* The Lord forbid! Nae, he kens better  
things.

But here comes aunt: her face some ferly brings.

*Enter MADGE.*

*Madge.* Haste, haste ye; we're a' sent for o'er  
the gate,

To hear, an' help to redd some odd debate  
'Tween Mause an' Bauldy, 'bout s.me witchcraft  
spell,

At Symon's house: the knight sits judge himsel.

*Glaud.* Lend me my staff. Madge, lock the  
outer door,

An' bring the lasses wi' ye: I'll step before.

[*Exit GLAUD.*]

*Madge.* Poor Meg! Look, Jenny, was the like  
e'er seen?

How bleared an' red wi' greeting look her een!  
This day her brankan wooer tak's his horse,  
To strut a gentle spark at Edinburgh cross;  
To change his kent, eut frae the branchy plane,  
For a nice sword an' glaneing-headed cane;  
To leave his ram-horn spoons, an' kitted whey,  
For gentler tea, that smells like new-won hay:  
To leave the green-sward dance, whan we gae  
milk,

To rustle 'mang the beauties elad in silk.  
But Meg, poor Meg! maun wi' the shepherds  
stay,

An' tak what God will send, in hoddan-gray.

*Peg.* Dear aunt, what need ye fash us wi' your  
scorn!

It's no my fault that I'm nae gentler born.  
Gif I the daughter o' some laird had been,  
I ne'er had noticed Patie on the green.  
Now, since he rises, why should I repine?  
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine;  
An' then, the like has been, if the decree  
Designs him mine, I yet his wife may be.

*Madge.* A bonny story, troth! But we delay:  
Prin up your aprons baith, an' come away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Sir William fills the two-armed chair,  
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, an' Mause  
Attend, an' wi' loud laughter hear  
Daft Bauldy bluntly plead his cause:  
For now it's telled him that the taws  
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,  
Because he brak gude-breeding's laws,  
An' wi' his nonsense raised their rage.

*Sir WILLIAM, PATIE, ROGER, SYMON, GLAUD,  
BAULDY, and MAUSE.*

*Sir Wil.* And was that all? Well, Bauldy, y'  
was served

No otherwise than what ye well deserved.  
Was it so small a matter, to defame  
And thus abuse an honest woman's name?  
Besides your going about to have betrayed,  
By perjury, an innocent young maid.

*Baul.* Sir, I confess my fault, through a' the  
steps,

An' ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

*Mause.* Thus far, sir, he obliged me, on the  
score,

I ken'd na that they thought me sic before.

*Baul.* An' like your honour, I believed it weel;  
But, troth, I was e'en doilt to seek the deil.  
Yet, wi' your honour's leave, though she's nae  
witch,

She's baith a sleet an' a revengfu' —,  
An' that my some-place finds. But I had best  
Haud in my tongue, for yonder comes the ghaist,  
An' the young bonny witch, whose rosy cheek  
Sent me, without my wit, the deil to seek.

*Enter MADGE, PEGGY, and JENNY.*

*Sir Wil.* [*looking at PEGGY.*] Whose daughter's  
she, that wears th' aurora gown,  
With face so fair, and locks a lovely brown?  
How sparkling are her eyes!—What's this I find?  
The girl brings all my sister to my mind!  
Such were the features once adorned a face,  
Which death too soon deprived of sweetest  
grace.—

Is this your daughter, Glaud?

*Glaud.* Sir, she's my niece;  
An' yet she's not: but I should haud my peace.

*Sir Wil.* This is a contradiction. What d'ye  
mean?

She is, and is not! Pray thee, Glaud, explain.

*Glaud.* Because I doubt, if I should mak' appear  
What I ha'e kept a secret thirteen year—

*Mause.* You may reveal what I can fully clear.

*Sir Wil.* Speak soon—I'm all impatience!

*Pat.* Sae am I!

For much I hope, an' hardly yet ken why.

*Glaud.* Then, since my master orders, I obey:—  
This bonny foundling, ae clear morn o' May,  
Close by the lee-side o' my door I found.  
A' sweet, an' clean, an' carefully hapt round

In infant weeds, o' rich an' gentle make.  
What could they be, thought I, did thee forsake?  
Wha, warse than brutes, could leave exposed to  
air

Sae much o' innocence, sae sweetly fair,  
Sae helpless young! for she appeared to me  
On'y about twa towmonds auld to be.  
I took her in my arms; the bairnie smiled  
Wi' sic a look, wad made a savage mild.  
I hid the story. She has passed sinsyne  
As a poor orphan, an' a niece o' mine:  
Nor do I rue my care about the wean,  
For she's weel worth the pains that I ha'e ta'en.  
Ye see she's bonny; I can swear she's gude,  
An' am right sure she's come o' gentle bluid;  
O' wham I kenna. Naething I ken mair,  
Than what I to your honour now declare.

*Sir Wil.* This tale seems strange!

*Pat.* The tale delights my ear!

*Sir Wil.* Command your joys, young man, till  
truth appear.

*Mause.* That be my task. Now, sir, bid a' be  
hush:

Peggy may smile; thou hast nae cause to blush.  
Lang ha'e I wished to see this happy day,  
That I might safely to the truth gi'e way;  
That I may now Sir William Worthy name,  
The best an' nearest friend that she can claim.  
He saw't at first, an' wi' quick eye did trace  
His sister's beauty in her daughter's face.

*Sir Wil.* Old woman, do not rave; prove what  
you say:

It's dangerous in affairs like this to play.

*Pat.* What reason, sir, can an auld woman have  
To tell a lie, when she's sae near her grave?  
But how, or why, it should be truth, I grant,  
I every thing that looks like reason want.

*Oucous.* The story's odd! We wish we heard  
it out.

*Sir Wil.* Make haste, good woman, and resolve  
each doubt.

[MAUSE goes forward, leading PEGGY to  
SIR WILLIAM.

*Mause.* Sir, view me weel: has fifteen years sae  
ploughed

A wrinkled face, that you ha'e aften viewed,  
That here I, as an unknown stranger, stand,  
Wha nursed her mother that now hauds my hand?  
Yet stronger proofs I'll gi'e, if you demand.

*Sir Wil.* Ha! honest nurse, where were my  
eyes before?

I know thy faithfulness, and need no more;  
Yet, from the labyrinth to lead out my mind,  
Say, to expose her, who was so unkind!

[SIR WILLIAM embraces PEGGY, and makes her  
sit by him.

Yes, surely, thou'rt my niece; truth must prevail.  
But no more words, till Mause relate her tale.

*Pat.* Gude nurse, gae on; nae music's haff sae  
fine,

Or can gi'e pleasure like thae words o' thine.

*Mause.* Then it was I that saved her infant life,  
Her death being threatened by an uncle's wife.  
The story's lang; but I the secret knew,  
How they pursued, wi' avaricious view,  
Her rich estate, o' which they're now possess:  
All this to me a confident confest.

I heard wi' horror, an' wi' trembling dread,  
They'd smoor the sakeless orphan in her bed.  
That very night, when all were sunk in rest,  
At midnight hour the floor I softly prest,  
An' staw the sleeping innocent away,  
Wi' whom I travelled some few miles ere day.  
A' day I hid me. When the day was done,  
I kept my journey, lighted by the moon,  
Till eastward fifty miles I reached these plains,  
Where needfu' plenty glads your cheerfu' swains.  
Afraid of being found out, I, to secure  
My charge, e'en laid her at this shepherd's door,  
An' took a neighbouring cottage here, that I,  
Whate'er should happen to her, might be by.  
Here honest Gland himsel, an' Symon, may  
Remember weel how I that very day  
Frae Roger's father took my little cruve.

[*Gland.* *Wri' tears of joy happying down his beard.*]  
I weel remember't. Lord reward your love!  
Lang ha'e I wished for this; for aft I thought  
Sic knowledge some time should about be brought.

*Pat.* It's now a crime to doubt: my joys are full,  
Wi' due obedience to my parent's will.

Sir, wi' paternal love, survey her charms,  
An' blame me not for rushing to her arms.  
She's mine by vows; an' wad, though still unknown,  
Ha'e been my wife, when I my vows durst own.

*Sir Wil.* My niece, my daughter! welcome to  
my care.

Sweet image of thy mother, good and fair!  
Equal with Patrick. Now my greatest aim  
Shall be to aid your joys and well-matched flame.  
My boy, receive her from your father's hand,  
With as good will as either would demand.

[PATIE and PEGGY embrace, and kneel to  
SIR WILLIAM.

*Pat.* Wi' as much joy this blessing I receive,  
As ae wad life that's sinking in a wave.

*Sir Wil.* [*raises them.*] I give you both my bless-  
ing. May your love

Produce a happy race, and still improve.  
*Peg.* My wishes are complete; my joys arise,  
While I'm haff dizzy wi' the blest surprise.

An' am I then a match for my ain lad,  
That for me so much generous kindness had?  
Lang may Sir William bless thae happy plains,  
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains!

*Pat.* Be lang our guardian, still our master be;  
We'll only crave what you shall please to gi'e:  
The estate be yours, my Peggy's aye to me.

[*Gland.* I hope your honour now will tak' amends  
O' them that sought her life for wicked ends.

*Sir Wil.* The base unnatural villain soon shall  
know  
That eyes above watch the affairs below.



I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,  
And make him reimburse his ill-got gains.

*Peg.* To me the views o' wealth an' an estate  
Seem light, when put in balance wi' my Pate:  
For his sake only I'll aye thankfu' bow,  
For sic a kindness, best o' men, to you.

*Sym.* What double blythness wakens up this  
day!

I hope now, sir, you'll no soon haste away.  
Shall I unsaddle your horse, an' gar prepare  
A dinner for ye o' hale country fare?  
See how much joy unwrinkles every brow;  
Our looks hing on the twa, an' doat on you.  
E'en Bauldy, the bewitched, has quite forgot  
Fell Madge's taws, an' pawky Mause's plot.

*Sir Wil.* Kindly old man! remain with you  
this day?

I never from these fields again will stray.  
Masons and wrights my house shall soon repair,  
And busy gardeners shall new planting rear.  
My father's hearty table you soon shall see  
Restored, and my best friends rejoice with me.

*Sym.* That's the best news I heard this twenty  
year!

New day breaks up, rough times begin to clear.  
*Glaud.* God save the King, an' save Sir William  
lang,

T' enjoy their ain, an' raise the shepherds' sang.  
*Rog.* Wha winna dance? Wha will refuse to  
sing?

What shepherd's whistle winna lilt the spring?

*Baul.* I'm friends wi' Mause—wi' very Madge  
I'm 'greed,

Although they skeplit me when woody fleid:  
I'm now fu' blythe, an' fran'ly can forgive,  
To join an' sing, "Lang may Sir William live!"

*Madge.* Lang may he live! An', Bauldy, learn  
to steek

Your gab awee, an' think before ye speak;  
An' never ca' her auld that want's a man,  
Else ye may yet some witch's fingers ban.  
This day I'll wi' the youngest o' ye rant,  
An' brag for aye that I was ca'd the aunty  
O' our young lady, my dear bonny bairn!

*Peg.* Nae ither name I'll ever for you learn.  
An', my gude nurse, how shall I gratefu' be  
For a' thy matchless kindness done for me?

*Mause.* The flowing pleasures o' this happy  
day

Does fully a' I can require repay.

*Sir Wil.* To faithful Symon, and, kind Glaud,  
to you,

An' to your heirs, I give, in endless feu,  
The mailens ye possess, as justly due,  
For acting like kind fathers to the pair,  
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.  
Mause, in my house, in calmness, close your days,  
With nought to do but sing your Maker's praise.

*Onnes.* The Lord o' Heaven return your hon-  
our's love,

Confirm your joys, an' a' your blessings roove!

[*PATIE, presenting ROGER to SIR WILLIAM.*

*Pat.* Sir, here's my trusty friend, that always  
shared

My bosom secrets, ere I was a laird:  
Glaud's daughter, Janet (Jenny, think nae shame)  
Raised, an' maintains in him a lover's flame.  
Lang was he dumb; at last he spak' an' won,  
An' hopes to be our honest uncle's son.  
Be pleased to speak to Glaud for his consent,  
That nane may wear a face o' discontent.

*Sir Wil.* My son's demand is fair. Glaud, let  
me crave

That trusty Roger may your daughter have,  
With frank consent; and, while he does remain  
Upon these fields, I make him chamberlain.

*Glaud.* You crowd your bounties, sir. What  
can we say,

But that we're dyvours that can ne'er repay?

Whate'er your honour wills, I sall obey.  
Roger, my daughter, wi' a blessing, tak',  
An' still our master's right your business mak'.  
Please him, be faithfu', an' this auld gray head  
Sall nod wi' quietness down among the dead.

*Rog.* I ne'er was gude o' speaking a' my days,  
Or ever lo'ed to mak' owre great a fraise;  
But for my master, father, an' my wife,  
I will employ the cares o' a' my life.

*Sir Wil.* My friends, I'm satisfied you'll all  
behave,

Each in his station, as I'd wish or crave.  
Be ever virtuous, soon or late you'll find  
Reward, an' satisfaction to your mind.  
The maze of life sometimes looks dark an' wild;  
And oft when hopes are highest we're beguiled.  
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,  
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.  
Now, all's at right, who sings best let me hear.

*Peg.* When you demand, I readiest should  
obey:

I'll sing you ane, the newest that I ha'e.

SANG XXII.

*Tune*—"Corn-riggs are bonny."

My Patie is a lover gaudy,  
His mind is never mudd;  
His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
His face is fair an' ruddy.  
His shape is handsome, middle size:  
He's comely in his walking;  
The shining o' his een surprise;  
It's heaven to hear him talking.

Last night I met him on a bauk,  
Whare yellow corn was growing:  
There mony a kindly word he spak',  
That set my heart a-glowing.  
He kissed an' vowed he wad be mine,  
An' lo'ed me best o' ony;  
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,  
O corn-riggs are bonny!

Let lasses o' a silly mind  
 Refuse what maist they're wanting:  
 Since we for yielding were designed,  
 We chastely should be granting.  
 Then I'll comply, an' marry Pate,  
 An' syne my cockernony,  
 He's free to touzle air or late,  
 Where corn-riggs are bonny.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

### THE VISION.

Bedown the bents of Banquo brae,  
 My lane I wandered waif and wae,  
 Musing our main mischance;  
 How by the foes we are undoue,  
 That stole the saered stane<sup>1</sup> frae Scone,  
 And led us sic a dance:  
 While England's Edwards take our towers,  
 And Scotland first obeys:  
 Rude ruffians ransack royal bowers,  
 And Baliol homage pays;  
 Through feidom, our freedom  
 Is blotted with this score,  
 What Roman's, or no man's,  
 Pith could e'er do before.

The air grew rough with bousteous thuds,  
 Bauld Boreas branglit onthrow the clouds,  
 Maist like a drunken wight;  
 The thunder crack'd, and flauchts did rift  
 Frae the blaek vizard of the lift;  
 The forest shook with fright:  
 Nae birds aboon their wing exten',  
 They dought not bide the blast:  
 Hk beast bedeen bang'd to their den,  
 Until the storm was past:  
 Hk creature in nature  
 That had a spunk of sense,  
 In need then, with speed then,  
 Methought cried, "IN DEFENCE!"

To see a morn in May sae ill,  
 I deem'd dame Nature was gane will  
 To roar with reckless reil;  
 Wherefore to put me out of pain,  
 And sence my scap and shanks frae rain,  
 I bore me to a biel,  
 Up a high craig that hungit afloat,  
 Out owre a cunny cave,  
 A curious grove of nature's craft,  
 Which to me shelter gave:  
 There vexed, perplexed,  
 I lean'd me down to weep;

<sup>1</sup> This stone is preserved in Westminster Abbey

In brief there, with grief there,  
 I dotter'd owre on sleep.

Here Somnus in his silent hand  
 Held all my senses at command,  
 While I forgot my care;  
 The mildest meed of mortal wights,  
 Who pass in peace the private nights,  
 That, waking, finds it rare;  
 So in soft slumbers did I lie,  
 But not my wakerife mind,  
 Which still stood watch, and could espy  
 A man with aspect kind,  
 Right auld-like, and bauld-like,  
 With beard three-quarters scant,  
 Sae brave-like, and grave-like,  
 He seem'd to be a sanet.

Great daring darted frae his eye,  
 A broadsword shogled at his thigh,  
 On his left arm a targe;  
 A shining spear fill'd his right hand,  
 Of stalwart make in bone and braun,  
 Of just proportions large;  
 A various rainbow-coloured plaid  
 Owre his left spaul he threw,  
 Down his braid back, frae his white head,  
 The silver wimplers grew;  
 Amazed, I gazed,  
 To see, led at command,  
 A strampant and rampant  
 Fierce lion in his hand,

Which held a thistle in his paw,  
 And round his collar grav'd I saw  
 This poesy, pat and plain:  
 "Nemo me impune lacess —  
 Et." In Scots, "Nane shall oppress  
 Me, unpunished with pain!"  
 Still shaking, I durst naething say,  
 Till he, with kind accent,  
 Said, "Fere! Let not thy heart affray,  
 I come to hear thy plaint;  
 Thy groaning, and moaning,  
 Hath lately reach'd mine ear;  
 Debar then, afar then,  
 All ciriness or fear.

"For I am one of a high station,  
 The warden of this ancient nation,  
 And cannot do thee wrang."  
 I vizyt him then round about,  
 Syne, with a resolution stout,  
 Speir'd, where had he been sae lang?  
 Quoth he, "Although I some forsook,  
 Because they did me slight,  
 To hills and glens I me betook,  
 To them that loves my right;

Whose minds yet, inclines yet,  
To dam the rapid spate,  
Devising, and prizing,  
Freedom at ony rate.

“Our traitor peers their tyrants treat,  
Who gibe them, and their substance eat,  
And on their honour stamp.  
They, puir degenerates, bend their backs,  
The victor, Longshanks, proudly cracks  
He has blawn out our lamp.  
While true men, sair complaining, tell  
With sobs their silent grief,  
How Baliol their rights did sell,  
With small hope of relief.  
Regretting, and fretting,  
Aye at his cursed plot,  
Who rammed, and erammed,  
That bargain down their throat.

“Brave gentry swear, and burghers ban;  
Revenge is muttered by each clan  
That’s to the nation true.  
The cloisters come to cun the evil,  
Mailpayers wish it to the devil,  
With its contriving crew.  
The hardy would with hearty wills  
Upon dire vengeance fall;  
The feckless fret owre heughs and hills,  
And echo answers all;  
Repeating, and greeting,  
With mony a sair apace,  
For blasting, and casting,  
Our honour in disgrace!”

“Wae’s me!” quoth I, “our case is bad;  
And mony of us are gane mad,  
Sin’ this disgraceful paction.  
We’re fell’d and harried now by force,  
And hardly help for’t, that’s yet worse,  
We are sae forfairn wi’ faction.  
Then has he not good cause to grumble,  
That’s fore’d to be a slave?  
Oppression does the judgment jumble,  
And gars a wise man rave.  
May chains then, and pains then,  
Infernal be their hire,  
Who dang us, and flang us,  
Into this ugsome mire!”

Then he, with bauld forbidding look,  
And stately air, did me rebuke,  
For being of sprite sae mean.  
Said he, “It’s far beneath a Scot  
To use weak curses, when his lot  
May sometime sour his spleen.  
He rather should, mair like a man,  
Some brave design attempt,

Gif it’s not in his pith, what then?  
Rest but a while content;  
Not fearful, but cheerful,  
And wait the will of fate,  
Which minds to, designs to.  
Renew your ancient state.

“I ken some mair than ye do all  
Of what shall afterward befall  
In mair auspicious times;  
For often, far above the moon,  
We watching beings do convene,  
Frae round earth’s utmost climes;  
Where every warden represents  
Clearly his nation’s case,  
Gif famine, pest, or sword torments,  
Or villains high in place,  
Who keep aye, and heap aye,  
Up to themselves great store,  
By rundging, and spunging,  
The leal laborious poor.”

“Say then,” said I, “at your high state,  
Learn’d ye aught of auld Scotland’s fate,  
Gif e’er she’ll be hersell?”  
With smile celest, quoth he, “I can;  
But it’s not fit a mortal man  
Should ken all I can tell:  
But part to thee I may unfold,  
And thou mayst safely ken,  
When Scottish peers slight Saxon gold,  
And turn true-hearted men:  
When knavery, and slavery,  
Are equally despis’d,  
And loyalty, and royalty,  
Universally are priz’d,—

“When all your trade is at a stand,  
And cunyie clean forsakes the land,  
Which will be very soon;  
Will priests without their stipends preach?  
For naught will lawyers causes stretch?  
Faith! that’s na easy done!  
All this, and mair, maun come to pass  
To clear your glamour’d sight,  
And Scotland maun be made an ass  
To set her judgment right.  
They’ll jade her, and blad her,  
Until she break her tether:  
Though auld she is, yet bauld she is,  
And tough like barked leather.

“But mony a corpse shall breathless lie,  
And wae shall mony a widow cry,  
Or all run right again:  
O’er Cheviot, prancing proudly north,  
The foes shall take the field near Forth,  
And think the day their ain.

But burns that day shall run with blood  
 Of them that now oppress,  
 Their carcases be corbies' food  
 By thousands on the grass.  
 A king then, shall reign then,  
 Of wise renown and brave.  
 Whose puissance, and sapience,  
 Shall right restore and save."

"The view of freedom's sweet!" quoth I.

"O say, great tenant of the sky,  
 How near's that happy time?"

"We ken things but by circumstance;  
 Nae mair," quoth he, "I may advance,  
 Lest I commit a crime."

"Whate'er ye please, gae on," quoth I,  
 "I shall not fash ye more,  
 Say how and where ye met, and why,  
 As ye did hint before."

With air then, sae fair then,  
 That glanc'd like rays of glory,  
 Sae god like and odd-like,  
 He thus resumed his story.

"Frae the sun's rising to his set,  
 All the prime rate of wardens met,  
 In solemn bright array,  
 With vehicles of ether clear,  
 Such as we put on when we appear  
 To souls row'd up in clay;  
 There in a wide and splendid hall,  
 Reared up with shining beams,  
 Whose roof-trees were of rainbows all,  
 And paved with starry gleams,  
 That prinkled, and twinkled,  
 Brightly beyond compare,  
 Much famed, and named,  
 The Castle in the Air.

"In midst of which a table stood,  
 A spacious oval red as blood,  
 Made of a fire-flaucht;  
 Around the dazzling walls were drawn,  
 With rays by a celestial ham,  
 Full many a curious draught.  
 Inferior beings flew in haste,  
 Without guide or director,  
 Millions of miles, through the wild waste,  
 To bring in bowls of nectar.  
 Then roundly, and soundly,  
 We drank like Roman gods,  
 When Jove sae, does rove sae,  
 That Mars and Bacchus nods.

"When Phoebus' head turns light as cork,  
 And Neptune leans upon his fork,  
 And limping Vulcan blethers;  
 When Pluto glowers as he were wild,

And Cupid (Love's wee winged child)  
 Falls down and fyles his feathers;  
 When Pan forgets to tune his reed,  
 And flings it careless by;  
 And Hermes, wing'd at heels and head,  
 Can neither stand nor lie:  
 When staggering, and swaggering,  
 They stoiter home to sleep;  
 While sentries, and entries,  
 Immortal watches keep.

"Thus we took in the high brown liquor,  
 And bang'd about the nectar bicker;  
 But ever with this odds—  
 We ne'er in drink our judgments drench,  
 Nor scour about to seek a wench,  
 Like these auld bawdy gods;  
 But frankly at each other ask  
 What's proper we should know,  
 How each one has performed the task  
 Assigned to him below.  
 Our minds, then, sae kind then,  
 Are fixed upon our care,  
 Aye plotting, and plotting,  
 What tends to their weelfare.

"Gothus and Vandal baith look'd bluff,  
 While Gallus sneered and took a snuff,  
 Which made Almaine to stare;  
 Latinus bade him nothing fear,  
 But lend his hand to holy weir,  
 And of cow'd crowns tak' care.  
 Batavius, with his puddock-face,  
 Looking asquint, cried, 'Pish!  
 Your monks are void of sense or grace,  
 I had lever fight for fish;  
 Your school-men are fool-men,  
 Carv'd out for dull debates,  
 Decoying, and destroying,  
 Baith monarchies and states.'

"Iberius, with gurly nod,  
 Cried, 'Hogan,' yes, we ken your god,  
 It's herrings ye adore!  
 Heptarehus, as he used to be,  
 Cannot with his ain thoughts agree,  
 But varies back and fore.  
 One while he says it is not right  
 A monarch to resist;  
 Next breath all royal power will slight,  
 And passive homage jest.  
 He hitches, and fitches,  
 Between the *hic* and *hoc*,  
 Aye geeing, and fleeing,  
 Round like a weather-cock.

<sup>1</sup> A name of contempt for the Dutch.

“ I still support my precedence  
 Aboon them all, for sword and sense,  
 Though I have lain right low;  
 Which was because I bore a grudge  
 At some fool Scots who lik'd to drudge  
 To princes not their own.  
 Some thanes their tenants pyk'd and squeez'd  
 And purs'd up all their rent.  
 Syne wallop'd to far courts, and bleez'd  
 Till riggs and shaws were spent.  
 Syne byndging, and whyndging,  
 When thus reduced to howps,  
 They dander, and wander,  
 About, puir lick-ma-dowps!

“ But now it's time for me to draw  
 My shining sword against club-law,  
 And gar my lion roar;  
 He shall or lang gie sic a sound,  
 The echo shall be heard around  
 Europe, frae shore to shore.  
 Then let them gather all their strength,  
 And strive to work my fall;  
 Though numerous, yet at the length  
 I will o'ercome them all;  
 And raise yet, and blaze yet,  
 My bravery and renown,  
 By gracing, and placing,  
 Aright the Scottish crown.

“ When my brave Bruce the same shall weir  
 Upon his royal head, full cleir  
 The diadem will shine;  
 Then shall your sair oppression cease,  
 His interest yours he will not fleece,  
 Nor leave you e'er incline:  
 Though millions to his purse be lent,  
 You'll ne'er the puirer be,  
 But rather richer while it's spent  
 Within the Scottish sea.  
 The field then, shall yield then,  
 To honest husbands' wealth;  
 Good laws then, shall cause then,  
 A sickly state have health.”

While thus he talk'd methought there came  
 A wonder-fair ethereal dame,  
 And to our warden said—  
 “ Great Caledon! I come in search  
 Of you frae the high stary arch,  
 The council wants your aid.  
 Frae every quarter of the sky,  
 As swift as whirlwind,  
 With spirits' speed the chieftains hie;  
 Some great thing is designed.  
 Owre mountains, by fountains,  
 And round each fairy ring,  
 I've chased ye: O haste ye,  
 They talk about your king!”

With that my hand, methought, he shook,  
 And wish'd I happiness might brook  
 To eild by night and day;  
 Syne, quicker than an arrow's flight,  
 He mounted upwards frae my sight,  
 Straight to the Milky Way.  
 My mind him followed through the skies,  
 Until the briny stream  
 For joy ran trickling frae mine eyes,  
 And wak'd me frae my dream.  
 Then peeping, half sleeping,  
 Frae furth my rural field,  
 It eased me, and pleased me,  
 To see and smell the field.

For Flora, in her clean array,  
 New washen with a shower of May,  
 Looked full sweet and fair;  
 While her clear husband frae above,  
 Shed down his rays of genial love,  
 Her sweets perfum'd the air.  
 The winds were hush'd, the welkin clear'd,  
 The glooming clouds were fled,  
 And all as soft and gay appear'd  
 As an Elysian shed:  
 Whilk heezed, and bleezed,  
 My heart with sic a fire,  
 As raises these praises,  
 That do to heaven aspire.

### LOCHABER NO MORE.<sup>1</sup>

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,  
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been:  
 For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,  
 We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.  
 These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,  
 And no for the dangers attending on wear;  
 Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,  
 Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,  
 They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my  
 mind;  
 Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,  
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.  
 To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd;  
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd;  
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,  
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

<sup>1</sup> The Lass of Patie's Mill, the Yellow-hair'd Laddie, Farewell to Lochaber, and some others, must be allowed equal to any, and even superior, in point of pastoral simplicity, to most lyric productions either in the Scottish or any other language.—*Joseph Ritson.*

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse;  
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?  
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,  
 And without thy favour I'd better not be.  
 I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,  
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,  
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,  
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more

---

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE  
 MOOR.

The last time I came o'er the moor  
 I left my love behind me;  
 Ye powers! what pain do I endure,  
 When soft ideas mind me!  
 Soon as the ruddy morn displayed  
 The beaming day ensuing,  
 I met betimes my lovely maid,  
 In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chastely sporting;  
 We kissed and promised time away,  
 Till night spread her dark curtain.  
 I pitied all beneath the skies,  
 E'en kings, when she was nigh me;  
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,  
 Where mortal steel may wound me;  
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,  
 Where dangers may surround me;  
 Yet hopes again to see my love,  
 To feast on glowing kisses,  
 Shall make my cares at distance move,  
 In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place  
 To let a rival enter;  
 Since she excels in every grace,  
 In her my love shall centre.  
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,  
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,  
 She shall a lover find me;  
 And that my faith is firm and pure,  
 Though I left her behind me:  
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain  
 My heart to her fair bosom;  
 There, while my being does remain,  
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.<sup>1</sup>

The lass of Patie's Mill,  
 So bonny, blythe, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,  
 She stole my heart away.  
 When tedding of the hay,  
 Bareheaded on the green,  
 Love 'midst her locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her ken.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their dawn,  
 To age it would give youth  
 To press them with his hand.  
 Thro' all my spirits ran  
 An ecstacy of bliss,  
 When I such sweetness fan'  
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,  
 Like flowers that grace the wild,  
 She did her sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected pride,  
 She me to love beguil'd;  
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth  
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,  
 Insur'd lang life and health,  
 And pleasure at my will;  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The lass of Patie's Mill,  
 Should share the same with me.

---

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,  
 They are twa bonnie lasses,  
 They bigged a bow'r on yon burn brae,  
 And checked it ower wi' rushes.

---

<sup>1</sup> Burns in a letter to Mr. Thompson gives the following history of the song. He says that Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudoun Castle, being on a visit to the Earl of Loudoun, and one forenoon riding or walking out together, they passed a sweet romantic spot on Irvine water, still called Patie's Mill, where a bonnie lass was "tedding hay bareheaded on the green." The earl observed to Allan that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind he composed the first sketch of the Lass of Patie's Mill, which he produced that day at dinner.

Fair Bessy Bell I lo'ed yestreen,  
And thought I ne'er could alter,  
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,  
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap;  
She smiles like a May morning,  
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,  
The hills wi' rays adorning:  
White is her neck, saft is her hand,  
Her waist and feet's fu' genty,  
Wi' ilka grace she can command,  
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like the crow,  
Her een like diamonds glances;  
She's aye sae clean redd up, and braw,  
She kills whene'er she dauces:  
Blythe as a kid, wi' wit at will,  
She blooming, tight, and tall is:  
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,  
O Jove! she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
Ye unco sair oppress us,  
Our fancies jee between ye twa,  
Ye are sic bonnie lasses:  
Waes me, for baith I canna get,  
To aye by law we're stented:  
Then I'll draw cuts, and take my fate,  
And be wi' aye contented.

## THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,  
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain,  
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go  
To woods and deep glens where the hawthorn-  
trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,  
With freedom he sung his loves, evening and  
morn:  
He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,  
That sylvans and fairies, unseen, danced around.

The shepherd thus sung: "Though young Maddie  
be fair,  
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air:  
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing:  
Her breath's like the breezes perfumed in the  
spring.

"That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,  
Like the moon, was inconstant, and never spoke  
truth;  
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free.  
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

"That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great  
dower,  
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour."  
Then sighing, he wished, would but parents agree,  
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

## ROBERT CRAWFORD.

BORN 1690—DIED 1733.

ROBERT CRAWFORD, author of the beautiful pastoral ballad of "Tweedside," was born about the year 1690. He was a cadet of the family of Drumsoy, and is sometimes called William Crawford of Auchinames, a mistake in part arising from Lord Woodhouselee misapplying an expression in one of Hamilton of Bangour's letters regarding a *Will* Crawford. His father, Patrick Crawford (or Crawford), was twice married, first to a daughter of a Gordon of Turnberry, by whom he had two sons—Thomas, and Robert the poet; second to Jean, daughter of Crawford of Auchinames, in Renfrewshire, by whom he had a large family. Hence the mistake of making the poet belong to the

Auchinames family. He was on terms of intimacy with Allan Ramsay and William Hamilton of Bangour. He assisted the former in "the glory or the shame" of composing new songs for many old Scottish melodies, which appeared in Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*, published in the year 1724, and is one of the "ingenious young gentlemen" of whom the editor speaks as contributors to his *Miscellany*.

Crawford is said to have been a remarkably handsome man, and to have spent many years in Paris. Mr. Ramsay of Ochertyre, in a letter to Dr. Blacklock, dated Oct. 27, 1787, says: "You may tell Mr. Burns when you see him that Colonel Edmonston told me t'other

day that his cousin Colonel George Crawford was no poet, but a great singer of songs: but that his eldest brother Robert (by a former marriage) had a great turn that way, having written the words of 'The Bush aboon Traquair' and 'Tweedside.' That the Mary to whom it was addressed was Mary Stewart, of the Castlemilk family, afterwards wife of Mr. John Belches. The colonel (Edmonston) never saw Robert Crawford, though he was at his burial fifty-five years ago. He was a pretty young man, and lived long in France." According to Sir Walter Scott, the Mary celebrated in "Tweedside" was of the Harden family, a descendant of another famed beauty, Mary Scott of Dryhope, in Selkirkshire, known by the name of 'the Flower of Yarrow.' Harden is an estate on the Tweed, about four miles from Melrose. Mr. Ramsay's letter fixes Crawford's death in the year 1732, while according to information obtained by Robert Burns from another source, he was drowned in coming from France in 1733. Such are the few details we possess concerning one of Scotland's sweetest singers.

Of the many beautiful songs written by Crawford the most celebrated are "Tweedside" and "The Bush aboon Traquair." Speaking of the last-mentioned lyric, Dr. Robert Chambers, a native of Peebles, says:—"The Bush aboon Traquair' was a small grove of birches

that formerly adorned the west bank of the Quair water, in Peeblesshire, about a mile from Traquair House, the seat of the Earl of Traquair. But only a few spectral-looking remains now denote the spot so long celebrated in the popular poetry of Scotland. Leafless even in summer, and scarcely to be observed upon the bleak hill-side, they form a truly melancholy memorial of what must once have been an object of great pastoral beauty, as well as the scene of many such fond attachments as that delineated in the following verses." Crawford, who has genuine poetical fancy and great sweetness of expression, gives us many beautiful images of domestic life. His pipe, like the pipe of Ramsay, is

"A dainty whistle with a pleasant sound,"

and it summons to modest love and chaste joy. Like the voice of the cuckoo, it calls us to the green hills, the budding trees, and the rivulet bank; to the sound of water and the sight of opening flowers. "The true muse of native pastoral," says Allan Cunningham, "seeks not to adorn herself with unnatural ornament; her spirit is in homely love and fireside joy; tender and simple, like the religion of the land, she utters nothing out of keeping with the character of her people and the aspect of the soil—and of this spirit, and of this feeling, Crawford is a large partaker."

## THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,  
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;  
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
Unheeded, never move her;  
At the bonnie bush aboon Traquair,  
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,  
No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
So sweetly there to find her.  
I tried to soothe my amorous flame  
In words that I thought tender:  
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
The fields we then frequented;  
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
The bonnie bush bloom'd fair in May,  
In sweets I'll aye remember;  
But now her frowns make it decay,  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
Then let her smiles relieve me.  
If not, my love will turn despair,  
My passion no more tender,  
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,  
To lonely wilds I'll wander.



## ONE DAY I HEARD MARY.

One day I heard Mary say, How shall I leave thee?  
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay; why wilt thou grieve  
me?

Alas! my fond heart will break, if thou should  
leave me:  
I'll live and die for thy sake, yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say, has Mary deceived thee?  
Did e'er her young heart betray new love, that  
has grieved thee?

My constant mind ne'er shall stray, thou may  
believe me.

I'll love thee, lad, night and day, and never leave  
thee.

Adonis, my charming youth, what can relieve  
thee?

Can Mary thy anguish soothe? This breast shall  
receive thee.

My passion can ne'er decay, never deceive thee;  
Delight shall drive pain away, pleasure revive  
thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad, how shall I leave  
thee?

Oh! that thought makes me sad; I'll never leave  
thee!

Where would my Adonis fly? why does he grieve  
me?

Alas! my poor heart will die, if I should leave thee.

## LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

The morn was fair, saft was the air,  
All nature's sweets were springing:  
The buds did bow with silver dew,  
Ten thousand birds were singing:  
When on the bent with blythe content,  
Young Jamie sang his marrow,  
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass  
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace  
In heav'nly beauty's planted!  
Her smiling een and comely mien,  
That nae perfection wanted.  
I'll never fret nor ban my fate,  
But bless my bonnie marrow:  
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,  
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet though she's fair, and has full share  
Of every charm enchanting,  
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill  
Poor me, if love be wanting.

O, bonnie lass! have but the grace  
To think ere ye gae further,  
Your joys maun flit if you commit  
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,  
And day and night affright ye;  
But if ye're kind, with joyful mind,  
I'll study to delight ye.

Our years around, with love thus crown'd,  
From all things joy shall borrow:  
Thus none shall be more blest than we,  
On Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

O, sweetest Sue! 'tis only you  
Can make life worth my wishes,  
If equal love your mind can move,  
To grant this best of blisses.  
Thou art my sun, and thy least frown  
Would blast me in the blossom:  
But if thou shine and make me thine,  
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

## TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose!  
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,  
Both nature and fancy exceed.  
Nor daisy nor sweet-blushing rose,  
Not all the gay flowers of the field,  
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,  
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,  
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
The blackbird and sweet-cooing dove,  
With music enchant ev'ry bush.  
Come, let us go forth to the mead,  
Let us see how the primroses spring:  
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?  
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
Do they never carelessly stray,  
While happily she lies asleep?  
Should Tweed's murmurs lull her to rest  
Kind nature indulging my bliss,  
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
No beauty with her may compare:  
Love's graces all round her do dwell,  
She's fairest where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed?  
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,  
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

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MY DEARIE, IF THOU DEE.

Love never more shall give me pain,  
 My fancy's fixed on thee,  
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,  
 My Peggy, if thou dee.  
 Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,  
 Thy love's so true to me,  
 Without thee I can never live,  
 My dearie, if thou dee.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,  
 How shall I lonely stray:  
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,  
 In sighs the silent day.  
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,  
 Nor such perfection see;  
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,  
 My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart  
 With Cupid's raving rage;  
 But thine, which can such sweets impart,  
 Must all the world engage.  
 'Twas this, that like the morning sun,  
 Gave joy and life to me;  
 And when its destin'd day is done  
 With Peggy let me dee.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,  
 And in such pleasure share;  
 You who its faithful flames approve,  
 With pity view the fair:  
 Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,  
 Those charms so dear to me!  
 Oh! never rob them from these arms—  
 I'm lost if Peggy dee.

---

DOUN THE BURN, DAVIE.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,  
 And broom bloom'd fair to see;  
 When Mary was complete fifteen,  
 And love laugh'd in her e'e;  
 Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move  
 To speak her mind thus free;  
 Gang doun the burn, Davie, love,  
 And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass  
 That dwelt on this burnside;  
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,  
 Just meet to be a bride:  
 Her cheeks were rosie, red, and white;  
 Her een were bonnie blue;  
 Her looks were like the morning bright,  
 Her lips like dropping dew.

As doun the burn they took their way,  
 And through the flow'ry dale;  
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,  
 And love was aye the tale;  
 With, Mary when shall we return,  
 Sic pleasure to renew?  
 Quoath Mary, Love, I like the burn,  
 And aye will follow you.<sup>1</sup>

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WHEN SUMMER COMES.

When summer comes, the swains on Tweed  
 Sing their successful loves;  
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,  
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknowes;  
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,  
 And won my yielding heart;  
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed  
 Could play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,  
 The hills and dales all round,  
 Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side—  
 Oh! how I bless'd the sound!

Yet more delightful is the broom  
 So fair on Cowdenknowes;  
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom  
 Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,  
 May with this broom compare;  
 Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,  
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknowes,  
 My peaceful, happy home  
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes,  
 At ev'n among the broom.

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<sup>1</sup> The last stanza was added by Burns.—Ed.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains,  
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,  
 Convey me to the best of swains,  
 And my lov'd Cowdenknowes.

— — —

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

Beneath a beech's grateful shade  
 Young Colin lay complaining;  
 He sigh'd and seem'd to love a maid,  
 Without hopes of obtaining;  
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief:  
 Though pity cannot move thee,  
 Though thy hard heart gives no relief,  
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,  
 That thou thus cruelly use him?  
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone  
 For which you should excuse him:

'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,  
 This fire by which I languish;  
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,  
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,  
 Where every maid invites me;  
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,  
 For thee that only slights me:  
 This love that fires my faithful heart  
 By all but thee's commended.  
 Oh! would thou act so good a part,  
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,  
 Seem'd tenderness all over,  
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel  
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.  
 Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,  
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,  
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,  
 My Peggy, I must love thee.

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ALEXANDER ROSS.

BORN 1699 — DIED 1784.

ALEXANDER ROSS was born at Torphins, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, April 13, 1699. He was the son of Andrew Ross, a small farmer in easy circumstances, and received his education at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he took the degree of Master of Arts in 1718. Soon after leaving the university he was engaged as tutor in the family of Sir William Forbes, of Craigievar and Fintray, and then as teacher at the parish school of Aboyne, subsequently at that of Laureneekirk. In 1726 he married Jane Catanach, the daughter of an Aberdeenshire farmer, and descended by her mother from the old family of Duguid of Auchinhove. In 1732 he was appointed schoolmaster of Loehlee, a wild and thinly-peopled district in Forfarshire, where he spent the remainder of his simple and uneventful life in the discharge of the duties of his humble office. It was not until he had resided here for thirty-six years, that, in the year 1768, when he was nearly seventy, Ross appeared before the public as a

poet. So early as his sixteenth year he had commenced writing verse; a translation from the Latin of Buchanan, composed at that age, having been published by his grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, in a memoir of the poet, prefixed to an edition of his first work "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," printed at Dundee in 1812. This beautiful pastoral poem and some songs, among which were "The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow," and "Wood and Married and a'," was first published at Aberdeen in 1768. A second edition appeared in 1778, dedicated to the Duchess of Gordon, and the work has since been frequently reprinted. On its first publication a letter highly laudatory of the poem appeared in the *Aberdeen Journal*, under the fictitious signature of Oliver Oldstile, accompanied by an epistle in verse to the author, from the pen of the poet Dr. Beattie, being the latter's only attempt in the Scots vernacular. We append the first stanza, of which there are sixteen in the epistle:—

“ O Ross, thou wale of hearty cocks,  
 Sae crouse and canty with thy jokes!  
 Thy hamely auld-world mause provokes  
 Me for awhile  
 To aye our guid plain countra folks  
 In verse and stile.”

In the north of Scotland, where the Buchan dialect is spoken, “The Fortunate Shepherdess” continues to be as popular as the productions of Ramsay and Burns, while some of his lyrics are universal favourites. In 1779, when eighty years of age, he was invited by the Duke and Duchess of Gordon to visit them at Gordon Castle. He accepted the invitation, extended to him through his friend Dr. Beattie, remaining at the castle some days. Says his grandson and biographer, “he was honoured with much attention and kindness both by the duke and duchess, and was presented by the latter with an elegant pocket-book, containing a handsome present, when he returned to Lochlee, in good health and with great satisfaction.” The next year he lost his wife, who died at the advanced age of eighty-two, and to whose memory he erected a tombstone with a poetical epitaph. He himself did not long survive her: on May 20th, 1784, “worn out with age and infirmity, being in his eighty-sixth year, he breathed his last, with the com-

posure, resignation, and hope becoming a Christian.” He left in manuscript eight small volumes of poems and other compositions, an account of which is given in Campbell’s *Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland*.

Ross’s reputation must, however, rest upon his “Fortunate Shepherdess,” and the songs which were published with it, rather than upon his unpublished writings, which his friend Beattie advised should be suppressed. Burns has written of our author, “Our true brother Ross of Lochlee was a wild warlock;” and the celebrated Dr. Blacklock, says Irving, “as I have heard from one of his pupils, regarded it (‘The Fortunate Shepherdess’) as equal to the pastoral of Ramsay.” On the first appearance of Ross’s principal poem Beattie predicted—

“ And ilka Mearns and Angus bairn  
 Thy tales and sangs by heart shall learn.”

The prediction has been verified, and a hope which he expressed in one of his unpublished poems has been fully realized:—

“ Hence lang, perhaps, lang hence may quoted be,  
 My hamely proverbs lined wi’ blythesome glee;  
 Some reader then may say, ‘Fair fa’ ye, Ross,’  
 When, aiblins, I’ll be lang, lang dead and gane,  
 An’ few remember there was sic a name.”

## THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

There was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,  
 And she wad gae try the spinnin’ o’t;  
 She louted her doun, and her rock took a-low,  
 And that was a bad beginnin’ o’t.  
 She sat and she grat, and she flat and she flang,  
 And she threw and she blew, and she wriggled  
 and wrang,  
 And she chokit and boakit, and cried like to mang,  
 Alas! for the dreary beginnin’ o’t.  
 I’ve wanted a sark for these aught years and ten,  
 And this was to be the beginnin’ o’t;  
 But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,  
 Or ever I try the spinnin’ o’t.  
 For never since ever they ca’d as they ca’ me,  
 Did se a mishap and mishanter befai’ me;  
 But yeshall ha’e cleave baith to hang and to draw me  
 The neist time I try the spinnin’ o’t.  
 I’ve keptit my house now these threescore years,  
 And aye I kept frae the spinnin’ o’t;  
 But how I was sarkit, foul fa’ them that speirs,  
 For it minds me upo’ the beginnin’ o’t.

But our women are now-a-days a’ grown sae braw,  
 That ilk ane maun ha’e a sark, and some ha’e twa—  
 The warlds were better where ne’er ane ava  
 Had a rag, but ane at the beginnin’ o’t.

In the days they ca’ yore, gin auld fouks had but  
 won  
 To a surcoat, hough-syde, for the winnin’ o’t,  
 Of coat-raips weel cut by the cast o’ their bum,  
 They never socht mair o’ the spinnin’ o’t.  
 A pair o’ gray hoggers weil cluikit benew,  
 Of nae other lit but the hue of the ewe,  
 With a pair o’ rough mullions to scuff through  
 the dew,  
 Was the fee they socht at the beginnin’ o’t.

But we maun ha’e linen, and that maun ha’e we,  
 And how get we that but by spinnin’ o’t?  
 How can we ha’e face for to seek a great fee,  
 Except we can help at the winnin’ o’t?  
 And we maun ha’e pearlins, and mabbies, and  
 cocks,  
 And some other things that the ladies ca’ smocks;

And how get we that, gin we tak' na our rocks,  
And pow what we can at the spinnin' o't!

'Tis needless for us to mak' our remarks,  
Frae our mither's miscookin' the spinnin' o't.  
She never kenn'd ocht o' the gweed o' the sarks,  
Frae this aback to the beginnin' o't.  
Twa-three ell o' plaiden was a' that was socht  
By our auld-wairld bodies, and that bude be  
bought;  
For in ilka town siccan things wasna wrocht—  
Sae little they kenned o' the spinnin' o't.

### THEY SAY THAT JOCKEY.

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,  
For he grows braver ilka day;  
I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't:  
For yester-night, nac farther gane,  
The back house at the side-wa' o't,  
He there wi' Meg was mirdin' seen;  
I hope we'll ha'e a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,  
An we had but a bridal o't,  
We'd leave the rest unto good luck.  
Although there might betide ill o't.  
For bridal days are merry times,  
And young fook like the coming o't.  
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,  
And pipers play the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,  
The lasses like a bridal o't:  
Their brows maun be in rank and file,  
Although that they should guide ill o't.  
The boddom of the kist is then  
Turn'd up into the inmost o't:  
The end that held the keeks sae clean,  
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,  
The bangster at the threshing o't.  
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,  
And ilka day's a clashing o't:  
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,  
His linder for another o't,  
And ere he want to clear his shot,  
His sark'll pay the tother o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,  
Can smell a bridal unco far,  
And like to be the middlers o't:

Fan thiek and three-fault they convence,  
Ilk ane envies the tother o't,  
And wishes nane but him alane  
May ever see another o't.

Fan they ha'e done wi' eating o't,  
Fan they ha'e done wi' eating o't,  
For dancing they gae to the green,  
And aiblins to the beatin' o't:  
He dances best that dances fast,  
And loupes at ilka reeing o't,  
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,  
And furls about the freezings o't.

### WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

The bride cam' out of the byre,  
An' O as she dighted her cheeks!  
"Sirs, I'm to be married the night,  
And ha'e neither blankets nor sheets;  
Ha'e neither blankets nor sheets,  
Nor scarce a coverlet too;  
The bride that has a' thing to borrow  
Has e'en right mickle ado."  
Woo'd and married and a',  
Married and woo'd and a'.  
And was she na very weel aff,  
That was woo'd and married and a'!

Out spake the bride's father,  
As he cam' in frae the pleugh;  
"O hand your tongue, my dochter,  
And ye's get gear enough;  
The stirk stands i' th' tether,  
And our bra' bawsint yade  
Will carry ye hame your corn;  
What wad ye be at, ye jade?"

Out spake the bride's mither,  
"What deil needs a' this pride:  
I had nae a plack in my pouch  
That night I was a bride;  
My gown was linsy-woolsy,  
And ne'er a sark ava':  
An' ye ha'e ribbons an' buskins,  
Mae than ane or twa."

Out spake the bride's brither,  
As he cam' in wi' the kye;  
"Poor Willie wad ne'er ha'e ta'en ye,  
Had he kent ye as weel as I:  
For ye're baith proud and saucy,  
And no for a poor man's wife;  
Gin I canna get a better,  
Ise ne'er tak' ane i' my life."

Out spake the bride's sister,  
 As she cam' in frae the byre;  
 "O gin I were but married,  
 It's a' that I desire!  
 But we poor fook maun live single,  
 And do the best we can:  
 I dinna ken what I shou'd want,  
 If I cou'd get but a man."

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WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME.

I am a young bachelor winsome,  
 A farmer by rank and degree,  
 And few I see gang out more handsome  
 To kirk or to market than me.  
 I've outsight and insight, and credit,  
 And frae onie eclist I'm free:  
 I'm weel enough boarded and bedded,—  
 What ails the lasses at me?

My buchts of good store are na scanty;  
 My byres are weel stock'd wi' kye;  
 Of meal in my girnels there's plenty,  
 And twa or three easements forby.  
 A horse to ride out when they're weary,  
 And cock wi' the best they can see;  
 And then be ca't dautie and deary,—  
 I wonder what ails them at me?

I've tried them, baith highland and low-  
 land,  
 Where I a fair bargain could see;  
 The black and the brown were unwilling,  
 The fair ones were warst o' the three.  
 With jooks and wi' scrapes I've addressed  
 them,  
 Been with them baith modest and free:  
 But whatever way I caressed them,  
 They were cross and were canker'd wi' me.

There's wratacks, and cripples, and cran-  
 shanks,  
 And a' the wandoghts that I ken,  
 Nae sooner they smile on the lasses,  
 Than they are ta'en far enough ben.  
 But when I speak to them that's stately,  
 I find them aye ta'en wi' the gee,

And get the denial fu' flatly;—  
 What think ye can ail them at me?

I have a gude offer to make them,  
 If they would but hearken to me;  
 And that is, I'm willing to take them,  
 Gin they wad be honest and free.  
 Let her wha likes best write a billet,  
 And send the sweet message to me;  
 By sun and by moon I'll fulfil it,  
 Though crooked or crippled she be.

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THE BRAES OF FLAVIANA.

Of all the lads that be  
 On Flaviana's braes,  
 'Tis Colin bears the gree,  
 An' that a thousand ways;  
 Best on the pipe he plays,  
 Is merry, blyth, an' gay,  
 "An' Jeany fair," he says,  
 "Has stown my heart away.

"Had I ten thousand pounds,  
 I'd all to Jeany gee,  
 I'd thole a thousand wounds  
 To keep my Jeany free:  
 For Jeany is to me,  
 Of all the maidens fair,  
 My jo, and ay shall be,  
 With her I'll only pair.

"Of roses I will weave  
 For her a flow'ry crown,  
 All other cares I'll leave,  
 An' bnsk her haffets round;  
 I'll buy her a new gown,  
 Wi' strips of red an' blew,  
 An' never mair look brown,  
 For Jeany'll ay be new.

"My Jeany made repy,  
 Syn ye ha'e chosen me,  
 Then all my wits I'll try,  
 A loving wife to be.  
 If I my Colin see,  
 I'll lang for naething mair,  
 Wi' him I do agree  
 In weal an' wae to share!"

## ROBERT BLAIR.

BORN 1699—DIED 1746.

The gifted author of "The Grave" was a son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and grandson of the Rev. Robert Blair, chaplain to Charles I., and one of the most zealous and distinguished clergymen of the period in which he lived. Robert was born in the year 1699 at Edinburgh; was educated for the church at the university of his native city, and afterwards travelled for pleasure and improvement on the Continent. In January, 1731, he was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, where he passed the remainder of his life, "bosomed in the shade." He was an animated preacher, an accomplished scholar, and a botanist and florist, as well as a man of scientific and general knowledge. His first poem was one dedicated to the memory of Mr. William Law, professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh—whose daughter Isabella he afterwards married—which was first published in Dr. Anderson's collection. Possessing a private fortune independent of his stipend as a parish minister, Blair, we are told, lived in the style of a country gentleman, associating with the neighbouring gentry, among whom were Sir Francis Kinloch, and the lamented Colonel Gardiner, who was killed at the battle of Prestonpans in 1745;—both Blair's warmest friends.

It was Gardiner who appears to have been the means of his opening a correspondence with the celebrated Isaac Watts—a name never to be uttered without reverence by any lover of pure Christianity or by any well-wisher of mankind—and Dr. Doddridge, on the subject of "The Grave." February 25, 1741—42. Blair addresses a letter to the latter, the following extract from which contains interesting information as to the composition and publication of his poem:—"About ten months ago Lady Frances Gardiner did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could on my part contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have

sometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that I may show how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit to you a manuscript poem of mine, entitled 'The Grave,' written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed several years before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I showed it, to make it public; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I had ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the doctor signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But, at the same time, he mentions to me that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, did not care to run the risk of publishing it. They can scarcely think, considering how critical an age we live in with respect to such kind of writings, that a person living 300 miles from London could write so as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so, though at the same time I must say, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclinations, well knowing that whatever poem is written upon a serious argument must, upon that very account, be under peculiar disadvantages; and, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of these things. I beg pardon for breaking in upon moments precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the poem."

It was first printed in London, "for Mr. Cooper," in 1743, and again in Edinburgh in 1747. Blair died of a fever, February 4, 1745, and was succeeded at Athelstaneford by John Home, the author of "Douglas." He left a numerous family; and his fourth son,

a distinguished lawyer—Robert Blair of Avontoun—rose to be Lord-president of the Court of Session. A handsome obelisk was erected to the memory of the poet at Athelstaneford in 1857. “The Grave” is a complete and powerful poem, now esteemed as one of the standard classics of English poetical literature. Pinkerton says “it is the best piece of blank verse we have save those of Milton:” while Southey carelessly stated in his *Life of Cowper* that it was the only poem he could call to mind which had been composed in imitation of the “Night Thoughts.” “The Grave” was written prior to the “Night Thoughts,” and has no other resemblance to the work of Young than that it is of a serious devout cast, and is in blank verse. This poem, which the two wise booksellers “did not care to run the risk of publishing,” proved to be one of the most popular productions of the eighteenth century.

The only exception that can be taken to Blair’s poem—which contains many coruscations of true genius, many images characterized by a Shaksperian force and picturesque fancy, as when he says men see their friends

“Drop off like leaves in autumn, yet launch out  
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers  
In the world’s hale and undegenerate days  
Would scarce have leisure for;”

or in his two lines concerning suicides:—

“The common damned shun their society,  
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul”—

is, that the author has in some instances had the good taste to enrich his memory with many fine expressions and thoughts from other poets, the appropriation of which he failed to acknowledge. A single instance will suffice: Man, sick of bliss, tries evil, and as a result—

“The good he scorned  
Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,  
Not to return; or if it did, in visits,  
Like those of angels, short and far between.”

The idea was borrowed from Norris of Bemerside, who, prior to Blair, wrote a poem, “The Parting,” which contains the following stanza:

“How fading are the joys we dote upon;  
Like apparitions seen and gone;  
But those who soonest take their flight,  
Are the most exquisite and strong,  
Like angels’ visits short and bright—  
Mortality’s too weak to bear them long.”

The simile seems to have been appropriated from Blair by Thomas Campbell, in his “Pleasures of Hope,” with one slight verbal alteration:

“What though my winged hours of bliss have been  
Like angel visits, few and far between.”

“But,” adds a critic, “however much Blair may have been indebted to his reading for the materials of his poem, it must still be allowed that he has made a tasteful use of them; nor can any plagiarism-hunter ever deprive him of the honour of having contributed largely from his own stores to our poetical wealth.”

## THE GRAVE.<sup>1</sup>

“The house appointed for all living.”—JOB.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,  
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;  
Their aims as various as the roads they take  
In journeying through life;—the task be mine  
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;  
Th’ appointed place of rendezvous, where all  
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,  
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains  
The keys of hell and death.—The grave, dread  
thing!  
Men shiver when thou’rt named; Nature, appall’d,

Shakes off her wonted firmness.—Ah! how dark  
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!  
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark  
night,  
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun  
Was rolled together, or had tried his beams  
Athwart the gloom profound.—The sickly taper,  
By glimmering through thy low-brow’d misty  
vaults,  
Furr’d round with mouldy damps, and rosy slime,  
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,

<sup>1</sup> Campbell in his “Essay on English Poetry” remarks: “The eighteenth century has produced few specimens of blank verse of so familiar and simple a character as

that of “The Grave.” It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery are free, natural, and picturesque.”—ED.



And only serves to make thy night more irksome.  
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,  
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell  
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;  
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,  
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)  
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.  
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work  
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,  
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which  
were;

There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.  
The wind is up; bark! how it howls! Methinks  
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:  
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul  
bird,

Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy  
aisles,

Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of  
'scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,  
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,  
The mansions of the dead.—Roused from their  
slumbers,

In grim array the grisly spectres rise,  
Grim horrible, and, obstinately sullen,  
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.  
Again the screech-owl shrieks; ungracious sound!  
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,  
(Coëval near with that,) all ragged show,  
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down  
Their branchless trunks: others so thin a top,  
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same  
tree.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have hap-  
pen'd here:

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;  
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;  
And the great bell has toll'd, unrun, untouch'd.  
(Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,  
When it draws near to witching time of night.)

Oft, in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,  
By glimpse of moonshine, chequering thro' the  
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,  
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,  
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,  
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)  
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.  
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,  
The sound of something purring at his heels;  
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,  
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows;  
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale  
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,  
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand

O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!  
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,  
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:  
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,  
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,  
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.  
Pronc on the lowly grave of the dear man  
She drops; while busy meddling memory,  
In barbarous succession, musters up  
The past endearments of their softer hours,  
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks  
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,  
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,  
Nor heeds the passereng who looks that way.

Invidious grave! how dost thou rend in sunder  
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!  
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.  
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!  
Sweetener of life, and solder of society!

I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me  
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.

Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,  
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,  
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend and I  
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,  
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down  
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,  
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along  
In grateful errors through the underwood,  
Sweet murmuring; methought, the shrill-tongued  
thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird  
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;  
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose  
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flow'r  
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury  
Of dress.—Oh! then, the longest summer's day  
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart  
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness  
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,  
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful  
blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,  
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;  
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.  
Where are the jesters now? The men of health  
Complexionally pleasant? Where the droll  
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke  
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,  
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing melancholy  
To gather up her face into a smile  
Before she was aware! Ah! sullen now,  
And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war!  
The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,

The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,  
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore  
 From kings of all the then discover'd globe;  
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,  
 And had not room enough to do its work?  
 Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!  
 And crammi'd into a space we blush to name.  
 Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!  
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!  
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?  
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,  
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes,  
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,  
 Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,  
 Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,  
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:  
 Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,  
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd,  
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,  
 But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,  
 Of being unmolested and alone.  
 Arabia's gums, and odoriferous drugs,  
 And honours by the herald duly paid  
 In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;  
 O cruel irony! these come too late;  
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour.  
 Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried  
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,  
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.  
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent,  
 Above the baser horn, to rot in state!

But see! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding on,  
 Stately and slow; and properly attended  
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch  
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,  
 By letting out their persons by the hour  
 To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!  
 How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd  
 And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries  
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,  
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gouts of people  
 Retard th' unwieldy show; whilst from the casements  
 And houses' tops ranks behind ranks, close wedged,  
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?  
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcass  
 That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril  
 Smells horrible!—Ye undertakers, tell us,  
 'Mids all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,  
 Why is the principal conceal'd for which  
 You make this mighty stir?—'Tis wisely done:  
 What would offend the eye in a good picture  
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!  
 Below the envy of the private man!

Honour, that meddlesome, officious ill,  
 Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops short.  
 Strange persecution! when the grave itself  
 Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to overreach the grave,  
 And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!  
 The best concerted schemes men lay for fame  
 Die fast away: only themselves die faster.  
 The far-famed sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,  
 Those bold insurers of deathless fame,  
 Supply their little feeble aids in vain.  
 The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,  
 And wonder of the world, whose spiky top  
 Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd  
 The angry shaking of the winter's storm;  
 Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heaven,  
 Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,  
 The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crusted,  
 At once gives way. O lamentable sight!  
 The labour of whole ages lumbers down,  
 A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.  
 Sepulchral columns wrestle, but in vain,  
 With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand,  
 With calm, deliberate malice wasteth them:  
 Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,  
 The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,  
 Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.  
 Ambition, half-convicted of her folly,  
 Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,  
 Who swam to sov'reign rule through seas of blood;  
 Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,  
 Who ravaged kingdoms and laid empires waste,  
 And in a cruel wantonness of power  
 Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up  
 To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent,  
 Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.  
 Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn  
 That haunts and dogs them, like an injur'd ghost  
 Implacable. Here, too, the petty tyrant,  
 Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,  
 And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short,  
 Who fixed his iron talons on the poor,  
 And gripp'd them like some lordly beast of prey,  
 Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,  
 And piteous, plaintive voice of misery;  
 (As if a slave were not a shred of nature,  
 Of the same common nature as his lord;)  
 Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,  
 Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman;  
 Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground  
 Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,  
 Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,  
Would cunningly persuade us we are something  
Above the common level of our kind;  
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd  
flattery,  
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything, dear deceit,  
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,  
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,  
The grave discredits thee; thy charms expunged,  
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,  
What hast thou more to boast of! Will thy lovers  
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?  
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid,  
Whilst, surfeited upon thy damask cheek,  
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,  
Riots unscared. For this, was all thy caution?  
For this thy painful labours at thy glass?  
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,  
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul  
feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,  
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.  
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears  
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers;  
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain  
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too—thou surly, and less gentle boast  
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!  
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down  
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the strip-  
ling

That rashly dared thee to th' unequal fight.  
What groan was that I heard! deep groan indeed!  
With anguish heavy laden; let me trace it;  
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,  
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath  
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart  
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant  
To give the lungs full play! what now avail  
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread  
shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,  
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold  
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,  
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!  
Oh! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly,  
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom  
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,  
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that  
groan?

It was his last. See how the great Goliath,  
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,  
Lies still.—What mean'st thou then, O mighty  
boaster,  
To vaunt of nerves of thine! What means the  
bull,

Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,  
And flee before a feeble thing like man;

That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,  
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,  
The star-surveying sage, close to his eye  
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;  
And travelling thro' the boundless length of space,  
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,  
That roll with regular confusion there,  
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man,  
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head;  
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;  
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,  
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies, disabled now,  
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,  
And cannot tell his ails to passers by.  
Great man of language, whence this mighty  
change?

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?  
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,  
And sly insinuation's softer arts  
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;  
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! Thick mists and  
silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast  
Unceasing.—Ah! where is the lifted arm,  
The strength of action, and the force of words,  
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned voice,  
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?  
Ah! fled for ever, as they e'er had been!  
Razed from the book of fame; or, more provoking,  
Perchance some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler  
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb  
With long flat narrative or duller rhymes,  
With heavy halting pace that draw along;  
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,  
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,  
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!  
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,  
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son!  
Where are thy boasted implements of art,  
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?  
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,  
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,  
Escaped thy rifling hand: from stubborn shrubs  
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,  
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,  
Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep research.  
But why this apparatus! why this cost?  
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!  
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,  
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?  
Alas! thou speak'st not.—The bold impostor  
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!  
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift!)

From back and belly too, their proper cheer;  
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay  
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged;  
By clam'rous appetites no longer teased,  
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.  
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?  
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:  
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind!  
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake  
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds!  
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to  
come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!  
To him that is at ease in his possessions;  
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,  
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!  
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul  
Raves round the walls of her clay tement,  
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,  
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks  
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!  
A little longer, yet a little longer,  
Oh! might she stay to wash away her stains,  
And fit her for her passage!—Mournful sight!  
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan  
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,  
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,  
Pursues her close through every lane of life,  
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;  
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,  
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!  
What a strange moment must it be, when near  
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view!  
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd  
To tell what's doing on the other side.  
Nature runs back, and shudders at the sight,  
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of part-  
ing;  
For part they must: body and soul must part;  
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair,  
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,  
The witness of its actions, now its judge:  
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,  
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death were nothing, and nought after death;  
If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,  
Returning to the barren womb of nothing  
Whence first they sprung; then might the  
debauchee  
Untrembling mount the heavens; then might  
the drunkard  
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd  
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh  
At the poor bugbear Death; then might the  
wretch  
That's weary of the world, and tired of life,  
At once give each inquietude the slip,

By stealing out of being when he pleased,  
And by what way; whether by hemp or steel;  
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could  
force  
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,  
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well  
That helps himself as timely as he can,  
When able. But if there's an *hereafter*,—  
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenced,  
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,—  
Then must it be an awful thing to die;  
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand!  
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,  
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring  
states.  
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,  
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?  
Forbid it, Heav'n! Let not, upon disgust,  
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er  
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!  
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,  
To rush into the presence of our Judge;  
As if we challenged him to do his worst,  
And matter'd not his wrath! Unheard-of tor-  
tures  
Must be reserved for such: these herd together;  
The common damn'd shun their society,  
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.  
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd;  
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,  
Duty requires we ealmy wait the summons,  
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission;  
Like sentries that must keep their destined stand,  
And wait th'appointed hour, till they're relieved.  
Those only are the brave that keep their ground,  
And keep it to the last. To run away  
Is but a coward's trick: to run away  
From this world's ills, that at the very worst  
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves  
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,  
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad:  
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead; will none of you, in pity  
To those you left behind, disclose the secret?  
Oh! that some courteous ghost would blab it out;  
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.  
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes  
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly  
done  
To knock and give the alarm. But what means  
This stinted charity!—'Tis but lame kindness  
That does its work by halves. Why might you  
not  
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws  
Of your society forbid your speaking  
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;  
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shrine  
Enlightens but yourselves: Well—'tis no matter;  
A very little time will clear up all,  
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick:—Here falls the village swain,  
 And there his pamper'd lord.—The cup goes round,  
 And who so artful as to put it by?  
 'Tis long since death had the majority;  
 Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.  
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,  
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!  
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole  
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand,  
 Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,  
 By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull's cast up,  
 But well he knew its owner; and can tell  
 Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand  
 The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;  
 And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,  
 Or clubs a smuttier tale:—When drunkards meet,  
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand  
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,  
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade  
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends  
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out  
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers  
 In the world's hale and undegen'rate days  
 Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,  
 Never to think of death and of ourselves  
 At the same time; as if to learn to die  
 Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!  
 For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,  
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink,  
 Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,  
 The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.  
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on  
 With a resistless, unremitting stream;  
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,  
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,  
 And carries off his prize. What is this world?  
 What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,  
 Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,  
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.  
 The very turf on which we tread once lived;  
 And we that live must lend our carcasses  
 To cover our own offspring; in their turns  
 They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet,  
 The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;  
 Men of all climes, that never met before;  
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.  
 Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,  
 His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,  
 Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd  
 The great negotiators of the earth,  
 And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.  
 Now vain their treaty-skill; Death seems to treat.  
 Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen  
 From his gall'd shoulders; and, when the stern tyrant,  
 With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,  
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,  
 Moeks his short arm, and, quick as thought,  
 escapes  
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.  
 Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,  
 The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,  
 (Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)  
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,  
 Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes  
 Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.  
 The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,  
 Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,  
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams  
 That some rude interposing rock has split.  
 Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child  
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,  
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.  
 Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;  
 The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,  
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets  
 Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,  
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.  
 Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,  
 The sober widow, and the young green virgin,  
 Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,  
 Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!  
 Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;  
 And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,  
 Whose every day was made of melody,  
 Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued shrew,  
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.  
 Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;  
 The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;  
 The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;  
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;  
 The supple statesman, and the patri t stern;  
 The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,  
 With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state,  
 When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,  
 He stamp'd thee with his image, and, well pleased,  
 Smiled on his last fair work.—Then all was well:  
 Sound was the body, and the soul serene;  
 Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,  
 That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart  
 Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should:  
 For all was pure within: no fell remorse,  
 Nor anxious eastings up of what might be,  
 Alarmed his peaceful bosom. Summer seas  
 Show not more smooth when kissed by southern winds,

Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,  
 The generous soil, with a luxuriant hand,  
 Offer'd the various produce of the year,  
 And everything most perfect in its kind.  
 Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah! how short!  
 Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,  
 But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.  
 O slippery state of things! What sudden turns!  
 What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf  
 Of man's sad history! To-day most happy,  
 And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject.  
 How scant the space between these vast extremes!  
 Thus fared it with our sire; not long he enjoy'd  
 His paradise.—Scarce had the happy tenant  
 Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets  
 Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,  
 Ne'er to return again.—And must he go!  
 Can nought compound for the first dire offence  
 Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,  
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,  
 And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.  
 Not all the lavish odours of the place,  
 Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,  
 Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel,  
 With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay;  
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take  
 One last and farewell round. At once he lost  
 His glory and his God. If mortal now,  
 And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd;  
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,  
 Evil he would needs try; nor tried in vain.  
 (Dreadful experiment! Destructive measure!  
 Where the worst thing could happen be success.)  
 Alas! too well he sped; the good he scorn'd  
 Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-uscd ghost,  
 Not to return; or if it did, its visits,  
 Like those of angels, short and far between:  
 Whilst the black demon, with his hell-'scap'd train,  
 Admitted once into its better room,  
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;  
 Lording it o'er the man; who now, too late,  
 Saw the rash error which he could not mend—  
 An error fatal not to him alone,  
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.  
 Inglorious bondage! Human nature groans  
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,  
 And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!  
 Greatest and first of ills! The fruitful parent  
 Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee  
 Sorrow had never been. All-noxious thing,  
 Of vilest nature! Other sorts of evils  
 Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.  
 The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails  
 That belches molten stone and globes of fire,  
 Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,  
 Mars the adjacent fields, for some leagues round,  
 And there it stops. The big-swollen inundation,  
 Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,  
 Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;

But that too has its shore it cannot pass,  
 More dreadful far than those! sin has laid waste,  
 Not here and there a country, but a world;  
 Despatching, at a wide-extended blow,  
 Entire mankind; and, for their sakes, defacing  
 A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;  
 Blasting the fruitful grain and loaded branches,  
 And marking all along its way with ruin.  
 Accursed thing! Oh! where shall fancy find  
 A proper name to call thee by, expressive  
 Of all thy horrors! pregnant womb of ills!  
 Of temper so transcendantly malign,  
 That toads and serpents of most deadly kind,  
 Compared to thee, are harmless. Sicknesses  
 Of every size and symptom, racking pains,  
 And bluest plagues, are thine! See how the fiend  
 Profusely scatters the contagion round!  
 Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her  
 heels,  
 Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-morrow  
 Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,  
 And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But, hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd  
 My father's nakedness and nature's shame.  
 Here let me pause—and drop an honest tear,  
 One burst of filial duty and condolence,  
 O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread,  
 This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!  
 Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!  
 Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!  
 The veriest gluttons do not always cram;  
 Some intervals of abstinence are sought  
 To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.  
 Methinks the countless swarms thou hast de-  
 vour'd,  
 And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,  
 This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.  
 But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;  
 Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,  
 On whom lank hunger lays her skinny hand,  
 And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.  
 As if diseases, massacres, and poison,  
 Famine, and war, were not thy caterers.

But know, that thou must render up the dead,  
 And with high interest too.—They are not thine,  
 But only in thy keeping for a season,  
 Till the great promised day of restitution;  
 When loud diffusive sound from brazen trumpet  
 Of strong-lung'd cherub, shall alarm thy captives,  
 And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,  
 Daylight and liberty.—  
 Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal  
 The mines that lay long forming underground,  
 In their dark cells immured; but now full ripe,  
 And pure, as silver from the crucible,  
 That twice has stood the torture of the fire  
 And inquisition of the forge. We know  
 The illustrious Deliverer of mankind,  
 The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power

Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,  
 And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook  
 Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent:  
 (Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)  
 Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,  
 And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,  
 By proofs so strong that the most slow-assenting  
 Had not a scruple left. This having done,  
 He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him  
 Climb the aerial heights, and glide along  
 Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,  
 Flung backwards in the chase, soon drops its  
 hold,

Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.  
 Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;  
 Nor are his friends shut out: as a great prince  
 Not for himself alone procures admission,  
 But for his train: it was his royal will,  
 That where he is there should his followers be.  
 Death only lies between, a gloomy path!  
 Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!  
 But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue  
 Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road  
 To bliss. Then why, like ill-conditioned children,  
 Start we at transient hardships in the way  
 That leads to purer air and softer skies,  
 And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!  
 We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom,  
 But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.  
 So have I seen, upon a summer's even,  
 Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play:  
 How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!  
 This moment resolute, next unresolved:  
 At last he dips his foot; but, as he dips,  
 His fears redouble, and he runs away  
 From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now  
 Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,  
 And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice-welcome  
 death!

That, after many a painful bleeding step,  
 Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe  
 On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!  
 Our bane turn'd to a blessing; death, disarm'd,  
 Loses its fellness quite. All thanks to Him  
 Who scourg'd the venom out. Sure the last end  
 Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!  
 Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.  
 Behold him in the evening-tide of life,  
 A life well spent, whose early care it was  
 His ripper years should not upbraid his green:  
 By unperceived degrees he wears away;  
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!

High in his fair hand and hope, look how he reaches  
 After the prize in view! and, like a bird  
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:  
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded  
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits  
 Of the fast-coming harvest. Then, O then,  
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears.  
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs  
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismissed!  
 'Tis done, and now he's happy. The glad soul  
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. E'en the lag flesh  
 Rests too in hope of meeting once again  
 Its better half, never to sunder more.  
 Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on  
 When not a single spot of burial earth,  
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,  
 But must give back its long-committed dust  
 Inviolate: and faithfully shall these  
 Make up the full account; not the least atom  
 Fumbezzled or mislaid of the whole tale.  
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;  
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane!

Ask not how this can be. Sure the same power  
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,  
 Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,  
 And put them as they were. Almighty God  
 Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd  
 Thro' length of days; and what he can he will:  
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.  
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering  
 dust,

Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;  
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,  
 With a new elegance of form, unknown  
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul  
 Mistake its partner; but, amidst the crowd  
 Singling its other half, into its arms  
 Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man  
 That's new come home, and, having long been  
 absent,  
 With haste runs over every different room,  
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!  
 Nor time, nor death shall ever part them more.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;  
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone!

Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird  
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake  
 Cows down, and dozes till the dawn of day;  
 Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears  
 away.

## JAMES THOMSON.

BORN 1700—DIED 1748.

The parish of Ednam, near Kelso, Roxburghshire, has the honour of having given birth to the poet of "The Seasons." He was the son of the Rev. Thomas Thomson, minister of that parish, and was born September 11, 1700; being one of nine children. His mother's name was Beatrix Trotter, the co-heiress of a small estate called Widhope. A few years after his birth his father removed to the parish of Southdean in the same county, a primitive and retired district of the Cheviots. Here he spent his boyish years, and at an early age gave indications of poetic genius. The following lines written by Thomson when a school-boy of fourteen show how soon his manner was formed:—

"Now I surveyed my native faculties,  
And traced my actions to their teeming source;  
Now I explored the universal frame,  
Gazed nature through, and with interior light  
Conversed with angels and unbodied saints  
That tread the courts of the eternal King!  
Gladly I would declare in lofty strains  
The power of Godhead to the sons of men,  
But thought is lost in its immensity;  
Imagination wastes its strength in vain,  
And fancy tires and turns within itself,  
Struck with the amazing depths of Deity!  
Ah! my Lord God! in vain a tender youth,  
Unskilled in arts of deep philosophy,  
Attempts to search the bulky mass of matter,  
To trace the rules of motion, and pursue  
The phantom Time, too subtle for his grasp;  
Yet may I from thy apparent works  
Form some idea of their wondrous Author."

After receiving the usual course of school education at the neighbouring town of Jedburgh, Thomson was sent to the University of Edinburgh, and induced by the wishes of his family and friends to study for the ministry; but he soon relinquished his views of the church, and devoted himself to literature. In the second year of his attendance at the university he lost his father, when his mother realized as much as she could from her inheritance, and removed with her family to Edinburgh. While at college he acted for some time as tutor to Lord Binning, son of the Earl

of Haddington, and the author of the song "Robin and Nanny;" to whom he had probably been introduced by his mother's friend Lady Grizzel Baillie, mother-in-law to his lordship, and whose "Memoirs" possess so much interest; who, finding the young poet unlikely to do well in any other pursuit, advised him to try his fortune in London as a man of letters, and promised him such assistance as she could render. Accordingly in the spring of 1725 he took leave of his mother, whom he was never more to behold, and proceeded by sea to London. On arriving at the metropolis he sought out his college friend David Mallet, who then acted as preceptor to the two sons of the Marquis of Montrose. Here he wrote the poem of "Winter," which was purchased through the friendly intervention of Mallet by a bookseller named Millar, for the small sum of three guineas; and was published in 1726, and dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton. Though unnoticed for some time it gradually attained that estimation in which it has ever since been held, and procured for the author the friendship of numerous men of letters. Among others his acquaintance was sought by Dr. Rundle, afterwards Bishop of Derry, who recommended him to the Lord-chancellor Talbot, from whose patronage he afterwards derived the most essential benefit.

In 1727 he brought out "Summer;" three editions of "Winter" having appeared the previous year, and inscribed it to Mr. Dodington, afterwards Lord Melecombe. The same year he produced "A Poem on the Death of Sir Isaac Newton," and his "Britannia," a poetical appeal designed to rouse the nation to the assertion of its rights against the Spaniards, for their interruptions to British trade. In the beginning of 1728 appeared "Spring," addressed to the Countess of Hertford, afterwards Duchess of Somerset, which procured the poet an invitation to pass a summer at Lord Hertford's country-seat. In 1730 his "Autumn" was issued in a quarto edition of



his works, in which "The Seasons" are placed in their natural order. It was published by subscription at a guinea a copy. Among the 387 subscribers was Alexander Pope (to whom Thomson had been introduced by Mallet), who took three copies. In the same year was produced at Drury Lane his tragedy of "Sophonisba," the success of which was not at all commensurate with the expectation which had been raised. The public discovered that splendid diction and poetic imagery, on the faith of which all their anticipations of a good play were founded, did not necessarily imply a high degree of dramatic talent. Slight accidents, too, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, will operate upon the taste of pleasure. There is a feeble line in the tragedy—

O, Sophonisba! Sophonisba, O!

which gave rise to a waggish parody—

O, Jimmy Thomson! Jimmy Thomson, O!

and for a while was echoed through London.

Having been selected as the travelling companion of the Hon. Charles Talbot, eldest son of the lord-chancellor, he made a tour on the Continent with that young gentleman, visiting most of the courts of Europe. With what pleasure the poet must have passed or sojourned among classic scenes which he had often viewed in imagination! They spent some time during November, 1731, at Rome, and Thomson no doubt indulged the wish expressed in one of his letters, "to see the fields where Virgil gathered his immortal honey, and tread the same ground where men have thought and acted so greatly." On his return the chancellor appointed him his secretary of briefs, which was almost a sinecure. Soon after he published his poem of "Liberty," which, though but coldly received, he himself thought the best of all his writings.

By the death of Lord Talbot, Thomson lost his post of secretary. A poem by our author, dedicated to the memory of the chancellor, is one of the most enviable tributes ever paid by poetry to the virtues of the judicial office. Thomson was reduced once more to dependence on his talents for support, and preferring rather to trust to the chapter of accidents than to change his style of life, which joined to elegance some degree of luxury, became in-

involved in debt, and exposed himself more than once to the gripe of the law. One of these occasions furnished Quin, the eminent actor, with an opportunity of displaying at once his generous disposition and his friendship for genius. Being informed that the author of "The Seasons" was in confinement for a debt of about £70, he hastened to the place, although personally unacquainted with the poet, and desired to be introduced to him. On being admitted to Thomson he said, "Sir, you don't know me, I believe; but my name is Quin." The poet replied that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his talents, and invited him to take a seat. Quin then told him that he had come to sup with him, but that, as he presumed, it would have been inconvenient to have had the supper prepared in the place they were in, he had taken the liberty of ordering it to be sent from an adjacent tavern. The supper accordingly soon made its appearance, with a liberal supply of good wine. After the cloth had been removed, and the bottle had moved briskly between them, Quin took occasion to explain the cause of his visit by saying "it was now time to enter upon business." Thomson, supposing that he desired his poetical assistance in some dramatic matter, expressed his readiness to do anything in his power to serve him. "Sir," said Mr. Quin, "you mistake my meaning. Soon after I had read your 'Seasons' I took it into my head that as I had something in the world to leave behind me when I died, I would make my will; and among the rest of my legatees. I set down the author of 'The Seasons' for one hundred pounds; and to-day, hearing that you were in this place, I thought I might as well have the pleasure of paying the money myself as to order my executors to pay it, when, perhaps, you might have less need of it. And this, Mr. Thomson, is the business I came about." Saying which, he laid before him a bank-note for £100, and without giving the astonished bard time to express his gratitude, took his leave.

By the good offices of Mr. (afterwards Lord) Lyttleton, Thomson about this time was introduced to the Prince of Wales; and being questioned as to the state of his affairs, he answered "that they were in a more poetical posture

than formerly," which induced Frederick to bestow upon him a pension of £100. In 1738 Thomson produced a second tragedy, entitled "Agamemnon," which, although not very favourably received, brought him a handsome sum. In the year following he offered to the stage another tragedy called "Edward and Eleonora," but the dramatic censor withheld his sanction from its representation in consequence of its political complexion. In 1740, in conjunction with Mallet, he composed "The Masque of Alfred," by command of the prince, for the entertainment of his court at Cliefden, his summer residence. In this piece appeared the national song of "Rule Britannia," written by Thomson. In 1745 the most successful of his plays, entitled "Tancred and Sigismunda," founded on a story in "Gil Blas," was brought out, and received with great applause; and it is still occasionally performed. His friend Lyttleton being now in office, procured for him the situation of surveyor-general of the Leeward Islands, with a salary of £300, the duties of which were performed by deputy. In 1746 appeared his admirable poem of "The Castle of Indolence," which exhibits throughout a high degree of moral, poetical, and descriptive power.

Thomson was now in comparative affluence, and his beautiful cottage at Kew Lane, near Richmond, was the scene of social enjoyment and lettered ease; his house was elegantly furnished, as is seen by the sale catalogue of his effects prepared after his death, which enumerates the contents of every room, and fills eight pages of print. While engaged in the preparation of another tragedy for the stage the poet was seized with an illness which terminated his career. One summer evening, in walking home from London, as was his custom, he overheated himself by the time he had reached Hammersmith, and imprudently taking a boat to go the rest of the way by water he caught cold; next day he was in a high fever, and, after a short illness, died August 27, 1748. He was buried in the church at Richmond, where the Earl of Buchan many years afterwards erected a tablet to his memory. In 1762 a monument was erected to him in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. His tragedy of "Coriolanus," which he left behind him, was brought on the

stage for the benefit of his sisters, to whom through life he had always shown the most brotherly affection. In 1843 a "Poem to the Memory of Mr. Congreve, inscribed to Her Grace Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough," was reprinted for the Percy Society of London, as a genuine though unacknowledged production of Thomson, first published in 1729. As there appears to be no doubt of the genuineness of this poem, possessing as it does all of the characteristics of his style, we give it a place among our selections from the poet of "The Seasons."

Perhaps no poet was ever more deeply mourned. The celebrated Collins, who had also chosen Richmond for his place of residence, and between whom and Thomson the most tender intimacy existed, mourned his loss in the ode beginning—

"In yonder grave a Druid lies."

With this ode Collins bade adieu to Richmond; which, without his lamented friend, had for his gentle spirit no longer any charms.

"But thou, lorn stream! whose sullen tide  
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,  
Now wait me from the green hill's side,  
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend.

"And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!  
Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek nature's child, again adieu!"

Of Thomson's "Seasons," which has kept its place as an English classic for upwards of a century, Dr. Johnson has said:—"As a writer Thomson is entitled to one praise of the highest kind—his mode of thinking, and of expressing his thoughts, is original. His blank verse is no more the blank verse of Milton or of any other poet, than the rhymes of Prior are the rhymes of Cowley. His numbers, his pauses, his diction are of his own growth, without transcription, without imitation. He thinks in a peculiar train; and he always thinks as a man of genius; he looks round on nature and on life with the eye which nature only bestows on a poet, the eye that distinguishes in everything presented to its view whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained, and with a mind that at once comprehends the vast and attends to the minute. The reader of 'The Seasons' wonders that he never saw before what Thomson shows him, and that he

never yet felt what Thomson impresses. His descriptions of extended scenes and general effects bring before us the whole magnificence of nature, whether pleasing or dreadful. The gaiety of spring, the splendour of summer, the tranquillity of autumn, and the horrors of winter, take, in their turn, possession of the mind. The poet leads us through the appearance of things as they are successively varied by the vicissitudes of the year; and imparts to us so much of his own enthusiasm that our thoughts expand with his imagery, and kindle with his sentiments. Nor is the naturalist without his share in the entertainment; for he is assisted to recollect and to combine, to arrange his discoveries, and to amplify the sphere of his contemplation."

We cannot better conclude this sketch than in the words of an "Address to the Shade of Thomson," written by Burns on crowning the poet's bust at Ednam with a wreath of bays,—

and the prophetic truth of whose words every revolving season only tends to confirm:—

"While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,  
Unfolds her tender mantle green,  
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,  
Or tunes Eolian strains between;

"While Summer, with a matron grace,  
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade;  
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace  
The progress of the spiky blade;

"While Autumn, benefactor kind,  
By Tweed erects her aged head;  
And sees, with self-approving mind,  
Each creature on her bounty fed;

"While maniac Winter rages o'er  
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,  
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,  
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

"So long, sweet poet of the year,  
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;  
While Scotia, with exulting tear,  
Proclaims that Thomson was her son."

## SHOWERS IN SPRING.

(FROM THE SEASONS.<sup>1</sup>)

The north-east spends his rage; he now, shut up  
Within his iron cave, the effusive south  
Warns the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers dis-  
tent.

At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
Scarcely staining ether, but by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps the doubling vapour sails  
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,  
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;  
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,  
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope, and every joy;  
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath

Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffused  
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,  
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploing, eye  
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,  
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once  
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
And forests seem impatient to demand  
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks  
And the glad creation, musing praise,  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow  
In large effusion o'er the freshened world.  
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard  
By such as wander through the forest-walks,  
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

<sup>1</sup> Are then "The Seasons" and "The Task" great poems? Yes. Why? We shall tell you in two separate articles. But we presume you do not need to be told that that poem must be great which was the first to paint the rolling mystery of the year, and to show that all its Seasons were but the varied God? The idea was original and sublime; and the fulfilment thereof so complete that, some 6000 years having elapsed between the creation of the world and that of the poem, some 60,000, we prophesy, will elapse between the appearance of that poem and the publication of another, equally great, on a subject external to the mind, equally magnificent.—*Professor Wilson.*

## SUMMER EVENING.

(FROM THE SEASONS.)

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds  
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,

In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,  
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs  
(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb;  
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished  
clouds,

All ether softening, sober Evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air;  
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this  
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down  
Amusive floats. The kind impartial ear  
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves  
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—  
Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means—  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown  
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.  
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,  
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where  
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
In various game and revelry, to pass  
The summer night, as village stories tell.  
But far about they wander from the grave  
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
Is also shunned; whose mournful chambers hold—  
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
The glowworm lights his gem; and thro' the dark  
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields  
The world to Night; not in her winter robe  
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed  
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
And rocks, and mountain tops, that long retained  
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft  
The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,  
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,  
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

## AUTUMN EVENING SCENE.

(FROM THE SEASONS.)

But see the fading many-coloured woods,  
Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Inubrown; a crowded unbrage dusk and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan declining green  
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,  
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave  
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
The gentle current: while illumined wide,  
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
And through their lucid veil his softened force  
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things:  
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;  
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;  
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
And through the saddened grove, where scarce  
is heard

One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;  
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
Swelled all the music of the swarming shades,  
Robbed of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock:  
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
And nought save chattering discord in their note  
O let not, aimed from some inhuman eye,  
The gun the music of the coming year  
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;  
Oft startling such as studious walk below,  
And slowly circles through the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze among the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;  
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the withered waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remained  
Of stronger fruit's falls from the naked tree;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day,  
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,  
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed  
The vapours throw. Where creeping waters ooze,  
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along  
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,  
Full-orbed, and breaking through the scattered  
clouds,

Shows her broad visage in the crimsoned east.  
Turned to the sun direct her spotted disk,  
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
And caverns deep, as optic tube describes,  
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,  
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
Now thro' the passing clouds she seems to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,  
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam;  
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance trembling round the world.

The lengthened night elapsed, the morning  
shines  
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;  
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;  
And hung on every spray, on every blade  
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

## A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

(FROM THE SEASONS.)

Through the hushed air the whitening shower  
descends,  
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day  
With a continual flow. The cherished fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white:  
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts  
Along the mazy current. Low the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,  
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox  
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,  
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man  
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first

Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor.  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And peeks, and starts, and wonders where he is:  
Till more familiar grown, the table crumps  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,  
And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,  
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening  
earth,  
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,  
Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce  
All winter drives along the darkened air,  
In his own loose revolving fields the swain  
Disastered stands; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;  
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts  
of home

Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track and blest abode of man;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then through the busy shapes into his mind  
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;  
Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge  
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land un-  
known,

What water of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends, unscen.  
In vain for him the officious wife prepares  
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm:  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!  
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,

And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,  
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern  
blast.

### HYMN OF THE SEASONS.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every sense and every heart is joy.  
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,  
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:  
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves in hollow-whispering gales.  
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms  
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing  
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,  
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force  
divine,  
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combined;  
Shade unperceived, so softening into shade;  
And all so forming a harmonious whole,  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand  
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;  
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth,  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join; and ardent raise  
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,  
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness  
breathes.

Oh! talk of him in solitary glooms,  
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,  
Who shake the astonished world, lift high to  
heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage,  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.

Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits and flow'rs,  
In mingled clouds to him whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil  
paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to him;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams;  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.  
Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On nature write with every beam his praise.  
The thunder rolls; be hushed the prostrate world,  
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks  
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,  
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns,  
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
Ye woodlands all awake; a boundless song  
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,  
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night his  
praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;  
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,  
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,  
Assembled men to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;  
And as each mingling flame increases each,  
In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
And find a fane in every sacred grove,  
There let the shepherd's lute, the virgin's lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS as they roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray  
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,  
Or winter rises in the blackening east—  
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
Flames on the Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me;  
Since God is ever present, ever felt,  
In the void waste as in the city full;  
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.  
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,

And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,  
Will rising wonders sing. I cannot go  
Where universal love not smiles around,  
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns;  
From seeming evil still educating good,  
And better thence again, and better still,  
In infinite progression. But I lose  
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!  
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.<sup>1</sup>

(EXTRACT.)

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;  
And, certes, there is for it reason great;  
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep  
and wail,  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,  
Withouten that would come a heavier hale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.  
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;  
And there a season atween June and May,  
Half pranked with spring, with summer half  
imbrowned,  
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,  
No living wight could work, ne cared even for  
play:

Was nought around but images of rest:  
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns be-  
tween;  
And flowery beds that slumberous influence  
kest,  
From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant  
green,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Byron said, "The 'Seasons' of Thomson would have been better in rhyme, although still inferior to his 'Castle of Indolence,'" and William Hazlitt remarked, "It has been supposed by some that the 'Castle of Indolence' is Thomson's best poem: but that is not the case. He has in it, indeed, poured out the whole soul of indolence, diffuse, relaxed, supine, dissolved into a voluptuous dream; and surrounded himself with a set of objects and companions in entire unison with the listlessness of his own temper. . . . But still there are no passages in this exquisite little production of sportive ease and fancy equal to the best of those of the 'Seasons.'"—ED.

Where never yet was creeping creature seen.  
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets  
played,  
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,  
That, as they bickered through the sunny  
glade,  
Though restless still themselves, a lulling mur-  
mur made.

Joined to the prattle of the purling rills  
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,  
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,  
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;  
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,  
Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,  
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;  
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;  
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,  
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,  
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to  
move,  
As Idlesse fancied in her dreaming mood:  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
And where this valley winded out below  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely  
heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye:  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky:  
There eke the soft delights that witchingly  
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,  
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh;  
But whate'er snacked of noyance or unrest  
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,  
Where Indolence—for so the wizard hight—  
Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,  
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus  
bright,  
And made a kind of checkered day and night.  
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,  
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight  
Was placed; and to his lute, of cruel fate  
And labour harsh complained, lamenting man's  
estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,  
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:  
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighbour-  
ing hill,  
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,  
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;  
Till clustering round the enchanter false  
they hung,

Ymolten with his syren melody;  
 While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,  
 And to the trembling chords these tempting  
 verses sung:

“Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!  
 See all but man with unearned pleasure gay:  
 See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,  
 Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of  
 May!

What youthful bride can equal her array!  
 Who can with her for easy pleasure vie!  
 From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,  
 From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,  
 Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

“Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,  
 The swarming songsters of the careless grove,  
 Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering  
 thorn

Hymn their good God, and earl sweet of love,  
 Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:  
 They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,  
 E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;  
 Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,  
 Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

“Outeave of nature, man! the wretched thrall  
 Of bitter dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,  
 Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,  
 And of the vices an inhuman train,  
 That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:  
 For when hard-hearted Interest first began  
 To poison earth, Astrea left the plain;

Guile, violence, and murder seized on man,  
 And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers  
 ran!

“Come, ye who still the eumbrous load of life  
 Push hard up hill; but as the furthest steep  
 You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
 Down thunders back the stone with mighty  
 sweep,  
 And hurls your labours to the valley deep,  
 For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,  
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,  
 Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea  
 Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

“With me you need not rise at early dawn,  
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds;  
 Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,  
 And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;  
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,  
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,  
 Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;  
 Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,  
 In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

“No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,  
 From village on to village sounding clear:

To tardy swain no shrill-voiced matrons squall;  
 No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;  
 No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;  
 Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers  
 start,

With sounds that are a misery to hear:  
 But all is calm, as would delight the heart  
 Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

“Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent  
 ease,  
 Good-natured lounging, sauntering up and  
 down;

They who are pleased themselves must always  
 please;  
 On others' ways they never squint a frown,  
 Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town;  
 Thus, from the source of tender indolence,  
 With milky blood the heart is overflown,  
 Is soothed and sweetened by the social sense;  
 For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banished  
 hence.

“What, what is virtue but repose of mind,  
 A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;  
 Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,  
 Above the passions that this world deform,  
 And torture man, a proud malignant worm?  
 But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,  
 And gently stir the heart, thereby to form  
 A quicker sense of joy—as breezes stray  
 Across the enlivened skies, and make them still  
 more gay.

“The best of men have ever loved repose:  
 They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;  
 Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour  
 grows,  
 Imbittered more from peevish day to day.  
 Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray,  
 The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,  
 From a base world at last have stolen away:  
 So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore  
 Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

“But if a little exercise you choose,  
 Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.  
 Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,  
 Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;  
 Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,  
 Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry  
 You may delude; the whilst, amused, you hear  
 Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's  
 sigh,  
 Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

“Oh, grievous folly! to heap up estate,  
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun;  
 When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,  
 And gives the untasted portion you have  
 won,



With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,  
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,  
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows  
dun;

But sure it is of vanities most vain,  
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

He ceased. But still their trembling ears  
retained

The deep vibrations of his 'witching song;  
That, by a kind of magic power, constrained  
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,  
Heaps poured on heaps, and yet they slipped  
along,

In silent ease; as when beneath the beam  
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,  
Or by some flood all silvered with the gleam,  
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal  
stream.

Straight of these endless numbers, swarming round  
As thick as idle notes in sunny ray,  
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,

But every man strolled off his own glad way,  
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,  
With all the lodges that thereto pertained;  
No living creature could be seen to stray;

While solitude and perfect silence reigned:  
So that to think you dreamt you almost was  
constrained.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,  
Placed far amid the melancholy main—

Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,  
Or that ærial beings sometimes deign

To stand embodied to our senses plain—  
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,

The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,  
A vast assembly moving to and fro;

Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous  
show.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,  
Ne cursed knocker plied by villain's hand,  
Self-opened into halls, where, who can tell

What elegance and grandeur wide expand,  
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?

Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets  
spread,

And couches stretched around in seemly band;  
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;

So that each spacious room was one full-swelling  
bed.

And everywhere huge covered tables stood,  
With wines high flavoured and rich viands  
crowned;

Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food  
On the green bosom of this earth are found,  
And all old ocean genders in his round;

Some hand unseen these silently displayed,

Even undemanded by a sign or sound;  
You need but wish, and, instantly obeyed,  
Fair ranged the dishes rose, and thick the glasses  
played.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,  
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;

Such as of old the rural poets sung,  
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:  
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,  
Poured forth at large the sweetly tortured  
heart;

Or, sighing tender passion, swelled the gale,  
And taught charmed echo to resound their  
smart;

While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and  
peace impart.

Those pleased the most, where, by a cunning  
hand,

Depainted was the patriarchal age;  
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,  
And pastured on from verdant stage to stage,  
Where fields and fountains fresh could best  
engage.

Toil was not then. Of nothing took they  
heed,

But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,  
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks  
to feed;

Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,  
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,  
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls;

Now the black tempest strikes the astonished  
eyes,

Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;  
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,

And now rude mountains frown amid the skies:  
Whate'er of Lorraine light-touched with soften-  
ing hue,

Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.

A certain music, never known before,  
Here lulled the pensive melancholy mind,

Full easily obtained. Behoves no more,  
But sidelong, to the gently waving wind,

To lay the well-tuned instrument reclined;  
From which with airy flying fingers light,

Beyond each mortal touch the most refined,  
The god of winds drew sounds of deep  
delight;

Whence, with just cause, the harp of Æolus it  
hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine!  
Who up the lofty diapason roll

Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,  
Then let them down again into the soul?

Now rising love they fanned; now pleasing dole  
 They breathed, in tender musings, through  
 the heart;  
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,  
 As when seraphic hands a hymn impart:  
 Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state  
 Of chiefs old, who on the Tigris shore,  
 In mighty Bagdad, populous and great,  
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies  
 store;  
 And verse, love, music, still the garland wore;  
 When sleep was coy, the bard in waiting  
 there  
 Cheered the lone midnight with the muse's lore;  
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,  
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran  
 Soft tinkling streams, and dashing waters  
 fell,  
 And sobbing breezes sighed, and oft began—  
 So worked the wizard—wintry storms to  
 swell,  
 As heaven and earth they would together melt;  
 At doors and windows threatening seemed  
 to call  
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,  
 Yet the least entrance found they none at  
 all;  
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy  
 hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,  
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;  
 O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,  
 That played in waving lights, from place to  
 place,  
 And shed a roscate smile on nature's face.  
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,  
 So fierce with clouds, the pure ethereal space;  
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,  
 As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!  
 My muse will not attempt your fairy land;  
 She has no colours that like you can glow;  
 To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.  
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler hand  
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming  
 sprights,  
 Who thus in dreams voluptuous, soft, and  
 bland,  
 Poured all the Arabian heaven upon her  
 nights,  
 And blest them oft besides with more refined  
 delights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,  
 Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite

With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.  
 But for those fiends whom blood and broils  
 delight,  
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,  
 Down, down black gulfs, where sullen waters  
 sleep;  
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night  
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;  
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far  
 hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,  
 From these foul demons shield the midnight  
 gloom;  
 Angels of fancy and of love be near,  
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom;  
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,  
 And let them virtue with a look impart:  
 But chief, awhile, O lend us from the tomb  
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we  
 smart,  
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the  
 heart.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF MR. CONGREVE.

What art thou, Death! by mankind poorly feared,  
 Yet period of their ills. On thy near shore  
 Trembling they stand, and see through dreaded  
 mists

The eternal port, irresolute to leave  
 This various misery, these air-fed dreams  
 Which men call life and fame. Mistaken minds!  
 'Tis reason's prime aspiring, greatly just;  
 'Tis happiness supreme, to venture forth  
 In quest of nobler worlds; to try the deeps  
 Of dark futurity, with Heaven our guide,  
 The unerring hand that led us safe through time;  
 That planted in the soul this powerful hope,  
 This infinite ambition of new life,  
 And endless joys, still rising, ever new.

These Congreve tastes, safe on the ethereal  
 coast,  
 Joined to the numberless immortal quire  
 Of spirits blest. High-seated among these,  
 He sees the public fathers of mankind,  
 The greatly good, those universal minds  
 Who drew the sword, or planned the holy scheme,  
 For liberty and right; to check the rage  
 Of blood-stained tyranny, and save a world.  
 Such, high-born Marlbro', be thy sire divine  
 With wonder named; fair freedom's champion he,  
 By Heaven approved, a conqueror without guilt:  
 And such on earth his friend, and joined on high  
 By deathless love, Godolphin's patriot worth,  
 Just to his country's fame, yet of her wealth  
 With honour frugal; above interest great.  
 Hail, men immortal! social virtues, hail!

First hoirs of praise! But I, with weak essay,  
 Wrong the superior theme; while heavenly choirs,  
 In strains high warbled to celestial harps,  
 Resound your names: and Congreve's added voice  
 In heaven exalts what he admired below.  
 With these he mixes, now no more to swerve  
 From reason's purest law; no more to please,  
 Borne by the torrent down a sensual age.  
 Pardon, loved shade, that I, with friendly blame,  
 Slight note thy error; not to wrong thy worth.  
 Or shade thy memory—far from my soul  
 Be that base aim—but haply to deter,  
 From flattering the gross vulgar, future pens  
 Powerful like thine in every grace, and skilled  
 To win the listening soul with virtuous charms.

-----

TELL ME, THOU SOUL.

Tell me, thou soul of her I love,  
 Ah! tell me whither art thou fled;  
 To what delightful world above,  
 Appointed for the happy dead?

Or dost thou free at random roam,  
 And sometimes share thy lover's woe;  
 Where, void of thee, his cheerless home  
 Can now, alas! no comfort know?

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,  
 While under every well-known tree,  
 I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,  
 And every tear is full of thee:

Should then the weary eye of grief,  
 Beside some sympathetic stream,  
 In slumber find a short relief,  
 Oh! visit thou my soothing dream.

-----

FOR EVER, FORTUNE.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove  
 An unrelenting foe to love?  
 And when we meet a mutual heart  
 Come in between and bid us part?  
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,  
 And wish and wish the soul away,  
 Till youth and genial years are flown,  
 And all the life of love is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou  
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow—  
 The heart from pleasure to delude,  
 And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,  
 And I absolve thy future care;  
 All other blessings I resign—  
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

-----

HARD IS THE FATE.

Hard is the fate of him who loves,  
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,  
 But to the sympathetic groves.

But to the lonely listening plain!  
 Oh, when she blesses next your shade,  
 Oh, when her footsteps next are seen  
 In flow'ry tracks along the mead,  
 In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,  
 To whom the tears of love are dear,  
 From dying lilies waft a gale,  
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear!  
 Oh, tell her what she cannot blame,  
 Though fear my tongue must ever bind:  
 Oh, tell her that my virtuous flame  
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd!

Not her own guardian-angel eyes  
 With chaster tenderness his care,  
 Not purer her own wishes rise,  
 Not holier her own thoughts in prayer.  
 But if at first her virgin fear  
 Should start at love's suspected name,  
 With that of friendship soothe her ear—  
 True love and friendship are the same.

-----

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command  
 Arose from out the azure main,  
 This was the charter of the land,  
 And guardian angels sung the strain:  
 Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!  
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,  
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall.  
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,  
 The dread and envy of them all.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,  
 Serves but to root thy native oak.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame:  
 All their attempts to bend thee down  
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,  
 And work their woe and thy renown.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign:  
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
 All shall be subject to the main,  
 And every shore it circles thine.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:  
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,  
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
 Rule Britannia, &c.

#### AGAINST THE CRUSADES.

(FROM EDWARD AND ELEONORA.)

I here attend him,  
 In expeditions which I ne'er approved,  
 In holy wars. Your pardon, reverend father.  
 I must declare I think such wars the fruit

Of idle courage, or mistaken zeal;  
 Sometimes of rapine, and religious rage,  
 To every mischief prompt.  
 Sure I am, 'tis madness,  
 Inhuman madness, thus from half the world  
 To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect  
 Each art of peace, each care of government;  
 And all for what? By spreading desolation,  
 Rapine, and slaughter o'er the other half;  
 To gain a conquest we can never hold.  
 I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,  
 Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,  
 By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,  
 Inspire me with a certain awful joy.  
 But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,  
 Surrounds, and fills this universal frame;  
 And every land, where spreads his vital presence,  
 His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.  
 Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:  
 I meant alone to say, I think these wars  
 A kind of persecution. And when that—  
 That most absurd and cruel of all vices,  
 Is once begun, where shall it find an end?  
 Each in his turn, or has or claims a right  
 To wield its dagger, to return its furies,  
 And first or last they fall upon ourselves.

## DAVID MALLET.

BORN 1700—DIED 1765.

DAVID MALLET is believed to have been a descendant of the clan Macgregor, so celebrated for its misdeeds and its misfortunes. When, under the chieftainship of Rob Roy, the race was proscribed by an act of parliament, and the few who escaped from the fearful massacre of Glencoe were compelled to hide themselves in the Lowlands under fictitious names, the ancestor of the poet assumed that of Malloch. His father kept a public-house at Crieff, in Perthshire, where David was born about the year 1700. F. Dinsdale, the editor of "Ballads and Songs by David Mallet," states that he belonged to the Mallocks of Dunrochan, an old and respectable family of Perthshire, who were concerned in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745, and were thereby reduced to poverty. Where David received the rudiments of his education is not known, but probably at the parish school of Crieff. We know that he

studied under Professor Ker of Aberdeen, and then at the University of Edinburgh. In 1723 he was recommended by the professors as a tutor to the two sons of the Duke of Montrose, with whom he the same year proceeded to London, and soon after made the tour of Europe. On his return he continued to reside with his noble pupils, and from his station in so illustrious a family gained admission into the most polished circles of society.

In 1724 Mallet published in Hill's periodical named *The Plain Dealer* his ballad of "William and Margaret," which, with one or two lyrics, have given him more fame than all his elaborate productions. It at once won for him a place among the poets of the day, and he soon numbered among his friends Pope, Young, and other eminent men, to whom his assiduous attentions, his agreeable manners, and literary taste recommended him. In the

year 1726, in the list of subscribers to Savage's *Miscellanies* appeared the name of David Mallet, and from that time forward he was known by that name. "for there is not one Englishman," he said, "that can pronounce Malloch." Dr. Johnson writes, "By degrees, having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation, so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seemed inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover."

In 1728 he published his poem "The Excursion," written in imitation of the blank verse of his classmate and friend Thomson, the defects of whose style are servilely followed, without the least approach to his redeeming graces and beauties. In 1733 appeared his poem on "Verbal Criticism," and he was soon after appointed under secretary to the Prince of Wales, with a salary of £200 a year. In 1739 his tragedy of "Mustapha" was produced, owing its temporary success to some satirical allusions to the king and Sir Robert Walpole, which were probably written to please his patron the Prince of Wales, then at the head of the opposition. In 1740, by command of the prince, he wrote, in conjunction with Thomson, the masque of "Alfred," which was twice performed in the gardens at Cliefden. In this dramatic composition, which was afterwards altered by Mallet, and produced at Drury Lane in 1751, the national song of "Rule Britannia" first appeared; a song which, as Southey said, will be the political hymn of Great Britain as long as she maintains her political power. Whether written by Thomson or Mallet is not known with any degree of certainty. The lyric seems to breathe the higher inspiration and more manly spirit of Thomson.

A second marriage which Mallet entered into with a lady of considerable fortune rendered our author's circumstances comparatively opulent: and his disposition being indolent, seven years elapsed without anything appearing from his pen. In 1747 he published his longest poem, "The Hermit, or Amyntor and Theodora." On the death of Pope, Mallet, who was greatly indebted to him for

many kindnesses, was employed by Lord Bolingbroke to defame the character of his friend, a task which, to his shame be it said, he performed with great malignity in the preface to the revised edition of Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*, Pope's only offence being that he had allowed the first version of that work to be surreptitiously printed. The unprincipled poet was rewarded by a bequest of all Bolingbroke's writings, the publication of which led to a prosecution on account of the immorality and infidelity contained in them. It was on the noble author and his editor that Dr. Johnson uttered one of his most pointed conversational memorabilia: "Sir, he was a scoundrel and a coward; a scoundrel for charging a blunderbuss against religion and morality; a coward because he had not resolution to fire it off himself, but left a half a crown to a beggarly Scotchman to draw the trigger after his death." Mallet's next act of perfidy was to direct the public indignation, for the disgrace brought on the British arms at Minorea, towards Admiral Byng; and accordingly, while that unfortunate officer was on his trial, he wrote a letter of accusation, under the signature of "A Plain Man," which, printed on a large sheet, was circulated with great industry by the Newcastle administration. "The price of blood," says Dr. Johnson, "was a pension." Mallet accepted a legacy of £1000 left by the Duchess of Marlborough at her death, as the price of a life of her illustrious husband, of which he never wrote the first line. Besides this bequest he received a considerable sum annually from the second duke to induce him to go on with the work, which Mallet continually represented to be nearly completed. On Lord Bute becoming premier he wrote "Truth in Rhyme," and the tragedy of "Elvira," with the design of promoting the political views of the new administration. He was rewarded by being appointed keeper of the book of entries for ships in the port of London, a position worth £400 per annum. He enjoyed this appointment little more than two years, dying in London April 21, 1765.

Both Mallet and his second wife—little or nothing is known of the first—professed to be freethinkers or deists; and the lady is said to have surprised some of her friends by enforcing her dogmas in a truly authoritative

style, prefacing them with an exclamation of—"Sir, we deists." When Gibbon the historian was dismissed from Oxford for embracing Popery he took refuge in Mallet's house, and was rather scandalized, he says, than reclaimed by the philosophy of his host. Wilkes mentions that the vain and fantastic wife one day lamented to a lady that her husband *suffered in reputation* by his name being so often confounded with Smollett; the lady wittily answered, "Madam, there is a short remedy: let your husband keep his own name." There is a good anecdote told of the way in which Mallet tricked Garrick into the performance of his play of "Elvira," that great actor being opposed to its representation. He made him believe that in the *Life of Marlborough*, with which he always pretended to be so busy, he had not failed to make honourable mention of Garrick's name. The vanity of the theatrical hero was flattered by the compliment, and there was nothing at that moment which he would not do "to serve his good friend Mr. Mallet." When Pope published his "Essay on Man," but concealed the authorship, Mallet entering one day, Pope asked him what there

was new. Mallet told him that the newest piece was *something* called an "Essay on Man," which he had inspected, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away; whereupon the little poet, who has been said to have resembled an interrogation point, to punish Mallet's self-conceit, told him he wrote it.

In conclusion, we will quote the words of Dr. Johnson, who says, "Mallet's conversation was elegant and easy; his works are such as any writer, bustling in the world, showing himself in public, and emerging occasionally, from time to time, into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence; but which, conveying but little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement."

A new edition of Mallet's ballads and songs, with notes and illustrations and a memoir of the author by Frederick Dinsmore, was published in 1857. The work bears evidence on every page that its preparation was a labour of love.

## WILLIAM AND MARGARET.<sup>1</sup>

'Twas at the silent solemn hour  
When night and morning meet,  
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,  
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn  
Clad in a wintry cloud;  
And clay-cold was her lily hand,  
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear  
When youth and years are flown;  
Such is the robe that kings must wear  
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,  
That sips the silver dew;  
The rose was budded in her cheek,  
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,  
Consumed her early prime;  
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—  
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,  
Come from her midnight grave;  
Now let thy pity hear the maid  
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour  
When injured ghosts complain;  
When yawning graves give up their dead,  
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,  
Thy pledge and broken oath;  
And give me back my maiden-vow,  
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,  
And not that promise keep?

<sup>1</sup> In the other songs of Mallet there is more polish and much prettiness, and a fine subdued modesty of language and thought, which make them favourites with all lovers of gentle and unimpassioned verse; but we have no more Williams and Margarets—*Atlan Cenningham*.

Why did you swear my eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,  
And yet that face forsake?  
How could you win my virgin heart,  
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,  
And made the scarlet pale!  
And why did I, young witless maid!  
Believe the flattering tale!

That face, alas! no more is fair,  
Those lips no longer red;  
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,  
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;  
This winding-sheet I wear:  
And cold and weary lasts our night,  
Till that last morn appear.

But, hark! the cock has warned me hence:  
A long and last adieu!  
Come see, false man, how low she lies,  
Who died for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled  
With beams of rosy red:  
Pale William quaked in every limb,  
And raving left his bed.

He hid him to the fatal place  
Where Margaret's body lay;  
And stretched him on the green-grass turf  
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,  
And thrice he wept full sore:  
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,  
And word spake never more!

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THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.<sup>1</sup>

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;  
And, while they warble from the spray,  
Love melts the universal lay,  
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
Like them, improve the hour that flies;  
And in soft raptures waste the day  
Among the birks of Invermay!

<sup>1</sup> Three other stanzas sometimes appear with Mallet's song, which was a great favourite with poor Fergusson. They are generally attributed to the Rev. Alexander Bryce, 1713-1786.—ED.

For soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear;  
At this thy living bloom will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade.  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feathered songsters are no more;  
And when they drop and we decay,  
Adieu the birks of Invermay!

-----  
A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight shades, o'er nature spread!  
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!  
In honour of th' approaching dead,  
Around your awful terrors pour,  
Yes, pour around,  
On this pale ground,  
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,  
The sober thought,  
The tear untaught,  
Those meekest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surpliced train draw near  
To this last mansion of mankind,  
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,  
In holy musings wrap the mind!  
And while their beam,  
With trembling stream  
Attending tapers faintly dart,  
Each mouldering bone,  
Each sculptured stone,  
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now let the sacred organ blow,  
With solemn pause, and sounding slow:  
Now, let the voice due measure keep,  
In strains that sigh, and words that weep:  
Till all the vocal current blended roll,  
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul—

To lift it to the Maker's praise,  
Who first informed our frame with breath,  
And, after some few stormy days,  
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.

No king of fears  
In him appears.  
Who shuts the scene of human woes:  
Beneath his shade  
Securely laid,  
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,  
To One, supremely good and wise,  
Raise hallelujahs! God is just,  
And man most happy when he dies!  
His winter past,  
Fair spring at last

Receives him on her flowery shore;  
 Where pleasure's rose  
 Immortal blows,  
 And sin and sorrow are no more!

AS SYLVIA IN A FOREST LAY.

As Sylvia in a forest lay,  
 To vent her woe alone;  
 Her swain Sylvander came that way,  
 And heard her dying moan:  
 Ah! is my love, she said, to you  
 So worthless and so vain?  
 Why is your wanted fondness now  
 Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,  
 Ere you'd forget your love;  
 In shades now may creation mourn,  
 Since you unfaithful prove.  
 Was it for this I credit gave  
 To ev'ry oath you swore!  
 But ah! it seems they most deceive  
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,  
 The practice of mankind;  
 Alas! I see it, but too late,  
 My love had made me blind.  
 For you, delighted I could die:  
 But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,  
 To think that credulous, constant, I  
 Should by yourself be kill'd.

This said — all breathless, sick, and pale,  
 Her head upon her hand,  
 She found her vital spirits fail,  
 And senses at a stand.  
 Sylvander then began to melt:  
 But ere the word was given,  
 The heavy hand of death she felt.  
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

A YOUTH ADORN'D WITH EVERY ART.

A youth, adorn'd with every art  
 To warm and win the coldest heart,  
 In secret, mine possess:—  
 The morning bud that fairest blows,  
 The vernal oak that straightest grows,  
 His face and shape express.

In moving sounds he told his tale,  
 Soft as the sighings of the gale  
 That wakes the flowery year.  
 What wonder he could charm with ease,  
 Whom happy nature form'd to please.  
 Whom love had made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought, and fell,  
 The fatal evening heard his knell,  
 And saw the tears I shed:  
 Tears that must ever, ever fall;  
 For, ah! no sighs the past recal,  
 No cries awake the dead!

YE WOODS AND YE MOUNTAINS  
 UNKNOWN.

Ye woods and ye mountains unknown,  
 Beneath whose dark shadows I stray,  
 To the breast of my charmer alone  
 These sighs bid sweet echo convey.  
 Wherever he pensively leans,  
 By fountain, on hill, or in grove,  
 His heart will explain what she means,  
 Who sings both from sorrow and love.

More soft than the nightingale's song,  
 O waft the sad sound to his ear;  
 And say, tho' divided so long,  
 The friend of his bosom is near.  
 Then tell him what years of delight,  
 Then tell him what ages of pain,  
 I felt when I liv'd in his sight!  
 I feel 'til I see him again!

ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

BORN 1701 — DIED 1780.

ALEXANDER MACDONALD, second son of the Episcopal clergyman of Ardnamurchan, was born at Dalilea, in Moidart, in the first year of the eighteenth century. His father wished

him to follow his own profession, and gave him a classical education, while the Clanranald of that day desired young Alexander, of whom great hopes were entertained, to be educated



for the bar. Like many a wayward son of the Muse he disappointed both his chief and his father. While at college he inconsiderately married Mary Macdonald, on whom he had composed several songs; and without completing his course, he, to support himself and his young wife, became a teacher. It is said that he was first employed as such by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge; afterwards as parochial schoolmaster at Ardaamurchan, residing in a romantic situation on the Sound of Mull, directly opposite to Tobermory. While in this agreeable position he prepared a vocabulary for the use of Gaelic schools, the first work of the kind in the language. It was published at Edinburgh in 1741. When Prince Charles landed he laid down the ferule and took up the sword. He was the Tyrtaeus of the Highland army, and his warlike strains aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the followers of the ill-fated Stuart.

At the close of the rebellion, in which he bore an officer's commission, Macdonald and his elder brother Angus escaped pursuit, and for a time sought shelter in the woods and caves of Borradale, in the district of Arasaig. After a time Jacobite friends invited the poet to Edinburgh to take charge of the education of their children. While residing in the metro-

polis he prepared for the press and published by subscription a volume of Gaelic poems, containing nearly all his best productions. Returning to his native district he attempted farming, but his efforts, as in the case of a greater Scottish bard—Robert Burns—were not attended with success, and for several years before his death at Santaig, about 1780, he was chiefly dependent for support on the liberality of his more prosperous relations.

Some Gaelic scholars esteem Macdonald's "Blessing of the Biorlinn" as equal to Ossian's poems of the same length, and pronounce the force of thought and energy of poetical ardour with which he

"Hurle the Biorlinn through the cold glens,"

unsurpassed, if indeed it has been equalled, by any modern Highland poet. His poem in praise of Mòrag contains many lofty and impassioned lines, and his Odes to Spring and Winter are indicative of high poetic power. Collections of his poems were published in 1751 and 1764, and a third volume of his poetry appeared in 1802. It is asserted by Maekenzie that but a small portion of this bard's poems have been preserved in print. His son Ronald, having published a volume, and not meeting with encouragement for a second, destroyed all his father's manuscripts.

## THE LION OF MACDONALD.

Awake, thou first of creatures! indignant in their frown,  
 Let the flag unfold the features that the heather<sup>1</sup> blossoms crown;  
 Arise, and lightly mount thy crest, while flap thy flanks in air,  
 And I will follow thee the best that I may dow or dare.  
 Yes, I will sing the Lion King, o'er all the tribes victorious;  
 To living thing may not concede thy meed and actions glorious;  
 How oft thy noble head has woke thy valiant men to battle,  
 As panic o'er their spirit broke, and rued the foe their mettle.  
 Is there thy praise to underrate, in very thought presuming

O'er crested chieftainey<sup>2</sup> thy state, O thou of right assuming?  
 I see thee, on thy silken flag, in rampant<sup>3</sup> glory streaming,  
 As life inspired their firmness thy planted hind feet seeming.  
 The standard-tree is proud of thee, its lofty sides embraeing,  
 Anon unfolding to give forth thy grandeur any space in.  
 A following of the trustiest are cluster'd by thy side,  
 And woe, their flaming visages of crimson, who shall bide!  
 The heather and the blossom are pledges of their faith,  
 And the foe that shall assail them is destined to the death.

<sup>1</sup> The Macdonald badge is a tuft of heather.

<sup>2</sup> The clan claimed the right wing of the battle.

<sup>3</sup> A lion rampant is the Macdonald cognizance.

Was not a dearth of mettle among thy native kind,  
They were foremost in the battle, nor in the chase  
behind.

Their arms of fire wreak'd out their ire, their  
shields emboss'd with gold—

And the thrusting of their venom'd points upon  
the foe-man told;

O deep and large was every gash that marked  
their manly vigour,

And irresistible the flash that lighten'd round  
their trigger;

And woe, when play'd the dark blue blade, the  
thick-back'd, sharp Ferrara,

Though plied its might by stripling hand, it cut  
into the marrow.

Clan Colla,<sup>1</sup> let them have their due, thy true and  
gallant following,

Strength, kindness, grace, and clannishness their  
lofty spirit hallowing.

Hot is their ire as flames aspire, the whirling  
March winds fanning them;

Yet search their hearts, no blenish'd parts are  
found, all eyes though scaming them.

They rush elate to stern debate, the battle call  
has never

Found tardy cheer or craven fear, or grudge the  
prey to sever.

Ah, fell their wrath! The dance of death<sup>2</sup> sends  
legs and arms a flying,

And thick the life-blood's reek ascends of the  
downfallen and the dying.

Clandonuil, still my darling theme, is the prime  
of every clan;

How oft the heady war in has it chased where  
thousands ran.

O ready, bold, and venomful, these native war-  
riors brave,

Like adders coiling on the hill, they dart with  
stinging glaive;

Nor wants their course the speed, the force—nor  
wants their gallant stature

This of the rock, that of the flock that skim  
along the water.

Like whistle-shriek the blows they strike, as the  
torrent of the fell;

So fierce they gush, the moor-flames' rush their  
ardour symbols well.

Clandonuil's root,<sup>3</sup> when crowd each shoot of  
sapling, branch, and stem,

What forest fair shall e'er compare in stately  
pride with them?

Their gathering might what legion might in  
rivalry has dar'd,

Or to ravish from their Lion's face a bristle of his  
beard!

<sup>1</sup> Coll, or Colla, is a common name in the clan.

<sup>2</sup> The "mire chatta," or battle dance.

<sup>3</sup> The clan consisted of several septs, as Clanranald,  
Gleagary, Keppoch, &c.

What limbs were wrenched, what furrows  
drench'd, in that cloud-burst of steel,

That atoned the provocation, and smok'd from  
head to heel;

While cry and shriek of terror break the field of  
strife along,

And stranger notes are wailing the slaughter'd  
heaps among.

When, from the kingdom's breadth and length,  
might other muster gather,

So flush in spirit, firm in strength, the stress of  
arms to weather?

Steel to the core, that evermore to expectation  
true,

Like gallant deer-hounds from the slip, or like  
an arrow flew,

Where deathful strife was calling, and sworded  
files were closed,

Was sapping breach the wall in of the ranks that  
stood oppos'd,

And thirsty brands were hot for blood, and quiver-  
ing to be on,

And with the whistle of the blade was sounding  
mauny a groan.

O, from the sides of Albyn, full thousands would  
be proud,

The natives of her mountains gray, around the  
tree to crowd;

Where stream the colours flying, and frown the  
features grim

Of yonder emblem Lion, with his staunch and  
crimson<sup>4</sup> limb.

Up, up, be bold, quick be unroll'd the gathering  
of your levy,<sup>5</sup>

Let every step bound forth a leap, and every  
hand be heavy;

The furnace of the mêlée, where burn your swords  
the best,

Eschew not; to the rally, where blaze your stream-  
ers, haste!

That silken sheet, by death-strokes fleet and  
strong defenders mann'd.

Dismays the flutter of its leaves the chosen of the  
land.

#### ADDRESS TO THE MORNING.

Son of the young Morn! that glancest  
O'er the hills of the east with thy gold-yellow

hair,

How gay on the wild thou advanceest  
Where the streams laugh as onward they fare,

And the trees, yet bedewed by the shower,  
Elastic their light branches raise,

While the melodists sweet they embower,  
Hail thee at once with their lays.

<sup>4</sup> The Macdonald armorial bearings are gules.

<sup>5</sup> Prince Charles Edward was then expected.

But where is the dim night duskily gliding  
 On her eagle wings from thy face?  
 Where now is darkness abiding,  
 In what cave do bright stars end their race,  
 When fast, on their faded steps bending,  
 Like a hunter you rush through the sky,  
 Up those lone lofty mountains ascending,  
 While down yon far summits they fly?

Pleasant thy path is, great lustre, wide gleaming,  
 Dispelling the storm with thy rays;

And graceful thy gold ringlets streaming,  
 As wont, in the westerling blaze.  
 Then the blind mist of night ne'er deceiveth,  
 Nor sends from the right course astray;  
 The strong tempest, all ocean that grieveth,  
 Can ne'er make thee bend from thy way.

At the call of the wild morn appearing,  
 Thy festal face wakens up bright,  
 The shade from all dark places clearing,  
 But the bard's eye that ne'er sees thy light.

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## WILLIAM HAMILTON.

BORN 1704—DIED 1754.

WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, one of the first lyric poets who sought to communicate a classic grace and courtly decorum to Scottish song, was born of an ancient Ayrshire family in the year 1704. He received a liberal education, and early in life cultivated a taste for poetry, having before he was twenty assisted Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. His first and best strains were dedicated to lyrical poetry, and he soon became distinguished for his poetical talents. He was the delight of the fashionable circles of his native county, possessing, as he did, rank, education, and various accomplishments, and was known as "the elegant and amiable Hamilton." In 1745 he took the side which most young men of generous temperament were apt to take in those days—he joined the standard of Prince Charles Edward, and became the poet-laureate of the Jacobite army by celebrating their first success at Prestonpans, in the ode of "Gladsmuir." When the cause of the Stuarts was lost by the battle of Culloden, Hamilton, after many hardships and perils among the mountains and glens of the Highlands, succeeded in effecting his escape to France. His exile, however, was short. He had many friends and admirers among the royalists at home, who soon obtained a pardon for the rebellious poet, and he was restored to his native country and his paternal estate. His health was always delicate, and a pulmonary complaint soon compelled him to seek a more genial climate.

He proceeded to the Continent, and took up his residence at Lyons, France, where he continued to reside until a lingering consumption ended his career, March 25, 1754, in the fiftieth year of his age. His body was brought back to Scotland, and interred in that once great Walhalla, the Abbey Church of Holyrood. The poet was twice married into families of distinction; and by his first wife, a daughter of Sir James Hall of Dunglass, he left a son, who succeeded to his estate.

A volume of his poems was, without his consent or name, published at Glasgow in 1748; another edition of his works was issued at Edinburgh in 1760; but the latest and most complete edition, including several poems previously unpublished, and edited by James Paterson, appeared in 1850. "Mr. Hamilton's mind," says Lord Woodhouselee in his *Life of Lord Kaimes*, "is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant and a chastened taste; and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress, but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression." Of Hamilton's poems not devoted to love, the most deserving of notice is "The Episode of the Thistle," which is an ingenious attempt, in blank verse, by a well-devised fable, to account for the national emblem of Scotland:—

“How oft beneath

Its martial influence have Scotia's sons,  
Through every age, with dauntless valour fought  
On every hostile ground! While o'er their breast,  
Companion to the silver star, blest type  
Of fame unsullied and superior deed,  
Distinguished ornament! their native plant  
Surrounds the sainted cross, with costly row  
Of gems emblaz'd, and flame of radiant gold  
A sacred mark, their glory and their pride.”

There is another fragmentary poem by Hamilton, an extract from which appears among our selections. It is called “The Maid of Gallowshiels,” and is an epic of the heroic-comic kind, intended to celebrate a contest between a piper and a fiddler for the fair maid of Gallowshiels. The only poem which he

wrote in his native dialect is “The Braes of Yarrow,” which has been almost universally acknowledged to be one of the finest ballads ever written. Wordsworth was signally impressed with it, as appears from his trio of beautiful poems of “Yarrow Unvisited,” “Yarrow Visited,” and “Yarrow Revisited.” Mr. Hamilton of *Bangour*, who made the first translation from Homer in blank verse, is sometimes mistaken for and identified with another poet of the same name—William Hamilton of *Gilbertfield*, in Lanarkshire, who was a friend and correspondent of Allan Ramsay, and the author of a modern version of Harry the Minstrel's poem on Sir William Wallace.

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.<sup>1</sup>

“Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!  
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.”

“Where gat ye that bonny, bonny bride?  
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?”  
“I gat her where I darena weel be seen,  
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

Weep not, weep not, my bonny, bonny bride,  
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!  
Nor let thy heart lament to leave  
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

“Why does she weep, thy bonny, bonny bride?  
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?  
And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen  
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?”

“Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun  
she weep,  
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,  
And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen  
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.”

For she has tint her lover, lover dear,  
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,  
And I hae slain the comeliest swain  
That e'er poued birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?  
Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?  
And why yon melancholious weeds  
Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful flude?  
What's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!  
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew  
Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,  
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,  
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,  
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,  
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;  
And weep around in waeful wise,  
His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,  
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow;  
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,  
His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,  
And warn from fight, but to my sorrow;  
O'er rashly bauld, a stronger arm  
Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green  
grows the grass,  
Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan,

<sup>1</sup> Among the many admirers of this pathetic poem may be mentioned the name of Wordsworth, who calls it the exquisite ballad of Hamilton, and in his own immortal lines makes frequent allusions to it. There is a much older composition with the same title, which appears to have been the prototype of all the ballads in celebration of the tragedy of the Yarrow.—Ed.

Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,  
Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows  
Tweed,

As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,  
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,  
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair, fair indeed thy love,  
In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;  
Though he was fair and well beloved again  
Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny, bonny bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,  
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,  
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow."

"How can I busk a bonny, bonny bride,  
How can I busk a winsome marrow,  
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,  
That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow?"

O Yarrow fields! may never, never rain,  
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover;  
For there was basely slain my love,  
My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,  
His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing;  
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kened  
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white  
steed,  
Unheedful of my dule and sorrow;  
But ere the to-fall of the night  
He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that wae'ful, wae'ful day;  
I sang, my voice the woods returning,  
But lang ere night the spear was floun  
That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous father do,  
But with his cruel rage pursue me?  
My lover's blood is on thy spear.  
How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud;  
With cruel and ungentle scoffin,  
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes  
My lover nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,  
And strive with threatening words to move  
me;

My lover's blood is on thy spear.  
How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,  
With bridal sheets my body cover;  
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,  
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?  
His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.  
Ah, me! what ghastly spectre's yon  
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,  
O lay his cold head on my pillow;  
Take aff, take aff these bridal weeds,  
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best, yet best beloved,  
O could my warmth to life restore thee!  
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,—  
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale, indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,  
Forgive, forgive, so foul a slaughter.  
And lie all night between my breasts,  
No youth shall ever lie there after."

"Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,  
Return and dry thy useless sorrow:  
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,  
He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow."

#### TO THE COUNTESS OF EGLINTON.<sup>1</sup>

Accept, O Eglinton! the rural lays  
That, bound to thee, thy poet lumbly pays.  
The Muse, that oft has raised her tuneful strains,  
A frequent guest on Scotia's blissful plains;  
That oft has sung, her listening youth to move,  
The charms of beauty, and the force of love;  
Once more resumes the still successful lay,  
Delighted through the verdant meads to stray.  
O! come, invoked! and, pleased, with her repair  
To breathe the balmy sweets of purer air;  
In the cool evening, negligently laid,  
Or near the stream, or in the rural shade,  
Propitious hear, and as thou hear'st approve,  
The Gentle Shepherd's tender tale of love.

Instructed from these scenes, what glowing fires  
Inflame the breast that real love inspires!  
The fair shall read of ardours, sighs, and tears,  
All that a lover hopes, and all he fears:  
Hence, too, what passions in his bosom rise!  
What dawning gladness sparkles in his eyes!  
When first the fair one, pitceous of his fate,  
Cured of her scorn, and vanquished of her hate,

<sup>1</sup> This poem, so laudatory of the celebrated Ayrshire beauty, was appended to "The Gentle Shepherd."—Ed.

With willing mind, is bounteous to relent,  
And blushing beauteous, smiles the kind consent!  
Love's passion here, in each extreme, is shown,  
In Charlotte's smile, or in Maria's frown.

With words like these, that failed not to engage,  
Love courted Beauty in a golden age;  
Pure and untaught, such Nature first inspired,  
Ere yet the fair affected phrase desired.  
His secret thoughts were undisguised with art,  
His words ne'er knew to differ from his heart:  
He speaks his love so artless and sincere,  
As thy Eliza might be pleased to hear.

Heaven only to the rural state bestows  
Conquest o'er life, and freedom from its woes:  
Secure alike from envy and from care,  
Nor raised by hope, nor yet depressed by fear;  
Nor want's lean hand its happiness constrains,  
Nor riches torture with ill-gotten gains.  
No secret guilt its steadfast peace destroys,  
No wild ambition interrupts its joys.  
Blest still to spend the hours that Heaven has lent,  
In humble goodness, and in calm content:  
Serenely gentle, as the thoughts that roll,  
Sinless and pure, in fair Humeia's soul.

But now the rural state these joys has lost;  
Even swains no more that innocence can boast:  
Love speaks no more what beauty may believe,  
Proned to betray, and practised to deceive.  
Now Happiness forsakes her blest retreat,  
The peaceful dwelling where she fixed her seat;  
The pleasing fields she wont of old to grace,  
Companion to an upright sober race;  
When on the sunny hill, or verdant plain,  
Free and familiar with the sons of men,  
To crown the pleasures of the blameless feast,  
She uninvited came, a welcome guest;  
Ere yet an age, grown rich in impious arts,  
Bribed from their innocence uncautious hearts.  
Then grudging hate and sinful pride succeed,  
Cruel revenge, and false unrighteous deed.  
Then dowerless beauty lost the power to move;  
The rust of lucre stained the gold of love:  
Bounteous no more, and hospitably good,  
The genial hearth first blushed with strangers'  
blood:

The friend no more upon the friend relies,  
And semblant falsehood puts on truth's disguise:  
The peaceful household filled with dire alarms;  
The ravished virgin mourns her slighted charms:  
The voice of impious mirth is heard around,  
In guilt they feast, in guilt the bowl is crowned:  
Uppurished violence lords it o'er the plains,  
And happiness forsakes the guilty swains.

Oh! Happiness, from human search retired,  
Where art thou to be found, by all desired?  
Nun, sober and devout, why art thou fled,  
To hide in shades thy meek contented head?

Virgin! of aspect mild, ah! why, unkind,  
Fly'st thou, displeas'd, the commerce of mankind?  
O! teach our steps to find the secret cell,  
Where, with thy sire Content, thou lov'st to dwell.  
Or, say, dost thou a duteous handmaid wait  
Familiar at the chambers of the great?  
Dost thou pursue the voice of them that call  
To noisy revel and to midnight ball?  
O'er the full banquet, when we feast our soul,  
Dost thou inspire the mirth, or mix the bowl?  
Or, with the industrious planter dost thou talk,  
Conversing freely in an evening walk?  
Say, does the miser e'er thy face behold,  
Watchful and studious of the treasured gold?  
Seeks knowledge, not in vain, thy much-loved  
power,  
Still musing silent at the morning hour?  
May we thy presence hope in war's alarms,  
In Stair's wisdom, or in Erskine's charms?

In vain our flattering hopes our steps beguile,  
The flying good eludes the searcher's toil:  
In vain we seek the city or the cell,  
Alone with Virtue knows the power to dwell:  
Nor need mankind despair these joys to know,  
The gift themselves may on themselves bestow:  
Soon, soon we might the precious blessing boast,  
But many passions must the blessing cost;  
Infernal malice, inly pining hate,  
And envy, grieving at another's state;  
Revenge no more must in our hearts remain  
Or burning lust or avarice of gain.

When these are in the human bosom nursed,  
Can peace reside in dwellings so accursed!  
Unlike, O Eglington! thy happy breast,  
Calm and serene, enjoys the heavenly guest;  
From the tumultuous rule of passions freed,  
Pure in thy thought, and spotless in thy deed:  
In virtues rich, in goodness unconfined,  
Thou shin'st a fair example to thy kind;  
Sincere and equal to thy neighbour's name,  
How swift to praise! how guiltless to defame!  
Bold in thy presence Bashfulness appears,  
And backward Merit loses all its fears.  
Supremely blessed by Heaven, Heaven's richest  
grace  
Confessed is thine—an early blooming race;  
Whose pleasing smiles shall guardian Wisdom arm,  
Divine Instruction! taught of thee to charm:  
What transports shall they to thy soul impart  
The conscious transports of a parent's heart),  
When thou behold'st them of each grace possess,  
And sighing youths imploring to be blest!  
After thy image formed, with charms like thine,  
Or in the visit, or the dance, to shine:  
Thrice happy! who succeed their mother's praise  
The lovely Eglington's of other days.

Meanwhile, peruse the following tender scenes,  
And listen to thy native poet's strains:

In ancient garb the home-bred Muse appears,  
 The garb our Muses wore in former years.  
 As in a glass reflected, here behold  
 How smiling Goodness looked in days of old;  
 Nor blush to read, where Beauty's praise is shown,  
 Or virtuous Love, the likeness of thy own:  
 While 'midst the various gifts that gracious  
 Heaven  
 To thee, in whom it is well-pleas'd, has given,  
 Let this, O Eglinton, delight thee most,—  
 T' enjoy that innocence the world has lost.

### THE MAID OF GALLOWSHIELS.

(EXTRACT.)

Now in his artful hand the bagpipe held,  
 Elate, the piper wide surveys the field.  
 O'er all he throws his quick discerning eyes,  
 And views their hopes and fears alternate rise.  
 Old Glenderule, in Gallowshields long fam'd  
 For works of skill, the perfect wonder fram'd;  
 His shining steel first lopp'd, with dexterous toil,  
 From a tall spreading elm the branchy spoil.  
 The clouded wood he next divides in twain,  
 And smoothes them equal to an oval plane.  
 Six leather folds in still connected rows  
 To either plank conformed, the sides compose;  
 The wimble perforates the base with care,  
 A destin'd passage opening to the air;  
 But once inclosed within the narrow space,  
 The opposing valve forbids the backward race.  
 Fast to the swelling bag, two reeds combin'd,  
 Receive the blasts of the melodious wind.  
 Round from the twining loom, with skill divine  
 Embost, the joints in silver circles shine;  
 In secret prison pent, the accents lie,  
 Until his arm the lab'ring artist ply:  
 Then duteous they forsake their dark abode,  
 Fellows no more, and wing a sep'rate road.  
 These upward through the narrow channel glide  
 In ways unseen, a solemn murmuring tide;  
 Those thro' the narrow part, their journey bend  
 Of sweeter sort, and to the earth descend.  
 O'er the small pipe at equal distance, lie  
 Eight shining holes o'er which his fingers fly.  
 From side to side the aerial spirit bounds:  
 The flying fingers form the passing sounds,  
 That, issuing gently thro' the polish'd door,  
 Mix with the common air, and charm no more.  
 This gift long since old Glenderule consign'd,  
 The lasting witness of his friendly mind,  
 To the fam'd author of the piper's line.  
 Each empty space shone rich in fair design:  
 Himself appears high in the sculptur'd wo.d,  
 As bold in the Harlean field he stood.  
 Serene, amidst the dangers of the day,  
 Full in the van you might behold him play;

There in the humbler mood of peace he stands,  
 Before him pleas'd are seen the dancing bands,  
 In mazy roads the flying ring they blend,  
 So lively fram'd they seem from earth t' ascend.  
 Four gilded straps the artist's arm surround,  
 Two knit by clasps, and two by buckles bound.  
 His artful elbow now the youth essays,  
 A tuneful squeeze to wake the sleeping lays.  
 With lab'ring bellows thus the smith inspires,  
 To frame the polish'd lock, the f rge's fires;  
 Conceal'd in ashes lie the flames below;  
 Till the resounding lungs of bellows blow;  
 Then mounting high, o'er the illum'd room  
 Spreads the brown light, and gilds the dusky  
 gloom;  
 The bursting sounds in narrow prison pent,  
 Rouse, in their cells, loud rumbling for a  
 vent.  
 Loud tempests now the deafen'd ear assail;  
 Now gently sweet is breath'd a sober gale:  
 As when the hawk his mountain nest forsakes,  
 Fierce for his prey his rustling wings he shakes;  
 The air impell'd by th' unharmonious shock,  
 Sounds clattering and abrupt through all the  
 rock.  
 But as she flies, she shapes to smother pace  
 Her winnowing vans, and swims the aerial space.

### WHY HANGS THAT CLOUD?

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow,  
 That beauteous heav'n, erewhile serene?  
 Whence do these storms and tempests blow,  
 What may this gust of passion mean?  
 And must then mankind lose that light  
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,  
 And lie obscure in endless night,  
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear maid, how can I wrong thy name,  
 Since 'tis acknowledged, at all hands,  
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,  
 Thy beauty can make large amends.  
 Or if I durst profanely try  
 Thy beauty's powerful charms t' upbraid,  
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,  
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, every heart t' ensnare,  
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,  
 And Pallas, with unusual care,  
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace.  
 Who can the double pain endure?  
 Or who must not resign the field  
 To thee, celestial maid, secure  
 With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,  
 Let not a wretch in torment live,  
 But smile, and learn to enjoy Heaven,  
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.  
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does  
 Forgive th' offender and the offence,  
 But even itself appears'd bestows,  
 As the reward of penitence.

---

#### AH, THE POOR SHEPHERD.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,  
 When doomed to live and doomed to languish,  
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
 Nor dare disclose his anguish!  
 Yet eager looks and dying sighs  
 My secret soul discover,  
 While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,  
 Reveals how much I love her.  
 The tender glance, the reddening cheek,  
 O'erspread with rising blushes,  
 A thousand various ways they speak,  
 A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,  
 That artless blush and modest air,  
 So fatally beguiling;  
 Thy every look and every grace  
 So charm when'er I view thee,  
 Till death o'ertake me in the chase,  
 Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
 Then, when my tedious hours are past,  
 Be this last blessing given,  
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
 And die in sight of heaven.

---

#### STREPHON'S PICTURE.

Ye gods! was Strephon's picture blest  
 With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast?  
 Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,  
 Oh, gently throb—too fierce thou art.  
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,  
 For Strephon was the bliss design'd?  
 For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,  
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou, bless'd shade, that sweetly art  
 Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,  
 For me the tender hour improve,  
 And softly tell how dear I love.

Ungrateful thing! it seems to hear  
 Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,  
 Ingressing all that beauteous heav'n,  
 That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I lord  
 Of all the wealth those breasts afford,  
 I'd be a miser too. nor give  
 An alms to keep a god alive.  
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair,  
 On these cold looks, that lifeless air;  
 Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,  
 With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true thy charms, O powerful maid,  
 To life can bring the silent shade:  
 Thou canst surpass the painter's art,  
 And real warmth and flames impart.  
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,  
 I've ever loved, and loved but thee:  
 Then, charmer, grant my fond request,  
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

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#### YE SHEPHERDS AND NYMPHS.

Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay  
 plain,  
 Approach from your sports, and attend to my  
 strain;  
 Amongst all your number a lover so true  
 Was ne'er so unidone with such bliss in his view.  
 Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine!  
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine:  
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath;  
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;  
 She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my  
 sighs.

A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,  
 Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.  
 I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears;  
 Her answer confounds, while her manner endears;  
 When softly she tells me to hope no relief,  
 My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with  
 care,  
 I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:  
 The fair sleeps in peace; may she ever do so!  
 And only when dreaming imagine my woe.  
 Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,  
 Nor think she should love whom she cannot  
 admire:  
 Hush all thy complaining; and, dying her slave,  
 Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.



ALAS! THE SUNNY HOURS ARE  
PAST.

Alas! the sunny hours are past;  
The cheating scene, it will not last;  
Let not the flatt'rer, Hope, persuade,—  
Ah! must I say that it will fade!  
For see the summer flies away,  
Sad emblem of our own decay!  
Grim winter, from the frozen north,  
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grisly hands, in icy chains,  
Fair Tweeda's silver stream constrains,  
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak, how bare,  
He wanders on the tops of Yare!  
Behold, his footsteps dire are seen  
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green:  
Grier'd at the sight, thou soon shalt see  
A snowy wreath clothe ev'ry tree.

Frequenting now the streams no more,  
Thou fliest, displeas'd, the frozen shore:  
When thou shalt miss the flowers that grew,  
But late, to charm thy ravish'd view;  
Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,  
And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade;  
Shall I, ah, horrid! shalt thou say,  
Be like to this some other day!

Ah! when the lovely white and red  
From the pale ashy cheek are fled;  
When wrinkles dire, and age severe,  
Make beauty fly, we know not where,—  
Unhappy love! may lovers say,  
Beauty, thy food, does swift decay;  
When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,  
What is't thy famine can prevent?

Lay in good sense with timeous care,  
That love may live on wisdom's fare;  
Tho' ecstacy with beauty dies,  
Esteem is born when beauty flies.  
Happy the man whom fates decree  
Their richest gift in giving thee!  
Thy beauty shall his youth engage,  
Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

YE SHEPHERDS OF THIS PLEASANT  
VALE.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,  
Where Yarrow streams along,

Forsake your rural toils, and join  
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile  
Atones her long delays,  
One happy minute crowns the pains  
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,  
These suffering days are o'er;  
Love satiates now his boundless wish  
From beauty's boundless store:

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,  
This rising calm destroy;  
Now every prospect smiles around,  
All opening into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone  
That dear consenting hour,  
Brightened each hill, and o'er each vale  
New coloured every flower:

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,  
No leaf was seen to move,  
The hovering songsters round were mute,  
And wonder hushed the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound  
The lambkins' tender cry;  
Without one murmur Yarrow stole  
In dimpling silence by:

All nature seem'd in still repose  
Her voice alone to hear,  
That gently rolled the tuneful wave  
She spoke, and blessed my ear.

Take, take what'er of bliss or joy  
You fondly fancy mine;  
What'er of joy or bliss I boast,  
Love renders wholly thine:

The woods struck up to the soft gale,  
The leaves were seen to move,  
The feathered choir resumed their voice,  
And wonder filled the grove;

The hills and dales again resound  
The lambkins' tender cry,  
With all his murmurs Yarrow trilled  
The song of triumph by:

Above, beneath, around, all on  
Was verdure, beauty, song;  
I snatched her to my trembling breast,  
All nature joyed along.

## JOHN ARMSTRONG.

BORN 1709 — DIED 1779.

JOHN ARMSTRONG, M.D., author of the well-known poem "The Art of Preserving Health," was born, it is believed, in 1709, in the parish of Castleton, Roxburghshire. He completed his education at the University of Edinburgh, and having chosen the medical profession, he took his degree as physician in 1732, and soon after repaired to London, where he became known by the publication of several fugitive pieces and medical essays. In 1735 he published "An Essay for Abridging the Study of Medicine," being a humorous attack on quacks and quackery, in the style of Lucian. Two years afterwards appeared "The Economy of Love," for which poem he received £50 from Andrew Millar, the bookseller. It was an objectionable production, and greatly interfered with his practice as a physician. He subsequently expunged many of the youthful luxuriances with which the first edition abounded. In 1744 his principal work was published, entitled "The Art of Preserving Health," one of the best didactic poems in the English language, and the one on which his reputation mainly rests. It is certainly the most successful attempt in the English language to incorporate material science with poetry.

In 1746 Armstrong was appointed physician to the Hospital for Sick and Lame Soldiers, and in 1751 he published his poem on "Benevolence," followed by an "Epistle on Taste, addressed to a Young Critic." His next work, issued in 1758, was prose,—"Sketches or Essays on Various Subjects, by Lancelot Temple, Esq.," in two parts, which evinced considerable humour and knowledge of the world. Its sale was wonderful, owing chiefly to a fable of the day, that the celebrated John Wilkes, then in the zenith of his popularity, had assisted in its production. In 1760 Dr. Armstrong received the appointment of physician to the army in Germany, where in 1761 he wrote "Day, a Poem, an epistle to John Wilkes, Esq.," his friendship for whom did not long continue, owing to his publishing the piece, which was intended

for private perusal. Having in two unlucky lines happened to hit off the character of Churchill as a "bouncing mimic" and "crazy scribbler," the author of the "Rosciad" resolved to be revenged, and in his poem called "The Journey," thus retaliated on the doctor, by twenty stabs at the reputation of a man whom he had once called his friend, and had joined with all the world in admiring as a writer:—

"Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,  
Read musty lectures on Benevolence;  
Or on the pages of his gaping Day,  
Where all his former fame was thrown away,  
Where all but barren labour was forgot,  
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;  
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,  
But not one hour of darkness; when the night  
Suspends this mortal coil, when men'ry wakes,  
When for our past misdoings conscience takes  
A deep revenge, when by reflection led  
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,  
Let ev'ry muse be gone; in vain he turns,  
And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,  
A more than Ætna, in his coward breast,  
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids to rest;  
Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,  
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;  
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,  
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear."

At the peace of 1763 Armstrong returned to London, and resumed his practice, but not with his former success. In 1770 he collected and published two volumes of his "Miscellanies," containing the works already enumerated: the "Universal Almanack," a new prose piece; and the "Forced Marriage," a tragedy. The year following he took "a short ramble through some parts of France and Italy," in company with Fuseli the painter, publishing on their return an account of their journey, entitled "A Short Ramble, by Lancelot Temple." His last publication was his *Medical Essays*, in 1773. Dr. Armstrong died September 7, 1779, in the seventieth year of his age. In Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," to which Armstrong contributed four stanzas, describing the diseases incidental to sloth, he is depicted as

the shy and splenetic personage, who "quite detested talk." His portrait is drawn in Thomson's happiest manner:

"With him was sometimes joined in silent walk  
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke),  
One slyer still, who quite detested talk;  
Of stung by spleen, at once away he broke,  
To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;  
There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,  
And on himself his pensive fury wroke;  
Nor ever uttered word, save, when first shone,  
The glittering star of eve—"Thank Heaven, the day is  
done!"

The poet was of a somewhat querulous temper, and his friend Thomson remarked of him, "The doctor does not decrease in spleen; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jacques's in the play."

Armstrong's style, according to the judgment of Dr. Aitken, is "distinguished by its simplicity—by a free use of words which owe

their strength to their plainness—by the rejection of ambitious ornaments, and a near approach to common phraseology. His sentences are generally short and easy; his sense clear and obvious. The full extent of his conceptions is taken in at the first glance; and there are no lofty mysteries to be unravelled by a repeated perusal. He thinks boldly, feels strongly, and therefore expresses himself poetically. When the subject sinks his style sinks with it; but he has for the most part excluded topics incapable either of vivid description or of the oratory of sentiment. He had from nature a musical ear, whence his lines are scarcely ever harsh, though apparently without study to render them smooth. On the whole, it may not be too much to assert, that no writer in blank verse can be found more free from stiffness and affectation, more energetic without harshness, and more dignified without formality."

## PESTILENCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.<sup>1</sup>)

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent  
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;  
While, for which tyrant England should receive,  
Her legions in incestuous murders mixed,  
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk  
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:  
Another plague of more gigantic arm  
Arose, a monster never known before,  
Reared from Cocytus its portentous head;  
This rapid fury not, like other pests,  
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day  
Rushed as a storm o'er half the astonished isle,  
And strewed with sudden carcasses the land.

First through the shoulders, or whatever part  
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;  
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark  
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within.  
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.  
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood  
Gushed out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged  
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved  
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,  
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,  
They tossed from side to side. In vain the stream  
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still.

The restless arteries with rapid blood  
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly  
The breath was fetched, and with huge labourings  
beaved.

At last a heavy pain oppressed the head,  
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends  
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.  
Harassed with toil on toil, the sinking powers  
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep  
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.

In some a gentle horror crept at first  
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin  
Withheld their moisture, till, by art provoked,  
The sweats o'erflowed, but in a clammy tide:  
Now free and copious, now restrained and slow;  
Of tinctures various, as the temperature  
Had mixed the blood, and rank with fetid streams:  
As if the pent-up humours by delay  
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.  
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remained),

With full effusion of perpetual sweats  
To drive the venom out. And here the fates  
Were kind, that long they lingered not in pain.  
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,

<sup>1</sup> This poem has been warmly commended by Campbell and other eminent authorities. Warton praises it for classical correctness. Dr. Beattie predicted that

it would make Armstrong known and esteemed by posterity, but adds, "And I presume he will be more esteemed if all his other works perish with him."—*Et.*

Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeemed;  
Some the sixth hour oppressed, and some the  
third.

Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;  
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;  
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;  
And whom the second spared, a third destroyed.  
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun  
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land  
The infected city poured her hurrying swarms:  
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,  
The infected country rushed into the town.  
Some sad at home, and in the desert some  
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind  
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.  
Others, with hopes more specious, crossed the  
main,

To seek protection in far-distant skies;  
But none they found. It seemed the general air,  
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,  
Was then at enmity with English blood;  
For but the race of England all were safe  
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste  
The foreign blood which England then contained.  
Where should they fly! The circumambient  
heaven

Involved them still, and every breeze was bane.  
Where find relief! The salutary art  
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,  
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.  
'To Heaven, with suppliant rites they sent their  
prayers;

Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,  
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued  
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,  
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.  
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,  
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.  
Infectious horror ran from face to face,  
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then  
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.  
In heaps they fell; and oft one bed, they say,  
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.

#### RECOMMENDATION OF ANGLING.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.)

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale  
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,  
Not less delightful, the prolific stream  
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er  
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,  
Swarms with the silver fry: such through the  
bounds  
Of pastoral Stafford runs the brawling Trent;  
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains;  
such

The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the  
stream

On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air;  
Liddel, till now, except in Doric lays,  
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,  
Unknown in song, though not a purer stream  
Through meads more flowery, more romantic  
groves,

Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred  
flood!

May still thy hospitable swains be blest  
In rural innocence, thy mountains still  
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods  
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay  
With painted meadows and the golden grain.  
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,  
Sportive and petulant, and charmed with toys,  
In thy transparent eddies have I laved;  
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,  
With the well-imitated fly to hook  
The eager trout, and with the slender line  
And yielding rod solicit to the shore  
The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds  
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,  
And from the deeps called forth the wanton  
swarms.

Formed on the Samian school, or those of Ind,  
There are who think these pastimes scarce  
humane;

Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)  
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

#### ADDRESS TO THE NAIADS.

(FROM THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.)

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead,  
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.  
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds  
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din  
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.  
With holy reverence I approach the rocks  
Whence glide the streams renowned in ancient  
song.

Here from the desert down the rumbling steep  
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding  
Po

In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves  
A mighty flood to water half the East;  
And there in Gothic solitude reclined  
The cheerless Tanaïs pours his hoary urn.  
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades  
Enwrap these infant floods! through every nerve  
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear  
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;  
And more gigantic still th' impending trees  
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the  
gloom.

Are these the confines of some fairy world?

A land of genii? Say beyond these wilds  
 What unknown nations! If indeed beyond  
 Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,  
 To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,  
 That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,  
 Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread  
 This trembling ground. The task remains to  
 sing

Your gifts (so Paeon, so the powers of health  
 Command), to praise your crystal element;  
 The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works;  
 Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,  
 Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine,  
 The vehicle, the source of nutriment  
 And life, to all that vegetate or live.  
 O comfortable streams! with eager lips  
 And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff

New life in you: fresh vigour fills their veins.  
 No warmer cups the rural ages knew;  
 None warmer sought the sires of human kind,  
 Happy in temperate peace! their equal days  
 Felt not th' alternate fits of feverish mirth,  
 And sick dejection. Still serene and pleased  
 They knew no pains but what the tender soul  
 With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.  
 Blest with divine immunity from ails,  
 Long centuries they lived; their only fate  
 Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.  
 Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods  
 Return to visit their degenerate sons,  
 How would they scorn the joys of modern time,  
 With all our art and toil improved to pain!  
 Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,  
 And luxury on sloth begot disease.

## MRS. ALISON COCKBURN.

BORN 1712—DIED 1794.

ALISON or ALICIA RUTHERFORD, the authoress of a song which has immortalized her name, was a daughter of Robert Rutherford of Fairdale in Selkirkshire, where she was born October 5, 1712. But few details concerning her youth have been preserved. It is known that she was a great beauty, and that a youthful lover, to whom she was deeply attached, died at the age of twenty-two. Her beautiful lyric, "The Flowers of the Forest," is believed to have been written before her marriage, in March, 1731, to Patrick Cockburn of Ormiston, a son of the lord justice-clerk of Scotland, who had been called to the Scotch bar a few years before. Mrs. Cockburn's name was thenceforth linked with all that was brilliant in Edinburgh society, and, according to Sir Walter Scott, she helped to mould and direct the social life of the old aristocratic parlours of that city, as the De Rambouillet and the Dudevants had in those of Paris. Mrs. Cockburn survived her husband more than forty years, dying in her own house in Crichton Street, Edinburgh, November 22, 1794, and was buried in Buccleuch Churchyard, where also rest the remains of David Herd, and Blacklock the blind poet. She was the authoress of several poems and parodies, and appears to have written an

epitaph for herself, as in some directions about her funeral she adds, "Shorten or correct the epitaph to your taste." Scott when a youth wrote a poem which drew from Mrs. Cockburn the following among other lines:—

"If such the accents of thy early youth,  
 When playful fancy holds the place of truth,  
 If so divinely sweet thy numbers flow,  
 And thy young heart melts with such tender woe;  
 What praise, what admiration shall be thine,  
 When sense mature with science shall combine  
 To raise thy genius and thy taste refine!"

Mrs. Cockburn's version of "The Flowers of the Forest," written in a turret of the old family mansion of Fairdale, is most justly admired for its great beauty and tenderness. Allan Cunningham says, "I have classed these two poetesses (Miss Elliot and Mrs. Cockburn) together, not from the resemblance of their genius, for that was essentially different, but from the circumstance of their having sung on the same subject, and with much the same success—the fall of the youth of Selkirk on the field of Flodden. The fame of both songs has been widely diffused. They were imagined for a while to be old compositions, but there was no need to call antiquity to the aid of two such touching songs; and I have not heard that

even an antiquary withdrew his admiration on discovering them to be modern. They are each of them remarkable for elegiac tenderness: with one it is the tenderness of human nature, with the other that of allegory, yet the allegory is so simple and so plain that it touches the most illiterate heart: and though it expresses one thing by means of another all must understand it. Nature, however, is the safest com-

panion in all that seeks the way to the heart, and with nature the song of Miss Elliot begins and continues. The history which tradition relates of these songs is curious; each has an origin after its kind, and one may almost read in them the readiness with which honest nature submits to the yoke of poetry, compared to the labour of reducing what Spenser calls a 'dark conceit' to the obedience of verse."

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### THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.<sup>1</sup>

I've seen the smiling  
Of Fortune beguiling;  
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;  
Sweet was its blessing,  
Kind its caressing;  
But now it is fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest  
Adorned the foremost,  
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;  
Sae bonnie was their blooming!  
Their scent the air perfuming!  
But now they are withered and a' wede away.

I've seen the morning  
With gold the hills adorning,  
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day,  
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,  
Shining in the sunny beams,  
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune!  
Why this cruel sporting?  
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?  
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,  
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;  
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away.

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## ROBERT MACKAY.

BORN 1714—DIED 1778.

This celebrated Gaelic bard, whose proper name has yielded to the more familiar one of Rob Donn, *i.e.* Brown Robert (from the colour of his hair), was born in 1714 at Durness, in the heart of that extensive district in the north of Scotland which, having been inhabited from a period beyond the reach of history by the Mackays, has always been designated, in common parlance, as "the country of the Lord Reay," the chief of that ancient clan, and which may probably continue to be so designated for ages to come, although the whole of it has now passed into the hands of the princely house of Stafford and Sutherland. Although Robert's talents excited much attention, even in early childhood, he never received a particle of what is (too exclusively) called education—he never knew his alphabet; but the habit, inherited from

his Highland mother, of oral recitation, enabled him before attaining manhood to lay up a prodigious amount of such lore as had from time immemorial constituted the intellectual wealth of his countrymen. Mackay's mastery of Highland traditions, ballads, and *oran* of all sorts, was extraordinary; and his knowledge of the Holy Scriptures was equally remarkable, although, he it remembered, that at the time he lived no Gaelic Bible had been printed.

The poet, in his youth, tended cattle on the hillside; and when he had advanced sufficiently in years and strength it became part of his business to assist in driving droves of Highland cattle to the markets of the south

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<sup>1</sup> Eltrick Forest. "The Forest" was the name given to a great part of the county of Selkirk, and a portion of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale.—Ed.

of Scotland and England. His witty sayings, meantime, his satires, his elegies, and, above all, his love songs, had begun to make him famous not only in his native glen, but wherever the herdsmen of a thousand hills could carry an anecdote or a stanza, after their annual peregrinations to such scenes as the Tryst of Falkirk or the Fair of Kendal. Donald, lord Reay, a true-hearted chief, now claimed for himself the care of the rising bard of the clan, and Mackay was invested with that office which more than satisfied his ambition, and carried with it abundant respect in the eyes of his fellow-mountaineers. He became *boman* or cow-keeper to the chief, a calling which must not be confounded with that of a cowherd. Of these he had many under him: his business was to account for the safety and increase of the herds, and he became bound to make certain annual returns of dairy produce, stipulated for by contract.

Mackay, having recovered from a disappointment in love, now married most happily, and his household soon became noted for its religious observances and habits of piety. He was a faithful *boman*, and his master esteemed him highly; but the bard's inveterate love of the mountain chase entangled him, like a much greater bard, in trouble, and the connection was broken off, though happily without any interruption of good-will on either side. After being employed for some time by Colonel Mackay, to whose estate the poet removed with

his wife and children, he entered the military service in the year 1759. Of his army life it is related that although he enlisted in the Sutherland Highlanders as a private soldier, Mackay was never called upon to take part in any troublesome duties, but, as the bard of the regiment, was expected to celebrate, in case of opportunity, their warlike achievements, leaving guard and drill to whom they concerned. The poet died in 1778, and was honoured with a funeral like that of a high chief; the proudest and simplest of the clan stood together with tears in every eye when he was laid in the churchyard of his native parish; and a granite monument of some mark and importance has been erected over his remains, at the expense of a certain number of enthusiastic Mackays, with inscriptions in Gaelic, Greek, English, and Latin.

Twoscore years after the death of the celebrated bard of Lord Reay's country his poems were collected and published at Inverness, accompanied by a memoir from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Mackay, successively minister of Laggan and Dunoon. Of this volume a reviewer remarks, referring to the songs among our selections, "Rude and bald as these things appear in a verbal translation, and rough as they might possibly appear even if the originals were intelligible, we confess we are disposed to think they would of themselves justify Dr. Mackay in placing this herdsmen-lover among the true sons of song."

## THE SONG OF WINTER.

At waking so early

Was snow on the Ben,  
And the glen of the hill in  
The storm-drift so chilling,  
The linnet was stilling

That couch'd in its den;  
And poor robin was shrilling  
In sorrow his strain.

Every grove was expecting

Its leaf shed in gloom;  
The sap it is draining,  
Down rootwards 'tis straining,  
And the bark it is waning

As dry as the tomb,  
And the blackbird at morning  
Is shrieking his doom.

Cease thriving the knotted,

The stunted birk shaw,  
While the rough wind is blowing,  
And the drift of the snowing  
Is shaking, o'erthrowing,  
The copse on the law.

'Tis the season when nature

Is all in the sere,  
When her snow-showers are hailing,  
Her rain-sleet assailing,  
Her mountain winds wailing,  
Her rime-frosts severe.

'Tis the season of leanness,

Unkindness, and chill;

Its whistle is ringing,  
 An iciness bringing,  
 Where the brown leaves are clinging  
 In helplessness still;  
 And the snow-rush is delving  
 With furrows the hill.

The sun is in hiding,  
 Or frozen its beam,  
 On the peaks where he lingers,  
 On the glens where the singers,<sup>1</sup>  
 With their bills and small fingers,  
 Are raking the stream,  
 Or picking the midstead  
 For forage—and scream.

When darkens the gloaming,  
 Oh, scant is their cheer!  
 All benumbed is their song in  
 The hedge they are thronging,  
 And for shelter still longing  
 The mortar<sup>2</sup> they tear;  
 Ever noisily, noisily  
 Squealing their care.

The running stream's chieftain<sup>3</sup>  
 Is trailing to land,  
 So shabby, so grimy,  
 So sickly, so slimy,  
 The spots of his prime he  
 Has rusted with sand;  
 Crook-snouted his crest is  
 That taper'd so grand.

How mournful in winter  
 The lowing of kine;  
 How lean-back'd they shiver,  
 How draggled their cover,  
 How their nostrils run over  
 With drippings of brine,  
 So scraggy and crining  
 In the cold frost thy pine.

'Tis Hallowmas time, and  
 To mildness farewell!  
 Its bristles are low'ring  
 With darkness; o'erpowering  
 Are its waters aye showering  
 With onset so fell;  
 Seem the kid and the yearling  
 As rung their death-knell.

Every out-lying creature,  
 How sinew'd soe'er,  
 Seeks the refuge of shelter:  
 The race of the antler,

They snort and they falter,  
 A-cold in their lair;  
 And the fawns they are wasting  
 Since their kin is afar.

Such the songs that are saddest  
 And dreariest of all;  
 I ever am eerie  
 In the morning to cheer ye!  
 When foddering, to cheer the  
 Poor herd in the stall—  
 While each creature is moaning  
 And sickening in thrall.

#### HOME SICKNESS.<sup>4</sup>

Easy is my pillow press'd,  
 But oh! I cannot, cannot rest;  
 Northwards do the shrill winds blow—  
 Thither do my musings go!

Better far with thee in groves  
 Where the young deers sportive roam,  
 Than where, counting cattle droves,  
 I must sickly sigh for home.  
 Great the love I bear for her  
 When the north winds wander free;  
 Sportive kindly is her air,  
 Pride and folly none hath she!

Were I hiding from my foes,  
 Ay, though fifty men were near,  
 I should find concealment close  
 In the shieling of my dear.  
 Beauty's daughter! oh, to see  
 Days when homewards I'll repair;  
 Joyful time to thee and me—  
 Fair girl with the waving hair!

Glorious all for hunting then,  
 The rocky ridge, the hill, the fern,  
 Sweet to drag the deer that's slain  
 Downwards by the piper's cairn!  
 By the west field 'twas I told  
 My love, with parting on my tongue;  
 Long she'll linger in that fold,  
 With the kine assembled long!

Dear to me the woods I know,  
 Far from Crieff my musings are;

<sup>4</sup> Upon one occasion Mackay's attendance on his employer's cattle business detained him a whole year from home. During this period he composed these lines one sleepless night which he spent at Crieff, in Perthshire.—Ed.

<sup>1</sup> Birds. <sup>2</sup> The sides of the cottages. <sup>3</sup> Salmon.



Still with sheep my memories go,  
 On our heath of knolls afar:  
 Oh, for red-streak'd rocks so lone!  
 Where in spring the young fawns leap;  
 And the erags where winds have blown—  
 Cheaply I should find my sleep.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

Heavy to me is the shieling, and the hum that  
 is in it,

Since the ear that was wont to listen is no more  
 on the watch.

Where is Isabel, the courteous, the conversable,  
 a sister in kindness?

Where is Anne, the slender-browed, the turret-  
 breasted, whose glossy hair pleased me when  
 yet a boy?

*Heich! what an hour was my returning!*

*Pain such as that sunset brought, what availeth me  
 to tell it?*

I traversed the fold, and upward among the  
 trees—

Each place, far and near, wherein I was wont to  
 salute my love.

When I looked down from the erag, and beheld the  
 fair-haired stranger dallying with his bride,  
 I wished that I had never revisited the glen of  
 my dreams.

*Such things came into my heart, as that sun was  
 going down,*

*A pain of which I shall never be rid, what availeth  
 me to tell it?*

My sleep is disturbed—busy is foolishness within  
 me at midnight.

The kindness that has been between us,—I can-  
 not shake off that memory in visions.

Thou callest me not to thy side; but love is to me  
 for a messenger.

*There is strife within me, and I toss to be at liberty;  
 And ever the closer it clings, and the delusion is  
 growing to me as a tree.*

Anne, yellow-haired daughter of Donald, surely  
 thou knowest not how it is with me—

That it is old love, unrepaid, which has worn  
 down from me my strength;

That when far from thee, beyond many moun-  
 tains, the wound in my heart was throbbing,  
 Stirring and searching for ever, as when I sat  
 beside thee on the turf.

*Now, then, hear me this once, if for ever I am to be  
 without thee—*

*My spirit is broken—give me one kiss ere I leave  
 this land!*

Haughtily and scornfully the maid looked upon  
 me;

Never will it be work for thy fingers to unloose  
 the band from my curls;

Thou hast been absent a twelvemonth, and six  
 were seeking me diligently,

Was thy superiority so high that there should be  
 no end of abiding for thee!

*Ha! ha! ha!—hast thou at last become sick?*

*Is it love that is to give death to thee? Surely the  
 enemy has been in no haste.*

But how shall I hate thee, even though towards  
 me thou hast become cold?

When my discourse is most angry concerning thy  
 name in thine absence,

Of a sudden thine image, with its old dearness,  
 comes visibly into my mind,

And a secret voice whispers that love will yet  
 prevail!

*And I become surety for it anew, darling,*

*And it springs up at that hour lofty as a tower.*

## DUGALD BUCHANAN.

BORN 1716 — DIED 1768.

DUGALD BUCHANAN, a Gaelic poet of dis-  
 tinction, and justly celebrated as a writer of  
 hymns, was born at Strathire, in the parish of  
 Balquhider, Perthshire, in 1716. His father,

who was a farmer and miller, gave him such  
 education as he could afford, and that appears  
 to have been more than was commonly taught at  
 country schools at that time. Young Dugald

<sup>1</sup> On the poet's return to Strathmore after a prolonged  
 absence he found that a fair maiden to whom his troth  
 had been plighted of yore was on the eve of being mar-  
 ried to a young carpenter, who had profited by his

sojourn in the south. This song describes Mackay's  
 feelings on the discovery of his damsel's infidelity. The  
 airs of "Home Sickness" and "Disappointed Love"  
 are his own, and are said to be very beautiful.—Ed.

led a rather irregular life for many years, but at length reformed, and in 1755 the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge appointed him schoolmaster and catechist at Kinloch Rannoch. In this secluded spot he laboured with diligence during the remainder of his days; and here he wrote various poems and hymns, which latter will render his name as lasting as the Gaelic in which they were written. Besides his sacred poems and lyrics, he wrote a diary, which has been published with a memoir of the author. He possessed a most felicitous style, and it is to be regretted that his poetical writings, which resemble those of Cowper, have never been properly translated. His "Day of Judgment," displaying great power of imagination, is among the most popular poems in the language; "The Dream" contains useful lessons on the vanity of human pursuits; and "The Skull" is a highly poetic composition.

He rendered very essential service to the Rev. James Stewart of Killin in translating the New Testament into Gaelic, and accompanied that gentleman to Edinburgh in 1766, for the purpose of supervising its publication. During his sojourn in the Scottish capital he attended the university classes in natural philosophy, anatomy, astronomy, and divinity. Among the men of distinction to whom Buchanan was introduced in Edinburgh was the celebrated David Hume, who kindly invited him to his house. While discussing the merits of various authors the historian observed that it was impossible to imagine anything more sublime than some of the passages in Shakspeare, and in support of his assertion that they were far superior to any contained in the Bible he quoted the magnificent lines from "The Tempest"—

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind."

The poet admitted the great beauty and sublimity of the lines, but said that he could furnish a passage from the New Testament still more sublime, and recited the following verses: "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no

place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which was the book of life. . . . And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works."

Buchanan's beautiful hymns, which are sung in every Highland cottage, were first published in 1767. Since that time upwards of fifteen editions have been issued. "It may be truly said," remarks a recent writer,<sup>1</sup> "that we have one hymn-writer, Dugald Buchanan, that has never yet been surpassed by any hymn-poet of any country, ancient or modern. The great characteristic of our hymns is their devotional and evangelical tone. A heterodox mist, or even an unscriptural or doubtful expression, is never met with. They have, however, one great fault in common—their length. The same fault characterizes all the popular songs of the Celts. The singing of fifty or one hundred stanzas with our ancestors seemed a common and quite a feasible thing. Dugald Buchanan is perhaps the only modern (Gaelic) poet that possesses much sublimity: many verses of his minor pieces, and nearly the whole of his 'Day of Judgment,' are dramatically vivid and very sublime." Soon after the publication of his little volume of hymns the poet returned to his useful and pious labours at Rannoch, where he died, June 2, 1768. His many friends there desired that his remains should be buried among them, but his wife and children preferred that he should be interred in the burial-place of his ancestors at Little Leny, near Callander. A meeting was held there more than a century after the poet's death by the Dugald Buchanan Memorial Committee, when a large number of influential gentlemen were present. Suggestions were made about establishing a Dugald Buchanan bursary, and about placing a tombstone in Little Leny churchyard over the poet's grave, but the committee agreed to restrict their operations for the present to the erection of a monument in Strathire, where the poet was born and bred.

<sup>1</sup> *Remarks on Scottish Gaelic Literature*, by Nigel M'Neill, Inverness, 1873.

## THE SKULL.

As I sat by the grave, at the brink of its cave  
Lo! a featureless skull on the ground:  
The symbol I clasp, and detain in my grasp,  
While I turn it around and around.

Without beauty or grace, or a glance to express  
Of the by-stander nigh a thought;  
Its jaw and its mouth are tenantless both,  
Nor passes emotion its throat.

No glow on its face, no ringlets to grace  
Its brow, and no ear for my song;  
Hush'd the caves of its breath, and the finger of  
death  
The raised features hath flatten'd along.

The eyes' wonted beam, and the eyelids' quick  
gleam—  
The intelligent sight, are no more;  
But the worms of the soil, as they wriggle and coil,  
Come hither their dwellings to bore.

No lineament here is left to declare  
If monarch or chief wert thou;  
Alexander the Brave, as the portionless slave  
That on dunghill expires, is as low.

Thou deliver of death, in my ear let thy breath  
Who tenants my hand unfold;  
That my voice may not die without a reply,  
Though the ear it addresses is cold.

Say, wert thou a may, of beauty a ray,  
And flatter'd thine eye with a smile!  
Thy meshes didst set, like the links of a net,  
The hearts of the youth to wile?

Alas! every charm that a bosom could warm  
Is changed to the grain of disgust!  
Oh! fie on the spoiler for daring to soil her  
Gracefulness all in the dust!

Say, wise in the law, did the people with awe  
Acknowledge thy rule o'er them—  
A magistrate true, to all dealing their due,  
And just to redress or condemn!

Or was righteousness sold for handfuls of gold  
In the scales of thy partial decree;  
While the poor were unheard when their suit  
they prefer'd,  
And appeal'd their distresses to thee?

Say, once in thine hour, was thy medicine of power  
To extinguish the fever of ail?  
And seem'd, as the pride of thy leech-craft e'en  
tried,  
O'er omnipotent death to prevail?

Alas! that thine aid should have ever betray'd  
Thy hope when the need was thine own;  
What salve or annealing sufficed for thy healing  
When the hours of thy portion were flown?

Or, wert thou a hero, a leader to glory,  
While armies thy truncheon obey'd;  
To victory cheering, as thy fœmen careering  
In flight, left their mountains of dead!

Was thy valiancy laid, or unhilted thy blade,  
When came onwards in battle array  
The sepulchre-swarms, ensheathed in their arms,  
To sack and to rifle their prey?

How they joy in their spoil, as thy body the while  
Besieging, the reptile is vain,  
And her beetle-mate blind hums his gladness to  
find  
His defence in the lodge of thy brain!

Some dig where the sheen of the ivory has been,  
Some, the organ where music repair'd;  
In rabble and rout they come in and come out  
At the gashes their fangs have bared.

Do I hold in my hand a whole lordship of land,  
Represented by nakedness here?  
Perhaps not unkind to the helpless thy mind,  
Nor all unimparted thy gear;

Perhaps stern of brow to thy tenantry thou!  
To leanness their countenances grew—  
'Gainst their crave for respite, when thy clamour  
for right  
Required, to a moment, its due;

While the frown of thy pride to the aged denied  
To cover their head from the chill,  
And humbly they stand, with their bonnet in hand,  
As cold blows the blast of the hill.

Thy serfs may look on, unheeding thy frown,  
Thy rents and thy mailings unpaid;  
All praise to the stroke their bondage that broke!  
While but claims their obeisance the dead.

Or a head do I clutch whose devices were such  
That death must have lent them his sting—  
So daring they were, so reckless of fear,  
As heaven had wanted a king?

Did the tongue of the lie, while it couch'd like a  
spy  
In the haunt of thy venomous jaws,  
Its slander display, as poisons its prey  
The devilish snake in the grass?

That member unchain'd by strong bands is re-  
strain'd,  
The inflexible shackles of death;  
And its emblem, the trail of the worm, shall pre-  
vail  
Where its slaves once harbour'd beneath.

And oh! if thy scorn went down to thine urn,  
And expired with impenitent groan;  
To repose where thou art is of peace all thy part,  
And then to appear—at the throne!

Like a frog, from the lake that leapeth, to take  
To the Judge of thy actions the way,  
And to hear from his lips, amid nature's eclipse,  
Thy sentence of termless dismay.

The hardness thy bones shall environ,  
To brass-links the veins of thy frame  
Shall stiffen, and the glow of thy manhood shall  
grow  
Like the anvil that melts not in flame!

But wert thou the mould of a champion bold  
For God and his truth and his law?  
Oh! then, though the fence of each limb and  
each sense  
Is broken—each gem with a flaw—

Be comforted thou! For rising in air  
Thy flight shall the clarion obey;  
And the shell of thy dust thou shalt leave to be  
crush'd,  
If they will, by the creatures of prey.

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### THE DREAM.

As lockfasted in slumber's arms  
I lay and dream'd (so dreams our race  
When every spectral object charms,  
To melt, like shadow, in the chase).

A vision came; mine ear confess'd  
Its solemn sounds: "Thou man distraught!  
Say, owns the wind thy hand's arrest,  
Or fills the world thy grave of thought?"

"Since fell transgression ravaged here,  
And reft man's garden-joys away,  
He weeps his unavailing tear,  
And straggles, like a lamb astray.

"With shrilling bleat for comfort hic  
To every pinfold, humankind;  
Ah! there the fostering teat is dry,  
The stranger mother proves unkind.

"No rest for toil, no drink for drought,  
For bosom-peace the shadow's wing—  
So feeds expectancy on nought,  
And suckles every lying thing.

"Some woe for ever wreathes its chain,  
And hope foretells the clasp undone;  
Relief at handbreadth seems: in vain  
Thy fetter'd arms embrace—'tis gone!

"Not all that trial's lore unlearns  
Of all the lies that life betrays,  
Avaits, for still desire returns—  
The last day's folly is to-day's.

"Thy wish has prosper'd;—has its taste  
Survived the hour its lust was drown'd;  
Or yields thine expectation's zest  
To full fruition, golden-crown'd?

"The rosebud is life's symbol bloom—  
'Tis loved, 'tis coveted, 'tis riven;  
Its grace, its fragrance, find a tomb,  
When to the grasping hand 'tis given.

"Go, search the world wherever woe  
Of high or low the bosom wrings,  
There, gasp for gasp, and throe for throe,  
Is answer'd from the breast of kings.

"From every hearth-turf reeks its cloud,  
From every heart its sigh is roll'd;  
The rose's stalk is fang'd—one shroud  
Is both the sting's and honey's fold.

"Is wealth thy lust—does envy pine  
Where high its tempting heaps are piled?  
Look down, behold the fountain shine,  
And, deeper still, with dregs defiled!

"Quickens thy breath with rash inhale,  
And folds an insect in its toil?  
The creature turns thy life-blood pale,  
And blends thine ivory teeth with soil.

"When high thy fellow-mortal soars,  
His state is like the topmast nest—  
It swings with every blast that wars,  
And every motion shakes its crest.

"And if the world for once is kind,  
Yet ever has the lot its bend;  
Where fortune has the crook inclined,  
Not all thy strength or art shall mend.

"For as the sapling's sturdy stalk,  
Whose double twist is crossly strain'd,  
Such is thy fortune—sure to baulk  
At this extreme what there was gained.

“When heaven its gracious manna hail’d,  
 ’Twas vain who boarded its supply,  
 Not all his miser care avail’d  
 His neighbour’s portion to outvie.

“So, blended all that nature owns,  
 So, warp’d all hopes that mortals bless—  
 With boundless wealth, the sufferer’s groans;  
 With courtly luxury, distress.

“Lift up the balance—heap with gold,  
 Its other shell vile dust shall fill;  
 And were a kingdom’s ransom told,  
 The scales would want adjustment still.

“Life has its competence—nor deem  
 That better than enough were more;  
 Sure it were phantasy to dream  
 With burdens to assuage thy sore.

“It is the fancy’s whirling strife  
 That breeds thy pain—to-day it craves,  
 To-morrow spurns—suffices life  
 When passion asks what passion braves?

“Should appetite her wish achieve,  
 To herd with brutes her joy would bound;  
 Pleased other paradise to leave,  
 Content to pasture on the ground.

“But pride rebels, nor towers alone  
 Beyond that confine’s lowly sphere—  
 Seems as from the eternal throne  
 It aim’d the sceptre’s self to tear.

“’Tis thus we trifle, thus we dare:  
 But, seek we to our bliss the way,  
 Let us to Heaven our path refer,  
 Believe, and worship, and obey.

“That choice is all—to range beyond  
 Nor must, nor needs; provision, grace,  
 In these he gives, who sits enthroned.  
 Salvation, competence, and peace.”

The instructive vision pass’d away,  
 But not its wisdom’s dreamless lore;  
 No more in shadow-tracks I stray,  
 And fondle shadow-shapes no more.

## ADAM SKIRVING.

BORN 1719—DIED 1803.

ADAM SKIRVING, a wealthy farmer of Haddingtonshire, was born in the year 1719, and educated at Preston Kirk, in East Lothian. He long held the farm of Garleton, near Haddington, on the road to Gosford. Skirving was a very athletic man, and excelled in all manly sports and exercises. He died in April, 1803, and was buried in the church of Athelstaneford, where his merits are recorded in a metrical epitaph:—

“In feature, in figure, agility, mind,  
 And happy wit rarely surpass’d,  
 With lofty or low could be plain or refined,  
 Content beaming bright to the last.”

Skirving composed in 1745 two songs, which have for more than a hundred years held a place in the hearts of his countrymen, and in nearly every collection of Scottish minstrelsy. Among the various personages referred to in one of these, was a certain Lieut. Smith, an Irish-

man, who displayed much pusillanimity in the battle of Preston, or, as the poet calls it, Tranent Muir. He, however, challenged Skirving for the manner in which he was spoken of. “Gang back,” said the rustic poet to the officer who brought the message, “and tell Lieut. Smith that I ha’e nae leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here, and I’ll tak’ a look o’ him, and if I think I’m fit to fecht, I’ll fecht him; and if no—I’ll do as he did—I’ll *rin awa*.”

Skirving’s other lyric, “Johnnie Cope,” doubtless owes much of its popularity to its spirit-stirring air. Perhaps no song in existence has so many variations. Sir John Cope, as is well known, made a precipitate retreat from the field, followed by his dragoons, and did not draw rein till he reached Dunbar. He was tried by court-martial for his “foul flight,” as Colonel Gardiner called it, but was acquitted. The Muses, however, did not acquit him; but

have immortalized his cowardly and disgraceful retreat from the field of battle, called according to the different local positions of the conflicting parties, Gladsmuir, Prestoupan, and Tranent Muir. Of the three generals whom the presence of mind and great personal

bravery of Prince Charles, aided by the impetuous charge of the clans, defeated, a punning rhymster made the following ludicrous but accurate epigram:—

Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade thro' the snow,  
Nor Hawley haul his cannon on the foe.

### TRANENT MUIR.<sup>1</sup>

The Chevalier, being void of fear,  
Did mareh up Birsle brae, man,  
And through Tranent, e'er he did stent,  
As fast as he could gae, man;  
While General Cope did taunt and mock,  
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man:  
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,  
We heard anither caw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,  
Led Camerons on in cluds, man;  
The morning fair, and clear the air,  
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man;  
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew.  
And soon did chase them aff, man;  
On Seaton Crafts they buft their chafts,  
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,  
And vow gin they were crouse, man;  
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,  
They were not worth a louse, man;  
Maist feck gade hame—O, fy for shame!  
They'd better stay'd awa', man,  
Than wi' cockade to make parade,  
And do nae good at a', man.

And Simpson keen, to clear the een  
Of rebels far in wrang, man,  
Did never strive wi' pistols five,  
But gallop'd wi' the thrang, man:  
He turn'd his back, and in a crack  
Was cleanly out of sight, man;  
And thought it best; it was nae jest  
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang  
But twa, and aye was tane, man:  
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,  
And sair he paid the kain, man:  
Fell skelps he got, was waur than shot,  
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man:

Frae many a spout came running out  
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave  
Like to a hero bright, man;  
His courage true, like him were few,  
That still despised flight, man;  
For king and laws, and country's cause,  
In honour's bed he lay, man;  
His life, but not his courage, fled,  
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,  
Was brought down to the ground, man;  
His horse being shot, it was his lot  
For to get mony a wound, man:  
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,  
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,  
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,  
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast,  
'Twas little there he saw, man;  
To Berwiek rade, and safely said,  
The Scots were rebels a', man:  
But let that end, for well 'tis kend  
His use and wont to lie, man;  
The Teague is naught, he never fought,  
When he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell drest, among the rest,  
With gun and good claymore, man,  
On gelding gray he rode that way,  
With pistols set before, man;  
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,  
Before that he would yield, man;  
But the night before, he left the core,  
And never fae'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,  
Stood and bravely fought, man;  
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,  
But mae down wi' him brought, man:  
At point of death, wi' his last breath,  
(Some standing round in ring, man),  
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,  
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

<sup>1</sup>Two objectionable verses—the third and fifth—of this song are omitted.—Ed.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,  
 Neglecting to pursue, man,  
 About they fac'd, and in great haste  
 Upon the booty flew, man;  
 And they, as gain for all their pain,  
 Arc deck'd wi' spoils of war, man,  
 Fu' bauld can tell how her nainsell  
 Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see  
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,  
 There mony slain lay on the plain,  
 The clans pursuing still, man.  
 Sic unco' backs, and deadly whacks,  
 I never saw the like, man;  
 Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,  
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,  
 I gaed to see the fray, man;  
 But had I wist what after past,  
 I'd better staid awa', man;  
 On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,  
 They pick'd my pockets bare, man;  
 But I wish ne'er to drie sic fear,  
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

---

#### JOHNNIE COPE.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar:—  
 Charlie, meet me an ye daur,  
 And I'll learn you the art o' war,  
 If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning.  
 Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?

Or are your drums a-beating yet?  
 If ye were wauking, I wad wait  
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
 He drew his sword the scabbard from:  
 Come follow me, my merry merry men,  
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the  
 morning.

Now, Johnnie, be as good's your word,  
 Come let us try both fire and sword;  
 And dinna flee away like a frightened bird.  
 That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,  
 He thought it wadna be amiss  
 To ha'e a horse in readiness,  
 To flee awa' in the morning.

Fy now, Johnnie, get up and rin,  
 The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;  
 It is best to sleep in a hale skin,  
 For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
 They speer'd at him, Where's a' your men?  
 The deil confound me gin I ken,  
 For I left them a' i' the morning.

Now, Johnnie, troth ye are na blate,  
 To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
 And leave your men in sic a strait,  
 Sae early in the morning.

Oh! faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs  
 Wi' their claymores and philabegs:  
 If I face them again, deil break my legs—  
 So I wish you a' gude morning.

---

## JOHN WILSON.

BORN 1720.—DIED 1789.

The author of "The Clyde," a descriptive poem of considerable merit, was born in the parish of Lesmahagow, in Lanarkshire, June 30, 1720. He was the son of a small farmer, who, to maintain his family, was obliged to divide his labours between the anvil and plough—a practice not uncommon in Scotland in former times. John was sent to the grammar-school of Lanark, where he remained until his fourteenth year, when the death of

his father compelled him to withdraw. He had made such rapid progress in his studies that even at this early age he was able to begin instructing others, and from this period till he arrived at manhood he maintained himself by private teaching. In 1746 he was appointed schoolmaster in his native parish, and in this situation he continued many years. His first production as an author was a "Dramatic Essay," which he afterwards expanded

into the "Earl Douglas," a tragedy. This he published at Glasgow in 1764, with his poem of "The Clyde."

In the year 1767, on a vacancy occurring in the grammar-school of Greenock, Wilson was offered the situation of master on the singular condition, it is said, that he should abandon "the profane and unprofitable art of poem-making." With this Gothic proposition the poor poet, having a wife and children to maintain, was compelled to comply. He was in a situation not dissimilar to that of the bard of "Bara's Isle," who, to save his Mora from death, made a fire of his harp:—

"Dark grows the night! and cold and sharp  
Beat wind and hail, and drenching rain;  
Nought else remains.—'I'll burn my harp!  
He cries, and breaks his harp in twain."

To avoid the temptation of violating his promise, which he esteemed sacred, he took an early opportunity of destroying his unfinished manuscripts. After this he never ventured to replace the forbidden lyre, though the memory of its departed sounds often filled his heart with sadness. Sometimes, when the conversation of friends restored the vivacity of these recollections, he would carelessly pour out some extemporaneous rhymes; but the inspiration passed away, and its fleeting nature palliated the momentary transgression. Wilson died June 2, 1789, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

A few poetic fragments that had escaped the flames were found among his papers. These were chiefly hasty effusions on temporary subjects, or juvenile paraphrases of passages of Scripture. An improved edition of "The Clyde," which he had prepared for the press

before being appointed master of the Greenock school, was published by Dr. Leyden in the first volume of *Scottish Descriptive Poems*, to which he prefixed a memoir of the author. Wilson had two sons, both of whom gave great promise of poetical talents. "James the eldest," says Dr. Leyden, "was a young man of more than ordinary abilities, displayed a fine taste for both poetry and drawing, and, like his father, possessed an uncommon share of humour. He went to sea, and after distinguishing himself in several naval engagements, was killed Oct. 11, 1776, in an action on Lake Champlain, in which his conduct received such approbation from his commanding officer, that a small pension was granted by the government to his father. George, who died at the age of twenty-one years, was distinguished for his taste and classical erudition as well as his poetical talents."

It is somewhat remarkable that the Greenock magistrates, in placing an embargo on the muse of Wilson, did so in contravention of one of the acts of the General Assembly, that venerable body having in 1645 enacted that, "for the remedy of the great decay of poesy, no schoolmaster be admitted to teach a grammar-school in burghs, or in other considerable parishes, but such as, after examination, shall be found skilful in the Latin tongue, not only for prose, but also for verse." Of this law, however, the enlightened bailies and skippers of Greenock were (as well as the poet), of course, quite ignorant when they issued their interdict against the cultivation of poetry. Our readers will peruse with pleasure the subjoined opening lines of "The Clyde," together with the brief extracts which follow, taken from the same fine descriptive poem.

## THE CLYDE.

(EXTRACT.)

Thy arching groves, O Clyde, thy fertile plains,  
Thy towns and villas, claim my filial strains.

Ye Powers! who o'er these winding dales pre-  
side,

Who shake the woods, who roll the river's tide;  
Who wake the sylvan song, whose pencils pour  
The forms of beauty o'er each painted flower;  
Inspire the numbers, let the verse display

The charms that grace the imitative lay,  
When gently flows the stream, then let the song  
In softest, easiest numbers glide along;  
When swell'd with rains, o'er rocks it rages fierce,  
Swell, rage, and war, and thunder in my verse.

And thou! to whom indulgent Heaven con-  
signed  
The power to bless, the fair angelic mind;



Formed thy soft breast to melt at human woe,  
 Generous to cherish worth, and wise to know;  
 Each finer passion of the breast to move,  
 To awe with virtue, and inspire with love;  
 With native goodness all mankind to charm;  
 With love thy noble Hyndford's soul to warm:  
 This tribute of a humble muse regard,  
 Who seems to flatter, or to court reward;  
 Who, proud to mark with partial eye the fair,  
 Still makes their virtue, and their charms her  
 care;

But chiefly joys to pour her peaceful strains  
 On Clyde's delightful banks and fruitful plains.

From one vast mountain bursting on the day,  
 Tweed, Clyde, and Annan urge their separate  
 way.

To Anglia's shores bright Tweed and Annan run,  
 That seeks the rising, this the setting sun;  
 Where raged the Border war, and either flood  
 Now blushed with Scottish, now with English  
 blood;

Both lands by turns their heroes lost deplore;  
 But blest Britannia knows these woes no more.

Clyde far from scenes of strife and horror fled,  
 And through more peaceful fields his waters led;  
 But ere he issued from their deep abodes,  
 He sagely thus addressed his brother floods:

"Full well you know the imperial mandate given,  
 His salutary law who rules in heaven!

That, hasting hence, our waters seek the day,  
 And from a thousand fountains force their way,  
 Pour on the plain, and genial moisture yield  
 To verdant pasture, and to golden field;  
 Nurse the fair flowers which on our margins rise,  
 And forests proud which sweep the lofty skies;  
 See populous cities on our banks extend.  
 And through their crowded gates their thousands  
 send;

Full mighty fleets on our fair bosoms ride,  
 Loading with war or wealth our labouring tide;  
 Round spacious islands stretch our silver arms,  
 And in our caverns feed the sealy swarms.  
 Then in the ocean poured, our journey run,  
 Forced by rude winds, or courted by the sun,  
 Our waters, from the brine, disdainful rise,  
 Through air aspire, and sail along the skies;  
 On deluged plain, or parched pasture, pour  
 In sounding tempest or in silent shower;  
 Adorn the fields, mature the golden grain,  
 And blot from fields of death the sanguine stain;  
 Or load with low'ring mists the mountain's brow,  
 Sink through the soil, and feed the springs below;  
 Or, darkly from the bottom of the deep,  
 Along the beds of sand in silence creep;  
 Through earth's dark veins work out their wind-  
 ing way,

And fresh to light from countless fountains play.  
 Heaven's generous purpose let us glad assist,  
 For general good. "To yield is to be blest."  
 The river said; and with impetuous force  
 Rent the huge hills, and rushed along his course.

Along his infant stream, on either side  
 The lofty hills, in clouds, their summits hide;  
 In whose vast bowels, treasured dark and deep  
 Exhaustless mines of lead in secret sleep.  
 But man, audacious man! whose stubborn pride  
 Free gifts disdains, and longs for all denied,  
 Mid central earth, bids hardy hands combine  
 To drag the metal from its parent mine;  
 Which, forced to light, forms the destructive ball,  
 At whose dire touch fleets sink and armies fall;  
 Seas blush with blood, while floats the crimson  
 field;

Walls sink to dust, to rapine cities yield.  
 Nor death alone to fated realms it brings:  
 It to the cistern guides the distant springs;  
 The lofty palace or the temple crowns,  
 Or, raised on high, a sage or hero frowns.  
 Yet, mortals, fear the first of crimes, be wise;  
 Prize what Heaven gives, forbear what Heaven  
 denies;

Who numerous flocks o'er every mountain pours,  
 And makes the fleece and harmless bearer yours;  
 Burdened with milk, o'er all the hills they bleat,  
 Or, clad with wool, they crop the pasture sweet.

#### THE CLYDE PERSONIFIED.

To whom the parent flood—"My children dear.  
 The festive sounds of peace salute mine ear.  
 Henceforth our peaceful ports, from insult free,  
 Anchor'd secure, their loaded fleets shall see:  
 And, to my honour, happy world shall know,  
 They to a son of mine their safety owe.  
 Great Bute! who, warm with patriot zeal, arose  
 To still wild war, and give the world repose;  
 And having done the good his heart desir'd.  
 Scorning reward, to shades obscure retir'd.  
 For all he valued was already given,  
 Approven of his soul, his prince, and Heaven!  
 He calmly smil'd. Eclips'd ambition rav'd,  
 To see a world by worth superior sav'd!"

#### MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

By Crookston Castle waves the still green yew.  
 The first that met the royal Mary's view,  
 When, bright in charms, the youthful princess led  
 The graceful Darnley to her throne and bed:  
 Emboss'd in silver, now its branches green  
 Transcend the myrtle of the Paphian green.  
 But dark Langside, from Crookston view'd afar.  
 Still seems to range in pomp the rebel war;  
 Here, when the moon rides dimly through the  
 sky,  
 The peasant sees broad dancing standards fly.

And one bright female form, with sword and crown,  
Still grieves to view her banners beaten down.

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### STAG-HUNTING.

Not so the stately stag, of harmless force;  
In motion graceful, rapid in his course.  
Nature in vain his lofty head adorns  
With formidable groves of pointed horns,  
Soon as the hound's fierce clamour strikes his ear,  
He throws his arms behind, and owns his fear;  
Swoops o'er the unprinted grass, the wind out-  
flies:—

Hounds, horses, hunters, horns, still sound along  
the skies;

Fierce as a storm they pour along the plain;  
Their lively chief, still foremost of the train,  
With unemitting ardour leads the chase;—  
He, trembling, safety seeks in every place;

Drives through the thicket, scales the lofty steep;  
Bounds o'er the hills, or darts through valleys  
deep;

Plunges amid the river's cooling tides,  
While strong and quick he heaves his panting  
sides.

He from afar his lov'd companions sees,  
Whom the loud hoop that hurtles on the breeze  
Into a crowded phalanx firm had cast;  
Their armed heads all outward round them plac'd:  
Some desperate band, surrounded, thus appears,  
Hedg'd with protended bayonets and spears:

To these he flies, and begs to be allow'd  
To share the danger with the kindred crowd;  
But must, by general voice excluded, know  
How loath'd the sad society of woe.

The cruel hounds pour round on every band;  
Desperate, he turns to make a feeble stand:  
Big tears on tears roll down his harmless face;  
He falls, and sues in vain, alas! for grace:  
Pitied and prized, he dies. The ponderous prey  
The jolly troop in triumph bear away.

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## JOHN SKINNER.

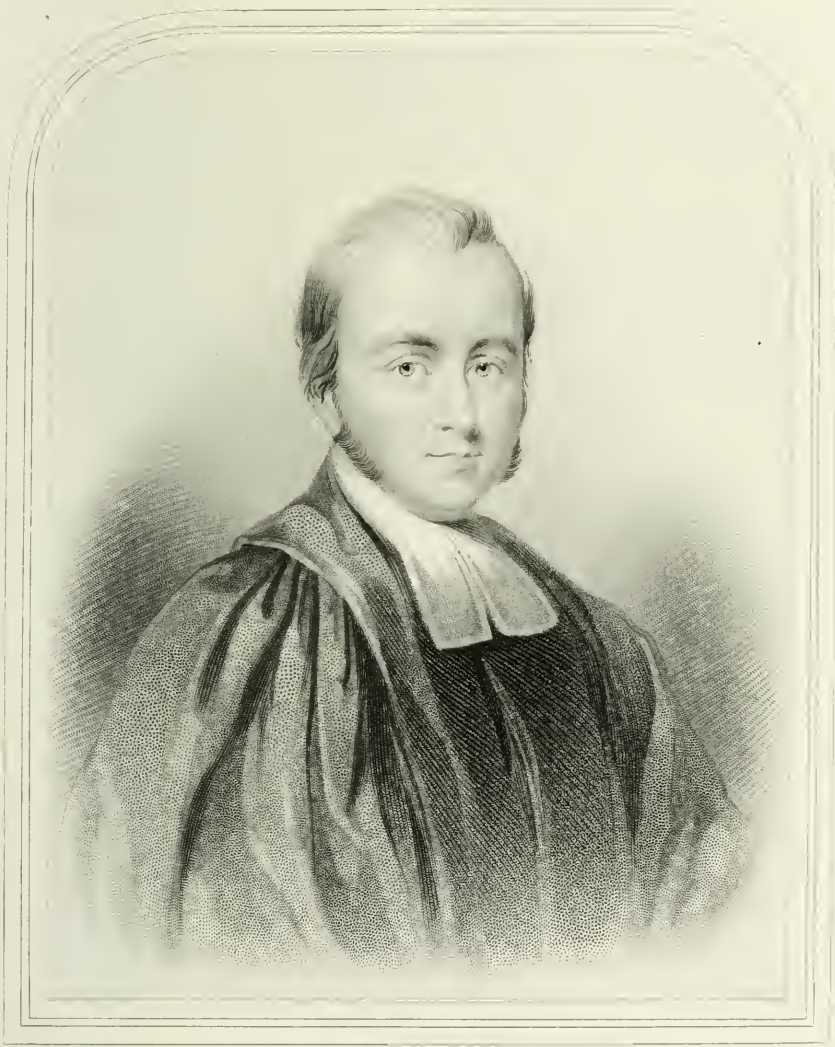
BORN 1721 — DIED 1807.

REV. JOHN SKINNER, a popular poet and ecclesiastical historian, was born October 3, 1721, at Balfour, in the parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire. His father was schoolmaster of that parish, and his mother was the widow of Donald Farquharson, Esq. of Balfour. At the age of thirteen John entered the University of Aberdeen, where he pursued his studies with diligence and great success. After he graduated he became assistant in the parish schools of Kenney and Monymusk. In 1740 he went to Shetland in the capacity of a private tutor. Returning to Aberdeenshire he was ordained a presbyter of the Episcopal Church, and called to the parish of Longside. A few years later, after the troubled period of the rebellion of 1745, his chapel was destroyed by the soldiers of the Duke of Cumberland; and on the plea of his having transgressed the law by preaching to more than four persons without subscribing to the oath of allegiance, he was during six months kept a prisoner in Aberdeen jail.

From early youth Skinner had composed verses in the Scottish dialect, but his entering

the ministry checked for a time his poetical propensities. His subsequent productions, which include all of his popular songs, were written to please his friends or to gratify the members of his family. In a letter to Burns, dated 1787, he says:—"While I was young I dabbled a good deal in these things; but on getting the black gown I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who, being all good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted these effusions which have made a public appearance beyond my expectations, and contrary to my intentions; at the same time, I hope there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected."

A poetical epistle addressed by him to Robert Burns, in commendation of his talents, was termed by the Ayrshire bard as "the best poetical compliment he had ever received." It led to a regular correspondence, which was carried on to the gratification of both parties. They, however, never met. Burns, who some-



WILLIAM WALKER  
BORN 1750  
DIED 1810



how failed to inform himself as to his friend's locality before going on his northern tour, had the mortification of learning on his return that he had been in his immediate neighbourhood without having seen him. To his son, Bishop Skinner, he afterwards said: "I would have gone twenty miles out of my way to visit the author of 'Tullochgorum.'" After ministering at Longside for sixty-five years, Mr. Skinner gave up his parish, and went to reside with his son, the Bishop of Aberdeen, where he died June 16, 1807, twelve days after his arrival.

Besides his poetical works, which appeared in a volume with the title *Amusements of Leisure Hours, or Poetical Pieces, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, Mr. Skinner was the author of *An Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, from the first appearance of Christianity in that Kingdom*, issued in 1788; and several theological treatises and numerous compositions in Latin verse, which were published, together with a memoir of the author, under the editorial supervision of his son the bishop in 1809. Fifty years later an edition of his poems appeared at Peterhead, with a memoir from the pen of H. G. Reid.

A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* gives a beautiful picture of Skinner and his cottage at Linshart, near Longside, which he occupied for sixty-five years. He says: "There are old people still alive who have conversed with him. He was a man of the same cheerful, happy temperament as Ross; a skilful player on the violin, and vocalist enough to be able to sing his own songs. During part of his ministry, he, in common with his brethren, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the house of Hanover; they were Jacobites to a man, and suffered some persecution in consequence. It was illegal for more than four persons to assemble in one place for worship. We have been told that Skinner evaded this law by reading the service at an open window in his cottage to the people assembled outside. The cottage at Linshart,

which he occupied for sixty-five years, has now disappeared. He thus alludes to it in one of his songs:—

'And though not of stone and lime,  
It will last us a' our time;  
And I hope we shall never need another.'

In this cottage he reared a numerous family, to whom he thus refers:—

'What though we canna boast of our guineas, O!  
We have plenty of Jockeys and Jeanies, O!  
And these, I'm certain, are  
More desirable by far  
Than a pock full of poor yellow steenies, O!'

It was well that he thought so, as few of 'the poor yellow steenies' ever came his way. It is doubtful whether his income ever reached that of Goldsmith's village pastor; but a shilling in those days went a long way. With the salary of a footman he had the soul of a gentleman, the genius of a poet, and the learning of a scholar; the poor cottage at Linshart was ennobled by his presence. He lived to see his son bishop of his diocese. He was a pure-minded, pure-hearted noble old man, with a soul overflowing with love to God and contentment with his lot, without one spark of religious bigotry. A pleasing proof of this may be related:—On one occasion he was passing with a friend close to a Dissenting place of worship, and on hearing the sound of the psalmody reverently took off his hat. 'What' said his friend, 'are you so fond of the Anti-burghers?' There was much of dignity and Christian charity in the old man's answer—'Sir, I respect and love any of my fellow-Christians who are engaged in singing to the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ.' It was the same in politics. He had taken his side; from principle he had thrown in his lot with the losing party; but the sympathies of his soul were not cribbed by narrow creeds or political exclusiveness. He loved the whole human race, and was as dear to the Presbyterians around him as to his own little flock."

### TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,  
And lay your disputes all aside,  
What signifies 't for folks to chide

For what was done before them;  
Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,

Whig and Tory all agree,  
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum;  
 Let Whig and Tory all agree  
 To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,  
 And cheerful sing along wi' me  
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight,  
 It gars us a' in ane unite,  
 And ony sump that keeps a spite,  
 In conscience I abhor him;  
 For blithe and cheery we'll be a',  
 Blythe and cheery, blythe and cheery,  
 Blythe and cheery we'll be a',  
 And make a happy quorum;  
 For blythe and cheery we'll be a'  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance, till we be like to fa',  
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays?  
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys  
 For half a hunder score o' them.  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,  
 Dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Wi' a' their variorum;  
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,  
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Scottish taste,  
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly worms their minds oppress  
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,  
 And sullen sots themselfs distress  
 Wi' keeping up deorum:  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,  
 Sour and sulky shall we sit,  
 Like old philosophorum?  
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 Nor ever try to shake a fit  
 To the Reel o' Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings aye attend  
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
 And a' that's good watch o'er him;  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 Peace and plenty be his lot,  
 And dainties a great store o' them;  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Un-stain'd by any vicious spot,  
 And may he never want a groat,  
 That's foud o' Tullochgorum!

But for the sullen, frumpish fool,  
 That loves to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And discontent devour him;  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 And nane say, Wae's me for him!  
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Wha c'er he be that winna dance  
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.<sup>1</sup>

### THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

Were I but able to rehearse  
 My ewie's praise in proper verse,  
 I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce  
 As ever piper's drone could blaw;  
 The ewie wi' the crookit horn,  
 Wha had kent her might hae sworn  
 Sic a ewe was never born,  
 Here about nor far awa':  
 Sic a ewe was never born,  
 Here about nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keel  
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,  
 Her crookit horn did as weel  
 To ken her by amo' them a';  
 She never threatened scab nor rot,  
 But keepit aye her ain jog-trot,  
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,  
 Was never sweir to lead nor caw:  
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.

Could nor hunger never dang her,  
 Wind nor wet could never wrang her,  
 Anes she lay an onk and langer  
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw;  
 Whanither ewies lap the dyke,  
 And ate the kail for a' the tyke,

<sup>1</sup> This extremely popular song owes its origin to the following incident. In the course of a visit Skinner was making to a friend, a dispute arose among the guests on the subject of Whig and Tory politics, which, becoming somewhat too exciting for the comfort of the lady of the house, she, in order to bring it to a close, requested our author to suggest appropriate words for the air of "Tullochgorum." Mr. Skinner readily complied, and before leaving the house produced what Burns characterized as "the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw." The lady's name at whose request it was written was Mrs. Montgomery, hence the allusion in the first stanza. Ed.

My ewie never play'd the like,  
 But teesed about the barn wa':  
 My ewie never play'd the like, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast  
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,  
 For, silly thing, she never mist  
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa:  
 The first she had I gae to Jock,  
 To be to him a kind o' stock,  
 And now the laddie has a flock  
 O' mair nor thirty head awa':  
 And now the laddie has a flock, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,  
 Lest mishanter should come o'er her,  
 Or the fowmart might devour her,  
 Gin the beastie bade awa';  
 My ewie wi' the crookit horn  
 Well deserved baith girse and corn,  
 Sic a ewe was never born,  
 Hereabout nor far awa':  
 Sic a ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,  
 (Wha can speak it without greeting?)  
 A villain cam' when I was sleeping,  
 Sta' my ewie, horn, and a';  
 I sought her sair upo' the morn,  
 And down aneath a buss o' thorn  
 I got my ewie's crookit horn,  
 But my ewie was awa':  
 I got my ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loon that did it.  
 Sworn I have as well as said it,  
 Though a' the world should forbid it,  
 I wad gie his neck a thra';  
 I never met wi' sic a turn  
 As this sin' ever I was born,  
 My ewie, wi' the crookit horn,  
 Silly ewie, stown awa':  
 My ewie, wi' the crookit horn, &c.

O! had she died o' croup or cauld,  
 As ewies do when they grow auld,  
 It wad na been, by mony fauld,  
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a';  
 For a' the claith that we hae worn,  
 Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,  
 The loss o' her we could hae borne,  
 Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa':  
 The loss o' her we could hae borne, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life  
 Aneath a bleedy villain's knife,  
 I'm really fleyt that our gudewife  
 Will never win aboon't ava':  
 O! a' ye bards benrth Kinghorn,

Call your muses up and mourn  
 Our ewie, wi' the crookit horn,  
 Stown frae's, and fell'd and a'  
 Our ewie, wi' the crookit horn, &c.

#### A SONG ON THE TIMES.

When I began the world first,  
 It was not as 'tis now;  
 For all was plain and simple then,  
 And friends were kind and true:  
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times!  
 The times that I now see:  
 I think the world's all gone wrong,  
 From what it used to be.

There were not then high capering heads,  
 Prick'd up from ear to ear,  
 And cloaks and caps were rarities  
 For gentle folks to wear:  
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

There's not an upstart mushroom now  
 But what sets up for taste:  
 And not a lass in all the land  
 But must be lady-dressed:  
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

Our young men married then for love,  
 So did our lasses too;  
 And children loved their parents dear,  
 As children ought to do:  
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

For oh! the times are sadly changed—  
 A heavy change indeed!  
 For truth and friendship are no more,  
 And honesty is fled:  
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

There's nothing now prevails but pride,  
 Among both high and low;  
 And strife, and greed, and vanity  
 Is all that's minded now:  
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times! &c.

When I look through the world wide,  
 How times and fashions go,  
 It draws the tears from both my eyes,  
 And fills my heart with woe:  
 Oh! the times, the weary, weary times!  
 The times that I now see:  
 I wish the world were at an end,  
 For it will not mend for me!

JOHN O' BADENYON.<sup>1</sup>

When first I cam' to be a man  
 Of twenty years or so,  
 I thought myself a handsome youth.  
 And fain the world would know:  
 In best attire I stept abroad,  
 With spirits brisk and gay,  
 And here and there and everywhere  
 Was like a morn in May;  
 No care I had, no fear of want,  
 But rambled up and down,  
 And for a beau I might have pass'd  
 In country or in town;  
 I still was pleased where'er I went,  
 And when I was alone,  
 I tuned my pipe and pleased myself  
 Wit' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime  
 A mistress I must find,  
 For *love*, I heard, gave one an air,  
 And e'en improved the mind:  
 On Phillis fair above the rest  
 Kind fortune fixed my eyes,  
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,  
 And she became my choice;  
 To Cupid now, with hearty prayer,  
 I offer'd many a vow;  
 And danced and sung, and sigh'd and swore,  
 As other lovers do;  
 But when at last I breathed my flame,  
 I found her cold as stone;  
 I left the girl, and tuned my pipe  
 To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguiled  
 With foolish hopes and vain;  
 To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,  
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain;  
 A friend I got by lucky chance,  
 'Twas something like divine,  
 An honest friend's a precious gift,  
 And such a gift was mine:  
 And now whatever might betide  
 A happy man was I;

In any strait I knew to whom  
 I freely might apply.  
 A strait soon came: my friend I try'd;  
 He heard, and spurn'd my moan;  
 I hied me home, and tuned my pipe  
 To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next,  
 And would a *patriot* turn,  
 Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,  
 And cry up Parson Horne.  
 Their manly spirit I admired,  
 And praised their noble zeal,  
 Who had with flaming tongue and pen  
 Maintain'd the public weal;  
 But e'er a month or two had pass'd  
 I found myself betrayed;  
 'Twas *self* and *party*, after all,  
 For a' the stir they made;  
 At last I saw the factious knaves  
 Insult the very throne.  
 I cursed them a', and tuned my pipe  
 To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mused awhile,  
 Still hoping to succeed;  
 I pitched on *books* for company,  
 And gravely tried to read;  
 I bought and borrow'd everywhere,  
 And studied night and day,  
 Nor miss'd what dean or doctor wrote  
 That happen'd in my way;  
 Philosophy I now esteemed  
 The ornament of youth,  
 And carefully through many a page  
 I hunted after truth.  
 A thousand various schemes I tried,  
 And yet was pleased with none;  
 I threw them by, and tuned my pipe  
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters everywhere,  
 That wish to make a show,  
 Take heed in time, nor fondly hope  
 For happiness below;  
 What you may fancy pleasure here  
 Is but an empty name,  
 And *girls*, and *friends*, and *books* also,  
 You'll find them all the same.  
 Then be advis'd, and warning take  
 From such a man as me:  
 I'm neither pope nor cardinal,  
 Nor one of high degree;  
 You'll meet displeasure everywhere;  
 Then do as I have done,  
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourselves  
 With John o' Badenyon.

<sup>1</sup> "An excellent song," says Burns; and Allan Cunningham writes, "There is something of the sermon in this clever song; the author puts his hero through a regular course of worldly pursuits, and withdraws him from love, friendship, politics, and philosophy, with the resolution of finding consolation in his own bosom. When the song was composed John Wilkes was in the full career of his short-lived popularity; and honest Skinner, incensed probably at the repeated insults which the demagogue offered to Scotland, remembered him in song." — ED.



## THE STIPENDLESS PARSON.

How happy a life does the parson possess  
 Who would be no greater, nor fears to be less;  
 Who depends on his book and his gown for support,  
 And derives no preferment from conclave or court!

Derry down, &c.

Without glebe or manse settled on him by law,  
 No stipend to sue for, nor vic'rage to draw;  
 In discharge of his office he holds him content,  
 With a croft and a garden, for which he pays rent.

Derry down, &c.

With a neat little cottage and furniture plain,  
 With a spare room to welcome a friend now and then;  
 With a good-humour'd wife in his fortune to share,  
 And ease him at all times of family care.

Derry down, &c.

With a few of the fathers, the oldest and best,  
 And some modern extracts pick'd out from the rest;  
 With a Bible in Latin, and Hebrew, and Greek,  
 To afford him instruction each day of the week.

Derry down, &c.

What children he has, if any are given,  
 He thankfully trusts to the kindness of Heaven;  
 To religion and virtue he trains them while young,  
 And with such a provision he does them no wrong.

Derry down, &c.

With labour below, and with help from above,  
 He cares for his flock, and is bless'd with their love;  
 Though his living, perhaps, in the main may be scant,  
 He is sure, while they have, that he'll ne'er be in want.

Derry down, &c.

With no worldly projects nor hurries perplex'd,  
 He sits in his closet and studies his text;  
 And while he converses with Moses or Paul,  
 He envies not bishop, nor dean in his stall.

Derry down, &c.

Not proud to the poor nor a slave to the great,  
 Neither factious in church nor pragmatic in state,  
 He keeps himself quiet within his own sphere,  
 And finds work sufficient in preaching and prayer.

Derry down, &c.

In what little dealings he's forced to transact,  
 He determines with plainness and candour to act;

And the great point on which his ambition is set  
 Is to leave at the last neither riches nor debt.  
 Derry down, &c.

Thus calmly he steps through the valley of life;  
 Unencumber'd with wealth and a stranger to strife;  
 On the bustlings around him unmoved he can look,  
 And at home always pleased with his wife and his book.

Derry down, &c.

And when, in old age, he drops into the grave,  
 This humble remembrance he wishes to have:  
 "By good men respected, by the evil oft tried,  
 Contented he lived, and lamented he died!"

Derry down, &c.

## THE MAN OF ROSS.

When fops and fools together prate,  
 O'er punch or tea, of this or that,  
 What silly, poor, unmeaning chat  
 Does all their talk engross!  
 A noble theme employs my lays,  
 And thus my honest voice I raise  
 In well-deserved strains to praise  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

His lofty soul (would it were mine!)  
 Scorns every selfish, low design,  
 And ne'er was known to repine  
 At any earthly loss:  
 But still contented, frank, and free  
 In every state, whatever it be,  
 Serene and staid we always see  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

Let misers hug their worldly store,  
 And gripe and pinch to make it more;  
 Their gold and silver's shining ore,  
 He counts it all but dross;  
 'Tis better treasure he desires;  
 A surer stock his passion fires,  
 And mild benevolence inspires  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

When want assails the widow's cot,  
 Or sickness strikes the poor man's hut,  
 When blasting winds or foggy rot  
 Augment the farmer's loss;  
 The sufferer straight knows where to go  
 With all his wants and all his woe;  
 For glad experience leads him to  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

This Man of Ross I'll daily sing,  
 With vocal note and lyric string.  
 And duly, when I've drank the king,  
 He'll be my second toss.  
 May Heaven its choicest blessings send  
 On such a man, and such a friend;  
 And still may all that's good attend  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

Now, if you ask about his name,  
 And where he lives with such a fame,  
 Indeed, I'll say you are to blame;  
 For truly, *inter nos*,  
 'Tis what belongs to you and me,  
 And all of high or low degree  
 In every sphere to try to be  
 The worthy Man of Ross.

## THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1791.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, the blind poet and divine, was born at Aman, Dumfriesshire, November 10, 1721. Before he was six months old he was deprived of his sight by the smallpox. As he grew up his father, a poor bricklayer, educated him at home, and read to him instructive and entertaining books, particularly Spenser, Milton, Pope, Prior, and Addison. The blind boy became enthusiastically fond of poetry, his special favourites being Allan Ramsay and Thomson. He began to compose poetry when he was twelve years of age, and one of his early pieces is preserved in the collection published after his death. When twenty years old some of his poetical compositions came under the notice of Dr. John Stevenson, an eminent physician of Edinburgh, who kindly invited him to that city, with the benevolent design of improving his genius by a liberal education. Young Blacklock arrived in Edinburgh in 1741, and after attending a grammar-school for a short time he was enrolled as a student at the university, where he remained until the breaking out of the rebellion, when he retired to the residence of a sister in Dumfries.

At the close of the civil commotions Blacklock returned to Edinburgh, and pursued his studies at college for six years longer. He was licensed as a preacher of the gospel in 1759, and three years afterwards married the daughter of Mr. Johnston, a surgeon in Dumfries. The year of his marriage he was presented to the church-living of Kirkcudbright, although at the time labouring under the loss of eyesight. It is related that when he was preach-

ing one of his trial discourses an old woman who sat on the pulpit stairs inquired whether he was a reader of his sermons. "He canna be a reader, for he's blind," responded her neighbour. "I'm glad to hear't," rejoined the old wife; "I wish they were a' blin'." In 1746 Blacklock published at Glasgow a volume of his poems, which was reprinted with additions in 1754 and 1756. The last edition attracted the attention of the Rev. Joseph Spence, professor of poetry at Oxford, who wrote an account of Blacklock's life and writings, with the design of introducing his name and character to the English public.

The parishioners of Kirkcudbright having refused, on account of his blindness, to acknowledge him as their pastor, a lawsuit was commenced, which after two years was compromised by Blacklock retiring upon a moderate annuity. He then removed to Edinburgh, and added to his income by receiving as boarders into his house a number of young gentlemen, whom he assisted in their studies. This system he continued until 1787, when age and increasing infirmities compelled him to give it up. In 1765 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Marischal College, Aberdeen. "The Graham," a heroic ballad in four cantos, was published in 1774, but was excluded from Mackenzie's collection of his works, as being inferior to his other poems.

Dr. Blacklock was one of the first to appreciate the genius of Robert Burns; and it was owing to a letter from him to the Rev. Dr. Laurie, minister of Loudoun, that Burns in

November, 1786, relinquished the design of leaving his native land for Jamaica, and resolved to try his fortune in Edinburgh. On his arrival in the metropolis the doctor treated him with great kindness, and introduced him to many of his literary friends. Blacklock died at Edinburgh, July 7, 1791, and was buried in the ground of St. Cuthbert's chapel of ease. A monument was erected to his memory, with a Latin inscription written by his friend Dr. Beattie. In 1793 a quarto edition of his poems, with a memoir by Henry Mackenzie, was published in Edinburgh. In addition to his poems Dr. Blacklock wrote several theological treatises; an ingenious and elegant article on "Blindness" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and two dissertations, entitled "Paracesis, or Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion," one of them original, the other translated from a work ascribed to Cicero. "In his person," says Alexander Campbell, "Dr. Blacklock exceeded not the middle size, but his erect posture gave an air of dignity mingled with perfect simplicity; and a peculiar involuntary motion, the effect of habit, added not a little to interest the beholder, as it usually accompanied the glow of his feelings in conversation." "To his

accomplishments," continues the same writer, "he added a taste for music, and he excelled in singing the melodies of his country. I have heard him often bear a part in a chorus with much judgment and precision. His knowledge of the scientific part of music was by no means inconsiderable."

Of Dr. Blacklock, of whom it was said that he never lost a friend or made a foe, Robert Heron remarks:—"There was, perhaps, never one among all mankind whom you might more truly have called an angel upon earth. He was guileless and innocent as a child, yet endowed with manly sagacity and penetration. His heart was a perpetual spring of overflowing benignity: his feelings were all tremblingly alive to the sense of the sublime, the beautiful, the tender, the pious, and the virtuous. Poetry was to him the dear solace of perpetual blindness: cheerfulness even to gaiety was, notwithstanding that irremediable misfortune, long the predominant colour of his mind. In his latter years, when the gloom might otherwise have thickened around him, hope, faith, devotion, the most fervent and sublime, exalted his mind to heaven, and made him maintain his wonted cheerfulness in the expectation of a speedy dissolution."

#### ODE TO AURORA ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.<sup>1</sup>

Of time and nature eldest born,  
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;  
Emerge, in purest dress arrayed,  
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,  
That I once more may pleased survey,  
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,  
Emerge, thou rosy-fingered morn;  
In order at the eastern gate  
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;  
Whilst Zephyr on his balmy wings,  
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,  
With odours sweet to strew thy way,  
And grace the bland revolving day.

<sup>1</sup> Of this ode Mackenzie says:—"A compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not anywhere seen more happily conceived or more elegantly expressed."—Ed.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,  
That gilds its birth and marks the year,  
And as his stronger glories rise,  
Diffused around the expanded skies,  
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,  
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when through life's protracted day,  
Melissa still pursues her way,  
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,  
Increasing to the mental eye;  
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,  
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;  
So shall his heart no more repine,  
Blessed with her rays, though robbed of thine.

#### ABSENCE.

Ye rivers so limpid and clear,  
Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,  
All the beauties that vary the year,  
All the flow'rs on your margins that grow!

How blest on your banks could I dwell,  
 Were Marg'ret the pleasure to share,  
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell  
 With what fondness I doat on the fair.

Ye harvests, that wave in the breeze,  
 As far as the view can extend!  
 Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,  
 Whose tops so majestic ascend!  
 Your landscape what joy to survey,  
 Were Marg'ret with me to admire!  
 Then the harvest would glitter, how gay,  
 How majestic the mountains aspire!

In pensive regret whilst I rove,  
 The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;  
 Or catch as it swells from the grove  
 The music that floats on the gale.  
 Alas! the delusion how vain!  
 Nor odours nor harmony please  
 A heart agonizing with pain,  
 Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,  
 Or the languor of absence to cheer,  
 Her breath I would catch in the rose,  
 Or her voice in the nightingale hear.  
 To cheat my despair of its prey,  
 What object her charms can assume!  
 How harsh is the nightingale's lay,  
 How insipid the rose's perfume!

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,  
 Ye sunbeams around her that play,  
 Does her sympathy dwell on my care?  
 Does she number the hours of my stay?  
 First perish ambition and wealth,  
 First perish all else that is dear,  
 Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,  
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more  
 This desolate bosom surprise?  
 Ye fates! the blest moments restore  
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes;  
 When with sweet emulation of heart,  
 Our kindness we struggled to show;  
 But the more that we strove to impart,  
 We felt it more ardently glow.

---

#### BENEATH A GREEN SHADE.

Beneath a green shade a lovely young swain  
 Ae evening reclined to discover his pain;  
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbled his woe,  
 The winds ceased to breathe and the fountain to  
 flow;

Rude winds wi' compassion could hear him com-  
 plain,  
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,  
 Ere Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view!  
 Those eyes then wi' pleasure the dawn could  
 survey;  
 Nor smiled the fair morning mair cheerful than  
 they.  
 Now scenes of distress please only my sight;  
 I'm tortured in pleasure, and languish in light.

Through changes in vain relief I pursue,  
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew;  
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair—  
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air;  
 But love's ardent fire burns always the same,  
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see, the pale moon, all clouded, retires;  
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires:  
 I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,  
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.  
 Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?  
 To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.

---

#### THE WEDDING-DAY.

One night as young Colin lay musing in bed,  
 With a heart full of love, and a vapourish head,  
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,  
 Thus sweetly he sang of his wedding-day:

“What would I give for a wedding-day!  
 Who would not wish for a wedding-day!  
 Wealth and ambition, I'd toss ye away,  
 With all ye can boast, for a wedding-day.”

“Should Heaven bid my wishes with freedom  
 implore

One bliss for the anguish I suffered before,  
 For Jessie, dear Jessie, alone would I pray,  
 And grasp my whole wish on my wedding-day!  
 Blessed be the approach of my wedding-day!  
 Hail, my dear nymph, and my wedding-day!  
 Earth smile more verdant, and heaven shine  
 more gay!  
 For happiness dawns with my wedding-day.”

But Luna, who equally sovereign presides  
 O'er the hearts of the ladies and flow of the tides,  
 Unhappily changing, soon changed his wife's  
 mind:

O fate, could a wife prove so constant and kind!  
 “Why was I born to a wedding-day!  
 Cursed, ever cursed, be my wedding-day.  
 Colin, poor Colin, thus changes his lay,  
 And dates all his plagues from his wedding-  
 day.”

Ye bachelors, warned by the shepherd's distress,  
 Be taught from your freedom to measure your  
 bliss,  
 Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,  
 And blast all your joys on your wedding-day.  
 Horns are the gift of a wedding-day;  
 Want and a scold crown a wedding-day;  
 Happy and gallant who, wise when he may,  
 Prefers a stout rope to a wedding-day!

## A N N A.

Shepherds, I have lost my love.  
 Have you seen my Anna,  
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove  
 Upon the banks of Bauna?  
 I for her my home forsook,  
 Near yon misty mountain;  
 Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
 Green-wood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,  
 Until her returning;  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 From gladness changed to mourning.  
 Whither is my charmer flown,  
 Shepherds, tell me whither?  
 Ah, woe for me! perhaps she's gone,  
 For ever and for ever!

## IMPORTANCE OF EARLY PIETY.

In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth  
 With vital ardour glows,  
 And shines in all the fairest charms  
 Which beauty can disclose;  
 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs  
 Are yet by vice enslav'd.  
 Be thy Creator's glorious name  
 And character engrav'd.

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud  
 The sunshine of thy days;  
 And cares, and toils, in endless round  
 Encompass all thy ways.  
 Soon shall thy heart the woes of age  
 In mournful groans deplore,  
 And sadly muse on former joys,  
 That now return no more.

## TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Cursed with unnumbered groundless fears,  
 How pale yon shivering wretch appears!  
 For him the daylight shines in vain,  
 For him the fields no joys contain;  
 Nature's whole charms to him are lost,  
 No more the woods their music boast;  
 No more the meads their vernal bloom,  
 No more the gales their rich perfume:  
 Impending mists deform the sky,  
 And beauty withers in his eye.  
 In hopes his terrors to elude,  
 By day he mingles with the crowd,  
 Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,  
 In busy crowds and open day.  
 In night his lonely walks surprise,  
 What horrid visions round him rise!  
 The blasted oak which meets his way,  
 Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,  
 The midnight murderer's lone retreat,  
 Felt Heaven's avengful bolt of late;  
 The clashing chain, the groan profound,  
 Loud from yon ruined tower resound;  
 And now the spot he seems to tread  
 Where some self-slaughtered corse was laid;  
 He feels fixed earth beneath him bend,  
 Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;  
 Till all his soul, by fancy swayed,  
 Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

## TOBIAS G. SMOLLETT.

BORN 1721 — DIED 1771.

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT, an eminent his-  
 torian, novelist, and poet, was born in Dal-  
 quhurn House, near the village of Renton,  
 Dumbartonshire, in the year 1721. His father  
 dying while he was very young, his education

was undertaken by his grandfather Sir James  
 Smollett. After completing his rudimentary  
 studies at the neighbouring school of Dum-  
 barton, he was sent to the University of Glas-  
 gow, where he studied medicine. His wish

was to be a soldier, but he was opposed in this desire by his grandfather, who having already permitted his elder brother James to enter the army, thought he could better advance the interests of the younger in some other course of life. At the early age of eighteen Smollett's capabilities for poetry began to manifest themselves; and besides writing several keen and skilful satires, he composed "The Regicide," a tragedy founded on the assassination of King James I. In 1740 his grandfather died, without having made any provision for the mother of our author or her family; and thus thrown on his own resources, Smollett resolved to proceed to London and obtain a position in the army or navy. He succeeded in securing the appointment of surgeon's mate on board of a man-of-war, and sailed in the unfortunate expedition to Carthage. Disgusted with his situation he left the service while the ship was in the West Indies, and resided for some time in Jamaica, where he became attached to Miss Ann Lascelles, an accomplished lady, whom he afterwards married.

Returning to London in 1746, Smollett's feelings of patriotism led him to write the beautiful and spirited poem of "The Tears of Scotland," describing the barbarities committed in the Highlands by the English forces under the command of the "Butcher Cumberland" after the battle of Culloden. He originally finished the poem in six stanzas; when, some one representing that such a diatribe against the government might injure his prospects, he sat down and added the still more pointed invective of the seventh stanza:—

"While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow;  
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

The same year Smollett published "Advice," a satirical poem, in the manner of Juvenal; and about the same time composed the opera of "Alceste," which, in consequence of some ill-timed satires on Rich the manager, shared the same fate as his tragedy of "The Regicide." In 1748 appeared "The Adventures of Roderick Random," which soon be-

came the most popular novel of the age; and this was followed in 1751 by "The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle." This was also very successful, and was translated into French. Having obtained the degree of M.D. he settled at Bath, with the intention of practising medicine, but not meeting with success he returned to London, and assumed the character of a professional author, working for the booksellers in the various departments of compilations, translations, criticisms, and miscellaneous essays. In 1753 he published the "Adventures of Count Fathom," followed in 1755 by his translation of *Don Quixote*. The version of Motteux is now generally preferred to that of our author, though Smollett's is marked by his characteristic humour and versatility of talent.

This task finished, Smollett set out on a visit to his native land. His fame had preceded him, and his reception by the literary magnates of Scotland was cordial and flattering. He was also gratified by meeting his surviving parent on arriving at Scotston in Peeblesshire, where his mother resided with her daughter Mrs. Telfer. It was arranged that he should be introduced as a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character he endeavoured to preserve a very serious countenance, approaching to a frown; but while his mother's eyes were rivetted with the instinct of affection upon his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling; she immediately sprang from her chair, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Ah! my son, my son!" She afterwards told him that if he had kept his austere looks and continued to *gloom*, she might have been deceived; but "your old roguish snile," she added, "betrayed you at once."

On his return to London Smollett undertook the editorship of the *Critical Review*, and was soon afterwards convicted of a libel on Admiral Knowles, one of the commanders at Carthage; sentenced to pay a fine of £100, and to be confined in prison for three months. During his incarceration he composed the "Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves." His "History of England from the earliest times to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle," in four quarto vols., was published in 1758, and is said to have been

written in fourteen months, a remarkable instance of literary industry. Its success induced him to write a continuation of it to 1754. He next visited the Continent to seek consolation in travel for the loss of his only daughter, and on his return he published his "Travels through France and Italy," a work which was severely criticized by Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey*. "Yet be it said," remarks Sir Walter Scott, "without offence to the memory of the witty and elegant Sterne, it is more easy to assume in composition an air of alternate gaiety and sensibility, than to practise the virtues of generosity and benevolence which Smollett exercised during his whole life, though often, like his own Matthew Bramble, under the disguise of peevishness and irritability. Sterne's writings show much flourish concerning virtues of which his life is understood to have produced little fruit; the temper of Smollett was

"Like a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly."

Declining health induced Smollett to make a second visit to Scotland, and on his return he endeavoured to obtain from government an appointment as consul at some Mediterranean port. Failing in this he set out early in 1770 with Mrs. Smollett for the Continent, whence he never returned. During his sojourn near

Leghorn, in a cottage which his countryman Dr. Armstrong the poet had engaged for him, he wrote his "Expedition of Humphrey Clincker," the most rich, varied, and agreeable of all his novels, which had just been committed to the public when he expired, October 21, 1771, at Monte Nuovo, near Leghorn, leaving his widow, the Narcissa of "Roderick Random," nearly destitute, in a foreign land. A monument was raised over his grave at Leghorn by his faithful friend Dr. Armstrong; and in 1774 a Tuscan column was erected to his memory by his cousin, Smollett of Bonhill, on the banks of the Leven, near the house in which he was born. So long as his odes to "Leven Water" and to "Independence" exist Smollett can never fail to be admired as a poet, nor can a feeling of regret be avoided that he did not devote more of his genius to poetic compositions. We cannot take leave of this distinguished Scotchman—distinguished as a historian, as a novelist, and as the author of lines which possess the masculine strength of Dryden—without alluding to a passage in his novel of "Peregrine Pickle," that passage so inexpressibly touching where the Jacobite exiles stand every morning on the coast of France to contemplate the blue hills of their native land, to which they are never to return!

## THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!  
Thy sons, for valour long renowned,  
Lie slaughtered on their native ground;  
Thy hospitable roofs no more  
Invite the stranger to the door;  
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,  
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar  
His all become the prey of war:  
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,  
Then smites his breast and curses life.  
Thy swains are famished on the rocks,  
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;  
Thy ravished virgins shriek in vain;  
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then in every clime,  
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,

Thy martial glory, crowned with praise,  
Still shines with undiminished blaze?  
Thy towering spirit now is broke,  
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.  
What foreign arms could never quell,  
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay  
No more shall cheer the happy day:  
No social scenes of gay delight  
Beguile the dreary winter night:  
No strains but those of sorrow flow,  
And nought is heard but sounds of woe,  
While the pale phantoms of the slain  
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,  
Accursed to ages yet unborn!  
The sons against their father stood,  
The parent shed his children's blood.

Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,  
The victor's soul was not appeased;  
The naked and forlorn must feel  
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doomed to death,  
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,  
The bleak wind whistles round her head,  
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;  
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,  
She views the shades of night descend:  
And stretched beneath the inelement skies,  
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,  
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,  
Resentment of my country's fate  
Within my filial breast shall beat;  
And, spite of her insulting foe,  
My sympathizing verse shall flow:  
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn  
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!

### ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

#### STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,  
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;  
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.  
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,  
A goddess violated brought thee forth,  
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime  
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every vary-  
ing clime.

What time the iron-hearted Gaul,  
With frantic superstition for his guide,  
Armed with the dagger and the pail,  
The sons of Woden to the field defied;  
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,  
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;  
And red the stream began to flow:  
The vanquished were baptized with blood!

#### ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,  
From altars stained with human gore,  
And Liberty his routed legions led  
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.  
There in a cave asleep she lay,  
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main,  
When a bold savage passed that way,  
Impelled by destiny, his name Disdain.  
Of ample front the portly chief appeared;  
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;  
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,  
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.

He stopt, he gazed, his bosom glowed,  
And deeply felt the impression of her charms;  
He seized the advantage fate allowed,  
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

#### STROPHE.

The curlew screamed, the Tritons blew  
Their shells to celebrate the ravished rite;  
Old Time exulted as he flew;  
And Independence saw the light.  
The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,  
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,  
While Philomel renewed her warbled strains,  
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—  
The mountain Dryads seized with joy  
The smiling infant to their charge consigned;  
The Doric Muse caressed the favourite boy;  
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.  
As rolling years matured his age,  
He flourished bold and sinevy as his sire;  
While the mild passions in his breast assuage  
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

#### ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,  
And zealous roved from pole to pole,  
The rolls of right eternal to display,  
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.  
On desert isles 'twas he that raised  
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,  
Where Tyranny beheld amazed  
Fair Freedom's temple, where he marked her  
grave.  
He steered the blunt Batavian's arms  
To burst the Iberian's double chain;  
And cities reared, and planted farms,  
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.  
He, with the generous rustics, sat  
On Uri's rocks in close divan;  
And winged that arrow sure as fate,  
Which ascertained the sacred rights of man.

#### STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he crossed,  
Where blasted Nature pants supine,  
Conductor of her tribes adust,  
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;  
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!  
He snatched from under fell Oppression's wing,  
And taught amidst the dreary waste  
The all-cheering hymns of Liberty to sing.  
He virtue finds, like precious ore,  
Diffused through every baser mould;  
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,  
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:  
He, guardian genius, taught my youth  
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise;  
My lips by him chastised to Truth,  
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.



## ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,  
 Where varnished Vice and Vanity, combined  
 To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,  
 And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.  
 While Insolence his wrinkled front uprears,  
 And all the flowers of spurious Fancy blow;  
 And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,  
 Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow:  
 Where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert and vain,  
 Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;  
 And pale Disease, with all his bloated train,  
 Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

## STROPHE.

In Fortune's ear behold that minion ride,  
 With either India's glittering spoils oppressed;  
 So moves the sumpter-mule in harnessed pride,  
 That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.  
 For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,  
 And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;  
 Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay,  
 And jingling bells fantastic Folly ring:  
 Disquiet, Doubt, and Dread shall intervene;  
 And Nature, still to all her feelings just,  
 In vengeance hang a damp on every scene  
 Shook from the balful pinions of Disgust

## ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,  
 By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell:  
 Where the poised lark his evening ditty chants,  
 And Health and Peace and Contemplation dwell.  
 There, Study shall with Solitude recline,  
 And Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,  
 And Toil and Temperance sedately twine  
 The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:  
 And fearless Poverty shall guard the door,  
 And Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread,  
 And Industry supply the humble store,  
 And Sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;  
 White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,  
 Shall chase far off the goblins of the night:  
 And Independence o'er the day preside,  
 Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

## THY FATAL SHAFTS.

Thy fatal shafts unerring move;  
 I bow before thine altar, Love!  
 I feel thy soft resistless flame  
 Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,  
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;  
 Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,  
 And floods of transport 'whelm my soul.

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain  
 In soothing murmurs to complain;  
 My tongue some secret magic ties,  
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,  
 And ever drop the silent tear,  
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,  
 Unfriended live, unpitied die!

## BLUE-EYED ANNE.

When the rough North forgets to howl,  
 And ocean's billows cease to roll;  
 When Lybian sands are bound in frost,  
 And cold to Nova Zembla's lost:  
 When heavenly bodies cease to move,—  
 My blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall flowers the meads adorn,  
 Nor sweetness deck the rosy thorn,  
 Nor swelling buds proclaim the spring,  
 Nor parching heats the Dog-star bring,  
 Nor laughing lilies paint the grove,—  
 When blue-eyed Anne I'll cease to love.

No more shall joy in hope be found,  
 Nor pleasures dance their frolic round,  
 Nor love's light god inhabit earth,  
 Nor beauty give the passion birth,  
 Nor heat to summer-sunshine cleave,—  
 When blue-eyed Nanny I'll deceive.

When rolling seasons cease to change,  
 Inconstancy forgets to range;  
 When lavish May no more shall bloom,  
 Nor gardens yield a rich perfume:  
 When nature from her sphere shall start,—  
 I'll tear my Nanny from my heart.

WHEN SAPPHO TUN'D THE RAPTUR'D  
STRAIN.

When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain,  
 The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;  
 With art divine the lyre she strung,  
 Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quivering wire,  
 The eager breast was all on fire;  
 And when she join'd the vocal lay,  
 The captive soul was charm'd away!

But had she added still to these,  
 Thy softer, chaster power to please,

Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,  
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,  
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;  
Despair her soul had ne'er possess'd  
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

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#### ODE TO LEVEN WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,  
And tune the rural pipe to love,  
I envied not the happiest swain  
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.

Pure stream, in whose transparent wave  
My youthful limbs I wont to lave:  
No torrents stain thy limpid source,  
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,

That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,  
With white, round, polished pebbles spread;  
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood  
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;  
The springing trout in speckled pride;  
The salmon, monarch of the tide;  
The ruthless pike, intent on war;  
The silver eel and mottled par.  
Devolving from thy parent lake  
A charming maze thy waters make,  
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,  
And edges flowered with eglantine.

Still on thy banks so gaily green,  
May numerous flocks and herds be seen;  
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,  
And shepherds piping in the dale;  
And ancient faith that knows no guile,  
And industry embrowned with toil;  
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,  
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

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## SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

BORN 1722 — DIED 1777.

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT, third baronet of Minto, was born in Roxburghshire in the year 1722. He was the eldest son of the Sir Gilbert who, Lord Woodhouselee says, "was taught the German flute in France, and was the first to introduce that instrument into Scotland in 1725;" and grandson of the first baronet, a Lord of Session, known by the title of Lord Minto. Our poet was educated for the Scottish bar, and in 1763 was made treasurer of the navy. Three years afterwards he succeeded his father, the second baronet, in the title and estates, and subsequently obtained the reversion of the office of keeper of the signet in Scotland. He was a man of considerable political and literary ability, and was distinguished as a speaker in parliament, as well as highly accomplished and sagacious in parliamentary business. He died at Marseilles in 1777. Some lines which he wrote on the occasion of his father's death are curiously applicable to his own:—

"His mind refined and strong, no sense impaired,  
Nor feeling of humanity, nor taste  
Of social life; so e'en his latest hour  
In sweet domes his cheerfulness was pass'd;

Sublimely calm his ripened spirit fled,  
His family surrounding, and his friends;  
A wife and daughter closed his eyes; on them  
Was turned his latest gaze: and o'er his grave  
Their father's grave—his sons the green turf spread."

Sir Gilbert's eldest son, for some time Governor-general of India, was raised to the peerage by the title of the Earl of Minto; and his sister, Miss Jane Elliot, was the authoress of the old set of "The Flowers of the Forest." His philosophical correspondence with David Hume is quoted with commendation by Dugald Stewart in his *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, and in his "Dissertation" prefixed to the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He was the author of the following lines on the death of Colonel James Gardiner, and of what Sir Walter Scott calls "the beautiful pastoral song" beginning—

"My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook."

"The song," says a critic, "which has given the name of Sir Gilbert Elliot a place among our lyric poets is one of great beauty; and the sheep-hook and the fresh garlands are forgotten

in the strain of natural sorrow produced by neglected moments and unrequited love. It is one of the last and the best efforts of the pastoral muse. I know not whether to account it good fortune or design which made the name of the heroine sound so like that of the family residence; but I am willing to believe in the prophetic strain which makes the cliffs echo, for many a later year, the song of 'My Sheep I neglected.'

'On Minto crags the moonbeams glint,  
Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint,  
Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest  
Where falcons hang their giddy nest,  
'Mid cliffs from whence his eagle eye  
For many a league his prey could spy;

#### AMYNTA.<sup>1</sup>

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove:  
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

Oh! what had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?  
Oh! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!  
O fool! to imagine that aught could subdue  
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;  
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine;  
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,  
The moments neglected return not again.

#### 'T WAS AT THE HOUR OF DARK MIDNIGHT.<sup>2</sup>

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,  
Before the first cock's crowing,

Cliffs doubling on their echoes borne  
The terrors of the robber's horn,  
Cliffs which for many a later year  
The warbling Doric reed shall hear,  
When some sad swain shall teach the grove  
Ambition is no cure for love.'

As if it had not been enough for Sir Gilbert Elliot and his sister to write two of our favourite lyrics, and enjoy the credit of such compositions, by special grace and good fortune they have also each obtained a separate and lasting compliment in verse—the first in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and the latter in 'Marion.'

'One of those flowers whom plaintive lay  
In Scotland mourns as 'wede away.'

When westland winds shook Stirling's tow'rs,  
With hollow murmurs blowing;  
When Fanny fair, all woe-begone,  
Sad on her bed was lying,  
And from the ruin'd tow'rs she heard  
The boding screech-owl crying.

"O dismal night!" she said, and wept,  
"O night presaging sorrow:  
O dismal night!" she said, and wept,  
"But more I dread to-morrow.  
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,  
Each host to Preston bending;  
At morn shall sons their fathers slay,  
With deadly hate contending.

"Even in the visions of the night  
I saw fell death wide sweeping;  
And all the matrons of the land  
And all the virgins weeping."  
And now she heard the massy gates  
Harsh on their hinges turning;  
And now through all the castle heard  
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,  
The fatal tidings dreading;  
"O speak," she cried, "my father's slain!  
I see, I see him bleeding!"  
"A pale corpse on the sullen shore,  
At morn, fair maid, I left him;  
Even at the threshold of his gate  
The foe of life bereft him.

<sup>1</sup> First published in Yair's *Charmer*, issued at Edinburgh in 1749; it afterwards appeared in Herd's and other collections, and is written to the tune of an old air called "My Apron Dearie," which is to be found in Johnson's *Mus um* and Thomson's *Select Melodies*.—ED.

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Gardiner, the hero of this song, one of the very few which are extant not on the Stuart side, was killed at the battle of Prestonpans in 1745. He was cut down by a Highlander armed with a scythe-blade, after his soldiers had lazely deserted him.—ED.

“ Bold, in the battle's front he fell,  
 With many a wound deformed:  
 A braver knight, nor better man,  
 This fair isle ne'er adorned.”  
 While thus he spake, the grief-struck maid  
 A deadly swoon invaded;  
 Lost was the lustre of her eyes,  
 And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the sight, and sad the news,  
 And sad was our complaining;  
 But oh! for thee, my native land,  
 What woes are still remaining!  
 But why complain? the hero's soul  
 Is high in heaven shining:  
 May Providence defend our isle  
 From all our foes designing.

## JOHN HOME.

BORN 1722—DIED 1808.

JOHN HOME, an eminent dramatic poet, and a lineal descendant of Sir John Home of Cowdenknowes, was born at Leith, Sept. 22, 1722. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and in April, 1745, was licensed to preach in the Church of Scotland. During the same year he joined a volunteer company on the side of the government, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk, but succeeded with some others in making his escape from Donne Castle, where he was confined. The poet's imprisonment, and that of his brother bards Buchanan, Skinner, and Smollett, must have escaped the memory of Professor Wilson when he wrote, “No Scottish poet was ever in a jail.” In 1746 Home was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, made vacant by the death of the author of “The Grave.” Having written the tragedy of “Agis,” he proceeded to London in 1749, and offered it to David Garrick, at that time manager of Drury Lane, who refused it. The disappointed author, with the feeling natural to such a situation, wrote the following lines on the tomb of Shakspeare in Westminster Abbey:—

“ Image of Shakspeare! to this place I come,  
 To ease my bursting bosom at thy tomb;  
 For neither Greek nor Roman poet fired  
 My fancy first—thee chiefly I admired;  
 And, day and night revolving still thy page,  
 I hoped, like thee, to shake the British stage;  
 But cold neglect is now my only meed,  
 And heavy falls it on so proud a head.  
 If powers above now listen to my lyre,  
 Charm them to grant, indulgent, my desire;  
 Let petrification stop this falling tear,  
 And fix my form for ever marble here.”

Six years later, having written the tragedy of “Douglas,” founded upon the beautiful old ballad of “Gil Morris,” Home again visited London, and offered it to Garrick, who pronounced the play totally unfitted for the stage. It was, however, performed at the Edinburgh Canongate Theatre, December 14, 1756, with the most gratifying success, in the presence of a large audience, among whom were the delighted author and several other ministers. For this flagrant violation of clerical propriety Home's friends were subjected to the censures of the church, which he himself only escaped by resigning his living. But the tragedy nevertheless became very popular with the general public, who continued and still continue to receive it with enthusiasm. It is related that during one of the early representations in Edinburgh, when the feelings of the audience burst forth as usual at the conclusion of Norval's speech, a voice from the gallery shouted out the triumphant query, “Whaur's yer Shakspeare noo?” In 1757 Home again visited London, and through the influence of the Earl of Bute had the satisfaction of seeing “Douglas” brought out by Garrick with distinguished success, followed soon after by “Agis,” with the great English tragedian and Mrs. Cibber playing the principal characters. His “Siege of Aquileia” was also represented on the London stage, but, owing to a lack of interest in the action, failed to win public favour. In 1760 Home printed his three tragedies in one volume, with a dedication to the Prince of Wales, whose society

he had enjoyed through the favour of Lord Bute, preceptor to the prince; and who, after his accession to the throne, granted him a pension of £300 a year, which, in addition to an equal sum from his sinecure office of conservator of Scots privileges at Campvere, in Zealand, likewise bestowed upon him, enabled the poet to repose with tranquillity upon his prospects of dramatic fame.

The following letter, which we are not aware has ever been in print, contains the original order for Home's pension, and is also interesting owing to its placing the writer's character in a most amiable and endearing light. It was addressed by George III. to the Earl of Bute:—

“My dearest Friend,—In looking over the list we made together, I feel myself still in debt particularly to poor Home: no office occurs to me that I think fit for him; I therefore desire you will give him £300 per annum out of my privy purse, which mode will be of more utility to him, as it will come free from the burden of taxes and infamous fees of office. I have a double satisfaction in giving Home this mark of my favour, as I know the execution of it will be as agreeable to my dearest friend as the directing it is to myself.” . . .

Home was the author of eight additional tragedies and comedies, composed during his residence in London, which terminated in 1779, when he went to reside in Edinburgh, and thenceforth lived in the enjoyment of the highest literary society of that city. Careless

of money, he delighted in entertaining large companies of friends, and often had more guests than his house could conveniently accommodate. His latest work was a “History of the Rebellion of 1745”—a transaction of which he was entitled to say *pars fui*. But the work disappointed public expectation, and was certainly not what was looked for from one who was not only an actor in the scene, but the author of a tragedy like “Douglas.” An explanation may perhaps be found in the fact that the author was a pensioner of George III., and that the MS. was submitted before publication for correction by the reigning family. Home died September 5, 1808, aged nearly eighty-six years, and was buried in the churchyard of his native place, where also repose the remains of his friend James Sibbald, and that “inheritor of unfilled renown” Robert Nicoll. As a dramatic poet Home deserves the credit of having written with more fervid feeling, and less of stiffness and artificiality, than the other poets of his time; his genius in this respect approaching to that of his contemporary Collins. His *Dramatic Works* were published at Edinburgh in 1798, in two 12mo vols.; and in 1822 another edition appeared in the same city, entitled “The Works of John Home, Esq., now first collected, to which is prefixed an account of his Life and Writings by Henry Mackenzie,” in three 8vo vols. To this admirable work we refer the reader for further particulars connected with the literary labours of our author.

## DOUGLAS.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD RANDOLPH.    GLENALYON.    NORVAL (DOUGLAS).    PRISONER    SERVANTS, &c.  
LADY RANDOLPH.    ANNA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Court of a Castle, surrounded with woods.*

*Enter* LADY RANDOLPH.

*Lady R.* Ye woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom

Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth  
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,  
Farewell awhile: I will not leave you long;  
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,

Who, from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,  
Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.  
Oh! Douglas, Douglas! if departed ghosts  
Are e'er permitted to review this world,  
Within the circle of that wood thou art,  
And with the passion of immortals hear'st  
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife  
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.  
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn  
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.  
To thee I lift my voice; to thee address  
The plaint which mortal ear has never heard.

Oh! disregard me not; though I am call'd  
 Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.  
 Incapable of change, affection lies  
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.  
 But Randolph comes, whom fate has made my  
 lord,  
 To chide my anguish, and defraud the dead.

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH.*

*Lord R.* Again these weeds of woe! say, dost  
 thou well

To feed a passion which consumes thy life?  
 The living claim some duty; vainly thou  
 Bestow'st thy cares upon the silent dead.

*Lady R.* Silent, alas! is he for whom I mourn:  
 Childless, without memorial of his name,  
 He only now in my remembrance lives.  
 This fatal day stirs my time-settled sorrow,  
 Troubles afresh the fountain of my heart.

*Lord R.* When was it pure of sadness? These  
 black weeds

Express the wonted colour of thy mind,  
 For ever dark and dismal. Seven long years  
 Are pass'd, since we were join'd by sacred ties:  
 Clouds all the while have hung upon thy brow,  
 Nor broke, nor parted by one gleam of joy.  
 Time that wears out the trace of deepest anguish,  
 As the sea smooths the prints made in the sand,  
 Hath past o'er thee in vain.

*Lady R.* If time to come  
 Should prove as ineffectual, yet, my lord,  
 Thou canst not blame me. When our Scottish  
 youth

Vied with each other for my luckless love,  
 Oft I besought them, I implored them all  
 Not to assail me with my father's aid,  
 Nor blend their better destiny with mine:  
 For melancholy had congeal'd my blood,  
 And froze affection in my chilly breast.  
 At last my sire, rous'd with the base attempt  
 To force me from him, which thou rend'rest vain,  
 To his own daughter bow'd his hoary head,  
 Besought me to commiserate his age,  
 And vow'd he should not, could not, die in peace,  
 Unless he saw me wedded, and secur'd  
 From violence and outrage. Then, my lord,  
 In my extreme distress, I call'd on thee,  
 Thee I bespake, profess'd my strong desire  
 To lead a single, solitary life,  
 And begg'd thy nobleness not to demand  
 Her for a wife whose heart was dead to love.  
 How thou persistedst after this thou know'st,  
 And must confess that I am not unjust,  
 Nor more to thee than to my myself injurious.

*Lord R.* That I confess; yet ever must regret  
 The grief I cannot cure. Would thou wert not  
 Compos'd of grief and tenderness alone,  
 But hadst a spark of other passions in thee,  
 Pride, anger, vanity, the strong desire  
 Of admiration, dear to womankind;  
 These might contend with and allay thy grief,

As meeting tides and currents smooth our frith.

*Lady R.* To such a cause the human mind oft  
 owes

Its transient calm, a calm I envy not.

*Lord R.* Sure, thou art not the daughter of Sir  
 Malcolm:

Strong was his rage, eternal his resentment:  
 For when thy brother fell, he smil'd to hear  
 That Douglas' son in the same field was slain.

*Lady R.* Oh! rake not up the ashes of my  
 fathers:

Implacable resentment was their crime,  
 And grievous has the expiation been.  
 Contenting with the Douglas, gallant lives  
 Of either house were lost: my ancestors  
 Compell'd, at last, to leave their ancient seat  
 On Teviot's pleasant banks; and now of them  
 No heir is left. Had they not been so stern,  
 I had not been the last of all my race.

*Lord R.* Thy grief wrests to its purposes my  
 words.

I never ask'd of thee that ardent love  
 Which in the breasts of Fancy's children burns;  
 Decent affection and complacent kindness  
 Were all I wish'd for; but I wish'd in vain:  
 Hence, with the less regret my eyes behold  
 The storm of war that gathers o'er this land:  
 If I should perish by the Danish sword,  
 Matilda would not shed one tear the more.

*Lady R.* Thou dost not think so: woful as I am,  
 I love thy merit, and esteem thy virtues.  
 But whither goest thou now?

*Lord R.* Straight to the camp,  
 Where every warrior on the tip-toe stands  
 Of expectation, and impatient asks  
 Each who arrives, if he is come to tell  
 The Danes are landed.

*Lady R.* Oh! may adverse winds,  
 Far from the coast of Scotland drive their fleet!  
 And every soldier of both hosts return  
 In peace and safety to his pleasant home!

*Lord R.* Thou speak'st a woman's, hear a war-  
 rior's wish:

Right from their native land, the stormy north,  
 May the wind blow, till every keel be fix'd  
 Immovable in Caledonia's strand!  
 Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,  
 And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

*Lady R.* War I detest: but war with foreign  
 foes,

Whose manners, language, and whose looks are  
 strange,

Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,  
 As that which with our neighbours oft we wage.  
 A river here, there an ideal line,  
 By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.  
 On each side dwells a people similar,  
 As twins are to each other, valiant both,  
 Both for their valour famous through the world,  
 Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,  
 And, if they must have war, wage distant war,

But with each other fight in cruel conflict.  
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,  
The battle is their pastime. They go forth  
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport;  
When ev'ning comes, the glory of the morn,  
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay.  
Thus fall the prime of either hapless land;  
And such the fruit of Scotch and English wars.

*Lord R.* I'll hear no more: this melody would  
make

A soldier drop his sword, and doff his arms,  
Sit down and weep the conquests he has made:  
Yea, like a monk, sing rest and peace in heaven  
To souls of warriors in his battles slain.  
Lady, farewell: I leave thee not alone;  
Yonder comes one whose love makes duty light.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter ANNA.*

*Anna.* Forgive the rashness of your *Anna's*  
love:

Urg'd by affection, I have thus presumed  
To interrupt your solitary thoughts;  
And warn you of the hours that you neglect,  
And lose in sadness.

*Lady R.* So to lose my hours

Is all the use I wish to make of time.

*Anna.* To blame thee, lady, suits not with my  
state:

But sure I am, since death first prey'd on man,  
Never did sister thus a brother mourn.  
What had your sorrows been if you had lost,  
In early youth, the husband of your heart?

*Lady R.* Oh!

*Anna.* Have I distress'd you with officious love,  
And ill-tim'd mention of your brother's fate?  
Forgive me, lady; humble tho' I am,  
The mind I bear partakes not of my fortune:  
So fervently I love you, that, to dry  
These piteous tears, I'd throw my life away.

*Lady R.* What pow'r directed thy unconscious  
tongue

To speak as thou hast done? to name—

*Anna.* I know not:

But since my words have made my mistress  
tremble,

I will speak so no more; but silent mix  
My tears with hers.

*Lady R.* No, thou shalt not be silent.

I'll trust thy faithful love, and thou shalt be,  
Henceforth, th' instructed partner of my woes.  
But what avails it! can thy feeble pity  
Roll back the flood of never-ebbing time?  
Compel the earth and ocean to give up  
Their dead alive?

*Anna.* What means my noble mistress?

*Lady R.* Didst thou not ask what had my sor-  
rows been,

If in early youth had lost a husband?  
In the cold bosom of the earth is lodg'd,  
Mangled with wounds, the husband of my youth;

And in some cavern of the ocean lies  
My child and his.

*Anna.* Oh! lady, most rever'd!

The tale wrapp'd up in your amazing words  
Deign to unfold.

*Lady R.* Alas! an ancient feud,  
Hereditary evil, was the source  
Of my misfortunes. Ruling fate decreed  
That my brave brother should in battle save  
The life of Douglas' son, our house's foe:  
The youthful warriors vow'd eternal friendship.  
To see the vaunted sister of his friend,  
Impatient Douglas to Balarmo came.

Under a borrow'd name.—My heart he gain'd;  
Nor did I long refuse the hand he begg'd:

My brother's presence authoriz'd our marriage.

Three weeks, three little weeks, with wings of  
down,

Had o'er us flown, when my lov'd lord was call'd  
To fight his father's battles: and with him,  
In spite of all my tears, did Malcolm go.

Scarcely were they gone, when my stern sire was  
told

That the false stranger was Lord Douglas' son.

Frantic with rage, the baron drew his sword,  
And question'd me. Alone, forsaken, faint,

Kneeling beneath his sword, falt'ring, I took  
An oath equivocal, that I ne'er would

Wed one of Douglas' name. Sincerity!

Thou first of virtues, let no mortal leave

Thy onward path! although the earth should  
gape,

And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,

To take dissimulation's winding way.

*Anna.* Alas! how few of woman's fearful kind  
Durst own a truth so hardy!

*Lady R.* The first truth

Is easiest to avow. This moral learn,

This precious moral from my tragic tale.—

In a few days, the dreadful tidings came

That Douglas and my brother both were slain.

My lord! my life! my husband!—mighty God!

What had I done to merit such affliction?

*Anna.* My dearest lady! many a tale of tears

I've listen'd to; but never did I hear

A tale so sad as this.

*Lady R.* In the first days

Of my distracting grief, I found myself

As women wish to be who love their lords.

But who durst tell my father? The good priest

Who join'd our hands, my brother's ancient tutor,

With his lov'd Malcolm, in the battle fell:

They two alone were privy to the marriage.

On silence and concealment I resolv'd,

Till time should make my father's fortune mine.

That very night on which my son was born

My nurse, the only confidant I had,

Set out with him to reach her sister's house:

But nurse, nor infant, have I ever seen,

Or heard of, *Anna*, since that fatal hour.

My murder'd child!—had thy fond mother fear'd

The loss of thee, she had loud fame defy'd,  
Despis'd her father's rage, her father's grief,  
And wander'd with thee thro' the scorning world.

*Anna.* Not seen or heard of! then, perhaps,  
he lives.

*Lady R.* No. It was dark December: wind  
and rain

Had beat all night. Across the Carron lay  
The destin'd road; and in its swelling flood  
My faithful servant perish'd with my child.

O hapless son! of a most hapless sire!—  
But they are both at rest; and I alone  
Dwell in this world of woe, condemn'd to walk,  
Like a guilt-troubled ghost, my painful rounds;  
Nor has despiteful fate permitted me  
The comfort of a solitary sorrow.

Though dead to love, I was compell'd to wed  
Randolph, who snatch'd me from a villain's arms;  
And Randolph now possesses the domains  
That, by Sir Malcolm's death, on me devolv'd;  
Domains, that should to Douglas' son have giv'n  
A baron's title and a baron's power.  
Such were my soothing thoughts, while I bewail'd  
The slaughter'd father of a son unborn.

And when that son came, like a ray from heav'n,  
Which shines and disappears; alas, my child!

How long did thy fond mother grasp the hope  
Of having thee, she knew not how, restor'd!  
Year after year hath worn her hope away;

But left still undiminish'd her desire.

*Anna.* The hand that spins th' uneven thread  
of life,

May smooth the length that's yet to come of  
yours.

*Lady R.* Not in this world: I have consider'd  
well

Its various evils, and on whom they fall.  
Alas! how oft does goodness wound itself,  
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe?  
Oh! had I died when my lov'd husband fell!  
Had some good angel op'd to me the book  
Of Providence, and let me read my life,  
My heart had broke, when I beheld the sum  
Of ills, which, one by one, I have endur'd.

*Anna.* That God, whose ministers good angels  
are,

Hath shut the book in mercy to mankind.  
But we must leave this theme: Glenalvon comes;  
I saw him bend on you his thoughtful eyes,  
And hitherwards he slowly stalks his way.

*Lady R.* I will avoid him. An ungracious  
person  
Is doubly irksome in an hour like this.

*Anna.* Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's  
heir?

*Lady R.* Because he's not the heir of Ran-  
dolph's virtues.

Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind  
An artificial image of himself;  
And he with ease can vary to the taste  
Of different men its features. Self-denied,

And master of his appetites, he seems:  
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,  
Watches to seize, unseen, the wish'd-for prey:  
Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill,  
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.  
Yet he is brave and politic in war,  
And stands aloft in these unruly times.  
Why I describe him thus, I'll tell hereafter:  
Stay and detain him till I reach the castle.

[*Exit* LADY RANDOLPH.]

*Anna.* Oh! happiness, where art thou to be  
found!

I see thou dwellest not with birth and beauty,  
Tho' grac'd with grandeur, and in wealth arrayed:  
Nor dost thou, it would seem, with virtue dwell;  
Else had this gentle lady miss'd thee not.

*Enter* GLENALVON.

*Glen.* What dost thou muse on, meditating  
maid!

Like some entranc'd and visionary seer,  
On earth thou stand'st, thy thoughts ascend to  
heaven.

*Anna.* Would that I were e'en as thou say'st,  
a seer,

To have my doubts by heavenly vision clear'd!

*Glen.* What dost thou doubt of! what hast  
thou to do

With subjects intricate? Thy youth, thy beauty,  
Cannot be question'd: think of these good gifts,  
And then thy contemplations will be pleasing.

*Anna.* Let woman view you monument of woe,  
Then boast of beauty: who so fair as she?  
But I must follow: this revolving day  
Awakes the memory of her ancient woes.

[*Exit* ANNA.]

*Glen. (alone).* So!—Lady Randolph shuns me;  
by-and-by

I'll woo her as the lion woos his bride.  
The deed's a doing now that makes me lord  
Of these rich valleys, and a chief of pow'r.  
The season is most apt; my sounding steps  
Will not be heard amidst the dim of arms.  
Randolph has liv'd too long; his better fate  
Had the ascendand once, and kept me down:  
When I had seiz'd the dame, by chance he came,  
Rescu'd and had the lady for his labour:  
I 'scap'd unknown: a slender consolation!  
Heav'n is my witness that I do not love  
To sow in peril, and let others reap  
The joyful harvest. Yet, I am not safe;  
By love, or something like it, stung, inflam'd,  
Madly I blabb'd my passion to his wife,  
And she has threaten'd to acquaint him of it.  
The way of woman's will I do not know:  
But well I know the baron's wrath is deadly.  
I will not live in fear: the man I dread  
Is as the Dane to me: ay, and the man  
Who stands betwixt me and my chief desire.  
No bar but he: she has no kinsman near;  
No brother in his sister's quarrels bold:



And for the righteous cause, a stranger's cause,  
I know no chief that will defy Glenalvon. [*Exit.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Enter Servants and a Stranger at one door, and LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA at another.*

*Lady R.* What means this clamour! Stranger,  
speak secure;  
Hast thou been wrong'd? Have these rude men  
presum'd  
To vex the weary traveller on his way!

*1st Serv.* By us no stranger ever suffer'd wrong:  
This man with outcry wild has call'd us forth;  
So sore afraid he cannot speak his fears.

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH and a young Man, with their swords drawn and bloody.*

*Lady R.* Not vain the stranger's fears! how  
fares my lord?

*Lord R.* That it fares well, thanks to this gal-  
lant youth,

Whose valour sav'd me from a wretched death!  
As down the winding dale I walk'd alone,  
At the cross way, four armed men attack'd me;  
Rovers, I judge, from the licentious camp,  
Who would have quickly laid Lord Randolph low,  
Had not this brave and generous stranger come,  
Like my good angel in the hour of fate,  
And, mocking danger, made my foes his own.  
They turn'd upon him: but his active arm  
Struck to the ground, from whence they rose no  
more,

The fiercest two; the others fled amain,  
And left him master of the bloody field.  
Speak, Lady Randolph, upon beauty's tongue  
Dwell accents pleasing to the brave and bold.  
Speak, noble dame, and thank him for thy lord.

*Lady R.* My lord, I cannot speak what now I  
feel.

My heart o'erflows with gratitude to Heaven,  
And to this noble youth, who all unknown  
To you and yours, deliberated not,  
Nor paus'd at peril, but humanely brave,  
Fought on your side, against such fearful odds.  
Have you yet learn'd of him whom we should  
thank?

Whom call the saviour of Lord Randolph's life?

*Lord R.* I ask'd that question, and he answer'd  
not:

But I must know who my deliverer is.

(*To the Stranger.*)

*Stran.* A low-born man, of parentage obscure,  
Who nought can boast of but his desire to be  
A soldier, and to gain a name in arms.

*Lord R.* Whoe'er thou art, thy spirit is en-  
nobled

By the great King of kings! thou art ordain'd  
And stamp'd a hero by the sovereign hand

Of nature! Blush not, flower of modesty  
As well as valour, to declare thy birth.

*Stran.* My name is Norval: on the Grampian  
hills

My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his store.  
And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
To follow to the field some warlike lord;  
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire deny'd.  
This moon which rose last night, round as my  
shield,

Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,  
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills  
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds  
fled

For safety and for succour. I alone,  
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
The road they took, then hasted to my friends;  
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.  
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was  
drawn,

An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,  
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard  
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers  
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
I left my father's house, and took with me  
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—  
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.  
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these  
towers,

And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do  
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

*Lord R.* He is as wise as brave. Was ever tale  
With such a gallant modesty rehears'd?  
My brave deliverer! thou shalt enter now  
A nobler list, and in a monarch's sight  
Contend with princes for the prize of fame.  
I will present thee to our Scottish king,  
Whose valiant spirit ever valour lov'd.  
Ha, my Matilda! wherefore starts that tear?

*Lady R.* I cannot say: for various affections,  
And strangely mingled, in my bosom swell;  
Yet each of them may well command a tear.  
I joy that thou art safe, and I admire  
Him and his fortunes who hath wrought thy  
safety;

Yea, as my mind predicts, with thine his own.  
Obscure and friendless, he the army sought,  
Bent upon peril, in the range of death;  
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword  
To gain distinction which his birth deny'd.  
In this attempt, unknown he might have perish'd.  
And gain'd, with all his valour, but oblivion.  
Now grac'd by thee, his virtue serves no more

Beneath despair. The soldier now of hope,  
He stands conspicuous; fame and great renown  
Are brought within the compass of his sword.  
On this my mind reflected, whilst you spoke,  
And bless'd the wonder-working Lord of heaven.

*Lord R.* Pious and grateful ever are thy thoughts;

My deeds shall follow where thou point'st the way.

Next to myself, and equal to Glenalvon,  
In honour and command shall Norval be.

*Norv.* I know not how to thank you. Rude I am

In speech and manners; never till this hour  
Stood I in such a presence: yet, my lord,  
There's something in my breast which makes me bold

To say, that Norval ne'er will shame thy favour

*Lady R. (to Norval).* I will be sworn thou wilt not. Thou shalt be

My knight; and ever, as thou didst to-day,  
With happy valour guard the life of Randolph.

*Lord R.* Well hast thou spoke. Let me forbid reply.

(*To Norval.*)

We are thy debtors still; thy high desert  
O'ertops our gratitude. I must proceed,  
As was at first intended, to the camp.  
Some of my train I see are speeding thither,  
Impatient, doubtless, of their lord's delay.  
Go with me, Norval, and thine eyes shall see  
The chosen warriors of thy native land,  
Who languish for the fight, and beat the air  
With brandish'd swords.

*Norv.* Let us begone, my lord.

*Lord R. (to Lady R.)* About the time that the declining sun

Shall his broad orbit o'er yon hills suspend,  
Expect us to return. This night once more  
Within these walls I rest; my tent I pitch  
To-morrow in the field. Prepare the feast.  
Free is his heart who for his country fights;  
He in the eve of battle may resign  
Himself to social pleasure; sweetest then,  
When danger to a soldier's soul endears  
The human joy that never may return.

[*Exeunt RANDOLPH and NORVAL.*]

SCENE II.—LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.

*Lady R.* His parting words have struck a fatal truth.

Oh, Douglas! Douglas! tender was the time,  
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again!  
How many years of anguish and despair  
Has Heaven annex'd to those swift passing hours  
Of love and fondness! Then my bosom's flame  
Of, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,  
Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.

*Anna.* May gracious Heav'n pour the sweet balm of peace

Into the wounds that fester in your breast!

For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

*Lady R.* One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow—

A grave: that bed in which the weary rest.

Wretch that I am! Alas! why am I so!

At every happy parent I repine!

How bless'd the mother of yon gallant Norval!

She for a living husband bore her pains,  
And heard him bless her when a man was born.  
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast;  
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy:  
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth  
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers:  
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,  
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

*Anna.* Alas! alas! why will you thus resume  
Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth  
Would for awhile have won you from your woe.  
On him intent you gazed, with a look  
Much more delighted than your pensive eye  
Has deign'd on other objects to bestow.

*Lady R.* Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even there mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow;  
I thought that had the son of Douglas liv'd,  
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,

And pair'd with him in features, and in shape,  
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,  
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.

Whilst thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell  
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness  
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,

And like an orphan east upon my care.  
I will protect thee (said I to myself)  
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

*Anna.* Sure, Heav'n will bless so generous a resolve.

You must, my noble dame, exert your power:  
You must awake: devices will be fram'd,  
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

*Lady R.* Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work

Against a rival in his kinsman's love,  
If I deter him not: I only can.

Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware  
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.  
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.

'Tis pleasing to admire: most apt was I  
To this affection in my better days;

Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd  
Within the narrow compass of my woe.  
Have you not sometimes seen an early flow'r  
Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,  
To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;  
Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in its leaves.  
And, though still living, die to scent and beauty?  
Emblem of me: affliction like a storm  
Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart.

*Enter* GLENALVON.

*Glen.* Where is my dearest kinsman, noble  
Randolph?

*Lady R.* Have you not heard, Glenalvon, of  
the base—

*Glen.* I have: and that the villains may net  
scape,

With a strong band I have begirt the wood,  
If they lurk there, alive they shall be taken,  
And torture force from them th' important  
secret,

Whether some foe of Randolph hir'd their  
swords,

Or if—

*Lady R.* That care becomes a kinsman's love.  
I have a counsel for Glenalvon's ear.

[*Exit* ANNA.]

*Glen.* To him your counsels always are com-  
mands.

*Lady R.* I have not found so: thou art known  
to me.

*Glen.* Known?

*Lady R.* Ay, known!

And most certain is my cause of knowledge.

*Glen.* What do you know? By the most blessed  
cross,

You much amaze me. No created being,  
Yourself except, durst thus accost Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* Is guilt so bold? and dost thou make  
a merit

Of thy pretended meekness? This to me,  
Who, with a gentleness which duty blames,  
Have hitherto conceal'd what, if divulg'd,  
Would make thee nothing; or, what's worse than  
that,

An outcast beggar, and unpitied too:  
For mortals shudder at a crime like thine.

*Glen.* Thy virtue awes me. First of woman-  
kind!

Permit me yet to say, that the fond man  
Whom love transports beyond strict virtue's  
bounds,

If he is brought by love to misery,  
In fortune ruin'd, as in mind forlorn,  
Unpitied cannot be. Pity's the alms  
Which on such beggars freely is bestow'd:  
For mortals know that love is still their lord,  
And o'er their vain resolves advances still:  
As fire, when kindled by our shepherds, moves  
Thro' the dry heath before the fanning wind.

*Lady R.* Reserve these accents for some other  
ear;

To love's apology I listen not.

Mark thou my words: for it is meet thou should'st.  
His brave deliverer, Randolph here retains.  
Perhaps his presence may not please thee well:  
But at thy peril, practise aught against him;  
Let not thy jealousy attempt to shake  
And loosen the good root he has in Randolph;  
Whose favourites I know thou hast supplanted.

Thou look'st at me as if thou fain wouldst pry  
Into my heart. 'Tis open as my speech.  
I give this early caution, and put on  
The curb, before thy temper breaks away.  
The friendless stranger my protection claims:  
His friend I am, and be not thou his foe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—GLENALVON *remains.*

*Glen.* Child that I was, to start at my own  
shadow,

And be the shallow fool of coward conscience!  
I am not what I have been; what I should be.  
The darts of destiny have almost pierc'd  
My marble heart. Had I one grain of faith  
In holy legends, and religious tales,  
I should conclude there was an arm above  
That fought against me, and malignant turn'd,  
To catch myself, the subtle snare I set.  
Why, rape and murder are not simple means!  
Th' imperfect rape to Randolph gave a spouse;  
And the intended murder introduc'd  
A favourite to hide the sun from me;  
And worst of all, a rival. Burning hell!  
This were thy centre, if I thought she lov'd him!  
'Tis certain she contemns me; nay, commands  
me,

And waves the flag of her displeasure o'er me,  
In his behalf. And shall I thus be brav'd!  
Curb'd, as she calls it, by dame Chastity!  
Infernal fiends, if any fiends there are,  
More fierce than hate, ambition, and revenge,  
Rise up and fill my bosom with your fires  
And policy remorseless! Chance may spoil  
A single aim: but perseverance must  
Prosper at last. For chance and fate are words:  
Persistent wisdom is the fate of man.  
Darkly a project peers upon my mind,  
Like the red moon when rising in the east,  
Cross'd and divided by strange-colour'd clouds.  
I'll seek the slave who came with Norval hither,  
And for his eowardice was spurn'd from him.  
I've known a follower's rankled bosom breed  
Venom most fatal to his heedless lord. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Court, &c., as before.

*Enter* ANNA.

Thy vassals, Grief! great nature's order break,  
And change the noon-tide to the midnight hour.  
Whilst Lady Randolph sleeps I will walk forth  
And taste the air that breathes on yonder bank.  
Sweet may her slumbers be! Ye ministers  
Of gracious Heav'n, who love the human race.  
Angels and seraphs, who delight in goodness!  
Forsake your skies, and to her couch descend:  
There from her fancy chase those dismal forms  
That haunt her waking: her sad spirit charm  
With images celestial, such as please  
The blest above upon their golden beds!

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* One of the vile assassins is secur'd,  
We found the villain lurking in the wood:  
With dreadful imprecations, he denies  
All knowledge of the crime. But this is not  
His first essay: these jewels were conceal'd  
In the most secret places of his garment;  
Belike the spoils of some that he has murder'd.

*Anna.* Let me look on them. Ha! here's a  
heart,

The chosen crest of Douglas' valiant name!  
These are no vulgar jewels. Guard the wretch.

[*Exit ANNA.*]

*Enter Servants with a Prisoner.*

*Pris.* I know no more than does the child  
unborn

Of what you charge me with.

*1st Serv.* You say so, sir!

But torture soon shall make you speak the truth.  
Behold the lady of Lord Randolph comes:  
Prepare yourself to meet her just revenge.

SCENE II.—*Enter LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

*Anna.* Summon your utmost fortitude before  
You speak with him. Your dignity, your fame,  
Are now at stake. Think of the fatal secret,  
Which, in a moment, from your lips may fly.

*Lady R.* Thou shalt behold me, with a des-  
perate heart,

Hear how my infant perish'd. See, he kneels.

[*The Prisoner kneels.*]

*Pris.* Heav'n bless that countenance so sweet  
and mild!

A judge like thee makes innocence more bold.  
Oh, save me, lady, from these cruel men,  
Who have attack'd and seiz'd me; who accuse  
Me of intended murder. As I hope  
For mercy at the judgment-seat of Heaven,  
The tender lamb, that never nipp'd the grass,  
Is not more innocent than I of murder.

*Lady R.* Of this man's guilt what proof can ye  
produce?

*1st Serv.* We found him lurking in the hollow  
glen.

When view'd and call'd upon, amaz'd he fled,  
We overtook him, and inquir'd from whence,  
And what he was: he said he came from far,  
And was upon his journey to the camp.  
Not satisfy'd with this, we search'd his clothes,  
And found these jewels; whose rich value plead  
Most powerfully against him. Hard he seems,  
And old in villany. Permit us to try  
His stubbornness against the torture's force.

*Pris.* Oh, gentle lady, by your lord's dear life,  
Which these weak hands, I swear, did ne'er  
assail;

And by your children's welfare, spare my age!  
Let not the iron tear my ancient joints,  
And my gray hairs bring to the grave with pain.

*Lady R.* Account for these: thine own they  
cannot be;

For these, I say; be steadfast to the truth;  
Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the Servants and returns.*]

*Pris.* Alas! I'm sore beset! let never man,  
For sake of lucre, sin against his soul!  
Eternal justice is in this most just!

I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

*Lady R.* Oh, Anna, hear.—Once more I charge  
thee speak

The truth direct: for these to me foretell  
And certify a part of thy narration:  
With which if the remainder tallies not,  
An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

*Pris.* Then, thus adjur'd, I'll speak to thee as  
just

As if you were the minister of Heaven,  
Sent down to search the secret sins of men.  
Some eighteen years ago, I rented land  
Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarno's lord;  
But, falling to decay, his servants seiz'd  
All that I had, and then turn'd me and mine  
(Four helpless infants and their weeping mother)  
Out to the mercy of the winter winds.

A little hovel by the river's side  
Received us: there hard labour, and the skill  
In fishing, which was formerly my sport,  
Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly liv'd,  
One stormy night, as I remember well,  
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof:  
Red came the river down, and loud and oft  
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.

At the dead hour of night was heard the cry  
Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran

To where the circling eddy of a pool,  
Beneath the ford, us'd oft to bring within  
My reach whatever floating thing the stream  
Had caught. The voice was ceas'd; the person  
lost:

But looking sad and earnest on the waters,  
By the moon's light I saw, whirl'd round and  
round,

A basket; soon I drew it to the bank,  
And nestl'd curious there an infant lay.

*Lady R.* Was he alive?

*Pris.* He was.

*Lady R.* Inhuman that thou art!

How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests  
spar'd!

*Pris.* I was not so inhuman.

*Lady R.* Didst thou not?

*Anna.* My noble mistress, you are mov'd too  
much:

This man has not the aspect of stern murder:  
Let him go on, and you, I hope, will hear  
Good tidings—of your kinsman's long-lost child.

*Pris.* The needy man who has known better  
days,

One whom distress has spited at the world,  
Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon

To do such deeds as make the prosperous men  
Lift up their hands and wonder who could do  
them.

And such a man was I; a man declin'd,  
Who saw no end of black adversity:

Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not  
Have touch'd that infant with a hand of harm.

*Lady R.* Ha! dost thou say so! Then perhaps  
he lives!

*Pris.* Not many days ago he was alive.

*Lady R.* Oh! God of heav'n! Did he then die  
so lately?

*Pris.* I did not say he died; I hope he lives.  
Not many days ago these eyes beheld  
Him flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

*Lady R.* Where is he now?

*Pris.* Alas! I know not where.

*Lady R.* Oh, fate! I fear thee still. Thou  
riddler, speak  
Direct and clear; else I will search thy soul.

*Anna.* Permit me, ever honour'd! keen impa-  
tience,

Though hard to be restrain'd, defeats itself.—  
Pursue thy story, with a faithful tongue,  
To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

*Pris.* Fear not my faith, tho' I must speak my  
shame;

Within the cradle where the infant lay,  
Was stow'd a mighty store of gold and jewels;  
Tempted by which we did resolve to hide,  
From all the world, this wonderful event,  
And like a peasant breed the noble child.  
That none might mark the change of our estate,  
We left the country, travell'd to the north!  
Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought  
forth

Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye  
Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore.

For one by one all our own children died,  
And he, the stranger, sole remain'd the heir

Of what indeed was his. Fain, then, would I,  
Who with a father's fondness lov'd the boy,

Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth,  
With his own secret; but my anxious wife,

Foreboding evil, never would consent.  
Meanwhile, the stripling growin years and beauty;

And, as we oft observ'd, he bore himself,  
Not as the off-spring of our cottage blood;

For nature will break out; mild with the mild,  
But with the froward he was fierce as fire,

And night and day he talk'd of war and arms.  
I set myself against his warlike bent;

But all in vain: for when a desperate band  
Of robbers from the rugged mountains came—

*Lady R.* Eternal Providence! What is thy  
name?

*Pris.* My name is Norval; and my name he  
bears.

*Lady R.* 'Tis he! 'tis he himself! It is my son!  
Oh! sovereign mercy! 'twas my child I saw.

No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burn'd.

*Anna.* Just are your transports: ne'er was  
woman's heart

Prov'd with such fierce extremes. High fated  
dame!

But yet remember that you are beheld  
By servile eyes: your gestures may be seen  
Impassion'd, strange; perhaps your words o'er-  
heard.

*Lady R.* Well dost thou counsel, Anna: Heav'n  
bestow

On me that wisdom which my state requires.

*Anna.* The moments of deliberation pass,  
And soon you must resolve. This useful man  
Must be dismiss'd in safety, ere my lord  
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

*Pris.* If I, amidst astonishment and fear,  
Have of your words and gestures rightly judg'd,  
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master:  
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

*Lady R.* With thee dissimulation now were  
vain.

I am, indeed, the daughter of Sir Malcolm;  
The child thou rescued from the flood is mine.

*Pris.* Bless'd be the hour that made me a poor  
man;

My poverty has sav'd my master's house!

*Lady R.* Thy words surprise me: sure thou  
dost not feign:

The tear stands in thine eye: such love from thee  
Sir Malcolm's house deserv'd not; if aright  
Thou told'st the story of thine own distress.

*Pris.* Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower;  
The fastest friend, the best and kindest master.  
But, ah! he knew not of my sad estate.

After that battle, where his gallant son,  
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord  
Grew desperate and reckless of the world;  
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth  
To overlook the conduct of his servants.

By them I was thrust out, and them I blame:  
May Heav'n so judge me as I judg'd my master!  
And God so love me as I love his race!

*Lady R.* His race shall yet reward thee. On  
thy faith

Depends the fate of thy lov'd master's house.  
Rememb'rest thou a little lonely hut,

That like a holy hermitage appears  
Among the cliffs of Carron?

*Pris.* I remember

The cottage of the cliffs.

*Lady R.* 'Tis that I mean:

There dwells a man of venerable age,  
Who in my father's service spent his youth:  
Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,  
Till I shall call upon thee to declare  
Before the king and nobles what thou now  
To me hast told. No more but this, and thou  
Shalt live in honour all thy future days;

Thy son so long shall call thee father still,  
And all the land shall bless the man who sav'd  
The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

Remember well my words: if thou should'st meet  
Him whom thou call'st thy son, still call him so;  
And mention nothing of his nobler father.

*Pris.* Fear not that I shall mar so fair an  
harvest,

By putting in my sickle ere 'tis ripe.  
Why did I leave my home and ancient dame?

To find the youth, to tell him all I knew,  
And make him wear these jewels on his arms:  
Which might, I thought, be challeng'd, and so  
bring

To light the secret of his noble birth.  
(*LADY RANDOLPH goes towards the Servants.*)

*Lady R.* This man is not the assassin you sus-  
pected,

Tho' chance combin'd some likelihoods against  
him.

He is the faithful bearer of the jewels  
To their right owner, whom in haste he seeks.  
'Tis meet that you should put him on his way,  
Since your mistaken zeal hath dragg'd him hither.  
[*Exeunt Stranger and Servants.*]

SCENE III.—*LADY RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

*Lady R.* My faithful Anna, dost thou share  
my joy?

I know thou dost. Unparallel'd event!  
Reaching from heav'n to earth, Jehovah's arm  
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my  
son!

Judge of the widow, and the orphan's Father!  
Accept a widow's and a mother's thanks  
For such a gift! What does my Anna think  
Of the young eaglet of a valiant nest?  
How soon he gaz'd on bright and burning arms,  
Spurn'd the low dunghill where his fate had  
thrown him,

And tower'd up to the region of his sires?

*Anna.* How fondly did your eyes devour the  
boy!

Mysterious nature, with the unscen cord  
Of powerful instinct, drew you to your own.

*Lady R.* The ready story of his birth believ'd,  
Suppress'd my fancy quite; nor did he owe  
To any likeness my so sudden favour:  
But now I long to see his face again,  
Examine every feature, and find out  
The lineaments of Douglas, or my own.  
But most of all, I long to let him know  
Who his true parents are, to clasp his neck,  
And tell him all the story of his father.

*Anna.* With wary caution you must bear your-  
self

In public, lest your tenderness break forth,  
And in observers stir conjectures strange.  
For, if a cherub, in the shape of woman,  
Should walk this world, yet defamation would,  
Like a vile cur, bark at the angel's train;—  
To-day the baron started at your tears.

*Lady R.* He did so, Anna! well thy mistress  
knows,

If the least circumstance, mote of offence,  
Should touch the baron's eye, his sight would be  
With jealousy disorder'd. But the more  
It does behove me instant to declare

The birth of Douglas, and assert his rights,  
This night I purpose with my son to meet,  
Reveal the secret, and consult with him:  
For wise he is, or my fond judgment errs.  
As he does now, so look'd his noble father;  
Array'd in nature's ease; his mien, his speech,  
Were sweetly simple, and full oft deceiv'd  
Those trivial mortals who seem always wise.  
But when the matter match'd his mighty mind,  
Up rose the hero: on his piercing eye  
Sat observation; on each glance of thought  
Decision follow'd, as the thunder-bolt  
Pursues the flash.

*Anna.* That demon haunts you still:—  
Behold Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* Now I shun him not.  
This day I brav'd him in behalf of Norval:  
Perhaps too far; at least my nicer fears  
For Douglas thus interpret. [*Exit ANNA.*]

*Enter GLENALVON.*

*Glen.* Noble dame!  
The hovering Dane at last his men hath landed:  
No band of pirates; but a mighty host,  
That come to settle where their valour conquers:  
To win a country, or to lose themselves.

*Lady R.* But whence comes this intelligence,  
Glenalvon?

*Glen.* A nimble courier, sent from yonder camp,  
To hasten up the chieftains of the north,  
Inform'd me as he pass'd that the fierce Dane  
Had on the eastern coast of Lothian landed,  
Near to that place where the sea rock immense,  
Amazing Bass, looks o'er a fertile land.

*Lady R.* Then must this western army march  
to join

The warlike troops that guard Edlina's towers?

*Glen.* Beyond all question. If impairing time  
Has not effac'd the image of a place,  
Once perfect in my breast, there is a wild  
Which lies to westward of that mighty rock,  
And seems by nature formed for the camp  
Of water-wafted armies, whose chief strength  
Lies in firm foot, unflank'd with warlike horse:  
If martial skill directs the Danish lords,  
There inaccessible their army lies  
To our swift scouring horse; the bloody field  
Must man to man and foot to foot be fought.

*Lady R.* How many mothers shall bewail their  
sons!

How many widows weep their husbands slain!  
Ye dames of Denmark! ev'n for you I feel,  
Who, sadly sitting on the sea-beat shore,  
Long look for lords that never shall return.

*Glen.* Oft has th' unconquer'd Caledonian sword  
Widow'd the north. The children of the slain  
Come, as I hope, to meet their fathers' fate.

The monster war, with her infernal brood,  
Loud-yelling fury, and life-ending pain,  
Are objects suited to Glenalvon's soul.  
Scorn is more grievous than the pains of death:  
Reproach, more piercing than the pointed sword.

*Lady R.* I scorn thee not, but when I ought  
to scorn:

Nor e'er reproach, but when insulted virtue  
Against audacious vice asserts herself.

I own thy worth, Glenalvon; none more apt  
Than I to praise thy eminence in arms,  
And be the echo of thy martial fame.  
No longer vainly feed a guilty passion:  
Go and pursue a lawful mistress, Glory.

Upon the Danish crests redeem thy fault,  
And let thy valour be the shield of Randolph.

*Glen.* One instant stay, and bear an alter'd  
man.

When beauty pleads for virtue, vice, abash'd,  
Flies its own colours, and goes o'er to virtue.

I am your convert; time will show how truely:  
Yet one immediate proof I mean to give.

That youth for whom your ardent zeal to-day,  
Somewhat too haughtily, defy'd your slave,  
Amidst the shock of armies I'll defend,  
And turn death from him with a guardian  
arm.

Sedate by use, my bosom maddens not  
At the tumultuous uproar of the field.

*Lady R.* Act thus, Glenalvon, and I am thy  
friend:

But that's thy least reward. Believe me, sir,  
The truly generous is the truly wise;  
And he who loves not others, lives unblest'd.

[*Exit* LADY RANDOLPH.

*Glen. (alone).* Amen! and virtue is its own re-  
ward!—

I think that I have hit the very tone  
In which she loves to speak. Honey'd assent,  
How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,  
And women also; flattery direct  
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind  
Who doubt its operation; 'tis my key,  
And opens the wicket of the human heart.  
How far I have succeeded now, I know not.  
Yet I incline to think her stormy virtue  
Is lull'd awhile; 'tis her alone I fear:  
Whilst she and Randolph live, and live in faith  
And amity, uncertain is my tenure.  
Fate o'er my head suspends disgrace and death,  
By that weak hair, a peevish female's will.  
I am not idle; but the ebbs and flows  
Of fortune's tide cannot be calculated.

That slave of Norval's I have found most apt:  
I show'd him gold, and he has pawn'd his soul  
To say and swear whatever I suggest.

Norval, I'm told, has that alluring look,  
'Twixt man and woman, which I have observ'd  
To charm the nicer and fantastic dames,  
Who are, like Lady Randolph, full of virtue.  
In raising Randolph's jealousy I may

But point him to the truth. He seldom errs  
Who thinks the worst he can of womankind.

[*Exit.*

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Flourish of Trumpets.*

*Enter* LORD RANDOLPH *attended.*

*Lord R.* Summon a hundred horse, by break of  
day,

To wait our pleasure at the castle gate.

*Enter* LADY RANDOLPH.

*Lady R.* Alas! my lord, I've heard unwelcome  
news:

The Danes are land'd.

*Lord R.* Ay, no inroad this  
Of the Northumbrian bent to take the spoil:  
No sportive war, no tournament essay  
Of some young knight resolv'd to break a spear,  
And stain with hostile blood his maiden arms.  
The Danes are land'd; we must beat them back  
Or live the slaves of Denmark.

*Lady R.* Dreadful times!

*Lord R.* The fenceless villages are all forsaken:  
The trembling mothers and their children lodg'd  
In wall-girt towers and castles; whilst the men  
Retire indignant. Yet, like broken waves,  
They but retire more awful to return.

*Lady R.* Immense, as fame reports, the Dan-  
ish host.

*Lord R.* Were it as numerous as loud fame  
reports,

An army knit like ours would pierce it through:  
Brothers, that shrink not from each other's side,  
And fond companions, fill our warlike files:  
For his dear offspring, and the wife he loves,  
The husband, and the fearless father arm.  
In vulgar breasts heroic ardour burns,  
And the poor peasant mates his daring lord.

*Lady R.* Men's minds are temper'd, like their  
swords, for war:

Lovers of danger, on destruction's brink  
They joy to rear erect their daring forms:  
Hence early graves; hence the lone widow's life,  
And the sad mother's grief-embittered age.  
Where is our gallant guest?

*Lord R.* Down in the vale

I left him, managing a fiery steed,  
Whose stubbornness had foil'd the strength and  
skill

Of every rider. But, behold, he comes  
In earnest conversation with Glenalvon.

*Enter* GLENALVON *and* NORVAL.

Glenalvon! with the lark arise; go forth,  
And lead my troops that lie in yonder vale:  
Private I travel to the royal camp:  
Norval, thou goest with me. But say, young man,

Where didst thou learn so to discourse of war,  
And in such terms as I o'erheard to-day!  
War is no village science, nor its praise  
A language taught among the shepherd swains.

*Norc.* Small is the skill my lord delights to  
praise

In him he favours.—Hear from whence it came.  
Beneath a mountain's brow, the most remote  
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,

In a deep cave, form'd by no mortal hand,  
A hermit liv'd, a melancholy man,  
Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.

Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,  
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,  
Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.

I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd  
With reverence and pity. Mild he spake,  
And, ent'ring on discourse, such stories told  
As made me oft revisit his sad cell.

For he had been a soldier in his youth;  
And fought in famous battles, when the peers  
Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,

Against the usurping Infidel display'd  
The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.  
Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire

His speech struck from me, the old man would  
shake

His years away, and aet his young encounters:

Then, having shown his wounds, he'd sit him  
down,

And all the live-long day discourse of war.  
To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf  
He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;

Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use  
Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,  
The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.

For all that Saracen or Christian knew  
Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

*Lord R.* Why did this soldier in a desert hide  
Those qualities that should have grac'd a camp?

*Norc.* That too, at last, I learn'd. Unhappy  
man!

Returning homewards, by Messina's port,  
Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,  
A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea  
Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought:

The stranger fell, and with his dying breath  
Declar'd his name and lineage. Mighty God!  
The soldier cried, My brother! Oh! my brother!

*Lady R.* His brother!

*Norc.* Yes: of the same parents born;  
His only brother. They exchange'd forgiveness;  
And happy in my mind was he that dy'd:

For many deaths has the survivor suffer'd.  
In the wild desert, on a rock he sits,

Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,  
And ruminates all day his dreadful fate,  
At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!

Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost:  
And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,  
To make sad orisons for him he slew.

*Lady R.* To what mysterious woes are mortals  
born!

In this dire tragedy were there no more  
Unhappy persons? did the parents live?

*Norc.* No; they were dead: kind Heav'n had  
clos'd their eyes

Before their son had shed his brother's blood.

*Lord R.* Hard is his fate; for he was not to  
blame:

There is a destiny in this strange world,  
Which oft decrees an undeserv'd doom:

Let schoolmen tell us why.—From whence these  
sounds! [*Trumpets at a distance.*]

*Enter an OFFICER.*

*Off.* My lord, the trumpets of the troops of  
Lorn;

Their valiant leader hails the noble Randolph.

*Lord R.* Mine ancient guest, does he the war-  
riors lead?

Has Denmark rous'd the brave old knight to arms?

*Off.* No; worn with warfare, he resigns the  
sword.

His eldest hope, the valiant John of Lorn,  
Now leads his kindred bands.

*Lord R.* Glenalvon, go,  
With hospitality's most strong request  
Entreat the chief. [*Exit GLENALVON.*]

*Off.* My lord, requests are vain.

He urges on, impatient of delay,  
Stung with the tidings of the foe's approach.

*Lord R.* May victory sit on the warrior's plume.

Bravest of men! his flocks and herds are safe;

Remote from war's alarms his pastures lie,  
By mountains inaccessible seen'd:

Yet foremost he into the plain descends,  
Eager to bleed in battles not his own.

Such were the heroes of the ancient world:

Contemners they of indolence and gain:

But still for love of glory and of arms

Prono to encounter peril, and to lift

Against each strong antagonist the spear.

I'll go and press the hero to my breast.

[*Exit RANDOLPH.*]

(LADY RANDOLPH and NORVAL remain.)

*Lady R.* The soldier's loftiness, the pride and  
pomp

Investing awful war, Norval, I see,  
Transport thy youthful mind.

*Norc.* Ah! should they not?

Bless'd be the hour I left my father's house!

I might have been a shepherd all my days,

And stole obscurely to a peasant's grave.

Now, if I live, with mighty chiefs I stand;

And if I fall, with noble dust I lie.

*Lady R.* There is a gen'rous spirit in thy breast,  
That could have well sustain'd a prouder fortune.

This way with me; under yon spreading beech,  
Unseen, unheard, by human eye or ear,

I will amaze thee with a wondrous tale.

*Norc.* Let there be danger, lady, with the secret,



That I may hug it to my grateful heart,  
And prove my faith. Command my sword, my life:  
These are the sole possessions of poor Norval.

*Lady R.* Know'st thou these gems!

*(Shows the jewels.)*

*Norr.* Durst I believe mine eyes,  
I'd say I knew them, and they were my father's.

*Lady R.* Thy father's, say'st thou? Ah! they  
were thy father's!

*Norr.* I saw them once, and curiously inquir'd  
Of both my parents, whence such splendour came!  
But I was check'd, and more could never learn.

*Lady R.* Then learn of me, thou art not Nor-  
val's son.

*Norr.* Not Norval's son!

*Lady R.* Nor of a shepherd sprung.

*Norr.* Lady, who am I, then?

*Lady R.* Noble thou art;

For noble was thy sire!

*Norr.* I will believe—

Oh! tell me further. Say, who was my father?

*Lady R.* Douglas!

*Norr.* Lord Douglas, whom to-day I saw?

*Lady R.* His younger brother.

*Norr.* And in yonder camp?

*Lady R.* Alas!

*Norr.* You make me tremble—Sighs and tears!  
Lives my brave father?

*Lady R.* Ah! too brave indeed!  
He fell in battle ere thyself was born.

*Norr.* Ah! me, unhappy! Ere I saw the light?  
But does my mother live? I may conclude,  
From my own fate, her portion has been sorrow.

*Lady R.* She lives; but wastes her life in con-  
stant woe,

Weeping her husband slain, her infant lost.

*Norr.* You that are skill'd so well in the sad  
story

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears  
Bewail their destiny, now have compassion  
Upon the offspring of the friend you loved.  
Oh! tell me who and where my mother is!  
Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends  
Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;  
And, desolate, implores of Heaven the aid  
Her son should give. It is, it must be so—  
Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.  
Oh, tell me her condition! Can the sword—  
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

*Lady R.* Thy virtue ends her woe!—My son,  
my son!

I am thy mother, and the wife of Douglas.

*(Falls upon his neck.)*

*Norr.* O heav'n and earth, how wondrous is  
my fate!

Art thou my mother! Ever let me kneel!

*Lady R.* Image of Douglas. Fruit of fatal love!  
All that I owe thy sire, I pay to thee.

*Norr.* Respect and admiration still possess me,  
Checking the love and fondness of a son.  
Yet I was filial to my humble parents.

But did my sire surpass the rest of men,  
As thou excellest all of womankind!

*Lady R.* Arise, my son. In me thou dost  
behold

The poor remains of beauty once admir'd:  
The autumn of my days is come already;  
For sorrow made my summer haste away.  
Yet in my prime I equal'd not thy father:  
His eyes were like the eagle's, yet, sometimes,  
Liker the dove's; and, as he pleas'd, he won  
All hearts with softness, or with spirit aw'd.

*Norr.* How did he fall? Sure, 'twas a bloody  
field

When Douglas died. Oh! I have much to ask.

*Lady R.* Hereafter thou shalt hear the length-  
en'd tale

Of all thy father's and thy mother's woes:  
At present this:—thou art the rightful heir  
Of yonder castle, and the wide domains  
Which now Lord Randolph as my husband holds.  
But thou shalt not be wrong'd; I have the power  
To right thee still: before the king I'll kneel,  
And call Lord Douglas to protect his blood.

*Norr.* The blood of Douglas will protect itself.

*Lady R.* But we shall need both friends and  
favour, boy,

To wrest thy lands and lordship from the gripe  
Of Randolph and his kinsman. Yet I think  
My tale will move each gentle heart to pity,  
My life incline the virtuous to believe.

*Norr.* To be the son of Douglas is to me  
Inheritance enough. Declare my birth,  
And in the field I'll seek for fame and fortune.

*Lady R.* Thou dost not know what perils and  
injustice

Await the poor man's valour. Oh, my son,  
The noblest blood in all the land's abash'd,  
Having no lacquey but pale poverty.

Too long hast thou been thus attended, Douglas.  
Too long hast thou been deem'd a peasant's child.  
The wanton heir of some inglorious chief  
Perhaps has scorn'd thee, in the youthful sports,  
Whilst thy indignant spirit swell'd in vain!  
Such contumely thou no more shalt bear:  
But how I purpose to redress thy wrongs  
Must be hereafter told. Prudence directs  
That we should part before you chiefs return.  
Retire, and from thy rustic follower's hand  
Receive a billet, which thy mother's care,  
Anxious to see thee, dictated before  
This casual opportunity arose

Of private conference. Its purport mark:  
For as I there appoint, we meet again.

Leave me, my son, and frame thy manners still  
To Norval's, not to noble Douglas' state.

*Norr.* I will remember. Where is Norval now?  
That good old man.

*Lady R.* At hand concealed he lies,  
An useful witness. But beware, my son,  
Of yon Glenalvon; in his guilty breast  
Resides a villain's shrewdness, ever prone

To false conjecture. He hath griev'd my heart.  
*Nore.* Has he, indeed? Then let you false  
 Glenalvon beware of me. [*Exit DOUGLAS.*]

(*LADY RANDOLPH remains.*)

*Lady R.* There burst the smother'd flame.  
 Oh! thou all-righteous and eternal King!  
 Who Father of the fatherless art call'd,  
 Protect my son!—Thy inspiration, Lord,  
 Hath fill'd his bosom with that sacred fire,  
 Which in the breast of his forefathers burn'd;  
 Set him on high like them that he may shiue,  
 The star and glory of his native land!  
 Then let the minister of death descend,  
 And bear my willing spirit to its place.  
 Yonder they come. How do bad women find  
 Unchanging aspects to conceal their guilt?  
 When I, by reason and by justice urged,  
 Full hardly can dissemble with these men  
 In nature's pious cause.

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON.*

*Lord R.* You gallant chief,  
 Of arms enamour'd, all repose disclaims.

*Lady R.* Be not, my lord, by his example sway'd:  
 Arrange the business of to-morrow now,  
 And, when you enter, speak of war no more. [*Exit.*]  
 (*LORD RANDOLPH and GLENALVON remain.*)

*Lord R.* 'Tis so, by Heav'n! her mien, her  
 voice, her eye,  
 And her impatience to be gone, confirm it.

*Glen.* He parted from her now: behind the  
 mount,

Amongst the trees, I saw him glide along.

*Lord R.* For sad sequester'd virtue she's re-  
 nown'd!

*Glen.* Most true, my lord.

*Lord R.* Yet this distinguish'd dame  
 Invites a youth, th' acquaintance of a day,  
 Alone to meet her at the midnight hour.  
 This assignation (*shows a letter*), the assassin freed,  
 Her manifest affection for the youth,  
 Might breed suspicion in a husband's brain,  
 Whose gentle consort all for love had wedded;  
 Much more in mine. Matilda never lov'd me.  
 Let no man, after me, a woman wed,  
 Whose heart he knows he has not: tho' she brings  
 A mine of gold, a kingdom for her dowry.  
 For let her seem, like the night's shadowy queen,  
 Cold and contemplative—he cannot trust her;  
 She may, she will bring shame and sorrow on  
 him;

The worst of sorrows, and the worst of shames!

*Glen.* Yield not, my lord, to such afflicting  
 thoughts;

But let the spirit of an husband sleep,  
 Till your own senses make a sure conclusion.  
 This billet must to blooming Norval go:  
 At the next turn awaits my trusty spy;  
 I'll give it him refitted for his master.  
 In the close thicket take your secret stand;

The moon shines bright, and your own eyes may  
 judge  
 Of their behaviour.

*Lord R.* Thou dost counsel well.

*Glen.* Permit me now to make one slight essay.  
 Of all the trophies which vain mortals boast,  
 By wit, by valour, or by wisdom won,  
 The first and fairest, in a young man's eye,  
 Is woman's captive heart. Successful love  
 With glorious fumes intoxicates the mind;  
 And the proud conqueror in triumph moves,  
 Air-borne, exalted above vulgar men.

*Lord R.* And what avails this maxim?

*Glen.* Much, my lord!

Withdraw a little: I'll accost young Norval,  
 And with ironical, derisive counsel  
 Explore his spirit. If he is no more  
 Than humble Norval, by thy favour rais'd,  
 Brave as he is, he'll shrink astonished from me:  
 But if he be the favourite of the fair,  
 Lov'd by the first of Caledonia's dames,  
 He'll turn upon me, as the lion turns  
 Upon the hunter's spear.

*Lord R.* 'Tis shrewdly thought.

*Glen.* When we grow loud, draw near. But let  
 my lord

His rising wrath restrain. [*Exit RANDOLPH*]  
 'Tis strange, by Heav'n!

That she should run full tilt her fond career,  
 To one so little known. She, too, that seem'd  
 Pure as the winter stream, when ice, emboss'd,  
 Whitens its course. Even I did think her chaste,  
 Whose charity exceeds not. Precious sex!  
 Whose deeds lascivious pass Glenalvon's thoughts!  
 (*DOUGLAS appears.*)

His port I love; he's in a proper mood  
 To chide the thunder, if at him it roar'd. (*Aside.*)  
 Has Norval seen the troops?

*Doug.* The setting sun,  
 With yellow radiance, lighten'd all the vale;  
 And, as the warriors mov'd, each polish'd helm,  
 Corslet, or spear, glane'd back his gilded beams.  
 The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,  
 Of more than mortal size, tow'ring they seem'd,  
 An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

*Glen.* Thou talk'st it well: no leader of our host  
 In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

*Doug.* If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,  
 My speech will be less ardent. Novelty  
 Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admira-  
 tion

Vents itself freely; since no part is mine  
 Of praise, pertaining to the great in arms.

*Glen.* You wrong yourself, brave sir; your mar-  
 tial deeds

Have rank'd you with the great: but mark me,  
 Norval;

Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth  
 Above his veterans of former service.

Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.  
 Give them all honour; seem not to command;

Else they will scarcely brook your late-sprung power,

Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

*Doug.* Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days To hear and speak the plain and simple truth: And though I have been told that there are men Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,

Yet, in such language I am little skill'd; Therefore, I thank Glenalvon for his counsel, Although it sounded harshly. Why remind Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power With such contemptuous terms?

*Glen.* I did not mean To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

*Doug.* My pride!  
*Glen.* Suppress it, as you wish to prosper. Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,

I will not leave you to its rash direction. If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men, Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?

*Doug.* A shepherd's scorn!

*Glen.* Yes; if you presume To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes, As if you took the measure of their minds, And said in secret, You're no match for me; What will become of you?

*Doug.* If this were told!— (*Aside.*)  
Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?

*Glen.* Ha! dost thou threaten me?

*Doug.* Didst thou not hear?

*Glen.* Unwillingly, I did; a nobler foe Had not been question'd thus. But, such as thee—

*Doug.* Whom dost thou think me?

*Glen.* Norval.

*Doug.* So I am;

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?

*Glen.* A peasant's son; a wandering beggar-boy: At best, no more; even if he speaks the truth.

*Doug.* False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?

*Glen.* Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and false as hell

Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

*Doug.* If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,

Perhaps I should revile; but, as I am, I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval Is of a race who strive not but with deeds. Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour, And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword, I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

*Glen.* Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command

Ten thousand slaves like thee?

*Doug.* Villain, no more!

Draw, and defend thy life. I did design

To have defied thee in another cause;

But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.

Now, for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

*Enter* LORD RANDOLPH.

*Lord R.* Hold! I command you both. The man that stirs

Makes me his foe.

*Doug.* Another voice than thine That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

*Glen.* Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!

Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!

*Doug.* Now you may scoff in safety.

(*Sheathes his sword.*)

*Lord R.* Speak not thus, Taunting each other; but unfold to me The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

*Doug.* Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,

My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment. I blush to speak: I will not, cannot speak Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.

To the liege lord of my dear native land I owe a subject's homage; but, ev'n him, And his high arbitration, I'd reject.

Within my bosom reigns another lord; Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself. If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph, Revoke your favours, and let Norval go

Hence, as he came: alone, but not dishonour'd.

*Lord R.* Thus far I'll meditate with impartial voice:

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land Now waves his banners o'er her frighted fields. Suspend your purpose, till your country's arms Repel the bold invader; then decide The private quarrel.

*Glen.* I agree to this.

*Doug.* And I.

*Enter* Servant.

*Serv.* The banquet waits.

*Lord R.* We come. [*Exit* RANDOLPH.]

*Glen.* Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour, Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph. Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate, Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;

Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

*Doug.* Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;

When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

*Enter* DOUGLAS.

*Doug.* This is the place, the centre of the grove; Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood. How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!

The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way  
Thro' skies, where I could count each little star.  
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;  
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.  
In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,  
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,  
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

*Enter OLD NORVAL.*

*Old N.* 'Tis he; but what if he should chide me  
hence?

His just reproach I fear.

(*DOUGLAS turns and sees him.*)

Forgive, forgive;  
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,  
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir a shepherd's son?

*Doug.* Kneel not to me; thou art my father still:  
Thy wish'd-for presence now completes my joy.  
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,  
And, ever honour'd, with thy Douglas live.

*Old N.* And dost thou call me father? Oh! my  
son,

I think that I could die, to make amends  
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime  
Which, in the wilderness, so long conceal'd  
The blossom of thy youth.

*Doug.* Not worse the fruit,  
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.  
Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,  
I learn'd some lessons which I'll not forget  
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.  
I, who was once a swain, will ever prove  
The poor man's friend: and, when my vassals  
bow,

Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

*Old N.* Let me but live to see thine exaltation!  
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh! leave this place,  
And those unfriendly towers.

*Doug.* Why should I leave them?

*Old N.* Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek  
your life.

*Doug.* How know'st thou that?

*Old N.* I will inform you how.

When evening came, I left the secret place  
Appointed for me by your mother's care,  
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path  
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I rang'd,  
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds  
Of earnest voices. On the persons came:  
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard their name  
Each other as they talk'd: Lord Randolph this,  
And that Glenalvon: still of you they spoke,  
And of the lady: threatening was their speech,  
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.  
'Twas strange, they said; a wonderful discovery:  
And, ever and anon, they vow'd revenge.

*Doug.* Revenge! for what?

*Old N.* For being what you are,—  
Sir Malcolm's heir. How else have you offended?

When they were gone, I hid me to my cottage,  
And there sat musing how I best might find  
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose.  
But I could think of none; at last, perplex'd,  
I issu'd forth, encompassing the tower  
With many a wary step and wishful look.  
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,  
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn  
The caution which I give.

*Doug.* I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness;  
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.  
In our encounter with the vile assassins  
I mark'd his brave demeanour; him I'll trust.

*Old N.* I fear you will, too far.

*Doug.* Here, in this place,

I wait my mother's coming; she shall know  
What thou hast told; her counsel I will follow;  
And cautious ever are a mother's counsels.  
You must depart; your presence may prevent  
Our interview.

*Old N.* My blessing rest upon thee!

Oh! may Heav'n's hand, which sav'd thee from  
the wave,

And from the sword of foes, be near thee still;  
Turning mischance, if aught hangs o'er thy head,  
All upon mine! [*Exit OLD NORVAL.*]

*Doug.* He loves me like a parent;  
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves;  
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.  
Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!  
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side  
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,  
Never to thrive, child of another soil;  
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,  
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flow'rs.  
Ye glorious stars! high heav'n's resplendent host;  
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,  
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish;  
Living or dead, let me but be renown'd!  
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane  
To give a bold defiance to our host!  
Before he speaks it out, I will accept;  
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

*Enter LADY RANDOLPH.*

*Lady R.* My son! I heard a voice—

*Doug.* The voice was mine.

*Lady R.* Didst thou complain aloud to nature's  
ear,

That thus in dusky shades, at midnight hours,  
By stealth, the mother and the son should meet?  
(*Embracing him.*)

*Doug.* No; on this happy day, this better birth-  
day,

My thoughts and words are all of hope and joy.

*Lady R.* Sad fear and melancholy still divide  
The empire of my breast with hope and joy.

Now hear what I advise.

*Doug.* First, let me tell

What may the tenor of your counsel change.

*Lady R.* My heart forebodes some evil!

*Doug.* 'Tis not good.—

At eve, unseen by Randolph and Glenalvon,  
The good old Norval, in the grove, o'erheard  
Their conversation: oft they mention'd me  
With dreadful threat'nings; you they sometimes  
nam'd.

'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry;  
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

*Lady R.* Defend us, gracious God! we are be-  
tray'd:

They have found out the secret of thy birth:  
It must be so. That is the great discovery.  
Sir Malcolm's heir is come to claim his own;  
And they will be reveng'd. Perhaps, e'en now,  
Arm'd and prepar'd for murder, they but wait  
A darker and more silent hour, to break  
Into the chamber where they think thou sleep'st,  
This moment; this, Heav'n hath ordain'd to save  
thee!

Fly to the camp, my son!

*Doug.* And leave you here?

No; to the castle let us go together,  
Call up the ancient servants of your house,  
Who in their youth did eat your father's bread:  
Then tell them loudly, that I am your son.  
If in the breasts of men one spark remains  
Of sacred love, fidelity, or pity,  
Some in your cause will arm. I ask but few  
To drive those spoilers from my father's house.

*Lady R.* Oh! nature, nature! what can check  
thy force?

Thou genuine offspring of the daring Douglas!  
But rush not on destruction: save thyself,  
And I am safe. To me they mean no harm.  
Thy stay but risks thy precious life in vain.  
That winding path conducts thee to the river.  
Cross where thou seest a broad and beaten way;  
Which, running eastward, leads thee to the camp.  
Instant demand admittance to Lord Douglas;  
Show him these jewels, which his brother wore.  
Thy look, thy voice, will make him feel the truth;  
Which I, by certain proofs, will soon confirm.

*Doug.* I yield me and obey; but yet, my heart  
Bleeds at this parting. Something bids me stay,  
And guard a mother's life. Oft have I read  
Of wondrous deeds by one bold arm achiev'd.  
Our foes are two; no more: let me go forth,  
And see if any shield can guard Glenalvon.

*Lady R.* If thou regard'st thy mother, or  
revert'st

Thy father's memory, think of this no more.  
One thing I have to say before we part;  
Long wert thou lost; and thou art found, my  
child,

In a most fearful season. War and battle  
I have great cause to dread. Too well I see  
Which way the current of thy temper sets:  
To-day I've found thee. Oh, my long lost hope!  
If thou to giddy valour giv'st the rein,  
To-morrow I may lose my son for ever.

The love of thee, before thou saw'st the light,  
Sustain'd my life when thy brave father fell.  
If thou shalt fall, I have nor love nor hope  
In this waste world! My son, remember me!

*Doug.* What shall I say! how can I give you  
comfort!

The God of battles of my life dispose,  
As may be best for you! for whose dear sake  
I will not bear myself as I resolv'd.  
But yet consider, as no vulgar name,  
That which I boast sounds amongst martial men  
How will inglorious caution suit my claim?  
The post of fate, unshrinking, I maintain.  
My country's foes must witness who I am.  
On the invaders' heads I'll prove my birth,  
Till friends and foes confess the genuine strain.  
If in this strife I fall, blame not your son;  
Who, if he live not honour'd, must not live.

*Lady R.* I will not utter what my bosom feels:  
Too well I love that valour which I warn,  
Farewell, my son! my counsels are but vain:  
And, as high Heav'n hath will'd it, all must be.  
Gaze not on me; thou wilt mistake the path;  
I'll point it out again. [*Exit with DOUGLAS.*]

*Enter* LORD RANDOLPH *and* GLENALVON.

*Lord R.* Not in her presence.

Now—

*Glen.* I'm prepar'd.

*Lord R.* No: I command thee, stay.

I go alone; it never shall be said  
That I took odds to combat mortal man.  
The noblest vengeance is the most complete.

[*Exit.*]

*Glen.* Demons of death, come settle on my sword,  
And to a double slaughter guide it home—  
The lover and the husband both must die.

*Lord R. (behind).* Draw, villain! draw.

*Doug. (behind).* Assail me not, Lord Randolph;  
Not as thou lov'st thyself. [*Clashing of swords.*]

*Glen.* Now is the time. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* LADY RANDOLPH.

*Lady R.* Lord Randolph, hear me; all shall be  
thine own:

But spare,—oh! spare my son!

*Enter* DOUGLAS, *with a sword in each hand.*

*Doug.* My mother's voice!

I can protect thee still.

*Lady R.* He lives, he lives!

For this, for this, to Heaven eternal praise!

But sure, I saw thee fall.

*Doug.* It was Glenalvon.

Just as my arm had master'd Randolph's sword,  
The villain came behind me; but I slew him.

*Lady R.* Behind thee! Ah! thou'rt wounded!

Oh! my child,

How pale thou look'st! and shall I lose thee now!

*Doug.* Do not despair: I feel a little faintness;  
I hope it will not last. [*Leans upon his sword.*]

*Lady R.* There is no hope!  
And we must part; the hand of death is on thee,  
Oh, my beloved child! Oh, Douglas, Douglas!

(*DOUGLAS groaning in ve and more faint.*)

*Doug.* Too soon we part; I have not long been  
Douglas.

Oh, destiny, hardly thou deal'st with me;  
Clouded and hid, a stranger to myself,  
In low and poor obscurity I liv'd.

*Lady R.* Has Heav'n preserv'd thee for an end  
like this!

*Doug.* Oh! had I fall'n as my brave fathers fell;  
Turning, with fatal arm, the tide of battle!  
Like them, I should have smil'd and welcom'd  
death;

But thus to perish by a villain's hand,  
'Cut off from nature's and from glory's course,  
Which never mortal was so foud to run.

*Lady R.* Hear, Justice, hear! stretch thy aveng-  
ing arm. (*DOUGLAS falls.*)

*Doug.* Unknown, I die; no tongue shall speak  
of me,—

Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,  
May yet conjecture what I might have prov'd,  
And think life only wanting to my fame;  
But who shall comfort thee?

*Lady R.* Despair, despair!

*Doug.* Oh, had it pleased high Heaven to let  
me live

A little while!— My eyes, that gaze on thee,  
Grow dim apace. My mother!—O my mother!  
(*Dies.*)

*Enter LORD RANDOLPH and ANNA.*

*Lord R.* Thy words, thy words of truth, have  
pierc'd my heart.

I am the stain of knighthood and of arms.  
Oh! if my brave deliverer survive  
The traitor's sword—

*Anna.* Alas! look there, my lord,

*Lord R.* The mother and her son. How curs'd  
am I!

Was I the cause? No; I was not the cause.  
Yon matchless villain did seduce my soul  
To frantic jealousy.

*Anna.* My lady lives.

The agony of grief hath but suppress'd  
A while her powers.

*Lord R.* But my deliverer's dead!

The world did once esteem Lord Randolph well,  
Sincere of heart, for spotless honour fam'd;  
And, in my early days, I glory gain'd  
Beneath the holy banner of the cross.

Now pass'd the noon of life, shame comes upon  
me!

Reproach, and infamy, and public hate  
Are near at hand; for all mankind will think  
That Randolph basely stabb'd Sir Malcolm's heir.

*Lady R. (recovering).* Where am I now! Still  
in this wretched world!

Grief cannot break a heart so hard as mine.

My youth was worn in anguish: but youth's  
strength,

With hope's assistance, bore the brunt of sorrow;  
And train'd me on to be the object now  
On which Omnipotence displays itself,  
Making a spectacle, a tale of me,  
To awe its vassal, man.

*Lord R.* Oh! misery,  
Amidst thy raging grief I must proclaim  
My innocence!

*Lady R.* Thy innocence!

*Lord R.* My guilt

Is innocence, compar'd with what thou think'st it.

*Lady R.* Of thee I think not: what have I to do  
With thee, or anything? My son! my son!  
My beautiful! my brave! how proud was I  
Of thee and of thy valour! My fond heart  
O'erflow'd this day with transport, when I thought  
Of growing old amidst a race of thine,  
Who might make up to me their father's child-  
hood,

And bear my brother's and my husband's name.  
Now all my hopes are dead! A little while  
Was I a wife! a mother not so long!  
What am I now?—I know. But I shall be  
That only whilst I please: for such a son  
And such a husband drive me to my fate.

(*Runs out.*)

*Lord R.* Follow her, Anna: I myself would  
follow,

But in this rage she must abhor my presence.  
[*Exit ANNA.*]

*Enter OLD NORVAL.*

*Old N.* I heard the voice of woe! Heav'n guard  
my heart!

*Lord R.* Already is the idle gaping crowd,  
The spiteful vulgar, come to gaze on Randolph.  
Begone.

*Old N.* I fear thee not. I will not go.  
Here I'll remain. I'm an accomplice, lord,  
With thee in murder. Yes, my sins did help  
To crush down to the ground this lovely plant.  
O noblest youth that ever yet was born!  
Sweetest and best, gentlest and bravest spirit,  
That ever blest the world! Wretch that I am,  
Who saw that noble spirit swell and rise  
Above the narrow limits that confin'd it!  
Yet never was by all thy virtues won  
To do thee justice, and reveal the secret,  
Which, timely known, had rais'd thee far above  
The villain's snare. Oh, I am punish'd now!  
These are the hairs that should have strew'd the  
ground,

And not the locks of Douglas.

*Lord R.* I know thee now; thy boldness I for-  
give:

My crest is fallen. For thee I will appoint  
A place of rest, if grief will let thee rest.  
I will reward, although I cannot punish.  
Curs'd, curs'd Glenalvon, he escap'd too well,

Tho' slain and baffled by the hand he hated,  
Foaming with rage and fury to the last,  
Cursing his conqueror, the felon died.

*Re-enter ANNA.*

*Anna.* My lord! my lord!

*Lord R.* Speak! I can hear of horror.

*Anna.* Horror, indeed!

*Lord R.* Matilda—

*Anna.* Is no more:

She ran, she flew like lightning up the hill,  
Nor halted till the precipice she gain'd,  
Beneath whose low'ring top the river falls  
Ingulf'd in rifted rocks: thither she came,  
As fearless as the eagle lights upon it,  
And headlong down—

*Lord R.* 'Twas I, alas! 'twas I

That fill'd her breast with fury; drove her down  
The precipice of death! Wretch that I am!

*Anna.* Oh, had you seen her last despairing  
look.

Upon the brink she stood, and cast her eyes  
Down on the deep: then lifting up her head  
And her white hands to heaven, seeming to say—  
Why am I forc'd to this! She plung'd herself  
Into the empty air.

*Lord R.* I will not vent,

In vain complaints, the passion of my soul,  
Peace in this world I never can enjoy.  
These wounds the gratitude of Randolph gave:  
They speak aloud, and with the voice of fate  
Denounce my doom. I am resolv'd. I'll go  
Straight to the battle, where the man that makes  
Me turn aside must threaten worse than death.  
Thou, faithful to thy mistress, take this ring,  
Full warrant of my power. Let every rite  
With cost and pomp upon their funerals wait;  
For Randolph hopes he never shall return.

[*Exeunt.*]

## DUNCAN MACINTYRE.

BORN 1724—DIED 1812.

DONACHA BAN, or Fair-haired Duncan—a name given to him in his youth, when he was noted for his personal beauty—was born in Druimliaghart (Glenorchy), Argyleshire, March 20, 1724. He was employed in early life as a forester by the Earl of Breadalbane, and upon the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745 went to the field as one of his followers, joining the Breadalbane regiment of fencibles, which led him to take part, much against his will (for he was a stout adherent of the Stuarts), in the battle of Falkirk. In the retreat he had the misfortune to lose his sword. Of that battle the Gaelic bard has given a minute description in an admirable song, which forms the first in his collection of poems, first published at Edinburgh in 1768. For above one-half of his long and eventful career he dwelt among his native hills, haunting "Coire Cleathach" at all hours, and composing his mountain music, and sometimes travelling about the country collecting subscriptions to his poems. During these Highland expeditions he was always dressed in the Highland garb. His poems were republished in 1790; and a third edition, with some additional

pieces, appeared in 1804. For six years he was sergeant in the Breadalbane Fencibles, and when that regiment was disbanded in 1799 he procured, through the influence of the Earl of Breadalbane, his constant friend through life, a place in the City Guard of Edinburgh, those poor old veterans so savagely described by Ferguson in "Leith Races":—

"Their stumps, erst used to philabegs,  
Are dight in spatterdashes,  
Whase barked hides scarce fend their legs  
Fra weet and weary splashes  
O dirt that day!"

He was then seventy-five years of age. About this time he composed a quaint long rhyme in praise of Dunedin or Edinburgh, in which he described the Castle, Holyrood Abbey, &c., his sharp hunter's eye taking in everything as he wandered through the streets of the city. In 1802 Duncan visited his home in the Highlands, and there composed, in his seventy-eighth year, the most beautiful of all his poems, "The Last Farewell to the Hills." Another of his compositions, pronounced by Robert Buehanan, who translated it, his master-piece, is a description of the great corri at

Glenorchy, where the poet in early life loved to roam. The venerable Highlander died in Edinburgh, May, 1812, and was buried in the Grayfriars' churchyard. A noble monument has been erected to his memory in Glenorchy.

Macintyre's biographer, in Reid's *Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica*, says: "All good judges of Celtic poetry agree that nothing like the purity of his Gaelic and the style of his poetry has appeared in the Highlands since the days of Ossian." Another full and sympathetic account of the gifted Duncan may be found in *The Land of Lorne*, by Buchanan, who writes: "What Burns is to the Lowlands of Scotland, Duncan Ban is to the Highlands, and more: for Duncan never made a poem, long or short, which was not set to a tune, and he first sang them himself as he wandered like a venerable bard of old. . . . His fame endures wherever the Gaelic language is spoken, and his songs are sung all over the civilized world. Without the bitterness and intellectual power of Burns, he possessed much of his tenderness; and as a literary prodigy, who could not even write, he is still more remarkable

than Burns. Moreover, the old simple-hearted forester, with his fresh love of nature, his shrewd insight, and his impassioned speech, seems a far completer figure than the Ayrshire ploughman, who was doubtless a glorious creature, but most obtrusive in his independence. Poor old Duncan was never bitter. The world was wonderful, and he was content to fill a humble place in it. He had 'an independent mind,' but was quite friendly to rank and power wherever he saw them; for, after all, what were they to Coire Cheathaich, with its natural splendours? What was the finest robe in Dunedin to the gay clothing on the side of Ben Dorain? . . . In the life of Burns we see the light striking through the storm-cloud, lurid, terrific, yet always light from heaven. In the life of Duncan Ban there is nothing but a gray light of peace and purity, such as broods over the mountains when the winds are laid. Burns was the mightier poet, the grander human soul; but many who love him best, and cherish his memory most tenderly, can find a place in their hearts for Duncan Ban as well."

## THE BARD TO HIS MUSKET.

Oh! mony a turn of woe and weal  
 May happen to a Highlan' man:  
 Though he fall in love he soon may feel  
 He cannot get the fancied one.  
 The first I loved in time that's past  
 I courted twenty years, o'chone!  
 But she forsook me at the last,  
 And Duncan then was left alone.

To Edinbro' I forthwith hied,  
 To seek a sweetheart to my mind,  
 An' if I could, to find a bride  
 For the fause love I left behind:  
 Said Captain Campbell of the Guard,  
 "I ken a widow secretly,  
 An' I'll try, as she's no that ill fair'd,  
 To put her, Duncan, in your way."

As was his wont, I trow, did he  
 Fulfil his welcome promise true,  
 He gave the widow unto me,  
 And all her portion with her too;  
 And whoso'er may ask her name,  
 And her surname also may desire,

They call her Janet—great her fame—  
 An' 'twas George who was her grandsire.

She's quiet, an' affable, an' free,  
 No vexing gloom or look at hand,  
 As high in rank and in degree  
 As any lady in the land;  
 She's my support and my relief,  
 Since e'er she join'd me, anyhow;  
 Great is the cureless cause of grief  
 To him who has not got her now!

Nic-Coiscam! I forsaken quite,  
 Although she liveth still at ease—  
 An' allow the crested stags to fight  
 And wander wheresoe'er they please;  
 A young wife I have chosen now,  
 Which I repent not anywhere,  
 I am not wanting wealth, I trow,  
 Since ever I espoused the fair.

I pass my word of honour bright—  
 Most excellent I do her call:

<sup>1</sup>A favourite fowling piece to which he composed another song.—Ed.



In her I ne'er, in any light,  
Discover'd any fault at all.  
She is stately, fine, an' straight, an' sound,  
Without a hidden fault, my friend;  
In her defect I never found,  
Nor yet a blemish, twist, or bend.

When needy folk are pinch'd, alas!  
For money in a great degree;  
Ah! George's daughter—generous lass—  
Ne'er lets my pockets empty be:  
She keepeth me in drink, and stays  
By me in ale-houses and all,  
An' at once, without a word, she pays  
For every stoup I choose to call!

An' every turn I bid her do  
She does it with a willing grace;  
She never tells me aught untrue,  
Nor story false, with lying face;  
She keeps my rising family  
As well as I could e'er desire,  
Although no labour I do try,  
Nor dirty work for love or hire.

I labour'd once laboriously,  
Although no riches I amass'd;  
A menial I disdain'd to be,  
An' keep my vow unto the last;  
I have ceased to labour in the lan',  
Since e'er I noticed to my wife,  
That the idle and contented man  
Endureth to the longest life.

'Tis my musket—loving wife, indeed—  
In whom I faithfully believe,  
She's able still to earn my bread,  
An' Duncan she will ne'er deceive:  
I'll have no lack of linens fair,  
An' plenty clothes to serve my turn,  
An' trust me that all worldly care  
Now gives me not the least concern.

The troth to plight with a maiden true-  
hearted,  
That foree can never unbind.  
I led her apart, and the hour that we reckon'd  
While I gain'd a love and a bride,  
I heard my heart, and could tell each second.  
As its pulses struck on my side.

I told my ail to the foe that pain'd me,  
And said that no salve could save;  
She heard the tale, and her leech-craft it  
sain'd me,  
For herself to my breast she gave.

For ever, my dear, I'll dearly adore thee  
For chasing away, away,  
My fancy's delusion, new loves ever choosing,  
And teaching no more to stray.

I roam'd in the wood, many a tendril survey  
ing,  
All shapely from branch to stem,  
My eye, as it look'd, its ambition betraying  
To cull the fairest from them;  
One branch of perfume, in blossom all over,  
Bent lowly down to my hand,  
And yielded its bloom, that hung high from  
each lover,  
To me, the least of the band.

I went to the river, one net cast I threw in,  
Where the stream's transparence ran.  
Forget shall I never, how the beauty I drew in,  
Shone bright as the gloss of the swan:  
Oh, happy the day that crown'd my affection  
With such a prize to my share!  
My love is a ray, a morning reflection,  
Beside me she sleeps, a star.

## COIRE CHEATHAICH;

OR, THE GLEN OF THE MIST.

## MARY, THE YOUNG, THE FAIR-HAIR'D.

My young, my fair, my fair-hair'd Mary,  
My life-time love, my own!  
The vows I heard, when my kindest dearie  
Was bound to me alone,  
By covenant true, and ritual holy,  
Gave happiness all but divine:  
Nor needed there more to transport me wholly,  
Than the friends that hail'd thee mine.

'Twas a Monday morn', and the way that parted  
Was far, but I rivall'd the wind,

My beauteous corri! where cattle wander—  
My misty corri! my darling dell!  
Mighty, verdant, and covered over  
With wild flowers tender of the sweetest smell:  
Dark is the green of thy grassy clothing,  
Soft swell thy hillocks most green and deep.  
The cannaeh blowing, the darnel growing,  
While the deer troop past to the misty steep.

Fine for wear is thy beauteous mantle,  
Strongly-woven and ever new,  
With rough grass o'er it, and, brightly gleaming,  
The grass all spangled with diamond dew;

It's round my corri, my lovely corri,  
Where rushes thicken and long reeds blow;  
Fine were the harvest to any reaper  
Who through the marsh and the bog could go.

Ah, that's fine clothing!—a great robe stretching,  
A grassy carpet most smooth and green,  
Painted and fed by the rain from heaven  
In hues the bravest that man has seen—  
'Twi'x here and Paris, I do not fancy  
A finer raiment can ever be—  
May it grow for ever!—and, late and early,  
May I be here on the knolls to see!

Around Ruadh-Arisidh what ringlets cluster!  
Fair, long, and crested, and closely twined,  
This way and that they are lightly waving  
At every breath of the mountain wind.  
The twisted hemlock, the slanted rye-grass,  
The juicy moor-grass, can all be found;  
And the close-set groundsel is greenly growing  
By the wood where heroes are sleeping sound.

In yonder ruin once dwelt MacBhaidi,  
'Tis now a desert where winds are shrill;  
Yet the well-shaped brown ox is feeding by it,  
Among the stones that bestrew the hill.  
How fine to see, both in light and gloaming,  
The smooth Clach-Fionn, so still and deep,  
And the houseless cattle and calves most peaceful,  
Grouped on the brow of the lonely steep.

In every nook of the mountain pathway  
The garlic-flower may be thickly found—  
And out on the sunny slopes around it  
Hang berries juicy, and red, and round—  
The penny-royal and dandelion,  
The downy cammach, together lie—  
Thickly they grow from the base of the mountain  
To the topmost crag of his crest so high.

And not a crag but is clad most richly,  
For rich and silvern the soft moss clings;  
Fine is the moss, most clean and stainless,  
Hiding the look of unlovely things;  
Down in the hollows beneath the summit,  
Where the verdure is growing most rich and  
deep,

The little daisies are looking upward,  
And the yellow primroses often peep.

Round every well and every fountain  
An eyebrow dark of the cress doth cling;  
And the sorrel sour gathers in clusters  
Around the stones whence the waters spring;  
With a splash, and a plunge, and a mountain  
murmur

The gurgling waters from earth up leap,  
And pause, and hasten, and whirl in circles,  
And rush, and loiter, and whirl, and creep!

Out on the ocean comes the salmon,  
Steering with crooked nose he hies,

Hither he darts where the waves are boiling—  
Out he springs at the glistening flies!  
How he leaps in the whirling eddies!  
With back blue-black, and fins that shine,  
Spangled with silver, and speckled over,  
With white tail tipping his frame so fine!

Gladsome and grand is the misty corri,  
And there the hunter hath noble cheer;  
The powder blazes, the black lead rattles  
Into the heart of the dun-brown deer;  
And there the hunter's hound so bloody  
Around the hunter doth leap and play,  
And madly rushing, most fierce and fearless,  
Springs at the throat of the stricken prey.

Oh, 'twas gladsome to go a-hunting,  
Out in the dew of the sunny morn!  
For the great red stag was never wanting,  
Nor the fawn, nor the doe with never a horn.  
And when rain fell, and the night was coming,  
From the open heath we could swiftly fly,  
And, finding the shelter of some deep grotto,  
Couch at ease till the night went by.

And sweet it was, when the white sun glimmered,  
Listening under the crag to stand—  
And hear the moor-hen so hoarsely croaking,  
And the red-cock murmuring close at hand;  
While the little wren blew his tiny trumpet,  
And threw his steam off blythe and strong,  
While the speckled thrush and the redbreast gaily  
Lilted together a pleasant song!

Not a singer but joined the chorus,  
Not a bird in the leaves was still.  
First the laverock, that famous singer,  
Led the music with throat so shrill;  
From tall tree branches the blackbird whistled,  
And the gray-bird joined with his sweet "coo-  
coo;"  
Everywhere was the blythsome chorus,  
Till the glen was murmuring through and  
through.

Then out of the shelter of every corri  
Came forth the creature whose home is there;  
First, proudly stepping, with branching antlers,  
The snorting red-deer forsook his lair;  
Through the sparkling fen he rushed rejoicing,  
Or gently played by his heart's delight—  
The hind of the mountain, the sweet brown  
princess,  
So fine, so dainty, so staid, so slight!

Under the light green branches creeping  
The brown doe cropt the leaves unseen,  
While the proud buck gravely stared around him,  
And stamped his feet on his couch of green;  
Smooth and speckled, with soft pink nostrils,  
With beauteous head, lay the tiny kid;

All apart in the dewy rushes,  
Sleeping unseen in its nest, 'twas hid.

My beauteous corri! my misty corri!  
What light feet trod thee in joy and pride.  
What strong hands gathered thy precious treasures,

What great hearts leaped on thy craggy side!  
Soft and round was the nest they plundered,  
Where the brindled bee his honey hath—  
The speckled bee that flies, softly humming,  
From flower to flower of the lonely strath.

There thin-skinned, smooth, in clustering  
bunches,  
With sweetest kernels as white as cream,  
From branches green the sweet juice drawing,  
The nuts were growing beside the stream—  
And the stream went dancing merrily onward,  
And the ripe, red rowan was on its brim,  
And gently there, in the wind of morning,  
The new-leaved sapling waved soft and slim.

And all around the lovely corri  
The wild birds sat on their nests so neat,  
In deep, warm nooks and tufts of heather,  
Sheltered by knolls from the wind and sleet:  
And there from their beds, in the dew of the  
morning,  
Uprose the doe and the stag of ten,  
And the tall cliffs gleamed, and the morning  
reddened,  
The Coire Cheathaich—the Misty Glen!

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#### THE LAST ADIEU TO THE HILLS.

Yestreen I stood on Ben Dorain, and paced its  
dark-gray path;  
Was there a hill I did not know—a glen or grassy  
strath?  
Oh! gladly in the times of old I trod that glori-  
ous ground,  
And the white dawn melted in the sun, and the  
red-deer cried around.

How finely swept the noble deer across the morn-  
ing hill,  
While fearless played the fawn and doe beside  
the running rill;  
I heard the black and red cock crow, and the  
bellowing of the deer—  
I think those are the sweetest sounds that man  
at dawn may hear.

Oh! wildly, as the bright day gleamed, I climbed  
the mountain's breast,  
And when I to my home returned, the sun was  
in the west;

'Twas health and strength, 'twas life and joy, to  
wander freely there,  
To drink at the fresh mountain stream, to breathe  
the mountain air.

And oft I'd shelter for a time within some shieling  
low,  
And gladly sport in woman's smile, and woman's  
kindness know.  
Ah! 'twas not likely one could feel for long a joy  
so gay!  
The hour of parting came full soon—I sighed, and  
went away.

And now the enkered withering wind has struck  
my limbs at last;  
My teeth are rotten and decayed, my sight is  
failing fast;  
If hither now the chase should come, 'tis little I  
could do;  
Though I were hungering for food, I could not  
now pursue.

But though my locks are hoar and thin, my beard  
and whiskers white.  
How often have I chased the stag with dogs full  
swift of flight!  
And yet, although I could not join the chase if  
here it came,  
The thought of it is charming still and sets my  
heart on flame.

Ah! much as I have done of old, how ill could I  
wend now,  
By glen, and strath, and rocky path, up to the  
mountain's brow!  
How ill could I the merry cup quaff deep in social  
cheer!  
How ill could I sing a song in the gloaming of the  
year!

Those were the merry days of spring, the thought-  
less times of youth;  
'Tis fortune watches over us, and helps our need,  
forsooth;  
Believing that, though poor enough, contentedly  
I live,  
For George's daughter, every day, my meat and  
drink doth give.<sup>1</sup>

Yestreen I wandered in the glen: what thoughts  
were in my head!  
There had I walked with friends of yore—where  
are those dear ones fled?  
I looked and looked; where'er I looked was  
naught but sheep! sheep! sheep!  
A woeful change was in the hill! World, thy  
deceit was deep!

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<sup>1</sup> "George's daughter" was the musket carried by him as a member of the city guard and servant of King George. The value of his "meat and drink" was fivepence or sixpence a day.—Ed.

From side to side I turned mine eyes—Alas! my  
soul was sore—  
The mountain bloom, the forest's pride, the old  
men were no more.  
Nay, not one antlered stag was there, nor doe so  
soft and slight,  
No bird to fill the hunter's bag—all, all were fled  
from sight!

Farewell, ye forests of the heath! hills where the  
bright day gleams!  
Farewell, ye grassy dells! farewell, ye springs  
and leaping streams!  
Farewell, ye mighty solitudes, where once I loved  
to dwell—  
Scenes of my spring-time and its joys—for ever  
fare you well!

## JOHN LAPRAIK.

BORN 1727 — DIED 1807.

JOHN LAPRAIK, author of the song "When I upon thy bosom lean," was born in the year 1727, and died at Muirkirk, where he latterly kept the village post-office, in 1807. In 1788 he published at Kilmarnock a volume of poems, but none of them equalled the one mentioned above. "This song," says Burns, "was the work of a facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connection as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble the Ayr Bank. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes." It will be recollected that Burns, hearing these beautiful lines sung at a "country rocking," was so much taken with them that he addressed a poetical epistle to Lapraik, which opened up

a correspondence between them. The poet says with exquisite delicacy—

"There was ae sang among the rest,  
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,  
That some kind husband had address  
To some sweet wife:  
It thrill'd the heart-strings through the breast,  
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard aught describe sae weel  
What generous manly besoms feel;  
Thought I, Can this be Pope or Steele,  
Or Beattie's war?  
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel  
About Muirkirk."

The "old Scottish bard" whom Burns so highly complimented, although greatly his senior, outlived him many years, and died at the great age of fourscore years. Lapraik's other productions prove that he had little claims to the title of poet.

## MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

When I upon thy bosom lean,  
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,  
I glory in the sacred ties  
That made us aye, wha ance were twain.  
A mutual flame inspires us baith,  
The tender look, the meltin' kiss:  
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,  
But only gi'e us change o' bliss.

Ha'e I a wish? it's a' for thee!  
I ken thy wish is me to please.  
Our moments pass sae smooth away,  
That numbers on us look and gaze;

Weel pleased they see our happy days,  
Nor envy's sel' finds aught to blame;  
And aye, when weary cares arise,  
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there and tak' my rest:  
And if that aught disturb my dear,  
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,  
And beg her not to drop a tear.  
Ha'e I a joy? it's a' her ain!  
United still her heart and mine;  
They're like the woodbine round the tree,  
That's twined till death shall them disjoin.

## JANE ELLIOT.

BORN 1727—DIED 1805.

MISS JANE or JEAN ELLIOT, the authoress of the finest of the various versions of "The Flowers of the Forest," was the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second baronet of Minto, and was born at Minto House in Teviotdale in the year 1727. During the rebellion of 1745, when her father was forced to conceal himself among Minto Crags from an enraged party of Jacobites, she received and entertained the officers at Minto House, and, by her extreme composure and presence of mind, averted the danger to which he was exposed. Miss Elliot had many admirers, but she never married. From 1782 to 1804 she resided in Brown's Square, Edinburgh, and is said to have been the last lady in that city who, after the era of the fly, kept standing in her hall a private sedan-chair. Miss Elliot stole back, when nearly fourscore, to bonnie Teviotdale, and died either at Minto House, or Mount Teviot the residence of her younger brother Admiral Elliot, March 29th, 1805.

The pathetic dirge for the stalwart sons of Selkirkshire slain at Flodden Field, Miss Elliot's only composition, was written in 1756, and when first published it passed for an old ballad, and long remained anonymous. Burns was among the first to pronounce it a modern production, saying, "This fine ballad is even a more palpable imitation than Hardyknute. The manners are indeed old, but the language is of yesterday;" and Sir Walter Scott, who was among the first to bring it home to Jean Elliot's door, remarked: "The manner of the

ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince me that the song was of modern date." Allan Cunningham preferred it to Mrs. Cockburn's version; but both are extremely beautiful, and in singing the latter is generally preferred. "The Forest" was the name given to a district which comprehends the county of Selkirk and a portion of Peeblesshire and Clydesdale, and which was noted for its archers. These were almost to a man slain at the disastrous battle of Flodden, and upon this event the song is founded. Cunningham writes: "The song of Miss Elliot was composed from the impulse of some ancient verses; and if there be such a thing as the transmigration of poetic soul, it has happened here. The most acute antiquary could not, I think, single out, except by chance, the ancient lines which are woven into the song, the simulation is so perfect. The line with which it commences—

"I've heard the liltin' at our yowe-milkin',

is old, and so is the often recurring line which presses on our hearts the desolation of the Forest. Now, admitting these lines to be old, can we say that the remainder of the song has not in every line, in language, and image, and sentiment, the same antique hue, and spirit, and sound? The whole comes with a cry in our ears as from the survivors of Flodden Field; and when it is sung we owe little to imagination when we associate it with the desolation of the Forest, and hear in it the ancient wail of its maids and matrons."

## THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the liltin' at our yowe-milkin',  
Lasses a-liltin' before the dawn o' day;  
But now they are moaning in ilka green loaning—  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.  
At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are  
scorning,  
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;

Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighin' and sabbin',  
Ilk anc lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are  
jeering,

The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;  
At fair or at preaching nae wooing, nae fleeching—  
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,  
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;  
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the  
 Border!  
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;

The Flowers of the Forest, that focht aye the  
 foremost,  
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liltin' at our yowe-milkin',  
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae;  
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—  
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

## JAMES MACLAGGAN.

BORN 1728 — DIED 1805.

The Rev. JAMES MACLAGGAN was born in the year 1728 at Ballechin, in the parish of Logierait, Perthshire. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews, and after being licensed as a preacher he was appointed to the chapel-of-ease at Amulree (made a parish in 1871), Perthshire, and subsequently to the chaplaincy of the 42d Regiment, his commission bearing date June 15, 1764. He accompanied the regiment to the United States, and was present in several engagements during the war of 1776-82. After discharging the duties

of military chaplain for twenty-five years, he was presented to the parish of Blair-Athole, where he died in 1805. He published anonymously a collection of Gaelic songs; and during his service with the regiment he composed a number of war lyrics and poems, many of which still remain in manuscript. He was a thorough Gaelic scholar, and recovered, while settled in the Highlands, from the recitation of various persons, large portions of the poetry of Ossian prior to Macpherson's publications.

### SONG OF THE ROYAL HIGHLAND REGIMENT.

For success a prayer, with a farewell, bear  
 To the warriors dear of the muir and the valley—  
 The lads that convene in their plaiding of green,  
 With the curtal coat, and the sweeping *éd-e*.  
 In their belts array'd, where the dark blue blade  
 Is hung, with the dirk at the side;  
 When the sword is at large, and uplifted the  
 targe,  
 Ha! not a foe the boys will abide.

The followers in peril of Ian the Earl,  
 The race of the wight of hand;  
 Sink the eyes of the foe, of the friend's mounts  
 the glow,  
 When the Murdoch's high blood takes com-  
 mand.  
 With London to lead ye, the wise and the steady,  
 The daring in fight and the glorious,  
 Like the lightning ye'll rush, with the sword's  
 bright flash,  
 And return to your mountain victorious.

Oh, sons of the lion! your watch is the wild-  
 lands,  
 The garb of the Highlands is mingled with  
 blue,  
 Though the target and bosses are bright in the  
 Highlands,  
 The axe in your hands might be blunted well,  
 too.  
 Then forward—and see ye be huntsmen true,  
 And, as erst the red-deer felling,  
 So fell ye the Gaul, and so strike ye all  
 The tribes in the backwoods dwelling.

Where ocean is roaring, let top-sails be towering,  
 And sails to the motion of helm be flying;  
 Though high as the mountain, or smooth as the  
 fountain,  
 Or fierce as the boiling floods angrily crying;  
 Though the tide with a stroke be assailing the  
 rock,  
 Oh, once let the pibroch's wild signal be heard,

Then the waves will come bending in dimples  
befriending,

And beckoning the friends of their country on  
board.

The ocean-tide's swelling, its fury is quelling,

In salute of thunder proclaiming your due;

And, methinks, that the hum of a welcome is come,  
And is warbling the Jorram to you.

When your levy is landed, oh, bright as the pearls  
Shall the strangers who welcome you, gladly  
and greeting

Speak beautiful thoughts; aye, the beautiful girls  
From their eyes shall the tears o'er the ruby  
be meeting,

And encounter ye, praying, from the storm and  
the slaying,

“From the stranger, the enemy, save us, oh,  
save!

From rapine and plunder, O, tear us asunder, —  
Our noble defenders are ever the brave!”

“If the fondest ye of true lovers be,”

So cries each trembling beauty,

“Be bold in the fight, and give transport's  
delight

To your friends and the fair, by your duty.”

“Oh, yes!” shall the beautiful hastily cry;

“Oh, yes!” in a word, shall the valiant reply;

By our womanly faith we pledge you for both,  
For where'er we contract, and where'er we be-  
troth,

We vow with the daring to die!”

Faithful to trust is the lion-like host

Whom the dawn of their youth doth inure

To hunger's worst ire, and to action's bold  
fire,

And to ranging the wastes of the moor.

Aecustom'd so well to each enterprise snall,

Be the chase or the warfare their quarry;

Aye ever they fight the best for the right,

To the strike of the swords when they hurry.

## WILLIAM FALCONER.

BORN 1732—DIED 1769.

WILLIAM FALCONER, an ingenious poet, the son of a poor barber who had two other children, both of whom were deaf and dumb, was born at Edinburgh, February 11, 1732. He went early to sea as an apprentice on board a Leith merchant vessel; and before he was eighteen rose to the situation of second mate in the *Britannia*, a vessel in the Levant trade, which was wrecked off Cape Colonna, in the Mediterranean, only Falconer and two others being saved. In 1751 he was again living in Edinburgh. The earliest production of his muse was a monody on the death of Frederick Prince of Wales, followed by several minor pieces, none of which attracted attention. He appears to have continued in the merchant service until 1757, but little is really known of the life of Falconer during this period. It is stated, on doubtful authority, that he had joined the royal navy, and was one of the few persons saved from the wreck of the ill-fated ship *Ramilies* in 1760. But the period must have been one of considerable leisure and meditation, for all at once he burst from obscurity in a manner which placed him in the

front rank of Scottish poets. This was the “Shipwreck, in three cantos, by a Sailor,” first published by Millar in 1762, and dedicated to Edward, duke of York, brother to George III. His epic was preceded by the following appropriate motto:—

“quae ipse miserrima vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui.”

The shipwreck which Falconer selected for his theme was that in which he had been a sufferer on board the *Britannia*, wrecked off the coast of Greece, and in this way he imparted a train of interesting recollections and images to his poem. The disaster occurred near Cape Colonna, one of the fairest portions of the beautiful shores of Greece. “In all Attica,” says Lord Byron, “if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over ‘isles that

crown the Ægean deep; but for an Englishman Colonna has yet an additional interest as the actual spot of Falconer's 'Shipwreck.' Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

'Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

The reception which the "Shipwreck" received from the public was in the highest degree flattering to the author, and it was universally hailed as an accession to English poetry. The Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, shared in the general admiration, and obtained for Falconer the position of midshipman on board the *Royal George*; but he was subsequently transferred to the *Glory*, a frigate of 32 guns, on board of which he held the position of purser. Soon after he married a Miss Hicks, daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness Yard. After the peace of 1763 the *Glory* was laid up, and the poet retired on half-pay. The commissioner of the dockyard generously ordered the captain's cabin to be fitted up for his residence, and in this characteristic retreat for a sailor poet he was enabled for a time to enjoy all the luxury of literary pursuits, undisturbed by the din of the world and free from many of its cares. In 1764 he presented the public with a new edition of his poem, considerably improved and enlarged, containing upwards of 1000 additional lines. In 1769, at which period he was residing in London, he published his "Universal Marine

Dictionary," a work of the greatest practical utility, which speedily came into general use in the navy; and soon after issued a third edition of the "Shipwreck," with considerable improvements.

Having been appointed purser to the *Aurora*, which was ordered to India, the frigate sailed September 30, 1769, and was never heard of after touching at the Cape of Good Hope in the succeeding December, having foundered, as is supposed, in the Mozambique Channel. No "tuneful Arion" was left to commemorate this calamity, the poet having perished under the circumstances he had formerly described in the case of his companions in the *Britannia*. The poetical reputation which Falconer enjoyed while living has not diminished after a lapse of more than a hundred years. The hope of immortality which he ventures to express in the introduction to his "Shipwreck" bids fair to be realized; his name, this

" . . . tragic story from the wave  
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save."

Since the time of Falconer's death various editions of his poems have been issued in Great Britain and the United States, two of which were accompanied by memoirs, written by the Rev. J. S. Clarke (1804) and Rev. John Mitford (1836), the latter appearing in Pickering's series of the Aldine Poets. An elegant illustrated edition of the "Shipwreck," with a memoir by R. Carruthers, appeared in 1868.

## THE SHIPWRECK.

### INTRODUCTION.

While jarring interests wake the world to arms,  
And fright the paleful vale with dire alarms;  
While Albion bids the avenging thunders roll  
Along her vassal deep from pole to pole;  
Sick of the scene, where war with ruthless hand  
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land;  
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath  
Bids ruin smile, and drowns the groan of death!  
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,  
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,  
Far other themes of deep distress to sing  
Than ever trembled from the vocal string.  
No pomp of battle swells th' exalted strain,  
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:

But, o'er the scene while pale remembrance weeps,  
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps,  
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,  
And lawless surges swell against the skies,  
Till hope expires, and peril and dismay  
Wave their black ensigns on the watery way.

Immortal train, who guide the maze of song,  
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong;  
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame  
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,  
Or in lamenting elegies express  
The varied pang of exquisite distress:  
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd,  
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallowed shade,  
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,  
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain;



Or listen, while th' enchanting voice of love,  
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;  
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,  
That sweeps the mild harp with a plaintive sound;  
By the long surge that foams thro' yonder cave,  
Whose vaults murmure to the roaring wave;  
With living colours give my verse to glow,  
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!  
A scene from dumb oblivion to restore,  
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!

Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,  
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine!  
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore,  
To plough the tide where winter's tempests roar?  
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,  
Stranger to Phœbus and the tuneful train!  
Far from the Muses' academic grove,  
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove.  
Alternate change of climates has he known,  
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone,  
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,  
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow.  
Smote by the freezing or the scorching blast,  
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,"<sup>1</sup>  
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,  
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador.  
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains!  
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,  
To where the Isthmus,<sup>2</sup> lar'd by adverse tides,  
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides.  
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race,  
In fortune's wild illimitable chase,  
Adversity, companion of his way!  
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway;  
Bade new distresses every instant grow,  
Marking each change of place with change of woe.  
In regions where th' Almighty's chastening hand  
With livid pestilence afflicts the land;  
Or where pale famine blasts the hopeful year,  
Parent of want and misery severe!  
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattl'd line,  
The hostile ships in flaming combat join;  
Where the torn vessel wind and wave assail,  
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail.  
Such joyless toil in early youth endured,  
The expanding dawn of mental day obscured,  
Each genial passion of the soul oppressed,  
And quenched the ardour kindling in his breast.  
Then let not censure, with malignant joy,  
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!  
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,  
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.  
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound  
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,  
Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,  
While conscious truth unfolds her piteous tale!

And lo! the pow'r that wakes th' eventful song  
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along:  
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,

Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!  
In her right hand an ample roll appears,  
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;  
With every wise and noble art of man,  
Since first the circling hours their course began:  
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,  
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.  
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow,  
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,  
She sails; and, swifter than the course of light,  
Directs her rapid, intellectual flight.  
The fugitive ideas she restores,  
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's  
shores.

To things long past a second date she gives,  
And hoary time from her fresh youth receives.  
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,  
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O first-born daughter of primeval time!  
By whom, transmitted down in every clime,  
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,  
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;  
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night,  
And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light!  
Say! on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,  
What dire mishap a fated ship befell,  
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores:  
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasure'd stores!  
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,  
And give its latent horrors to the day.

## CANTO FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.—I. Retrospect of the Voyage—Arrival at Cauda—State of that Island—Season of the Year described.—II. Character of the Master, and his Officers, Albert, Rodmond, and Arion—Palemon, Son to the Owner of the Ship—Attachment of Palemon to Anna, the daughter of Albert—Noon.—III. Palemon's History.—IV. Sunset—Midnight—Arion's Dream—Unmoor by Moonlight—Morning—Sun's Azimuth taken—Beautiful Appearance of the Ship, as seen by the Natives from the Shore.

I. A ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impelled  
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held:  
Of famed *Britannia* were the gallant crew,  
And from that isle her name the vessel drew;  
The wayward steps of Fortune, that delude  
Full oft to ruin, eager they pursued:  
And, dazzled by her visionary glare,  
Advanced incautious of each fatal snare,  
Though warned full oft the slippery tract to shun,  
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betrayed them on.  
Beguiled to danger thus, they left behind  
The scene of peace, and social joy resigned.  
Long absent they from friends and native home  
The cheerless ocean were inured to roam;  
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,  
Had crowned each painful voyage with success;  
Still, to compensate toils and hazards past,  
Restored them to maternal plains at last.

<sup>1</sup> Shakspeare's Henry IV. act iii.<sup>2</sup> Darien.

Thrice had the sun, to rule the varying year,  
 Across the equator rolled his flaming sphere,  
 Since last the vessel spread her ample sail  
 From Albion's coast, obsequious to the gale;  
 She o'er the spacious flood, from shore to shore,  
 Unwearying wafted her commercial store;  
 The richest ports of Afric she had viewed,  
 Thence to fair Italy her course pursued;  
 Had left behind Trinacria's burning isle,  
 And visited the margin of the Nile:  
 And now, that winter deepens round the pole,  
 The circling voyage hastens to its goal:  
 They, blind to fate's inevitable law,  
 No dark event to blast their hope foresaw,  
 But from gay Venice soon expect to steer  
 For Britain's coast, and dread no perils near:  
 Inflamed by hope, their throbbing hearts elate,  
 Ideal pleasures vainly antedate:  
 Already British coasts appear to rise,  
 The chalky cliffs salute their longing eyes;  
 Each to his breast, where floods of rapture roll,  
 Embracing strains the mistress of his soul;  
 Nor less o'erjoyed, with sympathetic truth,  
 Each faithful maid expects the approaching  
 youth.

In distant souls congenial passions glow,  
 And mutual feelings mutual bliss bestow:  
 Such shadowy happiness their thoughts employ;  
 Illusion all, and visionary joy!

Thus time elapsed, while o'er the pathless tide  
 Their ship through Grecian seas the pilots guide.  
 Occasion called to touch at Candia's shore,  
 Which, blest with favouring winds, they soon  
 explore;

The haven enter, borne before the gale,  
 Despatch their commerce, and prepare to sail.

Eternal powers! what ruins from afar  
 Mark the fell track of desolating war:  
 Here arts and commerce with auspicious reign  
 Once breathed sweet influence on the happy plain;  
 While o'er the lawn, with dance and festive song,  
 Young Pleasure led the jocund hours along.  
 In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen  
 To crown the valleys with eternal green:  
 For wealth, for valour, courted and revered,  
 What Albion is, fair Candia then appeared.—  
 Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?  
 The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;  
 They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke,  
 No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,  
 For stern oppression quenched its genial fires:  
 Though still her fields, with golden harvests  
 crowned,

Supply the barren shores of Greece around,  
 Sharp penury afflicts these wretched isles,  
 There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.  
 The vassal wretch contented drags his chain,  
 And hears his famished babes lament in vain.  
 These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil  
 A seventh year mock the weary labourer's toil,  
 No blooming Venus, on the desert shore

Now views with triumph captive gods adore;  
 No lovely Helens now with fatal charms  
 Excite the avenging chiefs of Greece to arms;  
 No fair Penelopes enchant the eye,  
 For whom contending kings were proud to die;  
 Here sullen beauty sheds a twilight ray,  
 While sorrow bids her vernal bloom decay:  
 Those charms, so long renowned in classic strains,  
 Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now in the southern hemisphere the sun  
 Through the bright Virgin and the Scales had  
 run.

And on the Ecliptic wheeled his winding way,  
 Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.  
 Four days becalmed the vessel here remains,  
 And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains;  
 For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,  
 And not a breeze awakes the silent deep:  
 This, when the autumnal equinox is o'er,  
 And Phebus in the north declines no more,  
 The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,  
 Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms.—  
 No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,  
 A captive fettered to the oar of gain:  
 His anxious heart, impatient of delay,  
 Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,  
 Determined, from whatever point they rise,  
 To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,  
 Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire,  
 Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail,  
 Till roused attention feel our plaintive tale,  
 Record whom chief among the gallant crew  
 The unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew:  
 Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,  
 In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?—

They can, for gold too oft with magic art  
 Subdues each nobler impulse of the heart:  
 This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,  
 To whom in vain sad merit pleads her cause;  
 This strews with roses life's perplexing road,  
 And leads the way to pleasure's soft abode;  
 This spreads with slaughtered heaps the bloody  
 plain,  
 And pours adventurous thousands o'er the main.

II. The stately ship, with all her daring band,  
 To skilful Albert owned the chief command.  
 Though trained in boisterous elements, his mind  
 Was yet by soft humanity refined;  
 Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,  
 Abroad, confessed the father of his crew!  
 Brave, liberal, just! the calm domestic scene  
 Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene:  
 Him science taught by mystic lore to trace  
 The planets wheeling in eternal race;  
 To mark the ship in floating balance held,  
 By earth attracted, and by seas repelled;  
 Or point her devious track through climes un-  
 known  
 That leads to every shore and every zone.

He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave  
glide,

And into motion charm the expanding tide,  
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,  
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles;  
Light and attraction, from their genial source,  
He saw still wandering with diminished force;  
While on the margin of declining day  
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.  
Inured to peril, with unconquered soul,  
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll:  
O'er the wild surge, when dismal shades preside,  
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide;  
His genius, ever for the event prepared,  
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,  
A hardy son of England's farthest shore,  
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train  
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;  
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort  
A sooty tribe to fair Augusta's port:  
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,  
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands;  
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep  
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,  
O'er bar<sup>1</sup> and shelf the watery path they sound  
With dexterous arm, sagacious of the ground:  
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,  
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclined.  
Expert to moor where terrors line the road,  
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;  
But drooping and relaxed in climes afar,  
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.  
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefined  
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.  
Boist'rous of manners; trained in early youth  
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;  
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,  
And freeze compassion rising in the soul:  
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the  
shore,

With foul intent the stranded bark explore;  
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,  
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword.  
The indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,  
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.  
Too oft example, armed with poisons fell,  
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell:  
Thus Rodmond, trained by this unhallowed crew,  
The sacred social passions never knew.  
Unskilled to argue, in dispute yet loud,  
Bold without caution, without honours proud;  
In art unschooled, each veteran rule he prized,

<sup>1</sup> A *bar* is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand that has been collected by the surge of the sea at the entrance of a river or haven, so as to render the navigation difficult and often dangerous. A *shelf*, or *shelve*, so called from the Saxon "schylf," is a name given to any dangerous shallows, sand-banks, or rocks lying immediately under the surface of the water.

And all improvement haughtily despised.  
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,  
With skill superior glowed his daring mind,  
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,  
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next in order of command  
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:  
But what avails it to record a name  
That courts no rank among the sons of fame;  
Whose vital spring had just begun to bloom  
When o'er it sorrow spread her sickening gloom?  
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms  
His bosom danced to nature's boundless charms;  
On him fair science dawned in happier hour,  
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower:  
But frowning fortune with untimely blast  
The blossom withered, and the dawn o'ercast.  
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree  
Condemned reluctant to the faithless sea,  
With long farewell he left the laurel grove  
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove,  
Hither he wandered anxious to explore  
Antiquities of nations now no more:  
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,  
And range excursive o'er the untravell'd zone.  
In vain;—for rude Adversity's command  
Still on the margin of each famous land,  
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,  
And every gate of hope against him closed.  
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train!  
To call Arion this ill-fated swain:  
For like that bard unhappy, on his head  
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.  
Both in lamenting numbers o'er the deep  
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;  
And both the raging surge in safety bore  
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.  
This last, our tragic story from the wave  
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;  
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,  
While sad remembrance bleeds at every vein.

These, chief among the ship's conducting train,  
Her path explored along the deep domain;  
Trained to command, and range the swelling sail  
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.  
Charged with the commerce, hither also came  
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:  
A father's stern resentment doomed to prove,  
He came the victim of unhappy love!  
His heart for Albert's beautiful daughter bled,  
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed:  
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn  
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!  
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,  
While blooming Anna mourned the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,  
Of power to melt the female breast with ease;  
To her Palemon told his tender tale,  
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale:  
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,  
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew:

Though tremblingly alive to Nature's laws,  
 Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause;  
 O'erjoyed, he saw her lovely eyes relent,  
 The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.  
 Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove  
 Unheard they breathed alternate vows of love:  
 By fond society their passion grew,  
 Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew;  
 While their chaste souls possessed the pleasing  
 pains

That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains.  
 In evil hour the officious tongue of Fame  
 Betrayed the secret of their mutual flame.  
 With grief and anger struggling in his breast  
 Palemon's father heard the tale confessed;  
 Long had he listened with suspicion's ear,  
 And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.  
 Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;  
 A heart to nature's warm impressions true:  
 Full off his wisdom strove with fruitless toil  
 With avarice to pollute that generous soil;  
 That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,  
 Refused the culture of so rank a weed.  
 Elate with wealth in active commerce won,  
 And basking in the smile of fortune's sun;  
 (For many freighted ships from shore to shore,  
 Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;)  
 With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade  
 That veiled the beauties of this charming maid.  
 Indignant he rebuked the enamoured boy,  
 The flattering promise of his future joy;  
 He soothed and menaced, anxious to reclaim  
 This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:  
 Oft led the youth where circling joys delight  
 The ravished sense, or beauty charms the sight.  
 With all her powers enchanting Music failed,  
 And Pleasure's siren voice no more prevailed.  
 Long with unequal art in vain he strove  
 To quench the ethereal flame of ardent Love:  
 The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,  
 In look and voice assumed a harsher strain.  
 In absence now his only hope remained;  
 And such the stern decree his will ordained:  
 Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,  
 Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;  
 High beat his heart, fast flowed the unbidden  
 tear,

His bosom heaved with agony severe;  
 In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,  
 No tender pity touched that sordid mind—  
 To thee, brave Albert! was the charge consigned.  
 The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,  
 To regions far remote Palemon bore.  
 Incapable of change, the unhappy youth  
 Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth;  
 Still Anna's image swims before his sight  
 In fleeting vision through the restless night;  
 From clime to clime an exile doomed to roam,  
 His heart still panted for its secret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,  
 To him since young Arion first was known;

Who wandering here through many a scene re-  
 nowned,  
 In Alexandria's port the vessel found;  
 Where, anxious to review his native shore,  
 He on the roaring wave embarked once more  
 Oft by pale Cynthia's melancholy light  
 With him Palemon kept the watch of night,  
 In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppressed  
 Some painful secret of the soul confessed:  
 Perhaps Arion soon the cause divined,  
 Though shunning still to probe a wounded mind;  
 He felt the chastity of silent woe,  
 Though glad the balm of comfort to bestow.  
 He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er  
 The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,  
 Recalled to memory by the adjacent shore:  
 The scene thus present and its story known,  
 The lover sighed for sorrows not his own.  
 Thus, though a recent date their friendship bore,  
 Soon the ripe metal owned the quickening ore;  
 For in one tide their passions seemed to roll,  
 By kindred age and sympathy of soul.

These o'er the inferior naval train preside,  
 The course determine, or the commerce guide:  
 O'er all the rest, an undistinguished crew,  
 Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppressed,  
 And held the unwilling ship in strong arrest:  
 High in his chariot glowed the lamp of day,  
 O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.  
 Relaxed from toil, the sailors range the shore,  
 Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more;  
 The hour to social pleasure they resign,  
 And black remembrance drown in generous wine.  
 On deck, beneath the shading canvas spread,  
 Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,  
 Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coast;  
 The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghost:  
 But with Arion, from the sultry heat  
 Of noon, Palemon sought a cool retreat—  
 And lo! the shore with mournful prospects  
 crowned,

The rampart torn with many a fatal wound,  
 The ruined bulwark tottering o'er the strand,  
 Bewail the stroke of war's tremendous hand:  
 What scenes of woe this hapless Isle o'erspread!  
 Where late thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.  
 Full twice twelve summers were yon towers  
 assailed,  
 Till barbarous Ottoman at last prevailed;  
 While thundering mines the lovely plains o'er-  
 turned,  
 While heroes fell, and domes and temples burned.<sup>1</sup>

III. But now before them happier scenes arise,  
 Elysian vales salute their ravished eyes;

<sup>1</sup> These lines allude to the memorable siege of Can-  
 dia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks  
 in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and  
 esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

Olive and cedar formed a grateful shade,  
 Where light with gay romantic error strayed.  
 The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,  
 There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine:  
 And lo! the stream renowned in classic song,  
 Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.  
 On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,  
 The youthful wanderers found a wide alcove;  
 Soft o'er the fairy region languor stole,  
 And with sweet melancholy charmed the soul.  
 Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind  
 For consolation on his friend reclined,  
 In pity's bleeding bosom poured the stream  
 Of love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—  
 "Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance  
 taught,  
 My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;  
 In vain it courts the solitary shade,  
 By every action, every look betrayed.  
 The pride of generous woe disdains appeal  
 To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:  
 Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,  
 The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.  
 Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,  
 And prove the kind companion of his woe.

"Albert thou know'st with skill and science  
 graced;  
 In humble station though by fortune placed,  
 Yet never seaman more serenely brave  
 Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave:  
 Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen,  
 With flowery lawns and waving woods between,  
 A peaceful dwelling stands in modest pride,  
 Where Thames, slow winding, rolls his ample tide.  
 There live, the hope and pleasure of his life,  
 A pious daughter and a faithful wife.  
 For his return with fond officious care  
 Still every grateful object these prepare;  
 Whatever can allure the smell or sight,  
 Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.

"This blooming maid in Virtue's path to guide,  
 The admiring parents all their care applied;  
 Her spotless soul, to soft affection trained,  
 No vice untuned, no sickening folly stained:  
 Not fairer grows the lily of the vale  
 Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:  
 Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,  
 Thrilled every heart with exquisite alarms;  
 Her face, in beauty's sweet attraction dressed,  
 The smile of maiden innocence expressed;  
 While health, that rises with the new-born day,  
 Breathed o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:  
 Still in her look complacence smiled serene;  
 She moved the charmer of the rural scene!

"'Twas at that season when the fields resume  
 Their loveliest hues, arrayed in vernal bloom;  
 You ship, rich freighted from the Italian shore,  
 To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:  
 While thus my father saw his ample hoard  
 From this return, with recent treasures stored;  
 Me, with affairs of commerce charged, he sent

To Albert's humble mansion; soon I went!  
 Too soon, alas! unconscious of the event.  
 There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,  
 The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;  
 There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,  
 My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms:  
 My ever-charming Anna! who alone  
 Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;  
 Oh! while all-conscious memory holds her power,  
 Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour  
 When from those eyes, with lovely lightning  
 fraught,

My fluttering spirits first the infection caught!  
 When, as I gazed, my faltering tongue betrayed  
 The heart's quick tumults, or refused its aid:  
 While the dim light my ravished eyes forsook,  
 And every limb unstrung with terror shook.  
 With all her powers dissenting Reason strove  
 To tame at first the kindling flame of Love:  
 She strove in vain;—subdued by charms divine,  
 My soul a victim fell at beauty's shrine.  
 Oft from the din of bustling life I strayed,  
 In happier scenes to see my lovely maid;  
 Full oft, where Thames his wandering current  
 leads,  
 We roved at evening hour through flowery  
 meads;

There, while my heart's soft anguish I revealed,  
 To her with tender sighs my hope appealed:  
 While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believed,  
 Her snowy breast with secret tumult heaved;  
 For, trained in rural scenes from earliest youth,  
 Nature was hers, and innocence, and truth.  
 She never knew the city damsel's art,  
 Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart.—  
 My suit prevailed! for Love informed my tongue,  
 And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.  
 Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,  
 And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.  
 Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay  
 Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:  
 For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,  
 From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.  
 Elysian scenes! too happy long to last,  
 Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast;  
 Too soon some demon to my father bore  
 The tidings that his heart with anguish tore.  
 My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice  
 Awhile he laboured to degrade my choice;  
 Then, in the whirling wave of Pleasure, sought  
 From its loved object to divert my thought.  
 With equal hope he might attempt to bind  
 In chains of adamant the lawless wind;  
 For Love had aimed the fatal shaft too sure,  
 Hope fed the wound, and absence knew no cure.  
 With alienated look each art he saw  
 Still baffled by superior Nature's law.  
 His anxious mind on various schemes revolved,  
 At last on cruel exile he resolved:  
 The rigorous doom was fixed; alas! how vain,  
 To him of tender anguish to complain.

His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,  
By social sympathy could never melt;  
With stern command to Albert charge he gave  
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

“The ship was laden and prepared to sail,  
And only waited now the leading gale:  
'Twas ours, in that sad period, first to prove  
The heart-felt torments of despairing love;  
The impatient wish that never feels repose,  
Desire that with perpetual current flows,  
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear,  
Joys distant still, and sorrows ever near.  
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,  
The western breezes inauspicious blew,  
Hastening the moment of our last adieu,  
The vessel parted on the falling tide,  
Yet time one sacred hour to love supplied;  
The night was silent, and advancing fast,  
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast;  
Impatient hope the midnight path explored,  
And led me to the nymph my soul adored,  
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear,  
She came confessed! the lovely maid drew near!  
Bu' ah! what force of language can impart  
The impetuous joy that glowed in either heart?  
O! ye whose melting hearts are formed to prove  
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love;  
When with delicious agony the thought  
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;  
Your secret sympathy alone can tell  
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;  
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,  
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul,  
“In transport lost, by trembling hope im-

pressed,  
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,  
While hers congenial beat with fond alarms;  
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!  
Flashed from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew  
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!  
O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt  
With joys that guilty Pleasure never felt;  
Formed to refine the thought with chaste desire,  
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire.  
'Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, (she  
cries,  
While sorrow bursts with interrupting sighs,)  
For ever destined to lament in vain,  
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?  
My heart, through scenes of fair illusion, strayed  
To joys decreed for some superior maid.  
'Tis mine abandoned to severe distress  
Still to complain, and never hope redress—  
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,  
And let this tortured bosom beat alone.  
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;  
Go then, dear youth, nor tempt the faithless seas,  
Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms,  
With fortune's fairer joys, may bless thy arms:  
Where, smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,  
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day:

'Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate  
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.  
Go then, I charge thee by thy generous love,  
That fatal to my father thus may prove;  
On me alone let dark affliction fall,  
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.  
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,  
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate.'

“She ceased; while anguish in her angel-face  
O'er all her beauties showered celestial grace:  
Not Helen, in her bridal charms arrayed,  
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.  
'O soul of all my wishes! (I replied)  
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?  
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth,  
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;  
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see  
Consigned to lasting misery for me?  
Sooner this moment may the eternal doom  
Palemon in the silent earth entomb;  
Attest, thou moon, fair regent of the night!  
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight:  
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,  
Which sweet possession only knows to heal;  
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep,  
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;  
Though tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,  
And claims obedience to her stern commands;  
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,  
Her smile or frown shall never change my love;  
My heart, that now must every joy resign,  
Incapable of change, is only thine.

“O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,  
And the sad clouds of sorrow melt away:  
While through the rugged path of life we go,  
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.  
The fated and great, decreed to equal pain,  
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain:  
For this, prosperity, with brighter ray,  
In smiling contrast gilds our vital day.  
Thou too, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are  
o'er,

Shalt hail Palemon to his native shore,  
Where never interest shall divide us more.'

“Her struggling soul, o'erwhelmed with tender  
grief,

Now found an interval of short relief:  
So melts the surface of the frozen stream  
Beneath the wintry sun's departing beam.  
With warning haste the shades of night with-

drew,  
And gave the signal of a sad adieu.  
As on my neck the afflicted maiden hung,  
A thousand racking doubts her spirit wrung:  
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,  
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave;  
With soft persuasion I dispelled her fear,  
And from her cheek beguiled the falling tear,  
While dying fondness languished in her eyes,  
She poured her soul to Heaven in suppliant  
sighs:—

‘Look down with pity, O ye powers above!  
 Who hear the sad complaint of bleeding love;  
 Ye, who the secret laws of fate explore,  
 Alone can tell if he returns no more:  
 Or if the hour of future joy remain,  
 Long-wished atonement of long-suffered pain,  
 Bid every guardian-minister attend,  
 And from all ill the much-loved youth defend!’  
 With grief o’erwhelmed we parted twice in vain,  
 And, urged by strong attraction, met again.  
 At last, by cruel fortune torn apart,  
 While tender passion beat in either heart,  
 Our eyes transfixed with agonizing look,  
 One sad farewell, one last embrace we took.  
 Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,  
 Pensive and pale, of every joy bereft:  
 She to her silent couch retired to weep,  
 Whilst I embark’d, in sadness, on the deep.”

His tale thus closed, from sympathy of grief  
 Palemon’s bosom felt a sweet relief:  
 To mutual friendship thus sincerely true,  
 No secret wish or fear their bosoms knew;  
 In mutual hazards oft severely tried,  
 Nor hope nor danger could their love divide.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ye tender maids! in whose pathetic souls  
 Compassion’s sacred stream impetuous rolls,  
 Whose warm affections exquisitely feel  
 The secret wound you tremble to reveal;  
 Ah! may no wanderer of the stormy main  
 Pour through your breasts the soft delicious bane;  
 May never fatal tenderness approve  
 The fond effusions of their ardent love:  
 Oh! warned by friendship’s counsel, learn to shun  
 The fatal path where thousands are undone!  
 Now, as the youths, returning o’er the plain,  
 Approached the lonely margin of the main,  
 First, with attention roused, Arion eyed  
 The graceful lover, formed in nature’s pride:  
 His frame the happiest symmetry displayed,  
 And locks of waving gold his neck arrayed;  
 In every look the Paphian graces shine,  
 Soft breathing o’er his cheek their bloom divine:  
 With lightened heart he smiled serenely gay,  
 Like young Adonis, or the son of May.  
 Not Cytherea from a fairer swain  
 Received her apple on the Trojan plain.

IV. The sun’s bright orb, declining all serene,  
 Now glanced obliquely o’er the woodland scene.  
 Creation smiles around; on every spray

<sup>1</sup> This and the three preceding lines were deleted in the third edition, and the following (which seem worthy of preservation) substituted:—

“The hapless bird, thus ravished from the skies,  
 Where all forlorn his loved companion flies,  
 In secret long bewails his cruel fate,  
 With fond remembrance of his winged mate;  
 Till grown familiar with a foreign train,  
 Composed at length his sadly-warbling strain—  
 In sweet oblivion charms the sense of pain.”

The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:  
 Blithe skipping o’er yon hill, the fleecy train  
 Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;  
 The golden lime and orange there were seen  
 On fragrant branches of perpetual green;  
 The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,  
 To the green ocean roll with hiding wave.  
 The glassy ocean hushed, forgets to roar,  
 But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:  
 And lo! his surface lovely to behold  
 Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!  
 While, all above, a thousand liveries gay  
 The skies with pomp ineffable array.  
 Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;  
 Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!  
 While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,  
 And Night slow draws her veil o’er land and main,  
 Emerging clouds the azure east invade,  
 And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade:  
 While yet the songsters of the vocal grove  
 With dying numbers tune the soul to love;  
 With joyful eyes the attentive master sees  
 The auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.  
 Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring:  
 By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,  
 As love, or battle, hardships of the main,  
 Or genial wine, awake their homely strain:  
 Then some the watch of night alternate keep,  
 The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,  
 When eastern breezes from the shore arise:  
 The waning moon, behind a watery shroud,  
 Pale glimmered o’er the long-protracted cloud;  
 A mighty halo round her silver throne,  
 With parting meteors crossed, portentous shone:  
 This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,  
 Oft deemed a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight  
 Tumultuous swim the visions of the night:  
 Now blooming Anna with her happy swain  
 Approached the sacred hymeneal fane;  
 Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,  
 And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen:  
 Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,  
 Whose summit trembles o’er the roaring deep,  
 With painful step he climbed, while far above  
 Sweet Anna charmed them with the voice of Love:  
 Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,  
 While dreadful yawned beneath the jaws of hell—  
 Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound  
 He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound;  
 Up starting from his couch on deck he sprung,  
 Thrice with shrill note the boatswain’s whistle rung:

“All hands unmoor!” proclaims a boisterous cry,  
 “All hands unmoor!” the caverned rocks reply.  
 Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,  
 And with their levers soon the windlass<sup>2</sup> arm:

<sup>2</sup> The *windlass* is a large roller used to wind in the cable or heave up the anchor. It is turned about by a

The order given, up-springing with a bound  
 They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,  
 At every turn the clanging pauls resound:  
 Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave  
 The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.  
 High on the slippery masts the yards ascend,  
 And far abroad the canvas wings extend.  
 Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,  
 While azure radiance trembles on her sides;  
 The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,  
 With silver deluging the fluid stream.  
 Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,  
 Then in the Egyptian quarter die away.  
 A calm ensues: adjacent shores they dread,  
 The boats, with rowers manned, are sent ahead;  
 With cordage fastened to the lofty prow  
 Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow;<sup>1</sup>  
 The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,  
 And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend:  
 Success attends their skill! the danger's o'er!  
 The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn with gradual pace advanced on high,  
 Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky:  
 She comes not in refulgent pomp arrayed,  
 But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.  
 Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's<sup>2</sup> height,  
 Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;  
 North-east, a league, the isle of Standia bears,  
 And westward, Freschin's woody cape<sup>3</sup> appears.

In distant angles while the transient gales  
 Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;  
 The drowsy air attentive to retain,  
 As from unnumbered points it sweeps the main.  
 Now swelling stud-sails<sup>4</sup> on each side extend,  
 Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend;  
 While all to court the veering winds are placed,  
 With yards alternate square, and sharply braced.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,  
 And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud;  
 Through the wide atmosphere condensed with  
 haze,  
 His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze,  
 The pilots now their azimuth<sup>5</sup> attend,  
 On which all courses, duly formed, depend:  
 The compass placed to catch the rising ray,

The quadrant's shadows studious they survey;  
 Along the arch the gradual index slides,  
 While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides;  
 Now seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,  
 He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.  
 Thus height and polar distance are obtained,  
 Then latitude, and declination, gained;  
 In chiliads next the analogy is sought,  
 And on the sinical triangle wrought:  
 By this magnetic variance is explored,  
 Just angles known, and polar truth restored.

The natives, while the ship departs their land,  
 Ashore with admiration gazing stand.  
 Majestically slow before the breeze  
 She moved triumphant o'er the yielding seas:  
 Her bottom through translucent waters shone,  
 White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;  
 The bending wales<sup>6</sup> their contrast next displayed,  
 All fore and aft in polished jet arrayed.

BRITANNIA, riding awful on the prow,  
 Gazed o'er the vassal waves that rolled below:  
 Where'er she moved the vassal waves were seen  
 To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.  
 The imperial trident graced her dexter hand,  
 Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand;  
 The eternal empire of the main to keep,  
 And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep:  
 Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,  
 Around whose margin rolls the watery field;  
 There her bold Genius, in his floating car,  
 O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war:  
 And lo! the beasts that oft with jealous rage  
 In bloody combat met, from age to age;  
 Tamed into Union, yoked in friendship's chain,  
 Draw his proud chariot round the vanquished  
 main:

From the proud margin to the centre grew  
 Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the  
 view!

The immortal shield from Neptune she received,  
 When first her head above the waters heaved.  
 Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;  
 A figured scutcheon glittered on her breast:  
 There, from one parent-soil, for ever young,  
 The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.

number of long bars or levers, and is furnished with strong iron pauls to prevent it from recoiling.—*Paul*, a certain short bar of wood or iron fixed close to the capstern or windlass of a ship, to prevent those engines from rolling back or giving way when they are employed to heave in the cable, or otherwise charged with any great effort.—*Falconer's Marine Dictionary*.

<sup>1</sup> *Towing* is chiefly used, as here, when a ship for want of wind is forced toward the shore by the swell of the sea.

<sup>2</sup> A mountain in the midst of Candia, or ancient Crete.

<sup>3</sup> Cape Freschin, or Frescia, is the easternmost part of two projecting points of land on the northern coast of Candia.

<sup>4</sup> *Stud* or *studding sails* are light sails which are

extended in fine weather and fair winds beyond the skirts of the principal sails. *Stay-sails* are three cornered sails which are hoisted up on a strong rope called a stay when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

<sup>5</sup> The operation of taking the sun's azimuth, in order to discover the eastern or western variation of the magnetic needle.

<sup>6</sup> Before the art of coppering ships' bottoms was discovered they were painted white. The *wales* are the strong planks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale and the channel-wale.



Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,  
 Inwove with laurels of unfading green.  
 Such was the sculptured prow—from van to rear  
 The artillery frowned, a black tremendous tier!  
 Embalmed with orient gum, above the wave,  
 The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.  
 On the broad stern a pencil warm and bold,  
 That never servile rules of art controlled,  
 An allegoric tale on high portrayed;  
 There a young hero; here a royal maid.  
 Fair England's Genius, in the youth expressed,  
 Her ancient foe, but now her friend confessed,  
 The warlike nymph with fond regard surveyed;  
 No more his hostile frown her heart dismayed.  
 His look, that once shot terror from afar,  
 Like young Alcides, or the god of war,  
 Serene as summer's evening skies she saw;  
 Serene, yet firm; though mild, impressing awe.  
 Her nervous arm, inured to toils severe,  
 Brandished the unconquered Caledonian spear.  
 The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,  
 Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,  
 That oft her rivers dyed with hostile gore.  
 Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye  
 Flashed like the meteors of her native sky.  
 Her crest, high-plumed, was rough with many a  
 scar,  
 And o'er her helmet gleamed the northern star.  
 The warrior youth appeared of noble frame;  
 The hardy offspring of some Runie dame.  
 Loose o'er his shoulders hung the slackened bow,  
 Renowned in song, the terror of the foe!  
 The sword, that oft the barbarous North defied,  
 The scourge of tyrants! glittered by his side.  
 Clad in refulgent arms in battle won,  
 The George emblazoned on his corselet shone;  
 Fast by his side was seen a golden lyre  
 Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire:  
 Whose strings unlock the witches' midnight spell,  
 Or waft rapt Fancy through the gulfs of hell:  
 Struck with contagion, kindling Fancy hears  
 The songs of Heaven, the music of the spheres!  
 Borne on Newtonian wing through air she flies,  
 Where other systems to other systems rise.

These front the scene conspicuous; overhead  
 Albion's proud oak his filial branches spread:  
 While on the sea-beat shore obsequious stood  
 Beneath their feet, the father of the flood:  
 Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,  
 Perched by the martial maid the bird of Jove;  
 There, on the watch, sagacious of his prey,  
 With eyes of fire, an English mastiff lay.  
 Yonder fair Commerce stretched her winged sail;  
 Here frowned the god that wakes the living gale:  
 High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurled  
 The imperial flag that rules the watery world.  
 Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest,  
 And warlike trophies either quarter dressed:  
 Then towered the masts; the canvas swelled on  
 high;  
 And waving streamers floated in the sky.

Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,  
 Like some fair virgin on her bridal day;  
 Thus like a swan she cleaves the watery plain;  
 The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

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 OCCASIONAL ELEGY.

The scene of death is closed, the mournful strains  
 Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;  
 Yet pity weeps, yet sympathy complains,  
 And dumb suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with  
 fear.

But the sad Muses, with prophetic eye,  
 At once the future and the past explore;  
 Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,  
 And waft the spirit to the eternal shore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear  
 The voice of friendship still lament thy doom,  
 Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,  
 That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle maid shall weep,  
 While secret anguish nips her vital bloom;  
 O'er her soft frame shall stern diseases creep,  
 And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentless frenzy shall the father sting,  
 Untaught in virtue's school distress to bear;  
 Severe remorse his tortured soul shall wring—  
 'Tis his to groan and perish in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!  
 Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!  
 The tempest now shall howl, unheard by you,  
 While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore.

On you the blast, surcharged with rain and snow,  
 In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;  
 Unfelt by you the vertic sun may glow,  
 And scorch the panting earth with baneful  
 heat.

No more the joyful maid, with sprightly strain,  
 Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;  
 Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,  
 When far from scenes of social joy you roam.

No more on yon wide watery waste you stray,  
 While hunger and disease your life consume;  
 While parching thirst, that burns without alloy,  
 Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,  
 That taints the realms with misery severe;  
 No more behold pale Famine, scattering death,  
 With cruel ravage desolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's swelling  
 strain,  
 Unheard, shall form the long embattled line:

Unheard, the deep foundations of the main  
 Shall tremble when the hostile squadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest  
 The wandering vassals of the faithless deep;  
 O! happier now, escaped to endless rest,  
 Than we who still survive to wake and weep.

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,  
 Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;  
 Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,  
 Who sadly listen to the passing-bell;

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,  
 No real anguish to the soul impart;  
 But oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,  
 Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What though no sculptured pile your name displays,  
 Like those who perish in their country's cause;  
 What though no epic muse in living lays  
 Records your dreadful daring with applause:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown  
 With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;  
 And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown  
 The slaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet shall remembrance from Oblivion's veil  
 Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere,  
 And soft Compassion at your tragic tale  
 In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

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#### ADDRESS TO MIRANDA.

The smiling plains, profusely gay,  
 Are drest in all the pride of May;  
 The birds on every spray above  
 To rapture wake the vocal grove;

But ah! Miranda, without thee,  
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me;  
 All lonely in the secret shade  
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

O soft as love! as honour fair!  
 Serenely sweet as vernal air!  
 Come to my arms; for you alone  
 Can all my absence past atone.

O come! and to my bleeding heart  
 Thy sovereign balm of love impart:  
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,  
 And give the year eternal spring!

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## JOHN OGILVIE.

BORN 1733 — DIED 1814.

JOHN OGILVIE, D.D., a poet of some renown in his day, was the son of one of the ministers of Aberdeen, where he was born in 1733. He was educated at Marischal College, from which afterwards he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Having qualified himself as a preacher he was in 1759 appointed minister of the parish of Midmar, in Aberdeenshire, where he continued in the faithful discharge of his pastoral duties for more than half a century. His personal history was only varied by the publication of his numerous and now forgotten poems (the first of which, "The Day of Judgment," appeared in 1759), and an occasional visit to London, where he became acquainted, through his friend and admirer James Boswell, with Dr. Johnson, Churchill, and other literary magnates of the metropolis. Scarcely any of Ogilvie's poems are known

even by name to readers of the present day, and he is only remembered by several hymns which are to be found in collections in use in the United States and Great Britain. His biographer remarks that "Ogilvie, with powers far above the common order, did not know how to use them with effect. He was an able man lost. His intellectual wealth and industry were wasted in huge and unhappy speculations. Of all his books, there is not one which, as a whole, can be expected to please the general reader. Noble sentiments, brilliant conceptions, and poetie graces may be culled in profusion from the mass; but there is no one production in which they so predominate, if we except some of his minor pieces, as to induce it to be selected for a happier fate than the rest. Had the same talent which Ogilvie threw away on a number of ob-

jects been concentrated on one, and that one chosen with judgment and taste, he might have rivalled in popularity the most renowned of his contemporaries." The venerable divine

continued his useful parish labours till his death in 1814. In addition to his poems Dr. Ogilvie was the author of several works on philosophy and Christian ethics.

## REVEALED RELIGION.<sup>1</sup>

Yet let the muse extend her towering wing,  
To roam the vast of Nature! Lo! what scenes,  
By man yet unexplored, unfold to rouse  
Her search! to tremble in her ardent eye!  
To tempt her flight sublime, as o'er the world  
She soars, and from her airy height surveys  
The fate of empire; and the shifting scenes  
Of human thought, successive as they swim,  
Buoying, or lost in time's o'erwhelming wave.

Not idly envious her light glance pervades  
The plans of wisdom; with no stranger's eye  
She comes to *wonder* on the solemn scenes:  
Or prying search for labyrinths, where the field  
Is open, rich, accessible.—But free,  
Impartial, just, she scans the mighty themes;  
And paints them genuine as they rose to view.

'Twas where a plain far from the haunt of man,  
Spread its green bosom to the evening ray,  
All soft and sweetly silent; my slow step  
Had led me wandering wide: the stream of  
thought

In that calm hour to meditation due,  
Flow'd on the soul spontaneous; as the breeze  
On the smooth current of some limpid rill  
Steals o'er the ruffled wave. A dusky wood  
O'erlook'd the field, and full in sight opposed  
A range of hills frown'd o'er the chequer'd  
scene,

Crown'd with gay verdure; whence the list'ning  
ear

Thrill'd to the music of the tuneful choirs  
That stream'd sweet-warbling o'er the vale; or  
heard

Remote the deep's low murmur, like the voice  
Of torrents from afar. Here all retired,  
Musing I sat, and in thy mirror view'd  
Fair History, beheld the towering piles  
Of grandeur fallen, or call'd the forms august  
Of heroes from the tomb. The mighty chiefs,  
I saw them busting o'er the human scene,  
'Til Fate had digg'd the sepulchres, and toll'd  
The bell that summon'd them to rest. What  
boon,

The prize of virtue paid them! did thy worth,  
Intrepid Decius, from the Samnite steel  
Screen the devoted heart! Did Scipio quell  
The tide of passion, and release the fair,  
Blooming and spotless, to her lover's arms;  
Or snatch from Hannibal's proud crest the wreath  
Of victory; to find the sons of Rome  
Just to his deeds! Ah no!—Amid the gloom  
Of solitude he pined; scarce from the grasp  
Of fury rescued, indignation swell'd  
His manly heart, and grief slow-mining loosed  
The props of life, and gave him to the tomb.

Such, Tully, was thy fate, and Brutus, thine!  
The ghastly head low-rolling in the dust;  
The tongue, to satiate female frenzy, torn;  
The bleeding heart, yet reeking, spoke the end  
Of eloquence and virtue. Scarce a tear  
Embalm'd their urns, triumphant vice beheld  
With smiles their exit; and oppression raised  
Her scourge to punish where the feeling heart  
Swell'd in soft moisture to the pitying eye.

O! wreck'd, and dubious of *a life to come!*  
What trophies graced the present! Heav'n with-  
held

From these *superior light*, left in the maze  
Of doubt to wander, by the twilight ray  
Of glimmering nature led; while toil and pain  
Mark'd their long course with woe; and death's  
pale eye

Terrific frown'd them into nought. Did these,  
Than we more guilty, by superior crimes  
Insult th' Omnipotent, that Truth's fair form,  
Unveil'd to us, was from the dark research  
Of cool philosophy in shades immured?  
Whence, then, the palm by every voice conferr'd!  
Whence the sweet lay that wantons in their  
praise!

Why o'er soft pity's pallid cheek descends  
The tear that weeps their doom, that says they  
lived

A virtuous few! that mourns them as they fell,  
The victims of ingratitude, or zeal  
For public honour? yet the beam of heav'n  
Illumed not Reason's path, nor led the mind  
To see the Maker in his work portray'd  
*One, perfect, infinite*, nor show'd the climes  
Of pure ethereal pleasure, for the blest  
Prepar'd, nor to th' enlighten'd view display'd

<sup>1</sup> This extract is taken from the beginning of the second book of Ogilvie's principal poetical work, entitled "Providence, an Allegorical Poem, in Three Books," first issued in a handsome illustrated quarto, London, 1764.—Ed.

The form of moral beauty as it swells  
 In full proportion to the mental gaze,  
 Wrought by celestial aid. To these its charms  
 Appear'd not. Heav'n on their degenerate sons  
 Confer'd its noblest boon when from the gulf  
 Of surgy Chaos, where the goddess lay  
 Wrapt in black clouds, He bade eternal Truth  
 Rise to the day!—She heard, and to his call  
 Obedient rose! Her beauty-beaming eye,  
 Fair as thy ray, Aurora, when it scares  
 The growling lion from his prey, dispell'd  
 Th' involving shade, her magic touch dissolved  
 The veil of error, lighten'd the dim search  
 Of dark philosophy, and show'd the MIND  
 That form'd, supports, and guides this mighty  
 frame.

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HYMN, FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

Begin, my soul, the exalted lay,  
 Let each enraptured thought obey,  
 And praise the Almighty's name;  
 Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,  
 In one melodious concert rise  
 To swell the inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,  
 Where gay transporting beauty reigns,  
 Ye scenes divinely fair!  
 Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim—  
 Tell how he formed your shining frame,  
 And breathed the fluid air.

Ye angels! catch the thrilling sound!  
 While all the adoring thrones around  
 His boundless mercy sing:  
 Let every listening saint above  
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,  
 And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;  
 Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,  
 The mighty chorus aid:  
 Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,  
 Thou moon, protract the melting strain,  
 And praise him in the shade.

Thou Heaven of heavens, his vast abode,  
 Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God!  
 Who called you worlds from night:  
 "Ye shades, dispel!" the Eternal said,  
 At once the involving darkness fled,  
 And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,  
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,  
 United praise bestow;  
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name  
 To heaven aloud: and roar acclaim,  
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let every element rejoice:  
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice  
 To him who bids you roll;  
 His praise in softer notes declare,  
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,  
 And breathe it to the soul!

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;  
 Ye towering mountains, bending low,  
 Your great Creator own!  
 Tell, when affrighted nature shook,  
 How Sinai kindled at his look,  
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,  
 Ye insects fluttering on the gale,  
 In mutual concourse rise;  
 Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,  
 And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,  
 In incense to the skies!

Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing—  
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring,  
 Harmonious anthems raise  
 To him who shaped your finer mould,  
 Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,  
 And tuned your voice to praise!

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,  
 The feeling heart, the judging head,  
 In heavenly praise employ;  
 Spread his tremendous name around,  
 Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
 The general burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,  
 Nursed in the downy lap of ease,  
 Fall prostrate at his throne;  
 Ye princes, rulers, all adore—  
 Praise him, ye kings, who makes your power  
 An image of his own!

Ye fair, by nature formed to move,  
 O praise the Eternal Source of love  
 With youth's enlivening fire:  
 Let age take up the tuneful lay,  
 Sigh his blest name—then soar away,  
 And ask an angel's lyre!

## WILLIAM J. MICKLE.

BORN 1734 — DIED 1788.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, the translator of the "Lusiad" of Camoens, and an original poet of some merit, was born at Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, September 29, 1734. He was the third son of the Rev. Alexander Meikle, the poet having changed the spelling of his name "without," as Dr. Johnson says of Mallet's change of name, "any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover." At the age of fifteen he was taken from the high-school of Edinburgh to assist his widowed aunt in carrying on a brewery, in which he finally became a partner; but proving unsuccessful in business, he in 1763 proceeded to London with the intention of entering upon the career of a man of letters. He became known to Lord Lyttelton, to whom he submitted some of his poems; and failing to please his fastidious patron, or to obtain through his lordship's interest some civil or commercial appointment, he accepted the humble position of corrector to the Clarendon Press at Oxford. In 1765 Mickle published several short poems, and two years after "The Concubine," a poem in two cantos, in the manner of Spenser. The former failed to attract attention, but nothing could be more flattering than the reception of the latter. It appeared anonymously, and was ascribed to some of the most eminent poets of the day. It soon passed through three editions, the title, to prevent misapprehension, being changed to "Sir Martyn." The first stanza of this poem has been quoted by Sir Walter Scott—divested of its antique spelling—in illustration of a remark made by him, that Mickle, "with a vein of great facility, united a power of verbal melody which might have been envied by bards of much greater renown:"

"Awake, ye west winds, through the lonely dale,  
And Fancy to thy faery bower betake;  
Even now, with balmy sweetness, breathes the gale,  
Dimpling with downy wing the stilly lake;  
Through the pale willows faltering whispere wake,  
And evening comes with locks bedropp'd with dew;  
On Desmond's mouldering turrets slowly shake

The withered rye-grass and the harebell blue,  
And ever and anon sweet Mulla's plaints renew."

In 1771 Mickle issued proposals for printing by subscription a translation of the "Lusiad," by Camoens, to qualify himself for which he studied the Portuguese language. He published the first book as a specimen in 1771, and from the liberal encouragement he received he was induced to resign his situation at the Clarendon Press, and to take up his residence at a farm-house about five miles from Oxford, where he devoted his whole time to his great translation. It was finished in 1775, and published in a quarto volume under the title of "The Lusiad, or the Discovery of India," to which he prefixed an Introduction, containing a "Defence of Commerce and Civilization, in reply to the misrepresentations of Rousseau and other visionary philosophers; a History of the Portuguese Conquests in India; a Life of Camoens; and a Dissertation on the Lusiad, and Observations on Epic Poetry." The work obtained for Mickle a high reputation at home and abroad, and so rapid was its sale that a second edition was soon called for. By the two editions he realized about one thousand guineas. In May, 1779, he accompanied Commodore Johnston as secretary on board the *Rodney* man-of-war, and sailed with a small squadron to Portugal. He was received on his arrival at Lisbon with great distinction by the countrymen of Camoens, and admitted as a member of the Royal Academy of Portugal. While in Lisbon he wrote his poem of "Almada Hill: an Epistle from Lisbon," published in 1781. On his return with the squadron to England Mickle remained for a time in London as joint agent for the disposal of some valuable prizes taken during the expedition. He had now acquired some means, and in 1783 he married Miss Mary Tomkins, the daughter of the farmer with whom he had resided at Forest Hill while engaged on the "Lusiad," and with the lady obtained considerable wealth. His latter days were spent in ease and affluence, in

writing occasional pieces, and in revising his published poems. He died at Forest Hill, October 28, 1788, leaving one son, for whose benefit a volume of his collected poems was published in 1795; and a second edition, with a memoir of Mickle written by Rev. John Sim, appeared in 1806.

The most popular of Mickle's original poems is his ballad of "Cumnor Hall," which has attained additional celebrity by its having suggested to Scott the groundwork of his charming romance of "Kenilworth," which Sir Walter intended to have named "Cumnor Hall," but was wisely persuaded by his publisher to adopt the title of "Kenilworth." He is also believed to be the writer of that very fascinating lyric "There's nae luck about the house," which has touched more hearts than

his translation of the "Lusiad," and some eighteen or twenty of the sweetest ballads in Evans' collection. Mickle would have excelled in the Scottish dialect, and in portraying Scottish life, had he known his own strength, and trusted to the impulses of his heart, instead of his ambition. We are well aware that the authorship of "There's nae luck about the house" has long been a subject of controversy, several writers attributing it to Jean Adams, one of the minor songstresses of Scotland, whose poems were published at Glasgow in 1734. No copy of the song is found either in Mickle's or Jean Adams' works printed while they lived, and it will not now probably ever be known with absolute certainty who wrote it, but authorities entitled to respect attribute the authorship to Mickle.

### CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall,  
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)  
Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies  
(The sounds of busy life were still),  
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,  
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this the love  
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,  
To leave me in this lonely grove,  
Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more thou eom'st, with lover's speed,  
Thy once beloved bride to see;  
But, be she alive, or be she dead,  
I fear, stern earl, 's the same to thee.

"Not so the usage I received  
When happy in my father's hall;  
No faithless husband then me grieved,  
No chilling fears did me appal.

"I rose up with the cheerful morn,  
No lark more blithe, no flower more gay;  
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,  
So merrily sung the livelong day.

"If that my beauty is but small,  
Among court ladies all despised,  
Why didst thou rend it from that hall,  
Where, scornful earl, it well was prized?

"And when you first to me made suit,  
How fair I was, you oft would say!  
And, proud of conquest, plucked the fruit,  
Then left the blossom to decay.

"Yes! now neglected and despised,  
The rose is pale, the lily's dead;  
But he that once their charms so prized  
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

"For know, when sickening grief doth prey,  
And tender love's repaid with scorn,  
The sweetest beauty will decay;  
What floweret can endure the storm?"

"At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,  
Where every lady's passing rare;  
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,  
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

"Then, earl, why didst thou leave the beds  
Where roses and where lilies vie,  
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades  
Must sicken when those gauds are by?"

"Mong rural beauties I was one:  
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;  
Some country swain might me have won,  
And thought my beauty passing rare.

"But, Leicester, or I much am wrong,  
It is not beauty lures thy vows;  
Rather ambition's gilded crown  
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

“Then, Leicester, why, again I plead  
 (The injured surely may repine),  
 Why didst thou wed a country maid,  
 When some fair princess might be thine?”

“Why didst thou praise my humble charms,  
 And, oh! then leave them to decay?  
 Why didst thou win me to thy arms,  
 Then leave me to mourn the livelong day?”

“The village maidens of the plain  
 Salute me lowly as they go:  
 Envious, they mark my silken train,  
 Nor think a countess can have woe.”

“The simple nymphs! they little know  
 How far more happy’s their estate;  
 To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;  
 To be content, than to be great.”

“How far less blest am I than them,  
 Daily to pine and waste with care!  
 Like the poor plant, that, from its stem  
 Divided, feels the chilling air.”

“Nor, cruel earl! can I enjoy  
 The humble charms of solitude;  
 Your minions proud my peace destroy,  
 By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.”

“Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,  
 The village death-bell smote my ear;  
 They winked aside, and seemed to say:  
 ‘Countess, prepare—thy end is near.’”

“And now, while happy peasants sleep,  
 Here I sit lonely and forlorn;  
 No one to soothe me as I weep,  
 Save Philomel on yonder thorn.”

“My spirits flag, my hopes decay;  
 Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;  
 And many a boding seems to say:  
 ‘Countess, prepare—thy end is near.’”

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved  
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear;  
 And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
 And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appeared,  
 In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
 Full many a piercing scream was heard,  
 And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,  
 An aerial voice was heard to call.  
 And thrice the raven flapped its wings  
 Around the tow’rs of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howled at village door,  
 The oaks were shattered on the green:  
 Woe was the hour, for never more  
 That hapless countess e’er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more  
 Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;  
 For ever since that dreary hour  
 Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,  
 Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;  
 Nor ever lead the merry dance  
 Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sighed,  
 And pensive wept the countess’ fall,  
 As wandering onwards they’ve espied  
 The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

#### THE PROPHECY OF QUEEN EMMA.

O’er the hills of Cheviot beaming,  
 Rose the silver dawn of May;  
 Hostile spears, and helmets gleaming,  
 Swell’d along the mountains gray.

Edwin’s warlike horn resounded  
 Through the winding dales below,  
 And the echoing hills rebounded  
 The defiance of the foe.

O’er the downs, like torrents pouring,  
 Edwin’s horsemen rush’d along;  
 From the hills, like tempests lowering,  
 Slowly march’d stern Edgar’s throng.

Spear to spear was now portended,  
 And the yew-boughs half were drawn,  
 When the female scream ascended,  
 Shrilling o’er the crowded lawn.

While her virgins, round her weeping,  
 Wav’d aloft their snowy hands,  
 From the wood Queen Emma, shrieking,  
 Ran between the dreadful bands.

“Oh, my sons, what rage infernal  
 Bids you grasp the unhallow’d spear?  
 Heaven detests the war fraternal:  
 Oh, the impious strife forbear!”

“Ah! how mild and sweetly tender  
 Flow’d your peaceful early days!  
 Each was then of each defender,  
 Each of each the pride and praise.”

- “ O my first-born Edwin, soften,  
Nor invade thy brother's right;  
O, my Edgar, think how often  
Edwin dared for thee the fight.
- “ Edgar, shall thy impious fury  
Dare thy guardian to the field?  
O, my sons, let peace allure ye;  
Thy stern claims, O Edwin, yield.
- “ Hah! what sight of horror waving,  
Sullen Edgar, clouds thy rear!  
Bring'st thou Denmark's banners, braving  
Thy insulted brother's spear?
- “ Ah! bethink how through thy regions  
Midnight horror fearful howl'd;  
When, like wolves, the Danish legions  
Through thy trembling forests prowl'd.
- “ When, unable of resistance,  
Denmark's lance thy bosom gor'd—  
And shall Edwin's brave assistance  
Be repaid with Denmark's sword!
- “ With that sword shalt thou assail him,  
From whose point he set thee free,  
While his warlike sinews fail him,  
Weak with loss of blood for thee!
- “ O, my Edwin, timely hearken,  
And thy stern resolves forbear!  
Shall revenge thy counsels darken,  
Oh, my Edgar, drop the spear!
- “ Wisdom tells, and justice offers,  
How each wound may yet be balm'd,  
O, revere these holy proffers,  
Let the storms of hell be calm'd.
- “ Oh, my sons”— but all her sorrows  
Fir'd their impious rage the more:  
From the bow-strings sprung the arrows;  
Soon the valleys reek'd with gore.
- Shrieking wild, with horror shivering,  
Fled the queen, all stain'd with blood;  
In her purpled bosom quivering,  
Deep a feather'd arrow stood.
- Up the mountain she ascended,  
Fierce as mounts the flame in air;  
And her hands, to heaven extended,  
Scatter'd her uprooted hair.
- “ Ah! my sons, how impious, cover'd  
With each other's blood,” she cried:  
While the eagles round her hover'd,  
And wild scream for scream replied—
- “ From that blood around you streaming,  
Turn, my sons, your vengeful eyes;  
See what horrors o'er you streaming,  
Must'round th' offended skies.
- “ See what burning spears portended,  
Couch'd by fire-ey'd spectres glare,  
Circling round you both, suspended  
On the trembling threads of air!
- “ O'er you both Heaven's lightning volleys,  
Wither'd is your strength ev'n now;  
Idly weeping o'er your follies,  
Soon your heads shall lowly bow.
- “ Soon the Dane, the Scot, and Norman  
O'er your dales shall havoc pour,  
Every hold and city storming,  
Every herd and field devour.
- “ Ha! what signal new arising  
Through the dreadful group prevails!  
'Tis the hand of justice poising  
High aloft the eternal scales.
- “ Loaded with thy base alliance,  
Rage and rancour all extreme,  
Faith and honour's foul defiance,  
Thine, O Edgar, kicks the beam!
- “ Opening mild and blue, reversing  
O'er thy brother's wasted hills,  
See the murky clouds dispersing,<sup>g</sup>  
And the fertile show'r distils.
- “ But o'er thy devoted valleys  
Blacker spreads the angry sky;  
Through the gloom pale lightning sallies,  
Distant thunders groan and die.
- “ O'er thy proudest castles waving,  
Fed by hill and magic power,  
Denmark tow'rs on high her raven,  
Hatch'd in freedom's mortal hour.
- “ Cursed be the day detested,  
Cursed be the fraud profound,  
When on Denmark's spear we rested!  
Through thy streets shall loud resound.
- “ To thy brother, sad imploring,  
Now I see thee turn thine eyes—  
Ha! in settled darkness low'ring,  
Now no more the visions rise!
- “ But thy ranc'rous soul descending  
To thy sons from age to age,  
Province then from province rending,  
War on war shall bleed and rage.



“This thy freedom proudly boasted,  
Hapless Edgar,” loud she cried—  
With her wounds and woes exhausted,  
Down on earth she sunk and died.

### THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.<sup>1</sup>

And are ye sure the news is true?  
And are ye sure he's weel?  
Is this a time to think o' wark?  
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.  
Is this a time to think o' wark,  
When Colin's at the door?  
Rax me my cloak,—I'll to the quay,  
And see him come ashore.  
For there's nae luck about the house,  
There's nae luck at a';  
There's little pleasure in the house  
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gi'e to me my biggonet,  
My bishop's satin gown;  
For I maun tell the baillie's wife  
That Colin's come to town.  
My turkey slippers maun gae on,  
My hose o' pearl blue;  
'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside;  
Put on the muckle pot;  
Gi'e little Kate her button gown,  
And Jock his Sunday coat;  
And mak' their shoon as black as slacs,  
Their hose as white as snaw;  
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,  
For he's been lang awa'.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,  
They've fed this month and mair;  
Mak' haste and thrav their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare;  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar ilka thing look braw;  
For wha can tell how Colin fared  
When he was far awa'.

<sup>1</sup> Burns says that “this is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language.” The sixth stanza, beginning

“The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,”

was written by Dr. James Beattie. Jean Adams, who affirmed it to be her composition, was a schoolmistress of Greenock, whose chequered life terminated, in 1765, in the town's hospital, Glasgow. — Ed.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,  
His breath like caller air;  
His very foot has music in't  
As he comes up the stair.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
That thirl'd through my heart,  
They're a' blawn by: I ha'e him safe;  
Till death we'll never part.  
But what puts parting in my head?  
It may be far awa';  
The present moment is our ain,  
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I ha'e nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to mak' him blest,  
I'm blest aboon the lave.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,—  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

### THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

(FROM THE LUSIAD.)

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;  
From these rude shores our fearless course we  
held:  
Beneath the glistening wave the god of day  
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,  
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,  
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head  
A black cloud hovered; nor appeared from far  
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling  
star;  
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,  
Transfixed with awe the bravest stood aghast.  
Meanwhile a hollow bursting roar resounds,  
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds;  
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning  
heaven,  
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.  
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,  
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried;  
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,  
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,  
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky  
Were doomed to hide from man's unhalloved eye?  
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more  
Than midnigh tempest and the mingled roar.  
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble  
shore.

I spoke, when rising through the darkened air,  
Appalled we saw a hideous phantom glare;  
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,  
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered;  
Unearthly paleness o'er his cheeks were spread,  
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red;  
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,  
Sharp and disjoined his gnashing teeth's blue  
rows;

His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,  
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;  
His clouded front, by withering lightning scared,  
The inward anguish of his soul declared.  
His red eyes, glowing from their dusky caves,  
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves  
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore  
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.  
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast;  
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confessed  
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan,  
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began:

"O you, the boldest of the nations, fired  
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,  
Who, scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,  
Through these my waves advance your fearless  
prows,

Regardless of the lengthening watery way,  
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,  
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore

Where never hero braved my rage before;  
Ye sons of Lusus, who, with eyes profane,  
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,  
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature  
drew

To veil her secret shrine from mortal view,  
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,  
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.

"With every bounding keel that dares my rage,  
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage;  
The next proud fleet that through my dear do-  
main,

With daring search, shall hoist the streaming vane,  
That gallant navy, by my whirlwinds tost,  
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast.  
Then he who first my secret reign desiered,  
A naked corpse, wide floating o'er the tide  
Shall drive. Unless my heart's full raptures fail,  
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail;  
Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou de-  
plore,

Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my  
shore."

He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,  
A doleful sound, and vanished from the view;  
The frightened billows gave a rolling swell,  
And distant far prolonged the dismal yell;  
Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,  
And the black cloud, dispersing, leaves the sky.

## JAMES BEATTIE.

BORN 1735 — DIED 1803.

JAMES BEATTIE, a distinguished poet, moral-  
ist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at  
Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, October 25,  
1735. His father was a shopkeeper in the  
village, and also rented a small farm on which  
his ancestors had lived for many generations.  
James received at the school of his native vil-  
lage an education to fit him for the university,  
and even at this early period gave such indi-  
cations of the future "Minstrel" that he was  
known among his school-fellows as "the poet."  
Not only was his taste for poetry thus early  
evinced, but even the purity of that taste:  
his master preferred Ovid as a school book for  
youth, young Beattie was enthusiastic for  
Virgil. In 1749 he went to Marischal College,  
Aberdeen, where his superior scholarship en-  
titled him to receive a bursary or exhibition.

Beattie made great progress in his studies,  
and acquired that accurate and classical know-  
ledge for which he was afterwards so famous.  
Being originally destined for the church, he  
attended the divinity class for three sessions,  
but afterwards abandoned that intention, and  
soon after taking his degree of M.A. in 1753,  
was appointed schoolmaster of the parish  
of Fordoun, a lovely sequestered spot, sur-  
rounded by interesting and romantic scenery.  
It is related of him that he used to wander in  
the fields at night and watch the appearance  
of the coming dawn, feeding his young dreams  
of poesy "in lone sequestered spots." The  
scenes which he afterwards delineated in his  
"Minstrel" were, as Southey has justly re-  
marked, those in which he had grown up, and  
the feelings and aspirations therein expressed

were those of his own boyhood and youth. His productions of this period appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, gaining for him considerable local reputation, and the friendship of some of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood, with whom he ever after maintained a friendly intercourse. A vacancy occurring in the grammar school of Aberdeen in 1757, Beattie presented himself as a candidate for the situation, but did not succeed. He acquitted himself so well, however, that on a second vacancy in the following year he was elected one of the masters of the school.

In 1760 Beattie published at London a volume of poems and translations, which, though it met with a favourable reception, he endeavoured at a subsequent period to suppress; and the same year he was appointed professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. In 1762 he wrote his "Essay on Poetry;" in 1765 he published an unsuccessful poem on "The Judgment of Paris;" and the year following issued a new edition of his poetical works. In June, 1767, he married Mary, daughter of Dr. James Dun, rector of the grammar school of Aberdeen, but the union was not a happy one, a hereditary disposition to madness on the part of Mrs. Beattie making its appearance soon after their marriage, and subsequently rendering it necessary to confine her in an asylum. On this subject his biographer says, "When I reflect on the many sleepless nights and anxious days which he experienced from Mrs. Beattie's malady, and think of the unwearied and unremitting attention he paid to her during so great a number of years in that sad situation, his character is exalted in my mind to a degree which may be equalled, but I am sure can never be excelled, and makes the fame of the poet and philosopher fade from my remembrance." In 1770 the poet appeared as a metaphysician, by his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism," written with a view to confute the pernicious doctrines advanced by David Hume and others, which at that time were very prevalent. This work was so successful that in four years five large editions were sold, and it was translated into several foreign languages. The same year he published anonymously the first book of "The Minstrel, or the Progress of Genius," a poem in the

Spenserian stanza, when he had commenced writing in 1760. It was received with universal approbation. In a criticism which Gray the poet communicated to the author, he says of the following passage, "This is true poetry, this is inspiration:—

"O, how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven;  
O, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

Beattie visited London, and was received in all its brilliant and distinguished circles, Goldsmith, Garrick, Dr. Johnson, and Lord Lyttelton were numbered among his friends. On a second visit three years later he had an interview with the king and queen, which resulted in his receiving a pension of £200. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of LL.D., and Reynolds painted and presented him with his portrait in an allegorical picture, in which Beattie is seen by the side of an angel pushing down Prejudice, Scepticism, and Folly! Is it surprising that poor Goldsmith was envious of his brother poet? In 1774 the second book of "The Minstrel," now considered one of the classic poems of the language, was published. His biographer, Sir William Forbes, says:—"Of all his poetical works 'The Minstrel' is beyond all question the best, whether we consider the plan or the execution. The language is extremely elegant, the versification harmonious; it exhibits the richest poetic imagery, with a delightful flow of the most sublime, delicate, and pathetic sentiment. It breathes the spirit of the purest virtue, the soundest philosophy, and the most exquisite taste. In a word, it is at once highly conceived and admirably finished."

Dr. Beattie had two sons—the eldest, an amiable and promising young man, died in 1790, aged only twenty-two, and in 1796 the youngest died in his nineteenth year. Looking at the corpse of the latter, he said, "I am now done with this world;" and although he performed the duties of his professorship till a short time previous to his death, he never again sought society; even music, of which he had

been passionately fond, lost its charms for him. Yet he would sometimes express resignation to his childless condition. "How could I have borne," he would feelingly say, "to have seen their elegant minds mangled with madness." He died April 18, 1803, and was buried, in accordance with his own desire, by the side of his sons, in the churchyard of St. Nicholas at

Aberdeen. His *Life and Writings*, with many of his letters, was published in 1806 by Sir William Forbes. Of this pleasing and popular poet M. Taine remarks that he was "a metaphysical moralist, with a young girl's nerves and an old maid's hobbies;" and Bishop Warburton pronounces him to be "superior to the whole crew of Scotch metaphysicians."

## THE MINSTREL:

### OR THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.<sup>1</sup>

#### BOOK I.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines  
afar;  
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And waged with fortune an eternal war!  
Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,  
And poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,  
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days  
Not equally oppressive is to all.  
Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,  
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.  
There are, who, deaf to mad ambition's call,  
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump  
of fame;  
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall  
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher  
aim  
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines  
proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;  
Nor need I here describe in learned lay  
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,  
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;  
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray:  
While from his bending shoulder decent hung  
His harp, the sole companion of his way,  
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:  
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,  
That a poor villager inspires my strain;

With thee let pageantry and power abide,  
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;  
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely  
swain  
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.  
They hate the sensual and scorn the vain,  
The parasite their influence never warms,  
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes  
adorn,  
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.  
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,  
While warbling larks on russet pinions float;  
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,  
Where the gray limets carol from the hill.  
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,  
To please a tyrant strain the lute bill,  
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where  
they will!

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;  
Nor was perfection made for man below.  
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,  
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.  
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;  
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;  
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow:  
Here peaceful are the vales and pure the skies,  
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the  
eyes.

Then grieve not, thou to whom th' indulgent  
Muse  
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;  
Nor blame the partial fates, if they refuse  
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.  
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.  
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined!

<sup>1</sup> Of "The Minstrel," which Beattie admitted was a picture of himself as he was in his younger days, Lord Lytton said: "I read 'The Minstrel' with as much rapture as poetry, in her sweetest, noblest charms ever raised in my mind. It seemed to me that my once

most beloved minstrel, Thomson, was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him sing again the beauties of nature and finest feelings of virtue, not with human but with angelic strains!"—ED.

No, let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven  
aspire,  
To fancy, freedom, harmony resign'd;  
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul  
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,  
On the dull couch of luxury to lol,  
Stung with disease and stupified with spleen;  
Fain to implore the aid of flattery's screen,  
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,  
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),  
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,  
And impotent desire and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store  
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!  
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields;  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom  
shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,  
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-  
given!

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal  
health,  
And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.  
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth  
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:  
For, ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;  
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish  
scheme,  
The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,  
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.  
Return, my roving muse, resume thy purposed  
theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,  
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;  
Whose sires, perchance, in fairyland might  
dwell,  
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;  
But he, I ween, was of the north country;<sup>1</sup>  
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;  
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;  
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;  
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,  
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;  
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never sway'd;  
An honest heart was almost all his stock:

<sup>1</sup> There is hardly an ancient ballad or romance wherein a minstrel or a harper appears, but he is characterized by way of eminence to have been "of the north country." It is probable that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent.—See *Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels*.

His drink the living water from the rock;  
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent  
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;  
And he, though oft with dust and sweat be-  
sprent,  
Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er  
they went.

From labour health, from health contentment  
springs:  
Contentment opes the source of every joy.  
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;  
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,  
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:  
Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;  
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,  
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,  
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a  
child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,  
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;  
Each season look'd delightful, as it past,  
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.  
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life  
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm  
Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,  
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm  
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,  
Was all the offspring of this humble pair.  
His birth no oracle or seer foretold:  
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,  
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.  
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;  
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;  
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and  
worth;  
And one long summer day of indolence and  
mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;  
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.  
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,  
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:  
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;  
And now his look was most demurely sad;  
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.  
The neighbours stared and sigh'd, yet bless'd  
the lad:  
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some be-  
lieved him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?  
Concourse, and noise, and toil he ever fled;  
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray  
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,  
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;  
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream  
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,

There would he wander wild, till Phoebus' beam,  
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary  
team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,  
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.  
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would  
bleed

To work the woe of any living thing,  
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;  
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:  
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,  
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.  
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might  
yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves  
Beneath the precipice o'erhanging pine;  
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,  
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:  
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,  
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.  
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign  
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?  
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms  
to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,  
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,  
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain  
gray,  
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn;  
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,  
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;  
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,  
And villager abroad at early toil.  
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth,  
ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he loved to climb,  
When all in mist the world below was lost.  
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sub-  
lime,  
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,  
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost  
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,  
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now en-  
boss'd!  
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,  
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls along the hoar pro-  
found!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,  
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.  
In darkness and in storm he found delight:  
Nor less than when on ocean wave serene  
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene,<sup>1</sup>  
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;  
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,

And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,  
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

"O, ye wild groves! O, where is now your bloom?  
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)  
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy  
gloom,  
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!  
Why do the birds, that song and rapture  
brought  
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?  
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought!  
For now the storm howls mournful through the  
brake,  
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless  
flake.

"Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,  
And meads with life, and mirth, and beauty  
crown'd?  
Ah! see th' unsightly slime and sluggish pool  
Have all the solitary vale imbrown'd;  
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting  
sound,  
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.  
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,  
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway  
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks  
away.

"Yet such the destiny of all on earth;  
So flourishes and fades majestic man.  
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,  
And fostering gales awhile the nursing fan.  
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,  
Ye blighting whirlwinds spare his balmy prime,  
Nor lessen of his life the little span.  
Born on the swift, though silent, wings of time,  
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,  
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.  
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,  
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they  
mourn.  
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?  
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?  
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,  
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,  
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,  
When Fate relenting lets the flower revive?  
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to  
live?  
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive  
With disappointment, penury, and pain?  
No, heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,  
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
Bright thro' th' eternal year of love's triumphant  
reign."

<sup>1</sup> Brightness, splendour. The word is used by some  
late writers, as well as by Milton.

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.  
In sooth 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.  
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,  
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.

"Let man's own sphere (said he) confine his view,  
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."  
And much and oft he warn'd him to eschew  
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the  
right,

By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

"And from the prayer of want, and plaint of woe,  
O never, never turn away thine ear!  
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below:  
Ah! what were man should Heaven refuse to  
hear!

To others do (the law is not severe)  
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.  
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,  
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;  
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine  
own."

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,  
The visionary boy from shelter fly!  
For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,  
And cool and fresh and fragrant is the sky.  
And lo! in the dark east, expanded high,  
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!  
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory  
nigh,

How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!  
'Tis fled afar ere half thy purposed race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn that thus it fares with  
age,

When pleasure, wealth, or power the bosom  
warm,

This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's  
rage,

And disappointment of her sting disarm.

But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?  
Perish the lore that deadens young desire!

Pursue, poor inn, th' imaginary charm,

Indulge gay hope and fancy's pleasing fire:

Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves  
expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar  
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,  
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,  
Lingering and listening wander'd down the vale.  
There would he dream of graves and corpses  
pale;

And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,  
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,  
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,  
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles  
along.

Or when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,  
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,

To haunted stream, remote from man, he hid,  
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;  
And there let fancy rove at large, till sleep  
A vision brought to his entranced sight.  
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep  
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,  
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of  
night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch  
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;  
And forth an host of little warriors march,  
Grasping the diamond lance and targe of gold.  
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,  
And green their helms, and green their silk  
attire;

And here and there, right venerably old,  
The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling  
wire,  
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe  
inspire,

With merriment and song and timbrels clear,  
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance:  
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,  
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.  
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;  
To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze;  
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then  
glance

Rapid along; with many-colour'd rays  
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests  
blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,  
Who scaredst the vision with thy clarion shrill,  
Fell chaunticleer! who oft hast reft away  
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!  
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,  
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:  
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,  
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,  
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let love attune thy line.  
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.  
For how should he at wicked chance repine,  
Who feels from every change amusement flow!  
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,  
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,  
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,  
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,  
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?  
The wild brook babbling down the mountain  
side,  
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell,  
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried  
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide  
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;

The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide,  
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,  
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark:  
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid  
sings;

The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and,  
hark!

Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon  
rings;

Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd  
springs;

Slow toils the village clock the drowsy hour;  
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;

Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,  
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

O Nature, ho v in every charm supreme!

Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!

O for the voice and fire of scraphim

To sing thy glories with devotion due!

Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew

From Pyrrho's maze and Epicurus' sty;

And held high converse with the godlike few,

Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,

Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye who snare and stupify the mind,

Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy the bane!

Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,

Whospread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,

And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!

Hence to dark Error's den, whoseranking slime

First gave you form! hence! lest the Muse

should deign

(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a  
rhyme)

With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,

Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!

Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,

Amused my childhood and inform'd my youth.

O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,

Inspire my dreams and my wild wanderings

guide!

Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;

For well I know, wherever ye reside,

There harmony and peace and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,

As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,

Save when against the winter's drenching rain

And driving snow the cottage shut the door.

Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,

Her legend when the Beldame 'gan impart,

Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,

Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;

Much he the tale admired, but more the tuneful  
art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;  
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms dis-  
play'd;

Or merry swains who quaff the nut-brown ale,

And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;

The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;

Or hags that suckle an infernal brood,

And ply in caves th' mutterable trade,<sup>1</sup>

'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in  
blood,

Yell in the midnight storm or ride the infuriate  
flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,

A gentler strain the Beldame would rehearse,

A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,

The orphan-babes and guardian uncle fierce.

O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce

That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?

For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,

To latest times shall tender souls bemoan

Those hopeless orphan-babes by thy fell arts  
undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles  
torn,<sup>2</sup>

The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,

Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,

Folded in one another's arms they lie;

Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:

"For from the town the man returns no more."

But thou who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st  
defy,

This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,

When death lays waste thy house, and flames  
consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy

Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,

"But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,  
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"

O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,

Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:

Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;

But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;

Let us exult in hope that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,

Nor check'd the tender tear to misery given;

From guilt's contagious power shall that protect,

This soften and refine the soul for heaven.

But dreadful is their doom whom doubt has  
driven

To censure fate, and pious hope forego:

<sup>1</sup> Allusion to Shakspeare:—

*Macbeth*. How now, you seer't, black, and midnight hags,  
What is't you do?

*Witches*. A deed without a name.

*Macbeth*, act iv. scene 1.

<sup>2</sup> See the fine old ballad called "The Children in the  
Wood."



Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,  
Perfection, beauty, life they never know,  
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he whose birth, maturity, and age  
Scarcely fill the circle of one summer day,  
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage  
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,  
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,  
If but a momentary shower descend?  
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gain-  
say,

Which bade the series of events extend  
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages  
without end?

One part, one little part, we dimly see  
Through the dark medium of life's feverish  
dream;

Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,  
If but that little part incongruous seem.  
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;  
Of from apparent ill our blessings rise.

O then renounce that impious self-esteem,  
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies!  
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.  
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar  
On fancy's wing above this vale of tears;  
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics creeping pore  
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:  
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.

For why? their powers, inadequate before,  
This idle art makes more and more unfit;  
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain  
blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth;  
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device  
Of cheer'd the shepherds round their social  
hearth;

Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice  
To purchase chat or laughter at the price  
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,  
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.  
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,  
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Of when the winter storm had ceased to rave,  
He roam'd the snowy waste at even to view  
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave  
High towering, sail along th' horizon blue:  
Where 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,  
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes  
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,  
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,  
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts  
rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,  
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,

Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar  
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array  
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal  
day,

Even then he hasten'd to the haunt of man,  
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,  
What time the lightning's fierce career began,  
And o'er heaven's rearing arch the rattling  
thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all  
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,  
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,  
From the rude gambol far remote reclined,  
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind,  
Ah! then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,  
To the pure soul by fancy's fire refined!  
Ah! what is mirth but turbulence unholy,  
When with the charm compared of heavenly  
melancholy!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?  
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn!  
Is there who ne'er those mystic transports felt  
Of solitude and melancholy born?

He needs not woo the Muse—he is her scorn.  
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;  
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or  
mourn

And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;  
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with  
glutton swine.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;  
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.  
The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,  
And languish'd to his breath the plaintif flute.  
His infant muse, though artless, was not mute:  
Of elegance as yet he took no care:  
For this of time and culture is the fruit,  
And Edwin gained at last this fruit so rare,  
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,  
Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,  
By chance or search, was offer'd to his view,  
He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.  
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply  
From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,  
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.  
At last, though long by penury controll'd,  
And solitude his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lappouian's dreary land,  
For many a long month lost in snow profound,  
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,  
And in their northern caves the storms are  
bound;  
From silent mountains, straight, with startling  
sound,  
Torrents are hurl'd, green hills emerge; and lo,

The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd,

Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go,  
And wonder, love, and joy the peasant's heart  
o'erflow.<sup>1</sup>

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while.  
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.  
But on this verse if Montague should smile,  
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame.  
And her applause to me is more than fame;  
For still with truth accords her taste refined.

At lucre or renown let others aim,  
I only wish to please the gentle mind,  
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of  
human kind.

#### BOOK II.

Of chance or change O let not man complain,  
Else shall he never, never cease to wail;  
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain  
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,  
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;  
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;  
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble  
vale,

And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass en-  
tomb'd,  
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents  
have bloom'd.<sup>2</sup>

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,  
Nor search the ancient records of our race,  
To learn the dire effects of time and change,  
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.  
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,  
Or hoary hair, I never will repine;  
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,  
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,  
Whate'er of fancy's ray or friendship's flame is  
mine.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,  
Shall hie without reluctance change my lay,  
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;  
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye  
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,  
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along,  
Where every face was innocent and gay,  
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,  
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire"  
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.

<sup>1</sup> Spring and autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers.—*Schleffer's History of Lapland*, p. 16.

<sup>2</sup> See Plato's *Timæus*.

Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire  
To bliss which mortals never knew before.  
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,  
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:  
But now and then the shades of life explore;  
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,  
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes de-  
stroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.  
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,  
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;  
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.  
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power  
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,  
And from the stormy promontory tower,  
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,  
While each assailing blast increase of strength  
supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice  
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;  
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,  
And vales more wild and mountains more  
sublime.  
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,  
It was his chance to wander far abroad,  
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,  
Which heretofore his foot had never trode:  
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene.  
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,  
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy  
green,  
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.  
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,  
Whose long, long groves eternal murmur'd.  
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,  
Where, through the cliffs, the eye remote  
survey'd  
Blue hills and glittering waves, and skies in gold  
array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see  
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,  
And here and there a solitary tree,  
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.  
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound  
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;  
And from the summit of that craggy mound  
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,  
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was that spread  
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,  
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,  
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.  
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and  
stream,  
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:  
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,

Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;  
When slowly on his ear these moving accents  
stole.

“Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,  
And woo the weary to profound repose!  
Can passion’s wildest uproar lay to rest,  
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!  
Here innocence may wander safe from foes,  
And contemplation soar on seraph wings.  
O solitude! the man who thee foregoes,  
When lure lures him or ambition stings,  
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur  
springs.

“Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?  
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:  
To friends, attendants, armies bought with hire?  
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:  
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?  
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:  
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest  
wade?

Behold the victor vanquish’d by the worm!  
Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

“True dignity is his whose tranquil mind  
Virtue has raised above the things below;  
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign’d,  
Shrinks not though Fortune aim her deadliest  
blow.”

This strain from ’midst the rocks was heard to  
flow  
In solemn sounds. Now beam’d the evening  
star;

And from embattled clouds emerging slow  
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;  
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew:  
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)

“Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,  
Scorn’d by the wise, and hated by the good!  
Ye only can engage the servile brood  
Of levity and lust, who all their days,  
Asham’d of truth and liberty, have woo’d  
And hugged the chain, that, glittering on their  
gaze,

Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven’s empyreal  
blaze.

“Like them, abandon’d to ambition’s sway,  
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;  
And fawn’d and smiled to plunder and betray,  
Myself betray’d and plunder’d all the while;  
So gnaw’d the viper the corroding file.

But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue  
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.  
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?  
Fly, fly detested thoughts, for ever from my view!

“The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,  
And storms of disappointment, all o’erpast,

Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall  
share

This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.  
And if for me no treasure be amass’d,  
And if no future age shall hear my name,  
I lurk the more secure from fortune’s blast,  
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,  
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of  
fame.

“The end and the reward of toil is rest.  
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.  
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power pos-  
sess’d,

Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?  
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,  
The lay Heaven-prompted, and harmonious  
string,

The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,  
All that art, fortune, enterprise can bring,  
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring!

“Let vanity adorn the marble tomb  
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of re-  
nown,

In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,  
Where night and desolation ever frown.  
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;  
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,  
With here and there a violet bestrewn,  
Fast by a brook or fountain’s murmuring wave:  
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my  
grave.

“And thither let the village swain repair;  
And light of heart the village maiden gay,  
To deck with flowers her half-dishevel’d hair,  
And celebrate the merry morn of May.  
There let the shepherd’s pipe the livelong day  
Fill all the grove with love’s bewitching woe;  
And when mild evening comes in mantle gray,  
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;  
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall  
know.

“For though I fly to scape from fortune’s rage,  
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,  
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,  
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:  
For virtue lost and ruin’d man I mourn.  
O man! creation’s pride, Heaven’s darling child,  
Whom Nature’s best, divinest gifts adorn,  
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,  
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears  
defiled?

“Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!  
What majesty attends night’s lovely queen!  
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;  
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,  
And all conspire to beautify the scene.  
But in the mental world what chaos drear!

What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious  
mien!

O when shall that eternal morn appear,  
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to  
clear!

“O thou at whose creative smile yon heaven,  
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,  
Rose from th’ abyss; when dark confusion,  
driven

Down, down the bottomless profound of night,  
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!  
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,  
To blast the fury of oppressive might,  
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy’s sway,  
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on  
the way!”

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes  
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.  
And is it thus in courtly life (he cries),  
That man to man acts a betrayer’s part?  
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,  
Each social instinct and sublime desire?  
Hail poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,  
If what the great pursue, and learn’d admire,  
Thus dissipate and quench the soul’s ethereal fire!”

He said, and turn’d away; nor did the sage  
O’rbear, in silent orisons employ’d.  
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,  
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy’d:  
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;  
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills:<sup>1</sup>  
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy’d;  
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,  
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,  
The voice still seem’d to vibrate on his ear.  
Nor durst he hope the hermit’s tale untrue;  
For man he seem’d to love, and Heaven to fear;  
And none speaks false where there is none to  
hear.

“Yet can man’s gentle heart become so fell?  
No more in vain conjecture let me wear  
My hours away, but seek the hermit’s cell;  
’Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care  
dispel.”

At early dawn the youth his journey took,  
And many a mountain pass’d, and valley wide,  
Then reach’d the wild; where, in a flowery nook,  
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied  
An ancient man; his harp lay him beside.  
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,  
And kneeling lick’d the wither’d hand that tied  
A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,  
And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret  
small.

<sup>1</sup> How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank.—  
*Shakespeare.*

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw  
The wanderer approaching: innocence  
Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe  
Depress’d his eye, that fear’d to give offence.

“Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from  
whence?

Why roam thy steps to this sequester’d dale?”  
“A shepherd boy (the youth replied), far hence  
My habitation; hear my artless tale;  
Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

“Late as I roam’d, intent on Nature’s charms,  
I reach’d at eve this wilderness profound;  
And, leaning where you oak expands her arms,  
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice  
rebound,

(For in thy speech I recognize the sound.)  
You mourn’d for ruin’d man, and virtue lost,  
And seem’d to feel of keen remorse the wound,  
Pondering on former days by guilt engross’d,  
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss’d.

“But say, in courtly life can craft be learn’d,  
Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul?  
Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearn’d,  
Can selfishness the liberal heart control?  
Is glory there achiev’d by arts as foul

As those that felons, fiends, and furies plan?  
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;  
Love is the godlike attribute of man.  
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan

“Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,  
And give me back the calm, contented mind;  
Which, late exulting, view’d in Nature’s frame  
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,  
Grace, grandeur, and utility combined.  
Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still  
Well pleased with all, but most with human-  
kind;  
When fancy roam’d through Nature’s works at  
will,  
Uncheck’d by cold distrust, and uninform’d by ill.”

“Wouldst thou (the sage replied) in peace return  
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,  
Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,  
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:  
For if my desultory strain with ruth  
And indignation make thine eyes o’erflow,  
Alas! what comfort could thy anguish soothe.  
Shouldst thou th’ extent of human folly know.  
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads  
to woe.

“But let untender thoughts afar be driven;  
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree.  
For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,  
The voice of the Eternal said, Be free:  
And this divine prerogative to thee  
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey;  
For virtue is the child of liberty,

And happiness of virtue; nor can they  
Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

“Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,  
Which else might thy young virtue overpower;  
And in thy converse I shall find relief.  
When the dark shades of melancholy lower;  
For solitude has many a dreary hour,  
Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and  
pain:  
Come often then; for haply in my bower  
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st  
gain:

If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain.”

And now at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze  
The muse of history unrolls her page.  
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,  
To charm his fancy or his heart engage.  
Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood  
assuage,  
And straight their flames with tenfold fierce-  
ness burn:  
Here smiling virtue prompts the patriot's rage,  
But lo! ere long, is left alone to mourn,  
And languish in the dust, and clasp the aban-  
don'd urn.

“Ambition's slippery verge shall mortals tread,  
Where ruin's gulf unfathom'd yawns beneath?  
Shall life, shall liberty be lost (he said)  
For the vain toys that pomp and power be-  
queath!  
The car of victory, the plume, the wreath,  
Defend not from the bolt of fate the brave;  
No note the clarion of renown can breathe,  
T' alarm the long night of the lonely grave,  
Or check the headlong haste of Time's o'er-  
whelming wave.

“Ah! what avails it to have traced the springs  
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel?  
Ah! what have I to do with conquering kings,  
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt  
with steel?  
To those whom nature taught to think and feel,  
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern;  
Could history man's secret heart reveal,  
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,  
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would  
not yearn!

“This praise, O Cheronian sage,<sup>1</sup> is thine.  
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)  
All else from nature's moral path decline,  
Lured by the toys that captivate the throng;  
To herd in cabinets and camps, among  
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;  
Or chant of heraldry the drowsy song,  
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,  
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

“O who of man the story will unfold  
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,  
In that Elysian age (misnamed of gold)  
The age of love, and innocence, and joy,  
When all were great and free! man's sole  
employ  
To deek the bosom of his parent earth;  
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream  
decoy,  
To aid the floweret's long-expected birth,  
And lull the bed of peace and crown the board  
of mirth.

“Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves!  
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,  
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,  
His eye still smiling and his heart content.  
Then hand in hand health, sport, and labour  
went.  
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.  
None prowld for prey, none watch'd to cir-  
cumvent.  
To all an equal lot Heaven's bounty gave;  
No vassal fear'd his lord, no tyrant fear'd his  
slave.

“But ah! the historic Muse has never dared  
To pierce those hallow'd bowers: 'tis fancy's  
beam  
Pour'd on the vision of the enraptur'd bard,  
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.  
Then hail sweet fancy's ray! and hail the dream  
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe!  
Careless what others of my choice may deem,  
I long where love and fancy lead to go,  
And meditate on heaven,—enough of earth I  
know.”

“I cannot blame thy choice (the sage replied),  
For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways.  
And yet, even there, if left without a guide,  
The young adventurer unsafely plays.  
Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays  
In modest truth no light nor beauty find.  
And who, my child, would trust the meteor  
blaze,  
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer  
blind,  
More dark and helpless far than if it ne'er had  
shined!

“Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,  
And, while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight;  
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,  
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.  
And often, where no real ills affright,  
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,  
Assail with equal or superior might,  
And through the throbbing heart and dizzy  
brain,  
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than  
mortal pain.

<sup>1</sup> Plutarch.

“And yet, alas! the real ills of life  
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,  
 Prepared for patient, long, laborious strife,  
 Its guide experience and truth its guard.  
 We fare on earth as other men have fared.  
 Were they successful? Let not us despair.  
 Was disappointment oft their sole reward?  
 Yet shall their tale instruct if it declare  
 How they have borne the load ourselves are  
 doom'd to bear.

“What charms the historic Muse adorn, from  
 spoils,  
 And blood, and tyrants when she wings her  
 flight,  
 To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils,  
 Sacred to science, liberty, and right,  
 And peace, through every age divinely bright  
 Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!  
 Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,  
 A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus enshrined  
 In power, and man with man for mutual aid  
 combined?

“Hail sacred Polity, by freedom reared!  
 Hail sacred Freedom when by law restrain'd!  
 Without you what were man? A grovelling  
 herd,  
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.  
 Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd  
 In arts unrivall'd. O! to latest days,  
 In Albion may your influence unprofaned  
 To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,  
 And prompt the sage's lore and fire the poet's lays!

“But now let other themes our care engage,  
 For lo! with modest yet majestic grace,  
 To curb imagination's lawless rage,  
 And from within the cherish'd heart to brace,  
 Philosophy appears. The gloomy race  
 By indolence and moping fancy bred,  
 Fear, discontent, solicitude give place,  
 And hope and courage brighten in their stead,  
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are  
 shed.

“Then waken from long lethargy to life<sup>1</sup>  
 The seeds of happiness and powers of thought;  
 Then jarring appetites forego their strife,  
 A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.  
 Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought  
 With fell revenge, lust that defies control,  
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught  
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests  
 howl;  
 As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

<sup>1</sup> The influence of the philosophic spirit in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure. in exploring, in the help of geometry, the system of the universe; in banishing superstition; in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science.

“And reason now through number, time, and  
 space,  
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,  
 And learns from facts compared the laws to  
 trace,  
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.  
 Can mortal strength presume to soar so high!  
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,  
 Such glory bear!—for lo! the shadows fly  
 From nature's face; confusion disappears,  
 And order charms the eye, and harmony the ears.

“In the deep windings of the grove, no more  
 The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell;  
 Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar  
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirit's yell;  
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,  
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon;  
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,  
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,  
 Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of  
 noon.

“Many a long-lingering year in lonely isle,  
 Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves;  
 Lo! with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,  
 And trembling hands, the famish'd native  
 craves  
 Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,  
 Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day;  
 But science gives the word; and lo! he braves  
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,  
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

“And even where Nature loads the teeming plain  
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,  
 Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane:  
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to  
 shore  
 Stretch their enormous gloom; which to explore  
 Even fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood;  
 For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,  
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous  
 brood,  
 Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from  
 every flood.

“'Twas from philosophy man learn'd to tame  
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.  
 Lo! from the echoing axe and thundering flame,  
 Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled.  
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,  
 Bring health and melody to every vale:  
 And from the breezy main and mountain's head,  
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,  
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering  
 gale.

“What dire necessities on every hand  
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require!  
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band  
 Against this little throb of life conspire!

Yet science can elude their fatal ire  
 Awhile, and turn aside death's level'd dart,  
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire.  
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the  
 heart,  
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

“Nor less to regulate man's moral frame  
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.  
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,  
 Or pines, to indolence and spleen a prey,  
 Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they!  
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove;  
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away  
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove  
 How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips  
 of love.

“What cannot art and industry perform,  
 When science plans the progress of their toil!  
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm;  
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.  
 When tyrants scourge or demagogues embroil  
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage  
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,  
 Deep-versed in man the philosophic sage  
 Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to  
 assuage.

“'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,  
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime  
 Explored, a nation's various powers can bind,  
 And various orders, in one form sublime  
 Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,  
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear  
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,  
 While public faith and public love sincere,  
 And industry and law maintain their sway severe.”

Enraptured by the hermit's strain, the youth  
 Proceeds the path of science to explore.  
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,  
 New energies, and charms unknown before,  
 His mind discloses: Fancy now no more  
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;  
 But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,  
 Aloft from cause to cause exults to rise,  
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires  
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;  
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,  
 And of the services man owes to man,  
 He meditates new arts on Nature's plan;  
 The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,  
 The flame of industry and genius fan,  
 And emulation's noble rage alarm,  
 And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,  
 And all his dreams and all his wanderings  
 shared,

And bless'd the Muse and her celestial art,  
 Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and first regard.  
 From Nature's beauties, variously compared  
 And variously combined, he learns to frame  
 Those forms of bright perfection' which the  
 bard,  
 While boundless hopes and boundless views  
 inflame,  
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous  
 show,  
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,  
 Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now  
 To his experienced eye a modest grace  
 Presents, where ornament the second place  
 Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design  
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace  
 Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,  
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops the  
 unwieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)  
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,  
 When the great shepherd of the Mantuan  
 plains<sup>2</sup>  
 His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:  
 Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his  
 soul,  
 How the red current throb'd his veins along,  
 When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,  
 Without art graceful, without effort strong,  
 Homer raised high to Heaven the loud, th' im-  
 petuous song.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,  
 Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,  
 Warbling at will through each harmonious  
 maze,  
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,  
 I fain would sing: but ah! I strive in vain.  
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.  
 With trembling step, to join you weeping train,  
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,  
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of  
 death resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that fancy's flowers adorn,  
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind!  
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,  
 He whom each virtue fired, each grace refined,  
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!  
 He sleeps in dust.<sup>3</sup> Ah, how shall I pursue

<sup>1</sup> General ideas of excellence, the immediate archetypes of sublime imitation, both in painting and in poetry. See Aristotle's *Poetics*, and the *Discourses* of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

<sup>2</sup> Virgil.

<sup>3</sup> This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

My theme! To heart-consuming grief resign'd  
Here on his recent grave I fix my view,  
And pour my bitter tears. Ye flowery lays, adieu!

Art thou, my Gregory, for ever fled!  
And am I left to unavailing woe!  
When fortune's storms assail this weary head,  
Where cares long since have shed untimely  
snow,

Ah! now for comfort whither shall I go?  
No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:  
Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,  
My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.

'Tis meet that I should mourn: flow forth afresh  
my tears.

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### RETIREMENT.

When in the crimson cloud of even  
The lingering light decays,  
And Hesper on the front of heaven  
His glittering gem displays;  
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,  
Beside a lulling stream,  
A pensive youth, of placid mien,  
Indulged this tender theme.

“Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled  
High o'er the glimmering dale;  
Ye woods, along whose windings wild  
Murmurs the solemn gale:  
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,  
And Woe retires to weep,  
What time the wan moon's yellow horn  
Gleams on the western deep:

“To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms  
Ne'er drew ambition's eye,  
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,  
To your retreats I fly.  
Deep in your most sequester'd bower  
Let me at last recline,  
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,  
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

“How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!  
Thy heavenly smile how win?  
Thy smile that smooths the brow of care,  
And stills the storm within.  
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove  
Thine ardent votary bring,  
And bless his hours, and bid them move  
Serene, on silent wing!

“ Oft let remembrance soothe his mind  
With dreams of former days,  
When in the lap of peace reclined  
He framed his infant lays;

When fancy roved at large, nor care  
Nor cold distrust alarm'd,  
Nor envy, with malignant glare,  
His simple youth had harm'd.

“'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee  
His early vows were paid,  
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,  
Devoted to the shade.  
Ah! why did fate his steps decoy  
In stormy paths to roam,  
Remote from all congenial joy!—  
O take the wanderer home!

“Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,  
Thy charms my only theme;  
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine  
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.  
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray  
Breaks from the rustling boughs,  
And down the lone vale sails away  
To more profound repose.

“O! while to thee the woodland pours  
Its wildly warbling song,  
And balmy from the bank of flowers  
The zephyr breathes along;  
Let no rude sound invade from far,  
No vagrant foot be nigh.  
No ray from grandeur's gilded car  
Flash on the startled eye.

“But if some pilgrim through the glade  
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,  
O guard from harm his hoary head,  
And listen to his lore!  
For he of joys divine shall tell,  
That wean from earthly woe,  
And triumph o'er the mighty spell  
That chains his heart below.

“For me, no more the path invites,  
Ambition loves to tread;  
No more I climb those toilsome heights,  
By guileful hope misled;  
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more  
To mirth's enlivening strain;  
For present pleasure soon is o'er,  
And all the past is vain.”

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### THE HERMIT.<sup>1</sup>

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,

<sup>1</sup> Boswell mentions that when Dr. Johnson was reading this poem in his presence he was so much affected that it brought tears in his (Johnson's) eyes.—Ed.



When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,  
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;  
 'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar,  
 While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;  
 No more with himself or with nature at war,  
 He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

“ Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,  
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?  
 For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,  
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.  
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,  
 Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to  
 mourn;  
 O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass  
 away;  
 Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
 The moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays:  
 But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high  
 She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.  
 Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue  
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again:  
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew!  
 Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;  
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;  
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,  
 Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with  
 dew:

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;  
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:  
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!  
 O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

“ 'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science be-  
 tray'd,  
 That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,  
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward  
 to shade,  
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.

‘ O, pity, great Father of Light,’ then I cried,  
 ‘ Thy creature who fain would not wander from  
 thee;  
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;  
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst  
 free!’

“ And darkness and doubt are now flying away,  
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.  
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,  
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.  
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descend-  
 ing,  
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!  
 On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are  
 blending,  
 And Beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.”

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#### COULD AUGHT OF SONG DECLARE MY PAIN.

Could aught of song declare my pain,  
 Could artful numbers move thee:  
 The muse should tell in mournful strain,  
 O, Delia, how I love thee.  
 They who but feign a wounded heart,  
 May teach the lyre to languish;  
 But what avails the pride of art  
 When pines the soul in anguish?

Then, Delia, let the sudden sigh  
 The heartfelt pang discover:  
 And in the keen, but tender eye,  
 O read th' imploring lover.  
 For well I know thy gentle mind  
 Disdains art's gay disguising:—  
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,  
 The voice of nature prizing.

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## ALEXANDER GEDDES.

BORN 1737—DIED 1802

ALEXANDER GEDDES, a divine of the Roman Catholic Church, was born in 1737 in the parish of Ruthven, Banffshire. His education was completed at the Scots College at Paris, and in 1764 he returned to Scotland. After officiating as a priest for a year in Forfarshire, he was invited to reside at Traquair House, where he formed

an attachment to a member of the earl's family, which was returned with equal warmth by the lady. Not wishing to violate his vow of celibacy, Geddes abruptly left the ancient mansion, leaving behind him a beautiful poem addressed to the fair yet innocent cause of his departure. He spent a winter in Paris, and then returned

to Scotland, being appointed to the charge of a congregation in his native county. The liberality of his sentiments, and the friendships that he formed with Protestant clergymen, at length caused his suspension from ecclesiastical functions, and so, after having for ten years acceptably performed his pastoral duties, he proceeded to London, receiving before his departure, from the University of Aberdeen, the degree of LL.D., being the first Roman Catholic to whom it had been granted since the Reformation. The remainder of Dr. Geddes' life was chiefly spent in London, where he died February 26, 1802. He was an accomplished scholar, being familiar with various ancient and modern languages; a voluminous

prose writer, and the author of numerous now-forgotten poems and translations from Homer, Horace, &c.; but he is chiefly entitled to remembrance as the writer of two popular and pleasing songs. The life of this able and eccentric divine, with criticisms on his various prose and poetical works, was written by Dr. John Mason Good, and published in 1804. Dr. Geddes began a translation of the Bible, with notes, which he did not live to complete. While this work is generally admitted to contain many happy renderings, and to exhibit a profound knowledge of Hebrew, its rationalistic tendency gave great offence to Christians generally, and both Protestant and Romanist united in rejecting it.

### THE WEE WIFUKIE.

There was a wee bit wifukie was comin' frae the fair,  
Had got a wee bit drappukie that bred her meikle care,  
It gaed about the wifie's heart, and she began to spew;  
O! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.  
I wish I binna fou, quo' she, I wish I binna fou;  
Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, I wish I binna fou.

If Johnnie find me barley-siek, I'm sure he'll claw my skin;  
But I'll lie down and tak' a nap before that I gae in.  
Sitting at the dyke-side, and taking o' her nap,  
By came a packman laddie wi' a little pack.  
Wi' a little pack, quo' she, wi' a little pack,  
By came a packman laddie, wi' a little pack.

He's clippit a' her gowden locks, sae bonnie and sae lang;  
He's ta'en her purse and a' her plaeks, and fast awa' he ran;  
And when the wifie waken'd, her head was like a bee,  
Oh! quo' the wee wifukie, this is nae me.  
This is nae me, quo' she, this is nae me,  
Somebody has been felling me, and this is nae me.

I met with kindly company, and bir'd my baw-bee,  
And still, if this be Bessukie, three plaeks remain wi' me.  
But I will look the pursie nooks, see gin the cunye be:—

There's neither purse nor plack about me!—this is nae me.  
This is nae me, &c.

I have a little housukie, but and a kindly man;  
A dog, they ca' him Doussiekie, if this be me he'll fawn;  
And Johnnie, he'll come to the door, and kindly welcome gi'e,  
And a' the bairns on the floor-head will dance if this be me.  
This is nae me, &c.

The night was late and dang out weel, and oh but it was dark,  
The doggie heard a body's foot, and he began to bark;  
Oh, when she heard the doggie bark, and kennin' it was he,  
Oh weel ken ye, Doussie, quo' she, this is nae me.  
This is nae me, &c.

When Johnnie heard his Bessie's word, fast to the door he ran;  
Is that you, Bessukie? Wow na, man!  
Be kind to the bairns a', and weel mat ye be,  
And fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me.  
This is nae me, &c.

John ran to the minister, his hair stood a' on end,  
I've gotten sie a fright, sir, I fear I'll never mend;  
My wife's come hame without a head, erylng out most piteously,  
Oh, fareweel, Johnnie, quo' she, this is nae me!  
This is nae me, &c.

The tale you tell, the parson said, is wonderful  
to me,

How that a wife without a head could speak, or  
hear, or see!

But things that happen hereabout so strangely  
alter'd be,

That I could maist, wi' Bessie, say, 'tis neither  
you nor she.

Neither you nor she, quo' he, neither you  
nor she;

Wow na, Johnnie, man, 'tis neither you nor  
she.

Now Johnnie he cam' hame again, and, oh! but  
he was fain

To see his little Bessukie come to hersel' again.

He got her sitting on a stool, wi' Tibbuk on her  
knee,

Oh! come awa', Johnnie, quo' she, come awa' to  
me;

For I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now  
me.

This is now me, quo' she, this is now  
me;

I've got a nap wi' Tibbukie, and this is now  
me.

LEWIS GORDON.<sup>1</sup>

Oh! send my Lewis Gordon hame,  
And the lad I daurna name;  
Although his back be at the wa',  
Here's to him that's far awa'.

Heeh, hey! my Highlandman!  
My handsome, charming Highlandman!  
Weel could I my true love ken  
Among ten thousand Highlandmen.

Oh, to see his tartan trews,  
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,  
Philabeg aboon his knee.  
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!

This lovely lad, of whom I sing,  
Is fitted for to be a king;  
And on his breast he wears a star,  
You'd take him for the god of war.

Oh, to see this princely one,  
Seated on his father's throne!  
Our griefs would then a' disappear,  
We'd celebrate the jub'lee year.

## JAMES MACPHERSON.

BORN 1738 — DIED 1796

JAMES MACPHERSON, the translator or author of *Ossian*, was born in the parish of Kingussie, Inverness-shire, in 1738. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Inverness, and, with a view of studying for the church, he in 1752 entered King's College, Aberdeen, and afterwards the University of Edinburgh. As a student he was not distinguished beyond his class-mates, except for a love of poetical idling in preference to abstruse study; diverting the attention of the younger students from their more serious pursuits by his humorous and doggerel rhymes. On leaving college he was for some time schoolmaster at Ruthven, near his native place, and was subsequently employed by a gentleman as a tutor for his sons. In 1758 he published a heroic poem in

six cantos, entitled "The Highlander," which at once proved his ambition and his incapacity. It is beneath criticism. About the same period there appeared in the *Scots Magazine* several poems from his pen. In 1760, by the advice of John Home, author of "Douglas," and Dr. Carlyle, he published "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collected in the Highlands of Scotland, and translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language." These fragments, sixteen in number, attracted very general attention, and as other specimens were said to be recoverable, a subscription was made to enable Macpherson to visit the Highlands for that purpose.

The fruits of this mission he soon after published in two volumes. In 1762, "Fingal, an ancient epic poem in six books, with other

<sup>1</sup> The Lewis Gordon alluded to was the third son of the Duke of Gordon. He declared for Prince Charles in 1745, and was afterwards attainted, but escaped to

France, where he died in 1734. "It needs not," remarks Burns, "a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song."—ED.

lesser Poems," appeared; and the year following, "Temora, an epic poem in eight books, with other Poems." The impression produced was marvellous, and is the only previous instance in the history of Scottish literature which at all resembles the sudden burst of popularity which welcomed the Waverley Novels. Within a year of the publication of the poems they were translated into almost all the languages of Europe. The sale of these works was immense, and Macpherson is said to have realized upwards of £1200 by their publication. Both poems were represented to have been composed by Ossian; and the possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the Highlands of Scotland there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalric feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment; while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition through a thousand years among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes, was no less astonishing. Many doubted, but still a greater number, including Dr. Blair, Fergusson, Carlyle, and Home, "indulged the pleasing supposition that Fin- gal fought and Ossian sang." It seems now, however, after a hundred years of controversy, to be the established opinion that "Ossian" was composed by Macpherson himself, founded on fragmentary poems and ballads preserved by tradition among the Highlanders. "The skeleton was furnished him, but it was he who clothed it with flesh, endued it with life, and gave it the form it now wears. He caught the tone and spirit of the Celtic lyre from hearing its strings vibrating in the wind. The starting note was given him, but the strain is his own. Whatever degree of merit, therefore, may be allowed to these strains, belongs to Macpherson." Matthew Arnold, writing on the subject of Ossian, remarks—"The Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, this Titanic element in poetry. Make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as large as you please, there will still be left a residue with the very soul of Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven,

and echoing Lora, and Selma with its silent halls? We all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us!"

In 1764 Macpherson accompanied Governor Johnstone to Florida, acting as his secretary, and after visiting the West Indies he returned to England in 1766, with a pension of £200 a year for life. Fixing his residence in London, he became one of the literary supporters of the administration, published some historical works, and was a popular pamphleteer. In 1773 he appeared with a translation of the "Iliad," in the same style of poetical prose as Ossian, but it proved a complete failure, exciting only ridicule and contempt. Being appointed agent of the Nabob of Arcot, it was thought requisite that Macpherson should have a seat in parliament, and he was accordingly elected member for Camelford in 1780, and twice re-elected for the same place in 1784 and 1790. The poet, having now realized a handsome fortune, in 1789 purchased a property in his native parish, on which he built a splendid residence called Bellville, where he died February 17, 1796. By his will, besides bequeathing legacies and annuities to various persons, he left £1000 to John Mackenzie to defray the expense of publishing Ossian in the original; and £300 to defray the cost of a monument to his own memory, to be erected in some conspicuous situation near his residence of Bellville. His remains were interred in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, in accordance with his instructions; and a marble obelisk, containing a medallion portrait of Macpherson, may be seen gleaming amidst a clump of trees by the roadside near Kingussie.

Agreeably to the will of the poet, the pretended originals were published in a splendid form, accompanied by two dissertations, one by Sir John Sinclair, Bart., and the other by Dr. Macarthur, besides a translation by the latter of an Italian dissertation on the Ossianic controversy, written by the Abbe Cesaratti, who had translated the poems of Ossian into Italian; but both editors appear to have fallen into the mistake of attempting to keep up the old fiction that Macpherson was a mere translator; whereas, we believe the poet's own intention in directing the publication was to put an end to this fiction, and to inform pos-

terity to whom their gratitude is really due for the so-called poems of Ossian.

A new edition of the Gaelic Homer

“Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,  
Whom English infidels Macpherson call,”

appeared in 1871, containing the Poems of Ossian, the original Gaelic with Macpherson’s English text, a new literal translation and dissertation on their authenticity, &c., by the

Rev. Archibald Clerk. This last and noblest edition of Ossian is due to the munificence of the Marquis of Bute, of whose ancestor, the celebrated minister of George III., Macpherson was a protégé. From this work we take blank-verse translations of the two perhaps most popular and descriptive passages in the Ossianic poems—the “Address to the Sun,” and the “Desolation of Balclutha.”

## OINA - MORUL :

A POEM.

ARGUMENT.—After an address to Malvina, the daughter of Toscar, Ossian proceeds to relate his own expedition to Fuärfed, an island of Scandinavia. Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed, being hard pressed in war by Ton-thormod, chief of Sar-droulo (who had demanded in vain the daughter of Mal-orchol in marriage), Fingal sent Ossian to his aid. Ossian, on the day after his arrival, came to battle with Ton-thormod, and took him prisoner. Mal-orchol offers his daughter, Oina-morul, to Ossian; but he, discovering her passion for Ton-thormod, generously surrenders her to her lover, and brings about a reconciliation between the two kings.

As flies the inconstant sun over Larmon’s grassy hill, so pass the tales of old along my soul by night! When birds are removed to their place, when harps are hung in Selma’s hall, then comes a voice to Ossian, and awakes his soul! It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me with all their deeds! I seize the tales as they pass, and pour them forth in song. Nor a troubled stream is the song of the king, it is like the rising of music from Lutha of the strings. Lutha of many strings, not silent are thy streamy rocks, when the white hands of Malvina move upon the harp! Light of the shadowy thoughts that fly across my soul, daughter of Toscar of helmets, wilt thou not hear the song? We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

It was in the days of the king, while yet my locks were young, that I marked Con-cathlin<sup>1</sup>

on high, from ocean’s nightly wave. My course was toward the isle of Fuärfed, woody dweller of seas! Fingal had sent me to the aid of Mal-orchol, king of Fuärfed wild; for war was around him, and our fathers had met at the feast.

In Col-coiled I bound my sails. I sent my sword to Mal-orchol of shells. He knew the signal of Albion, and his joy arose. He came from his own high hall, and seized my hand in grief. “Why comes the race of heroes to a falling king? Ton-thormod of many spears is the chief of wavy Sar-droulo. He saw and loved my daughter, white-bosomed Oina-Morul. He sought. I denied the maid, for our fathers had been foes. He came with battle to Fuärfed: my people are rolled away. Why comes the race of heroes to a fallen king?”

“I come not,” I said, “to look, like a boy, on the strife. Fingal remembers Mal-orchol, and his hall for strangers. From his waves the warrior descended on thy woody isle: thou wert no cloud before him. Thy feast was spread with songs. For this my sword shall rise, and thy foes perhaps may fail. Our friends are not forgot in their danger, though distant is our land.”

“Descendant of the daring Treumor, thy words are like the voice of Cruth-Loda, when he speaks from his parting cloud, strong dweller of the sky! Many have rejoiced at

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is certain, that the Caledonians often made their way through the dangerous and tempestuous seas of Scandinavia, which is more, perhaps, than the more polished nations subsisting in those times dared to venture. In estimating the degree of knowledge of arts among the ancients we ought not to bring it into comparison with the improvements of modern times. Our advantages over them proceed more from accident than any merit of ours.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>1</sup> “Con-cathlin,” mild beam of the wave. What star was so called of old is not easily ascertained. Some now distinguish the pole-star by that name. A song, which is still in repute among the seafaring part of the Highlanders, alludes to this passage of Ossian. The author commends the knowledge of Ossian in sea affairs, a merit which perhaps few of us moderns will allow him, or any, in the age in which he lived. One thing

my feast; but they have all forgot Mal-orehol. I have looked towards all the winds, but no white sails were seen! but steel<sup>1</sup> resounds in my hall, and not the joyful shells. Come to my dwelling, race of heroes! dark-skirted night is near. Hear the voice of songs from the Maid of Fúarféd wild."

We went. On the harp arose the white hands of Oina-Morul. She waked her own sad tale from every trembling string. I stood in silence; for bright in her locks was the daughter of many isles! Her eyes were two stars, looking forward through a rushing shower. The mariner marks them on high, and blesses the lovely beams. With morning we rushed to battle, to Tornul's resounding stream: the foe moved to the sound of Ton-thormod's bossy shield. From wing to wing the strife was mixed. I met Ton-thormod in fight. Wide flew his broken steel. I seized the king in war. I gave his hand, fast bound with thongs, to Mal-orehol, the giver of shells. Joy rose at the feast of Fúarféd, for the foe had failed. Ton-thormod turned his face away from Oina-morul of isles.

"Son of Fingal," began Mal-orehol, "not forgot shalt thou pass from me. A light shall dwell in thy ship, Oina-morul, of slow-rolling eyes. She shall kindle gladness along thy mighty soul. Nor unheeded shall the maid move in Selma through the dwelling of kings."

In the hall I lay in night. Mine eyes were half closed in sleep. Soft music came to mine ears. It was like the rising breeze, that whirls at first the thistle's beard, then flies dark-shadowy over the grass. It was the maid of Fúarféd wild! she raised the nightly song: she knew that my soul was a stream that flowed

at pleasant sounds. "Who looks," she said, "from his rock on ocean's closing mist? His long locks, like the raven's wing, are wandering on the blast.—Stately are his steps in grief! The tears are in his eyes! His manly breast is heaving over his bursting soul! Retire, I am distant afar, a wanderer in lands unknown. Though the race of kings are around me, yet my soul is dark. Why have our fathers been foes, Ton-thormod, love of maids!"

"Soft voice of the streamy isle," I said, "why dost thou mourn by night? The race of daring Treumor are not the dark in soul. Thou shalt not wander by streams unknown, blue-eyed Oina-morul! within this bosom is a voice: it comes not to other ears; it bids Ossian hear the hapless in their hour of woe. Retire, soft singer by night! Ton-thormod shall not mourn on his rock!"

With morning I loosed the king. I gave the long-haired maid. Mal-orehol heard my words in the midst of his echoing halls. "King of Fúarféd wild, why should Ton-thormod mourn? He is of the race of heroes, and a flame in war. Your fathers have been foes, but now their dim ghosts rejoice in death. They stretch their hands of mist to the same shell in Loda. Forget their rage, ye warriors! it was the cloud of other years."

Such were the deeds of Ossian, while yet his locks were young; though loveliness, with a robe of beams, clothed the daughter of many isles. We call back, maid of Lutha, the years that have rolled away!

## THE SONGS OF SELMA.

ARGUMENT.—Address to the evening star. An apostrophe to Fingal and his times. Minona sings before the king the song of the unfortunate Colma, and the bards exhibit other specimens of their poetical talents, according to an annual custom established by the monarchs of the ancient Caledonians.

Star of descending night! fair is thy light in the west! thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud: thy steps are stately on thy hill. What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the distant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course is on the field. What dost thou behold, fair light! But thou dost smile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee: they

<sup>1</sup> There is a severe satire conched in this expression, against the guests of Mal orehol. Had his feast been still spread, had joy continued in his hall, his former parasites would not have failed to resort to him. But as the time of festivity was past, their attendance also ceased. The sentiments of a certain old bard are agreeable to this observation. He poetically compares a great man to a fire kindled in a desert place. "Those that pay court to him," says he, "are rolling large around him, like the smoke about the fire. This smoke gives the fire a great appearance at a distance, but it is but an empty vapour itself, and varying its form at every breeze. When the trunk which fed the fire is consumed the smoke departs on all the winds—So the flatterers forsake their chief when his power declines." I have chosen to give a paraphrase, rather than a translation, of this passage, as the original is verbose and frothy, notwithstanding the sentimental merit of the author. He was one of the less ancient bards, and their compositions are not nervous enough to bear a literal translation.—*J. Macpherson.*

bathe thy lovely hair. Farewell, thou silent beam! Let the light of Ossian's soul arise!

And it does arise in its strength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days of other years. Fingal comes like a watery column of mist; his heroes are around: And see the bards of song, gray-haired Ullin! stately Ryno! Alpin,<sup>1</sup> with the tuneful voice! the soft complaint of Minona! How are ye changed, my friends, since the days of Selma's feast? when we contended, like gales of spring, as they fly along the hill, and bend by turns the feebly whistling grass.

Minona<sup>2</sup> came forth in her beauty, with downcast look and tearful eye. Her hair flew slowly on the blast, that rushed unfrequent from the hill. The souls of the heroes were sad when she raised the tuneful voice. Often had they seen the grave of Salgar,<sup>3</sup> the dark dwelling of white-bosomed Colma.<sup>4</sup> Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of song! Salgar promised to come: but the night descended around. Hear the voice of Colma, when she sat alone on the hill!

*Colma.* It is night; I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him, unstrung: his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, why the chief of the hill his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream! Thou didst promise with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly from my father; with thee from my brother of pride. Our race have long been foes; we are not foes, O Salgar!

Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent a while! let my voice be heard around!

<sup>1</sup> Alpin is from the same root with Albion, or rather Albin, the ancient name of Britain; Alp, high island or country. The present name of our island has its origin in the Celtic tongue; so that those who derived it from any other betrayed their ignorance of the ancient language of our country. *Brait*, or *Braid*, extensive; and *in*, land.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>2</sup> Ossian introduces Minona, not in the ideal scene in his own mind, which he had described, but at the annual feast of Selma, where the bards repeated their works before Fingal.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>3</sup> Sealg-er, a hunter.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>4</sup> Culmath, a woman with fine hair.—*J. Macpherson.*

Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls! Here is the tree and the rock. Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayedst thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone!

Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friend! To Colma they give no reply. Speak to me: I am alone! My soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar! why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me: hear my voice; hear me, sons of my love! They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill; from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are you gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale; no answer half-drowned in the storm!

I sit in my grief! I wait for morning in my tears! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead. Close it not till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why should I stay behind? Here shall I rest with my friends by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill, when the loud winds arise, my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear from his booth; he shall fear, but love my voice! for sweet shall my voice be for my friends; pleasant were her friends to Colma!

Such was thy song, Minona, softly blushing daughter of Torman. Our tears descended for Colma, and our souls were sad! Ullin came with his harp; he gave the song of Alpin. The voice of Alpin was pleasant; the soul of Ryno was a beam of fire! But they had rested in the narrow house; their voice had ceased in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chase before the heroes fell. He heard the strife on the hill: their song was soft but sad! They mourned the fall of Morar, first of mortal men! His soul was like the soul of Fingal; his sword like the sword of Oscar. But he fell, and his father mourned; his sister's eyes were full of tears. Minona's eyes were full of tears, the sister of ear-borne Morar. She retired from the song of Ullin, like the moon

in the west, when she foresees the shower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. I touched the harp, with Ullin; the song of mourning rose!

*Ryno.* The wind and the rain are past; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconstant sun. Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead! Bent is his head of age; red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? why complainest thou as a blast in the wood; as a wave on the lonely shore?

*Alpin.* My tears, O Ryno! are for the dead; my voice for those that have passed away. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the vale. But thou shalt fall like Morar;<sup>1</sup> the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung!

Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the desert; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm. Thy sword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was a stream after rain; like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm; they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode! With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with scarce a leaf, long grass which whistles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is she that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglau.

Who on his staff is this? who is this, whose head is white with age? whose eyes are red with tears? who quakes at every step? It is thy father,<sup>2</sup> O Morar! the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war; he heard of foes dispersed; he heard of Morar's renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low thy pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call.

<sup>1</sup> Mór-ér, great man.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>2</sup> Tormán, the son of Caithul, lord of I-mora, one of the Western Isles.—*J. Macpherson.*

When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake? Farewell, thou bravest of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field shall see thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou has left no son. The song shall preserve thy name. Future times shall hear of thee; they shall hear of the fallen Morar!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of song, when the king heard the music of harps, the tales of other times! The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely sound. They praised the voice of Cona,<sup>3</sup> the first among a thousand bards! But age is now on my tongue; my soul has failed! I hear, at times, the ghosts of bards, and learn their pleasant song. But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years! They say, as they pass along, Why does Ossian sing? Soon shall he lie in the narrow house, and no bard shall raise his fame! Roll on, ye dark-brown years; ye bring no joy on your course! Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed. The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast that roars, lonely on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moss whistles there; the distant mariner sees the waving trees!

#### THE ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

(FROM CARTHON.)

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But

<sup>3</sup> Ossian is sometimes poetically called the *voice of Cma*.—*J. Macpherson.*



thou art perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.<sup>1</sup>

THE DESOLATION OF BALCLUTHA.<sup>2</sup>

(FROM CARTHON.)

Raise, ye bards, said the mighty Fingal, the praise of the unhappy Moina. Call her ghost with your songs to our hills; that she

<sup>1</sup> The following blank-verse translation of the same passage is by the Rev. Archibald Clerk: —

O thou that travellest on high,  
Round as warrior's hard, full shield,  
Whence thy brightness without gloom,  
Thy light which lasts so long, O Sun?  
Thou comest in thy beauty strong,  
And the stars conceal their path;  
The moon, all pale, forsakes the sky,  
Herself in western wave to hide;  
Thou, in thy journey, art alone;  
Who to thee will dare draw nigh?  
Falls the oak from lofty crag;  
Falls the rock in crumbling age,  
Ebbs and flows the ocean (tide);  
Lost is the moon in heavens high;  
Thou alone dost triumph evermore,  
In joyancy of light thine own.

When tempest blackens round the world,  
In thunder fierce and lightning dire,  
Thou wilt, in thy beauty, view the storm,  
Smiling 'mid the uproar of the skies.

To me thy light is vain;  
Thy face I never more shall see  
Spreading thy locks of gold-yellow wave  
In the east on the face of the clouds,  
Nor when (thou) tremblest in the west,  
At thy dusky doors on the ocean.

And perchance thou art even as I,  
At seasons strong, at seasons weak,  
Our years, descending from the sky,  
Together hasting to their close.  
Joy be upon thee then, O Sun!  
Since in thy youth thou art strong, O chief!

Dark and unpleasing is old age,  
Like dim light of a sickly moon  
When she looks through clouds on the plain,  
The hoary mist on the side of cairns,  
The blast from north on the field,  
The wayfarer weary and slow.

may rest with the fair of Morven, the sunbeams of other days, the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head: the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us; for, one day, we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest upon thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blast

<sup>2</sup> Rev. A. Clerk's translation of the same passage:—

“Raise, ye tuneful bards, the song,”  
Said Fingal, high chief of shields;  
“Raise praise to gentle Moina of the waves—  
She sleeps amid the music of the hills;  
Let her soul be slowly called by song  
To the land of the great clouds,  
Her gentle course by edge of peaks,  
On the great Bens of happy maidens—  
The sunbeams of days that are gone,  
The womanly joy of the men who have been.  
Sear was the wall of Balclutha of swords,  
When the people's voice now rises faint;  
In the hall devouring fire had been.  
To day no converse there 'twixt brave and fair  
Turned Clutha by, in light stream, on the plain,  
From lofty walls which fell, all prone, in dust.  
There, in the wind, the thistle sways,  
And weeps the moss beneath the tower.  
The russet fox, in window all his own,  
The grass slow-waving round his back;  
Desolate is the dwelling of the tuneful Moina—  
Dark is the spacious hall in the tower.  
Raise, ye bards, the grief of songs,  
For the wave girt hall which has been.  
The fallen brave have long lain in the mound,  
But the heroes' days will (to us) come down.  
Why built by thee has been the festive hall,  
Thou Son of time, with many wings?  
Thou lookest to day from turret high.  
The next (from) beneath the mountain crag.  
Not tardy are the years whose tread is power,  
With blast from mountains dark and desert;  
They lift their voice in lordly hall,  
Which fall in ruins to the ground.  
Come on, dark blast, from mountain drear,  
We shall be noble in our day;  
My sword shall have its mark in war,  
My soul shall be with bards of heroes.  
Raise ye the tune; send round the shell;  
Let joy be carolled round me.  
When thou, whom I behold on high, shalt fail  
If fail thou shalt, thou mighty light:  
If thou, from time to time, grow faint,  
As Fingal of the fleetest step;  
My fame shall be as lasting as thy gleam.”

of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round the half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! the mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song; send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, sun of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal; so our fame shall survive thy beams!

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### ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

(FROM DAR-THULA.)

Daughter of heaven, fair art thou! the silence of thy face is pleasant! Thou comest forth in loveliness. The stars attend thy blue course in the east. The clouds rejoice in thy presence, O moon! they brighten their dark-brown sides. Who is like thee in heaven, light of the silent night? The stars are ashamed in thy presence. They turn away their sparkling eyes. Whither dost thou retire from thy course, when the darkness of thy countenance grows? hast thou thy hall like Ossian! dwellest thou in the shadow of grief? have thy sisters fallen from heaven? are they who rejoiced with thee at night no more? Yes, they have fallen, fair light: and thou dost often retire to mourn. But thou thyself shalt fail one night, and leave thy blue path in heaven. The stars will then lift their heads: they who were ashamed in thy presence will rejoice. Thou art now clothed with thy brightness. Look from thy gates in the sky. Burst the cloud, O wind; that the daughter of night may look forth; that the shaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its white waves in light!

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### FINGAL'S AIRY HALL.

(FROM BERRYTHON.)

His friends sit around the king on mist! They hear the songs of Ullin: he strikes the half-viewless harp. He raises the feeble voice. The less-er heroes, with a thousand meteors, light the airy hall. Malvina rises in the midst; a blush is on her cheek. She beholds the unknown faces of her fathers. She turns aside her humid eyes. "Art thou come so soon?" said Fingal, "daughter of generous Toscar.

Sadness dwells in the halls of Lutha. My aged son<sup>1</sup> is sad! I hear the breeze of Cona, that was wont to lift thy heavy locks. It comes to the hall, but thou art not there. Its voice is mournful among the arms of thy fathers! Go, with thy rustling wind, O breeze! sigh on Malvina's tomb. It rises yonder beneath the rock, at the blue stream of Lutha. The maids<sup>2</sup> are departed to their place. Thou alone, O breeze, mournest there!"

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### COLNA-DONA.<sup>3</sup>

Colamon, of the troubled streams,  
Dark wanderer of the vales!  
Through shadowy trees I see thy gleams,  
Near Car-ul's echoing halls.

There dwelt fair Colna-dona bright,  
The daughter of the king;  
Her eyes like stars, her arms as white  
As foam the billows fling.

Her breast was like the new-fall'n snow,  
Or waves that gently move;  
Her soul was like a stream of light;  
The chiefest heroes' love.

We march'd, at Fingal's high command,  
To Crona's banks afar;  
Toscar, from Lutha's grassy shores,  
And Ossian, young in war.

Three bards attended with their songs;  
Three shields before us borne;  
For we a monument must raise  
To mighty deed he'd done.

For Fingal there, on Crona's banks,  
His foes had triumph'd o'er,  
And backward turn'd their foreign ranks,  
Like surges from the shore.

We halted at the field of fame;  
Night from the hill came down;

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<sup>1</sup> Ossian, who had a great friendship for Malvina, both on account of her love for his son Oscar, and her attention to himself.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>2</sup> That is, the virgins who sung the funeral elegy over her tomb.—*J. Macpherson.*

<sup>3</sup> In this metrical paraphrase of one of the shortest of the twenty-one Ossianic poems, not an idea has been added or altered, and but seldom any omitted, while the words have only been changed when necessary to complete the imperfect poetical measure, to avoid obscurity or to introduce rhyme.

I fell'd an oak, and soon its flame  
O'er all the mountain shone.

I call'd my sires to look below,  
From cloudy mansions down;  
Their noble hearts with joy must glow  
At deeds their sons had done.

I rais'd a stone from Crona's stream,  
Amidst the bards' loud song,  
Staining with foemen's clotted blood  
The waves that roll'd along.

A boss from ev'ry stranger's shield  
I placed below in earth,  
While Ullin's harp alternate peal'd  
Its sounds of woe and mirth.

Then Tosear laid a dagger down,  
With mail of sounding steel;  
We heap'd the mould, and bade the stone  
Its tale of fame to tell:

"Thou oozy rock, now rais'd on high  
Above the river's bed,  
Speak to the feeble when we die,  
When Selma's race have fled.

"In stormy night some traveller here  
Shall rest from weary roam;  
Thy moss shall whistle in his ear,  
And dreams of war shall come.

"Then battles shall before him rise;  
Kings, with their dark-blue shields,  
Descend from clouds, and round him fight  
Upon their moonlight fields.

"Waking at morning from his dream,  
He'll see the tombs alone,  
And ask, and aged men reply:  
'Old Ossian rais'd this stone.'

A bard, for Colna-dona bright,  
Car-ul, the stranger's friend,  
To the rich feast of kings t' invite  
At Colamon did send.

From his white locks on us he smil'd—  
The sons of his friends—with love,  
When there we stood, like two young trees  
Within an ancient grove.

"Sons of the mighty," said the chief,  
"Ye bring old days to mind,  
When first I landed from the sea,  
Where Selma's valleys wind.

"I'd come across the waves, to chase,  
And Duthmocarlos find;

I overtook him in the race,  
Dweller of ocean's wind.

"Our fathers had been foes; we met  
By Clutha's stream so bright;  
He fled upon the sea, my sail  
Pursued him fast till night.

"Straying through darkness, soon I came  
To Selma's royal seat,  
Where Fingal's bards, with beauteous maids,  
And Conlath came to greet.

"Three days I feasted in the hall  
Where Erin's beauty shone;  
Roscranna, with her eyes of blue,  
The light of Cormac's throne.

"The chiefs, at parting, gave their shields,  
Which on my walls ye find,  
Hanging in Colamon. Young men,  
Ye bring old days to mind."

Then Car-ul fir'd the festive oak,  
And from our shields did place  
Three bosses underneath a rock,  
To teach the younger race.

"When roars the battle," said the king,  
"Our sons, perchance, may here  
Meet at this same old mossy stone,  
When they prepare the spear.

"They'll say, 'Our fathers met in peace  
Upon this ancient field;'—  
Then they from rage and strife shall cease,  
And lay aside the shield."

Night came; and in her flowing locks  
Came Car-ul's daughter there;  
And, with her harp, rose the sweet voice  
Of Colna-dona fair.

Tosear sat darkened in his place,  
Before the heroes' love;  
But on his soul bright shone her face,  
As when, from clouds above,

On the dark-heaving ocean surge,  
The beams of sunshine come,  
And brighten, with their cheerful rays,  
The side that curls in foam.

At morn we wak'd the silent woods,  
The flying deer to chase;  
They fell beside their wonted streams  
Till we our steps retrace.

But from a wood a youth came forth,  
With shield and pointless spear,

And Toscar asked of Colamon  
If all was peaceful there.

The stranger said: "Colamon's stream  
Was Colna-dona's home:  
But she has chang'd her course afar,  
Through desert wilds to roam.

"Her path is over regions rude,  
In forests dark and lone,  
With one who captive leads her soul,  
And he's the king's fair son."

"Stranger of tales," said Toscar, "then  
Thou'st mark'd the warrior's path,  
And he must die: give me thy shield!"  
He took the shield in wrath.

When lo! he saw behind it stand  
A maid, with breast of snow,  
White as the graceful swan that floats  
Where swelling waters flow.

'Twas Colna-dona, queen of harps,  
Who thus the truth did prove:  
The daughter of the king; her eyes  
On Toscar roll'd in love.

#### OSSIAN'S "SONG OF SORROW" IN HIS OLD AGE.<sup>1</sup>

(A FRAGMENT.)

*Six* childless men were we, who ne'er thought  
harm—

A brave and blameless life we lived away;  
But one of us soon slept beneath the cairn;  
Remembering him this night I'm sad and wae.

*Five* were we now, five warriors of renown;  
Woe to the foe that dared to beard us then!  
Death came again, as he had come before—  
Another hero vanished from our ken.

We then were *four*, hunting the forest free,  
Fair were the arms our good right hands did  
wield;  
But even valour saves not from all seath—  
Another warrior fell in battle-field.

We then were *three*, far famed for valorous deeds:  
Bards o'er their harps sang of our feats the  
while.

The sun pursued his course from east to west,  
We lost another—chief withouten guile!

We *two* then sat upon the green hill side  
(From all we love we're fated still to part);  
Insatiate Death, unlooked for, came again,  
And took the sole companion of my heart.

Sad and *alone*, the last of that brave band,  
Remembering other years, I sit and mourn;  
'Tis fated we must die, but still 'tis sad  
To go the journey whence shall none return.

Of the nut cluster on the hazel bough,  
The last nut I—the rest are fallen and gone;  
About to fall, I tremble in the breeze  
That wandering through the woods makes eerie  
moan.

The last tree of the clump upon the hill,  
Sapless and withered, I stand all alone;  
All that I loved are gone, and soon must I  
Fall like my leaves that on the earth are strown.

*Sholto* bold, and *Gorrie* brave, and *Gaul*,  
And *Oscar* fleet of foot and fair of skin,  
*Mysel*; and *Runo* from the hill of fawns—  
These were the *Sie*, in love and war akin.

#### THE CAVE.

(WRITTEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.<sup>1</sup>)

The wind is up, the field is bare,  
Some hermit lead me to his cell,  
Where contemplation, lonely fair,  
With blessed content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,  
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;  
Dry fern around obstructs the light;  
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake I see  
The downward mountains and the skies,  
The flying bird, the waving tree,  
The goats that on the hill arise.

The gray-cloaked herd drives on the cow;  
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;  
A freckled pointer scours the brow;  
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curved o'er the ruin of an oak  
The woodman lifts his axe on high;  
The hills re-echo to the stroke;  
I see—I see the shivers fly!

<sup>1</sup> First appeared in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*, March, 1872.—ED.

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson's poems, when he had not the groundwork of Ossian to build upon, were almost invariably signal failures. "The Cave," however, gives evidence of poetical fancy, accompanied by defective taste.—ED.

Some rural maid, with apron full,  
 Brings fuel to the homely flame;  
 I see the smoky columns roll,  
 And, through the chinky hut, the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,  
 Two well-met hunters talk at ease;  
 Three panting dogs beside repose;  
 One bleeding deer is stretched on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,  
 Skirted with shady forests round;  
 In midst an island's rocky height  
 Sustains a ruin, once renowned.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls;  
 Two broad-winged eagles hover nigh;  
 By intervals a fragment falls,  
 As blows the blast along the sky.

The rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide  
 With labouring oars along the flood;

An angler, bending o'er the tide,  
 Haugs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,  
 On grassy bank two lovers lean;  
 Bend on each other amorous looks,  
 And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;  
 They seem to hear the tread of feet;  
 They start, they rise, look round the rock;  
 Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the gray mist from the lake  
 Ascends upon the shady hills;  
 Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,  
 Rain beats around a hundred rills.

To Damon's lonely hut I fly;  
 I see it smoking on the plain;  
 When storms are past, and fair the sky,  
 I'll often seek my cave again.

## JAMES MUIRHEAD.

BORN 1742—DIED 1806.

JAMES MUIRHEAD, D.D., was born in 1742, in the parish of Buittle, Dumfriesshire. His ancestors were for several centuries considerable landed proprietors in Galloway. Muirhead graduated at the University of Edinburgh, after which he adopted the law as a profession. A few years later, abandoning his legal pursuits, he became a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and was settled as minister of the parish of Urr in Galloway, where he continued in the faithful discharge of his ministerial duties till his death, May 16, 1806. Muirhead was a man of warm heart, lively fancy, and ready wit, and maintained a correspondence with many of his literary contemporaries. His only poetical production, "Bess the Gawkie," a favourite song for many years, was written prior to the year 1769, when it appeared anonymously in Herd's Collection. "It is," says Burns, "a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste; we have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature,

that are equal to this." Allan Cunningham, whose father was well acquainted with Muirhead, and who makes the mistake of calling him Morehead, pronounces it "a song of original merit, lively without extravagance, and gay without grossness—the simplicity is elegant, and the naïveté scarcely rivalled." The same writer remarks on the singularity of the circumstance of his composing nothing more, having written once so ably and successfully as he certainly did in "Bess the Gawkie." "How he contrived," he continues, "to disobey that great internal call, that craving of the heart and the fancy to break out into voluntary song—an impulse which men call inspiration, surpasses my understanding. Morehead, Lowe, Mackay, and others—all men of Galloway, all poets—are all single-song men, but Morehead is the most original; and as his writing has increased our rational amusement, I am sorry he did so little for us, when he could do it so well."

BESS THE GAWKIE.<sup>1</sup>

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,  
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,  
 Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,  
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?  
 Ah, na lass! I'll no gang there,  
 Nor about Jamie tak' a care,  
 Nor about Jamie tak' a care,  
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,  
 Did I not see young Jamie pass  
 Wi' meikle blythness in his face,  
 Out o'er the muir to Maggie?  
 I wat he ga'e her mony a kiss,  
 And Maggie took them ne'er amiss.  
 'Tween ilka smack pleased her wi' this,  
 "That Bess was but a gawkie:

"For when a civil kiss I seek,  
 She turns her head and throws her cheek,  
 And for an hour she'll hardly speak;  
 Wha'd no ca' her a gawkie?  
 But sure my Maggie has mair sense,  
 She'll gi'e a score without offence;  
 Now gi'e me ane into the mense,  
 And ye shall be my dawtie."

"O Jamie, ye ha'e mony ta'en,  
 But I will never stand for ane  
 Or twa when we do meet again;  
 So ne'er think me a gawkie."

"Ah! na, lass, that canna be;  
 Sic thoughts as thae are far frae me,  
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,  
 E'er to think thee a gawkie."

But whisht! nae mair o' this we'll speak,  
 For yonder Jamie does us meet;  
 Instead o' Meg he kissed sae sweet,  
 I trow he likes the gawkie.  
 "O dear Bess, I hardly knew,  
 When I cam' by, your gown sae new;  
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew!"  
 Quoth she, "That's like a gawkie;

"It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,  
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane;  
 Say ye may gang the gate ye came,  
 And tell it to your dawtie."  
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;  
 He cried, "O cruel maid, but sweet!  
 If I should gang anither gate,  
 I ne'er could meet my dawtie."

The lasses fast frae him they flew,  
 And left poor Jamie sair to rue  
 That ever Maggie's face he knew,  
 Or yet ea'd Bess a gawkie.  
 As they ga'ed o'er the muir they sang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echo rang,  
 The hills and dales wi' echo rang,  
 "Gang o'er the muir to Maggie."

## MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

BORN 1742—DIED 1821.

ANNE HOME, born in the year 1742, was the eldest daughter of Robert Home of Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, a surgeon in the army, and sister of Sir Everard Home. In early life Miss Home gave evidence of poetical talent, and also exhibited very considerable musical taste and skill. In 1771 she married John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon, and during the life-

time of her husband Mrs. Hunter received at her table and shared in the conversation of the most eminent literary and scientific men of the day. A few years after Dr. Hunter's death, which occurred at his London residence in 1793, she published, in an octavo volume, a collection of her poems and songs, dedicating it to her son John Banks Hunter. She died in London, after a lingering illness, January 7, 1821. Many of her songs, which evince delicacy of thought combined with force and sweetness of expression, have appeared in

<sup>1</sup> We have the authority of the author's son for saying that this song was written on a love adventure of his early days, and that Muirhead was the fortunate and unfortunate hero.—Ed.

numerous collections of Scottish poetry, and have maintained to this day a wide popularity. Several of Mrs. Hunter's productions were married to immortal music by one of the great masters—Francis Joseph Haydn. On the appearance of her volume in 1802 it met with but little mercy at the hands of Francis Jeffrey, who said, "Poetry does not appear to be her vocation, and rather seems to have been studied as an accomplishment than pursued from any natural propensity;" while another critic remarks, "All of her verses are written with elegance and feeling, and her 'Death-song' is a noble strain, almost worthy of Campbell himself." The "Indian Death-song" is included among our selections, although we are well aware that its authorship is a subject of controversy, many writers believing that Philip Freneau, an American poet (born 1752, died 1832), is entitled to the honour. As the poem attri-

buted to Freneau has several lines differing slightly from Mrs. Hunter's version, we give it in the American poet's language. It is called by him "The Death-song of a Cherokee Indian."

"The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
But glory remains when their lights fade away.  
Begin, ye tormentors! your threats are in vain,  
For the son of Alknomock can never complain.

"Remember the woods where in ambush he lay,  
And the scalps which he bore from your nation away.  
Why do ye delay? . . . 'til I shrink from my pain?  
Know the son of Alknomock can never complain.

"Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.  
The flame rises high, you exult in my pain,  
But the son of Alknomock will never complain.

"I go to the land where my father is gone;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his song.  
Death comes like a friend, he relieves me from pain,  
And thy son, O Alknomock, has scorn'd to complain."

#### THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

When hope lies dead within the heart,  
By secret sorrow close concealed,  
We shrink lest looks or words impart  
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep,  
To speak when one would silent be;  
To wake when one would wish to sleep,  
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast,  
Who wander in this world of care,  
And bend beneath the bitter blast  
To save them from despair.

But Nature waits, her guests to greet,  
Where disappointments cannot come,  
And Time guides with unerring feet  
The weary wanderers home.

#### THE OCEAN GRAVE.

Friends, when I die, prepare my welcome grave  
Where the eternal ocean rolls his wave;  
Rough though the blast, still let his free-born  
breeze,  
Which freshness wafts to earth from endless seas,  
Sigh o'er my sleep, and let his glancing spray

Weep tear-drops sparkling with a heavenly ray:  
A constant mourner then shall watch my tomb,  
And nature deepen, while it soothes, the gloom.

Oh! let that element whose voice had power  
To cheer my darkest, soothe my loneliest hour,  
Which, through my life, my spirit loved so well,  
Still o'er my grave its tale of glory tell.

The gen'rous ocean, whose proud waters bear  
The spoil and produce they disdain to wear,  
Whose wave claims kindred with the azure sky,  
From whom reflected stars beam gloriously:  
Emblem of God! unchanging, infinite,  
Awful alike in loveliness and might,  
Rolls still untiring, like the tide of time,  
Binds man to man, and mingles clime with clime;  
And as the sun, which from each lake and stream  
Through all the world, where'er their waters  
gleam,  
Collects the cloud his heavenly ray conceals,  
And slakes the thirst which all creation feels,  
So ocean gathers tribute from each shore,  
To bid each climate know its want no more.

Exiled on earth, a fettered prisoner here,  
Barr'd from all treasures which my heart holds  
dear,  
The kindred soul, the fame my youth desired,  
Whilst hope hath fled, which once each vision fired:  
Dead to all joy, still on my fancy glow  
Streams of delight, which heavenward thoughts  
bestow;  
Not, then, in death shall I unconscious be  
Of that whose whispers are eternity.

## OH, TUNEFUL VOICE!

Oh, tuneful voice! I still deplore  
 Those accents which, though heard no more,  
 Still vibrate in my heart;  
 In echo's cave I long to dwell,  
 And still would hear the sad farewell  
 When we were doomed to part.

Bright eyes! O that the task were mine  
 To guard the liquid fires that shine,  
 And round your orbits play—  
 To watch them with a vestal's care,  
 And feed with smiles a light so fair  
 That it may ne'er decay!

## ADIEU, YE STREAMS.

Adieu, ye streams that smoothly glide  
 Through mazy windings o'er the plain;  
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,  
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.  
 Flower of the forest was my love,  
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale;  
 Gentle and constant as the dove,  
 Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,  
 For me he search'd the banks around;  
 But ah! the sad and fatal day  
 My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd!  
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream,  
 Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove,  
 Dire fancy paints him in my dream,—  
 Awake, I mourn my hopeless love!

## TO-MORROW.

How heavy falls the foot of Time!  
 How slow the lingering quarters chime,  
 Through anxious hours of long delay!  
 In vain we watch the silent glass,  
 More slow the sands appear to pass,  
 While disappointment marks their way.

To-morrow—still the phantom flies,  
 Flitting away before our eyes,  
 Eludes our grasp, is pass'd and gone;  
 Daughter of hope, night o'er thee flings  
 The shadow of her raven wings,  
 And in the morning thou art flown!

Delusive sprite! from day to day  
 We still pursue thy pathless way:  
 Thy promise, broken o'er and o'er,  
 Man still believes, and is thy slave;  
 Nor ends the chase but in the grave,  
 For there to-morrow is no more.

## TO MY DAUGHTER.

ON BEING SEPARATED FROM HER ON HER  
 MARRIAGE.

Dear to my heart as life's warm stream,  
 Which animates this mortal clay;  
 For thee I court the waking dream,  
 And deek with smiles the future day;  
 And thus beguile the present pain  
 With hopes that we shall meet again!

Yet will it be as when the past  
 Twined every joy, and care, and thought,  
 And o'er our minds one mantle cast  
 Of kind affections finely wrought?  
 Ah no! the groundless hope were vain,  
 For so we ne'er can meet again.

May he who claims thy tender heart  
 Deserve its love as I have done!  
 For, kind and gentle as thou art,  
 If so beloved, thou'rt fairly won.  
 Bright may the sacred torch remain,  
 And cheer thee till we meet again!

## MY MOTHER BIDS ME.

My mother bids me bind my hair  
 With bands of rosy hue,  
 Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,  
 And lace my boddice blue.

“For why,” she cries, “sit still and weep,  
 While others dance and play?”  
 Alas! I scarce can go or creep  
 While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone  
 When those we love were near;  
 I sit upon this mossy stone  
 And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,  
 And sing my simple lay,  
 The village seems asleep or dead,  
 Now Lubin is away.



THE INDIAN DEATH-SONG.<sup>1</sup>

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,  
But glory remains when their lights fade away.  
Begin, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,  
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow;  
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low.  
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the  
pain?  
No! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,  
And the scalps which we bore from your nation  
away:

Now the flame rises fast, ye exult in my pain;  
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone;  
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son.  
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from  
pain,  
And thy son, O Alknomook, has scorn'd to com-  
plain!

## HENRY MACKENZIE.

BORN 1745 — DIED 1831.

The gentle-hearted Mackenzie, as Lord Lytton has styled him in "Lucretia," was born at Edinburgh, August 19th, 1745, the day on which the standard of Prince Charles Edward was unfurled in the Highlands. He was educated at the high-school and university of his native city; and became one of the attorneys in the Scottish Court of Exchequer. His professional duties while he held this place must have left him abundant leisure for literary pursuits. While in London in 1765, studying the English practice in exchequer, Mackenzie had begun to write his earliest and best novel, "The Man of Feeling," which was published anonymously in 1771, and for several years remained unacknowledged by the author. Its great popularity induced a Mr. Eccles of Bath to lay claim to the authorship, and to support his pretensions by a copy transcribed in his own hand, with interlineations and corrections. It became necessary, therefore, for Mackenzie to acknowledge himself the author. His second novel, "The Man of the World," appeared in 1783, followed by

"Julia de Roubigné." The three works won for him great fame. Scott said that "Mackenzie aimed at being the historian of feeling, and has succeeded in the object of his ambition." He was the editor of the *Mirror* and *Lowmger*, two works after the model of the *Spectator*; they extended to upwards of two hundred numbers, and of these Mackenzie wrote nearly one-half. Among his contributions was a kindly criticism of the poems of Burns, and "The Story of La Roche," which is generally regarded as one of his finest efforts.

Mackenzie was also a dramatic writer, though not a successful one. Besides a tragedy written by him in early life, entitled "The Spanish Father," but never represented, he was the author of "The Prince of Tunis," which was performed at Edinburgh in 1773; and was followed by "The Shipwreck, or Fatal Curiosity," "The Force of Fashion," and "The White Hypocrite," all of which are more remarkable for refinement of feeling, imagery, and language, than for dramatic force or effectiveness. The collected edition of Mackenzie's works contains these plays, together with a few poems and several dramatic translations from the German, which are said to have first drawn the attention of Sir Walter Scott to the literature of that land. Mackenzie was also the author of memoirs of the poets Blacklock and Home, and various papers published in the

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Hunter states that "the idea of this ballad was suggested several years ago by hearing a gentleman, who had resided many years in America, among the tribe called the Cherokees, sing a wild air, which he assured me it was customary for those people to chant, with a barbarous jargon implying contempt for their enemies, in the moments of torture and death. I have endeavoured to give something of the characteristic spirit and sentiment of those brave savages."—Ed.

Transactions of the Highland Society, of which he was an original member. In one of these he took strong ground against the genuineness of the Ossianic poems. He also wrote a number of political pamphlets, with a view of counteracting the progress of democratic principles at the period of the French Revolution. One of these introduced Mackenzie to the notice of Mr. Pitt; and in 1804, on the recommendation of Lord Melville and others, he received the lucrative but laborious appointment of comptroller of taxes for Scotland, which he held until his death.

In 1808 Mackenzie brought out an edition of his works in eight octavo volumes, which may be said to have been almost his last literary labour. His house was for many years the principal resort of the distinguished literary and political characters of that period, and of all visitors to the Scottish capital who could obtain a proper introduction. Sir Henry Holland said to the writer that in no city of similar rank in Europe was the society to be met with at Mackenzie's and elsewhere in Edinburgh, in the early part of the present century, surpassed; and Lord

Cockburn has remarked that his "excellent conversation, agreeable family, good evening parties, and the interest attached to united age and reputation, made his house one of the pleasantest." Mackenzie was particularly fond of fishing and shooting, sports which he pursued as long as his strength permitted. His old age was healthy, cheerful, and happy, a slight deafness alone indicating the decay of nature. He passed away January 14, 1831, aged eighty-six, and so gradually did his life depart that it may truthfully be said of him, in the words of the poet—

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,  
Even wondered at because he fell no sooner.  
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,  
Yet freshly ran he on six summers more,  
Till, like a clock worn out in eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Mackenzie in 1776 married the daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant, by whom he had eleven children. His eldest son, known as Lord Mackenzie, was long a judge in the supreme court of Scotland; and his youngest was for many years a member of the privy-council.

## THE PURSUITS OF HAPPINESS.

Yes, by the phrase of schoolmen unconfined,  
To trace some striking features of the mind;  
Some wandering lines, that mark the rising  
thought,

Ne'er in the depths of tangled study sought,  
These may be mine; below the critic's view  
To sport with verse, and trust for praise to  
you.

O'er every beating heart confessed to reign,  
Pursued by all, by all pursued in vain,  
The sage's secret, and the poet's dream,  
Be the wide wish of HAPPINESS my theme.

Come, then, and let us lecture by the hour  
On these great subjects, Wisdom, Wealth, and  
Power,

The boasted source of every bliss deny,  
And show their empty urns, their fountains dry.  
Alas! from me no learned lectures hope,  
A simple rhymster—look for these in Pope.  
I boast no magic verse, no matchless mind,  
That deep in science leaves the crowd behind,  
To —— leave a system's pert pretence,  
Nor, where I cannot fathom, take offence;  
Some passing figures only dare to show,  
And give the Muse's comment as they go.

All, said the Dane,<sup>1</sup> have business and desires;  
All human kind this touch Promethean fires,  
By every rank, by every temper sought,  
Something to be, and something to be thought:  
This on the many's changing will depends,  
That on our own, uncertain of its ends;  
To that our tastes affix no certain name,  
This roves through all the lengthened scale of  
fame.

'Tis Vapid's bow, his minuet, his walk,  
His smiles, that simmer into gentle talk,  
Fashion in youth, and decency in age;  
With prudens 'tis honour, prayer-book, and page.

Some fleeting hope we start, pursue, and miss,  
Then rouse another, and pronounce it bliss.  
Yet may not spleen the sovereign will arraign,  
Yet may not spleen believe we run in vain.  
'Tis the pursuit rewards the active mind,  
And what in rest we seek, in toil we find.

The friend of Pyrrhus bade him feast and live,  
Possessed of all the finished war could give.  
Vain were his banquets, had not Pyrrhus fought;  
The chase, and not the quarry, Pyrrhus sought.

<sup>1</sup> Hamlet.

'Midst all the sweets of Tempe's roseate vale,  
Where every fragrance breathes on every gale,  
The fabled pleasures of Elysian bowers,  
The nectar quaffed on beds of blushing flowers,  
Give all to sense that sense could wish to prove,  
And give immortal, as the joys of Jove.  
The soul would sicken 'mid the stagnate air,  
And wish the ruffian blasts of human care,  
Where passive sense, with all her powers, would  
miss;

The springs of action move the wheels of bliss.  
Hence, bustling natures, in a wayward state,  
And thrown at random on the coil of fate,  
Stanch to each purpose, still unwearied press  
Where dark misfortune low'rs, or beams success,  
Teach every curse the happiness it brings,  
And reap the vintage 'midst the wild of things:  
Hence Balbus triumphs o'er the ills of life,  
With duns, bad debtors, lawsuits, and a wife.

Hence vain the rule that moral coldness gives,  
And bids Lothario live as Probus lives.

"I sit," says Probus, "on the peaceful shore,  
And hear the billows round me idly roar;  
I hear unmoved. Within my humble cell  
The blissful powers of calm contentment dwell.  
Soft as the sleep of babes my passions lie."—  
Lothario yawns, and Probus wonders why—  
Lothario, swelling with a soul of fire,  
Winged with the lightning wish, the fierce desire.  
"Contentment, peace, the blissful scenes of ease!  
The hell your fancies paint were heaven to  
these."

If certain bounds the impulsive ardour kept,  
Nor maddened joy, nor melancholy wept,  
But where, amid the intricate of fate,  
Our reason gave to love, and gave to hate;  
Were the true blissful always understood,  
And sought alone amidst the wise and good,  
Sunk in the calm would Virtue's labour cease,  
And lose her triumphs in the lap of peace;  
The pulse of active life would cease to beat,  
No wish to agitate, no hope to heat,  
Unnerved each effort, every power unent,  
Lulled in one listless apathy, Content.

Men must have passions; point them, if you  
can,

Where less the brute enjoys, and more the man.  
To combat passion when our reasons rise,  
Reasons are better passions in disguise.  
In every climate, and in every age,  
With poet, priest, philosopher, and sage;  
Let pedant preachers smooth it as they will,  
They preach successful to the passions still;  
Direct the wish to rise, the tear to fall,  
Give fear to some, and vanity to all.

The world's dull reason, sober, cool, and pure,  
The world's dull reason is a knave demure.  
See, fresh from Nature's hand, unfettered youth  
Romantic friendship boast, romantic truth;  
With all the mist of fond delusion blind,  
The venial errors of an honest mind,

High beat their hearts with every generous aim,  
And grasp the golden hope of endless fame;  
Majestic visions, forms of transport wild,  
Where bloomed the arts, or hardy valour toiled,  
Rise from the pictured walks of Greece or Rome,  
Rise from the past, and point the time to come.  
But soon, too soon, the airy fabrics fall,  
And servile Reason laqueys Interest's call;  
Now Caution creeps where Virtue stalked before,  
And cons the battered page of Prudence o'er.  
Get wealth, the bell of every idiot chimes,  
Immoderate wealth, the madness of the times;  
Get wealth abroad, beneath the furthest sky,  
Or cheat at home, game, perjure, fawn, and lie.  
See, at the goal, to tempt the kindling race,  
See Stukely's laurels blooming in thy face!  
Stukely, whose youth the weakness was denied  
To hide the villain, or desire to hide;  
(Though in his face, at times, the fiend within  
Half veils his portrait with a bastard grin,)  
Plays with my Lord, is favoured by her Grace,  
Now grasps a title, and obtains a place,  
Drinks precious Burgundy, is served in plate,  
And winds their schemes with ministers of state;  
Nay, shame to virtue in a woman's shape!  
Aspasia is his wife—without a rape.—

All this is owned; but prudent men are glad  
To take mankind as mankind may be had:  
Stukely has parts; has gained, from nothing, clear  
(Or fame has lied) eight thousand pounds a year.  
"His virtue!" cries a sage, "my good young  
man,

Leave rhyming and get money, if you can;  
For Stukely's worth and yours, the world will  
scan 'em,  
Trust me they will, at just so much per annum."  
The blushless sons of these degenerate days,  
Not virtue scorn alone, but virtue's praise.

Yet not the suffrage of the world bestows  
The bliss our vices chase, our virtue knows;  
The glare that blazes in a public show,  
The courtier's whisper, and the great man's bow;  
To dance with princes, and to dine with lords,  
These are the joys their envied lot affords.  
Yet they, whom gaping crowds with envy see,  
Have years to seem, but scarce an hour to be;  
Set, like some hauble gaily trimmed, on high,  
Their life, their friendship, and their love a lie

If e'er reflection renders up its trust,  
The rapid medley rises in disgust,  
Without the sparkle, and the gold, remain  
The sparkling poison, and the gilded chain;  
And memory gathers, with unwearied wing,  
But thoughts that torture, and but joys that  
sting.

But far more solid joys may wealth produce,  
With those who spend it not for show, but use;  
Its decent sober sons, who calmly taste  
What riches give, without intemperate waste.  
Thus honest Balaam—yes, the title's meet,  
No rich man is a rogue in Lombard Street.—

"What! honest? he whom orphan minors curse,  
Robbed of their rights to pamper Balaam's  
purse;

A suit in chancery shall set you right"—  
A knave! I scorn the word—the man's a knight;  
His honour's proof I draw from high records,  
True, as his turtle, in the mouth of lords.

"To lords a bubble, and to wits a sport,  
A man of moment (as he says) at court"—  
"There, while I breathed a prayer for Britain's  
good,

The best of princes marked me where I stood,  
My absence from the last day's levee chid,  
And asked how Lady Balaam's toothache did?"

Our friends may fail us, and our fortunes fall,  
Self-consequence alone is true to all:  
Search where you will, the dullest herd explore,  
Where muddy nature seems to roll no more,  
Who calmly bear, in business' hackneyed ways,  
The listless habitude of passive days,  
Who breathe an air that feels no active spring,  
Unfamed by Fancy's ever vivid wing,  
Guiltless of thought, who creep their round of  
time,

Like some old orloge, with one drowsy chime,  
And 'mongst their whiter notes of memory keep  
One better dinner and one sounder sleep,—  
Yet there has pride its little objects too,  
The wig best powdered, or the blackest shoe;  
Hence Chandler Gripe his wife's shrill tongue  
belabours,

For Sukey's flounce is narrower than her neigh-  
bour's;

Hence Pastry Figg, who claims superior parts,  
Steals half the paper bottom from his tarts,  
And dares the boldest of his Friday's club  
With doubts deistical from Father Chubb.

To self-conceit the meanest knowledge swells;  
Of Lælio's motions Lælio's butler tells,  
The last supply can figure to a sous,  
And counts the patriot noses of the house.

Proud of his post his Grace's footman see,  
As pert, as wicked, and as drunk as he,  
With shoes as shining, with as broad a lace,  
With all his idiot sauciness of face.

The boy whose bawling merit boasts to sweep  
The greasy crossings of the ward of Cheap,  
Who serapes for farthings plump Sir Pipkin's  
door,

For trade and freedom swells the city roar.  
Through all her ranks the law's importance runs,  
And Mansfield's words are mouthed by scribes' <sup>sons</sup>

With eyes that keep one vacant point in view,  
Like pap the sun had bleached and hardened too,  
That took some odd fantastic form by chance,  
See milky Lamio, mute and grave advance:  
O'er locks that nature gave, but solenn law,  
A foe to nature, with aversion saw,  
A needless peruke's snowy round is thrown,  
And blanks his face with folly not its own.

His words, in one long even tone that draw,  
When drowsy Dulness yawns her opiate call,  
Let Pity suffer (for she can no more)  
To mark the weather, or to count the hour;  
But should the youth, amid the circling pit,  
Decide on Shakspeare, and pronounce on wit,  
We laugh in scorn—yet Lamio still is blessed;  
He thinks, poor soul! the rogues have found his  
jest.

Some few there are, who by impartial rules  
Half find the secret that themselves are fools,  
Who, never deep in thought, nor mazed in doubt,  
Can laugh at wisdom, and are blessed without,  
Who beat, unmoved, the beaten track, to find  
Each grosser sense, that mocks the reasoning  
mind;

Hunt in a squire, an alderman regale,  
Or swill a parson, politics, and ale.  
Others by Dulness' brisker efforts made,  
(For there are fools of feather, as of lead)  
Are borne by pride beyond their native fence,  
And cheat mankind, the hypocrites of sense.

The soft, the delicate Favonius hear  
Jingling his baubles in my aching ear,  
So dully sweet, so pertly debonnaire,  
Wit with a grin, and wisdom with a stare;  
Blessed youth! whose skin so white, whose talk  
so smart,

Wins every male and every female heart.

With tags of jests in Brown and Durfee found,  
With puns that lie in ambush for a sound,  
With mottoes from the wits of ancient days,  
Stolen from the tops of magazine essays,  
With painters' names at print-shops daily sought,  
With one poor epigram his tutor wrote,  
Favonius rose, and all the ladies know it,  
A wit, a scholar, connoisseur, and poet;  
Or, if these titles should not please his ear,  
Give him his own—Favonius is a peer.<sup>1</sup>

"Friendship's the wine of life." I hold at least  
Folly the nuts and apples of the feast.

That flippant folly, with the jaunty mien,  
At midnight balls in Florio's figure seen;  
Skilled in those little arts that always please,  
With pertness fluttering on the wings of ease,  
He wears a smile perpetual in his face,  
And talks perpetual nothings with a grace;  
Or, when his stars are in a blessing fit,  
Plays with a fan, and stumbles upon wit,—  
Something by fops called wit, that fools may find,  
No words describe, for no ideas bind;  
That, far from sense, with whim's exotics grew,  
That much applauds itself, and laughs at you.

Not Prisesun thus; he boasts an honest heart,  
An open soul, that hates the name of art;  
With sense unpolished grating on his mind,  
He holds perpetual war with human kind,  
Storms at a fop, is angry at a fool,  
And bears good-nature just within a rule.

<sup>1</sup> This couplet is restored from the original copy.

Where tyrant Priseus scowls his reddening eye,  
Mirth waves his wing, and all the Cupids fly:  
On him what joys of other names await,  
Blessed with a foe, and proud to purchase hate.  
Is this to truth, to wisdom this allied?  
All this is nature, or perhaps 'tis pride.

We seldom simply judge of good or ill  
By genuine laws or unperverted will;  
The means of bliss with you, with me, or him,  
Are fixed by narrow codes of partial whim,  
But in one passion (sings the bard of night,<sup>1</sup>  
Nor sings he false) all human hearts unite;  
If from their folds their motives you unbind,  
Instinctive vanity rules all mankind.

And rules it love, my Florio? ask your Chloe,  
Your last year's charmer, she perhaps may show  
ye;

Her Florio once, her Florio to the heart  
Pierced and transpierced by Cupid's golden dart.  
With many a stolen sonnet to her praise,  
"And many a window scratched with amorous  
lays."

But now your Chloe is so changed a creature,  
These sonnets are the falsest things in nature.  
By what sad chance are all her beauties lost?  
She's quite as handsome—but no more a toast;  
Some newer beauty caught the public eye,  
And Florio took the hint—to gaze and die.

Alas! so tame our modern love is grown,  
That dying lovers die in rhyme alone;  
Harmless its fires, like playhouse lightnings, glare,  
And each impassioned votary's but a player.

When from the yoke of Afric's tawny son  
His half-unpeopled land the Spaniard won,  
When, midst the lonely castle's echoing hall,  
The Giant-Cuisses decked the ragged wall,  
And dark Enchantment, Superstition's child,  
In midnight mazes walked the howling wild,  
Romance, with all her fancy-fashioned creed,  
Saw heroes pine, and desperate lovers bleed,  
Through circling years the virgin flame con-  
fessed,

And blazing fiercest when by Fate repressed;  
The poisoned chalice, and the dagger bare,  
She taught the tender-bosomed nymph to dare,  
With magic hand untwined the threads she wove,  
And poured on virtue all the bliss of love.

But when, her canvas opening to the wind,  
Had Traffic wafted wealth from either Ind,  
Attendant Luxury she wafted too,  
Refinement flourished, and Politeness grew;  
Then Love was listed in her mimic train,  
And Fashion's lip his ardours taught to feign;  
Debauched by art, he lost his genuine power,  
And idly frolicked midst the vacant hour.

"'Tis woman's fault," the surly Priseus says,  
"Degenerate woman in these waning days;  
True to no worth, in female bosoms reign,  
Despite of love, the fickle and the vain;

Still idly soaring, with untaught desire,  
Squire yields to lord, and merit to a squire."

'Tis *their* ambition; lords are noble game,  
And mighty minds at mighty quarries aim:  
Though tyrant man would fain monopolize  
The thirst of glory and of great emprise,  
Yet female breasts the generous arduous own,  
Their sceptre beauty, and our hearts their throne.

Her soul unbroken, and unquenched its flame,  
See yonder veteran in the lists of fame;  
See, at the closing of some public show,  
Canidia jostling in its hindmost row:

('Tis but the decent rudeness of her state,  
For simple ladies come an hour too late,  
Canidia, still in beauty's *second* prime,  
At sixty bends not to the hand of Time;  
Time can but draw his wrinkles o'er her brow,  
Time can but spread her glossy locks with snow;  
These are no parts of her—that head-dress see,  
Triumphs in youthful immortality!  
Eternal bloom—is in the power of paint,  
And yet Canidia's more than half a saint;  
Constant at church, for sometimes beaux are  
there,

And thus, one fasting morn, she closed a prayer:—  
"And as for death, since die the youngest must,  
And this fair frame be mouldered in the dust,  
Be all these errors of my youth forgiven,  
And let me wear this Denmark fly<sup>2</sup> in heaven!"

But rapid now, like fruit preserved by art,  
Canidia's youth is harmless to my heart;  
But seek its power, its native empire seek,  
Where the blood dances in Flavilla's cheek,  
Glows in her lip, her panting bosom warms,  
And swells redundant in a thousand charms.  
Her winged thoughts, from torpid reason flown,  
Flit in a sunny region of their own:  
Wisdom forgets to chide, when Wisdom spies  
The dear imprudence sparkling in her eyes;  
Her eyes, that in their beamy courses roll  
Luxuriant feelings, and a waste of soul:  
Yet would he speak, not reason's musty saw  
Would give thy pleasure, not thy conduct, law;  
For pleasure's self, too headlong in the chase,  
Flavilla stifles with a rude embrace;  
From life's gay bustle panting and distressed,  
And still more feverish in the lap of rest,  
Pursues the bubble where it glanced before,  
The bursting bubble glances now no more;  
For know, Flavilla, though it sounds but ill,  
That even in folly sense is something still.

But in what class Lennira will you scan?  
Too grave for woman, and too weak for man;  
Too dull for whim, too simple much for sense,  
Hers is the region of indifference.

One civil question, and one sober stile,  
One decent curtsey, and one settled smile;  
Discreetly cold, she never soars above,  
These all her friendship, these are all her love;

<sup>1</sup> Young.

<sup>2</sup> A particular kind of head-dress.

And as for hate, to woman or to man—  
Her lip just pressing on her folded fan!  
With pulse unquickened, with unreddened cheeks,  
This cold no-bliss is all the bliss she seeks.

Close by her side her withered lord the while  
With toothless visage tries an awkward smile;  
So on some moral tombstone sculptors place  
A death's-head grinning in a cherub's face.  
Him Folly tempted in some weaker hour,  
(For long had Love been foiled, and lost his  
power,)

To covet, in the crazy wane of life,  
Imputed honour from a beauteous wife,  
With the faint *No*, which love interprets *Yes*,  
The nymph had doomed another suitor's bliss,  
When this Antonio, like the god of old,  
Came, saw, and conquered in a shower of gold;  
Lemira's prudent phlegm had time to see  
That six in jointure fairly doubles three.

Some venial errors to the sex allow;  
All these were women:—Lucia, what art thou?  
Thee, gentlest, wisest, nature formed to move  
The wise to wonder, and the soft to love:  
With all the prudence coldest natures know,  
The warmth that bids a seraph's bosom glow,  
Humility to learn, with skill to guide,  
The blush of mee'ness, yet with virtue's pride:  
Mild with each grace, with reason's strength to  
soar,

Thy heart is woman's, but thy mind is more,  
Yet ask the world, has Lucia ne'er a failing?  
And shall its railers burst for want of railing?  
Lucia, an angel, goddess, what you will,—  
Sighs for a title, and is woman still.

How start my feelings from desires like these!  
How swells my wonder that a sound should please!  
With like surprise the world's gay sons would see  
Thin fancy charm, or musing sadness, me.  
How would they view me from their crowds retire,  
To feast on thought beside my evening fire!  
By nature formed to dwell on fancy's themes,  
With sacred faith I hear her wildest dreams;  
On all her clouds impress a livelier glow,  
And hush the painting of her gaudiest bow,  
Or sometimes, stung by virtue's broken rules,  
The pomp of villains, and the pride of fools,  
Grown sick of life, a wistful thought I east  
Where thought had scarce begun to guide the  
past;

Where truth sad brooding, like a white-plum'd  
dove,  
O'er infant friendship, and o'er infant love;  
The fairy tale by simple nurses told,  
And memory rushing in the songs of old.

One hallowed satchel still recalls the boy,  
The hallowed satchel draws a tear of joy!  
Oh, golden days! that ne'er return again,  
When life's full current ran without a stain;  
Warm from the heart each pointed wish was led,  
Without the cold conclusions of the head.  
Some little cares, that fluttered as they rose

Just sunk again to sweeten new repose;  
No tangled knowledge did the soul endure,  
And this was wisdom, for the soul was pure.

Nor yet, for all the powers of boastful art,  
Each deeper science, each sublimer part,  
Did pride allow me, would I barter this,  
The meek-eyed virtue, with her peaceful bliss.

Cease then to chase the meteor as it flies,  
Be humbly happy, and be humbly wise.  
To know what nature meant, what Heaven allowed,  
Too great for vice, too little to be proud,  
With mirth to cheer, with temper ne'er forgot,  
This may be ours—'twas Lentulus's lot.

Born in that middle state which gives to know  
What greatness is, what greatness can't bestow;  
With moderate wishes, but no cares that vex;  
With knowledge just to guide, but not perplex;  
That ne'er at truth's plain dictates took offence;  
That ne'er in subtlety was lost to sense;  
With taste that knew the pleasing path to strike,  
Without the nice discernment of dislike;  
Warm from his heart though virtue's zeal arose,  
Compassion cheeked the flame, and spared her  
foes,

With pious awe her jealous sense suppressed,  
And took the worst of seemings at the best;  
Even for the worst a brother's yearnings kept,  
And where his faith condemned, his nature wept.

Free from her proudest good, her direst harm,  
He fled from fortune to an humble farm;  
There shunned the crowd his virtue ne'er ap-  
proved;

There saw the better few his virtue loved.  
Oh, let me oft the blissful scene recall,  
(While proud ambition's plummy visions fall,)  
His barn when autumn's yellow bounty stored,  
The modern patriarch o'er his festive board!  
His festive board, which modest nature graec'd,  
Nor tortured appetite, and called it Taste;  
Where towered no plate, no saucy lacqueys  
frowned,

But rosy children sat like cherubs round:  
There, on the welcome guest, the wife, the child,  
The friend, the husband, and the father smiled;  
There, mildly joind o'er the temperate bowl,  
Free rose the mirth that poured his spotless soul;  
And warm good nature roved where pleasure lies,  
Betwixt the gaily mad and dully wise.

Such was his life; a life his death confessed,  
That gave the saint to live, the man to rest.  
Heaven took him at an age that just bereft  
His keener passions, but his reason left;  
That just could feel the present as it passed,  
Look o'er his former days, nor fear his last.

Oh, spare his grave, ye proud!—the mouldering  
clod

No marble covers, but a simple sod;  
Near where its withering arms the ancient yew  
Leans to the east, and drops the hoary dew:  
There on the sward I saw them rest his bier;  
(By faith forbidden, starts one human tear,)

Some sons of virtue, now themselves forgot,  
Walked, with a pausing step, the silent spot;  
On Heaven their eyes they cast, their hopes relied,  
"Father, thy will be done!"—they said, and  
sighed.

Oh that my verse a memory could give  
To live for ages, that so pure could live!  
Proud to attend on virtue's train alone,  
Mark his untainted life,—and mend my own.  
Then should no sigh my wounded bosom tear  
For aught that fortune's glittering sons may wear;  
But reason teach me that we idly roam  
For bliss abroad, which she can find at home.

Placed where no spark of genius dares to rise,  
Where dulness scarce unfolds her leaden eyes,  
With all th' inextricable maze around,  
Of Gothie jargon and unmeaning sound,  
Virtue may teach to feel but half the chain,  
And strew her roses o'er the barren plain.  
Blessed if no crime its shameful wages bring,  
Nor wealth be wafted on dishonour's wing;  
Gay where I can, nor always loving mirth,  
Not Fancy's quite, nor quite a son of Earth;  
May I, what wisdom can, what weakness should,  
Harmless at least, attempt a little good;  
And, calmly noting where the pageants end,  
Smile at the great, and venerate my friend.

## THE SPANISH FATHER.

### ACT FIRST.

PEREZ and SAVEDRA.

*Per.* Yet once again, Savedra, let me give thee  
A soldier's welcome to his native land.

*Sar.* I thank thee from my soul. The common  
perils

We passed together, make this greeting warm.  
How fares our noble chief, the brave Alphonzo?

*Per.* Even as the warrior should, whose days of  
danger

Have deeked his age in honours hardly purchased.  
Scarce hath an hour elapsed since here, in safety,  
He reached the ancient dwelling of his fathers.  
You ivy'd turrets, beetling o'er the cliff,  
Mark the rude grandeur of his warlike race.

*Sar.* Conduct my steps to find him.

*Per.* From the castle  
His lovely daughter hither led our search:  
For, ere we reached it, she forsook her chamber,  
To taste the freshness of the breathing morn.  
He left me here, and with an anxious haste  
Pursues her steps.

*Sar.* When from my country's shore  
Its service called me, she was scarcely past  
The years of childhood; but Ruzalla's name  
Hath often reached me.

*Per.* 'Tis a sound that carries

Health to my frame; mine age hath pleasure in't.  
As yet a boy, when fortune left me friendless,  
His father took, and placed me near Alphonzo.  
Our ages were alike, our tempers suited.  
Perhaps I owed dependence; but too noble  
To claim returns so mean, he gave me friendship.  
And ever since we have been linked as brothers,  
In war's worst danger have we stood abreast,  
And, midst the good or ill of private life,  
Our joys and griefs were common. I have seen  
His two brave sons, in valour's glorious cause,  
Untimely fall together. Of his children  
This darling daughter now alone remains,  
And such this daughter as Alphonzo merits.  
Her beauty charms all eyes; but that were little:  
Compassion, sweetness, every tender grace  
That melts in woman, these adorn Ruzalla.  
Yet common observation gives its judgment  
Short of her worth; for she is formed so gentle,  
That she doth put her very virtues forth,  
Like buds i' the spring, with fearful modesty.

*Sar.* I marvel much that qualities so rare  
Should not have sounded louder on the tongue  
Of praise or envy.

*Per.* She has 'scape'd them both.

Here has she grown beneath a parent's eye,  
Unsoiled by common notice: here Alphonzo  
Throws off the rugged war, and smooths his soul  
To all the soft affections of a father:  
For seldom is he seen to haunt the city,  
Or list him in the train of smiling courtiers;  
His virtues are not made for scenes like those.

*Sar.* I have not been a laeqey of the court  
When braver business called me; but report  
Speaks doubly of the king. It speaks him open,  
Generous, and brave; but rash and unrestrained  
In passion's or in pleasure's warm career.  
His favourite minister, the Lord Alvarez,  
Whose fiery spirit in the cause of pleasure  
From early youth had mated with the king's,  
Is said to mould his master to his will.

*Per.* 'Tis as thou say'st. Impetuous as he is,  
The youthful sovereign does but play a part,  
Which this man dictates; like the fabled god  
Ruler of storms, even in its wildest course,  
He bends the monarch's passion as he lists.

*Sar.* And brooks Alphonzo well this minion's  
sway?

*Per.* Be sure he does not. Who in Spain, that  
loves  
His country, can? Besides the general hate,  
He held in early scorn the proud Alvarez,  
For that his name, by favour only graced,  
Bears not the stamp of generous ancestry:  
And 'tis a weakness, you might note in him,  
To fasten an hereditary claim  
From noble lineage to a noble mind.

*Sar.* I have observed it.

*Per.* 'Tis most open in him.  
Last of a long-ennobled race, that yields,  
And scarcely yields, to royalty alone,

The purity and honour of his blood  
 Bear not the least impeachment unrevenged.  
 Though, in the gentle bearings of his nature,  
 Most gracious to his friends, and to the man  
 Whom fate hath placed below him, or whom  
 fortune

Hath tried with sorrows, mild and piteous;  
 Touch but this tender part, his family's honour,  
 And not the tigress, when her foaming chaps  
 Grind on the hunter's spear, hath deadlier fury.

*Sar.* Though he is somewhat sparing of complaint,

Nor lets his great soul waste itself in words,  
 Yet have I marked him feel his services  
 But ill repaid. The conquest Afric witnessed  
 Has Spain forgot!

*Per.* Perhaps her monarch did;

Alphonzo's haughty spirit never stoops  
 To make the time his friend: warm in the right,  
 The voice of custom, or the rod of power,  
 He equally disdains to court or fear.  
 Hence, in the obsequious region of the palace,  
 He is not always welcome.—But he comes.

*Enter ALPHONZO.*

*Alph.* (*To SAVEDRA*). Thus let me clasp my soldier!  
 (*Embracing him*). Thou hast speeded  
 Beyond the steps of age, and overta'en me  
 Somewhat before my hopes.

*Sar.* The storm that bore

Your vessel from its course, our voyage missed,  
 And gave us vantage.

*Alph.* 'Twas indeed a fierce one.

But dangers past will serve to furnish out  
 An old man's talk. Thou seest me now returned,  
 My term of service out, to claim from Spain  
 Some days of quiet, and a peaceful grave.  
 But I have placed SAVEDRA in my post,  
 To turn the tide of battle from her shore,  
 And more than fill the void my age hath left.

*Sar.* If Spain shall mark SAVEDRA's deeds with  
 praise,

'Twill be to think of him to whom she owes them.  
 Alphonzo's battles taught him how to fight;  
 Alphonzo's battles taught him how to conquer.

*Alph.* Of that no more. But I have much to  
 ask;—

First of my fellow-soldiers.

*Sar.* On the coast

Of bleeding Afric, as your orders bore,  
 I left the troops commanded by Franeiseo.  
 The rest with me returned to find at home  
 Their country's recompense for ten years' service.  
 Before I left them, in our little camp  
 Had mirth and festival begun to reign.

Forth from their villages, with eager looks,  
 The wife, the children of the veteran, came  
 To meet a husband's and a father's smile;  
 While joyous bands, with rural minstrelsy,  
 Danced round our tents, or chorus'd loud and  
 long

The ancient roundelay.

*Alph.* Blessed be their joys!

A soldier buys them dear, and feels them warmly.  
 Alphonzo should have shared the joyous scene,  
 But that his sovereign's mandate called him  
 thence.

Ere noon I must attend him at Toledo;  
 The time between I steal from state and business,  
 To look upon my haunts of early youth,  
 Here, in the well-known fields, and meet my child  
 With nature smiling round her.

*Sar.* Fair Ruzalla

Is well, I hope!

*Alph.* I have not seen her yet.

By dawn of day, it seems, she wandered forth  
 Amidst the windings of the woody dell,  
 And I have missed her path. But say, my friend,  
 (*For the fond picture, which my fancy catched,*  
*Broke off thy speech,*) how fares your princely  
 captive,

The brave Abdalla?

*Sar.* Taught by you, we held him

But as an honoured stranger in our camp,  
 Not as a prisoner: from his fellow captives,  
 Who shared his fortune in the fields of war,  
 He chose attendants, whom our courtesy  
 Freed for his service.

*Alph.* That became my friends.

The man I'd wish to conquer is the man  
 Whom, conquered, I would love. Ignoble foes  
 Make victory unhonoured. But the rest,  
 Whom chance had thrown our chains on, they  
 are men too;

Know them as such, and treat them with humanity.

*Sar.* I have been taught by my own heart, and  
 you, sir,

To reverence misfortune in the meanest.  
 Their fetters have sat easy.

*Per.* So they should do.

But the court luxuries have sometimes loaded  
 The chains that ruthless war itself made light.  
 When last a tawny file of Moorish captives  
 Had graced your conquest, by the king's com-  
 mand,

Alvarez, and some courtiers of his train,  
 Had them allotted for their private use,  
 Though Spain had prisoners languishing in Afric,  
 Whose freedom waited theirs.

*Alph.* 'Tis well remembered,

And shall be talked of. I have other wrongs  
 To prologue that,—but more of these hereafter  
 Perez, attend SAVEDRA to the castle,  
 And play the host for me. I'll join you soon,  
 And bring a daughter's smiles to sweeten welcome.

[*Exit SAVEDRA and PEREZ.*]

ALPHONZO *alone.*

The Moorish prisoners,  
 The captives of our valour, won with blood!  
 And shall they swell the train of this Alvarez,  
 Fall on their knees to lift him to his stirrup,



Or toil to smooth his garden terraces?  
By Heaven, they shall not.

[*As he is going off he meets RUZALLA.*]

*Ruz.* My father!

*Alph.* My Ruzalla! let me press thee  
Thus to my heart, and weep its fondness o'er thee!  
Even in the battle's front I thought on thee;  
Midst all the hardships of a soldier's life,  
The image of my darling crossed my fancy,  
And smiled their force away. Oh! tell me, tell me,  
All that my absence missed!—I cannot question—  
This throbbing here—Thou hast been well, and  
happy:

Hast not, my love?

*Ruz.* Tranquillity and peace  
Dwell in my native groves, nor e'er beyond  
I strayed to lose them.

*Alph.* That was well.—Thou sighest;  
But woman's very joy should still be tender,  
As if it twinned with sorrow. We shall part  
No more, my child; Alphonzo's toils are past;  
Here shall he rest, his course of glory run,  
And give his closing days to Heaven and thee.

*Ruz.* And shall we be so happy! Oh! my father!

*Alph.* Ay; wherefore should we not!

*Ruz.* I know not why.

To see thy safe return, to meet thee thus,  
Has been Ruzalla's prayer. Yet now, methinks,  
There is an ugly boding at my heart,  
That weighs it down.

*Alph.* Think not so deeply on't,  
'Tis not in augury to trouble virtue.

*Ruz.* Oh! teach my feeble mind the strength  
of virtue.

You know not how much weakness hangs about  
me;

How little I am worthy of the fate  
That gave me birth from such a sire as thou art.

*Alph.* I will not think so; be it thy father's praise  
That he has better taught thee. There are fathers  
Who treat their daughters as if nature formed  
them

In some inferior mould, fit to obey,  
But not to judge; to learn, if they have beauty,  
The little arts that teach them how to charm;  
Or, if they want it, in domestic office,  
To creep this life, and aim at nothing further.  
But thou hast learned the mind's exalted purpose,  
To feel its powers divine, of thought and reason.  
And use them as the immortal gifts of Heaven.

*Ruz.* Such have the lessens of a parent been.  
I owe him more than nature's common debt,  
And more than common duty should repay him.  
Heaven knows—but feeling is not eloquent—  
Silence shall better thank you.

*Alph.* 'Tis enough.

I know thy love, my child, the only good  
That I would husband life for. My brave boys  
Fell ere their time, and fell in glory's lap;  
And other fathers envied me their fall.

It was a soldier's.—All may do their duty,

But 'tis a privilege not all enjoy  
To die in doing it.

*Ruz.* Should not Ruzalla

Then comfort thee for all! Oh! that she could!

*Alph.* I know thou wilt, my child. Here have  
I seen thee

Grow up and flourish, with the sweets of nature,  
To bless thy father's eye, and glad his heart.  
But now the world expects thee; and thy virtues  
Shall show thee worthy of thy father's name.  
To-day I lead thee to Rodriguez' court.

*Ruz.* Rodriguez!

*Alph.* Wherefore startst thou at the sound!

*Ruz.* Did I!

*Alph.* Why, yes; but know, Alphonzo's race  
May look on kings unmoved. Thy gallant fathers  
Fought in their cause, and propped their trem-  
bling throne.

Thither I lead thee, in the hand that struck  
Embattled Afric on her burning plains.  
Forgive an old man's boasting—thou art his  
pride too;

His fond exulting heart anticipates  
The praise and wonder of his friends around thee.

*Ruz.* Oh! I deserve not praise; indeed I do not.

I would shrink back, and hide from public notice,  
Within thy arms, if there thou wilt receive me,  
With all my errors, all my imperfections.

*Alph.* This modesty becomes thee; yet the  
suffrage

Of worth and virtue may be fairly wished for.  
There is indeed a shallow talking race,  
Insects the sun of royal favour breeds,  
Whose flattery you will hold but words of fashion.  
Which courtesy must hear, but sense despise.  
Allow them the observance of civility,  
But not an eye of favour; even the freedom  
That innocence might take, must be denied them.  
For busy tongues might talk on't; and in woman  
The sense of right should ever go beyond  
The right itself. Methinks my cautions wrong  
thee;

But thou'rt the treasure of thy father's age,  
And, like the miser trembling o'er his hoard,  
He fears, he knows not why.

*Ruz.* Oh! speak not thus,

Nor add to all those debts of past indulgence,  
That make a wretched bankrupt of Ruzalla.

*Alph.* My two brave boys have fallen for their  
country—

Peace to their souls! for I have heard their fame  
Thou, my Ruzalla, art the single ray  
That gilds the evening of thy father's age.  
Could'st thou but know how dear this bosom  
holds thee—

Thou canst not till thy heart has felt the throb  
A parent's feels!—Wipe off that falling tear.  
Amidst the gentleness that suits her sex,  
Even soft-eyed woman has a proper pride.  
Revere thyself—the daughter of Alphonzo.

[*Exeunt.*]

## MICHAEL BRUCE.

BORN 1746 — DIED 1767.

The name of MICHAEL BRUCE may be placed by the side of his countrymen John Finlay, Robert Nicoll, and David Gray, each of whom possessed poetical genius, and all of whom were cut off in "life's green spring." He was born at Kinnesswood, in the parish of Portmoak, Kinross-shire, March 27, 1746. His father was a weaver in humble circumstances, but well known for his piety, integrity, and industry. He early discovered in Michael evidences of superior intelligence to that possessed by his other children, which, with his fondness for reading and quiet habits, determined him to educate his son for the ministry. In winter Michael attended the village school, and during the summer months was sent to herd cattle on the Lomond Hills. His education was retarded by this employment, but his training as a poet was benefited by solitary communing with nature amidst scenery that overlooked Lochleven and its castle. It is worthy of notice that in his early partiality for poetry he was encouraged by two judicious friends—Mr. David Arnot and Mr. David Pearson, who praised his juvenile attempts at versification, and gave him the advantage of reading such books as Spenser and Shakspeare, Milton and Pope.

In 1762 Bruce was sent to the University of Edinburgh, a portion of the expense being met by a small legacy left to him by a relative of his father's. During the summer vacations of his later sessions at college he taught a small school at Gairney Bridge, near Kinross, and afterwards one at Forrest Mill, near Alloa. It was here that he wrote his poem of "Lochleven," and also his exquisite "Elegy to Spring," one of the finest of all his productions; this, too, after he felt that he was soon to fall a victim to consumption, engendered, it is believed, chiefly by his confinement to the low-roofed and damp school-room at Forrest Mill. His "Elegy" was the last composition which he lived to finish.

"Now Spring returns; but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown,"

are four lines of the pathetic poem in which his premature death is foreshadowed. Ere the period arrived for returning to the university he became so weak that he was compelled to give up his employment at Forrest Mill, and return to the shelter of the parental roof. He felt that the hand of death was upon him, and prepared for the final conflict with the calmness and resignation of a Christian. Although from the first moment of his return to his humble home he was so reduced in strength as to be seldom able to walk out, he lingered through the winter, and was gladdened by the sight of the woods and fields again blooming in all the freshness of new life. He was cheerful to the last, and died July 6, 1767, aged twenty-one years and three months:—

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

Bruce's Bible was found upon his pillow, marked down at Jer. xxii. 10: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him;" and this verse written on a blank leaf:—

"'Tis very vain for me to boast  
How small a price my Bible cost,  
The day of judgment will make clear  
Twas very cheap or very dear."

His death was a terrible blow to his poor and aged parents, who had struggled hard in their deep poverty to give the gifted child of their household an education befitting his genius. Soon after his death his poems, which are not numerous, were given to the world by his college friend John Logan, who speaks of his departed class-mate in terms which do honour to the goodness of his heart. "Michael Bruce," he says, "lives now no more but in the remembrance of his friends. No less amiable as a man than valuable as a writer—ended

with good nature and good sense—humane, friendly, benevolent—he loved his friends, and was beloved by them with a degree of ardour that is only experienced in the era of youth and innocence.” But unfortunately Logan did not prove so scrupulously just to the literary fame of his friend, as he was liberal in praise of his personal character; for in preparing the volume of Bruce’s poems he mingled with them some of his own, and never gave any explanation by which these might be distinguished. In 1797 a new edition, including several of Bruce’s unpublished poems, was issued by subscription, under the superintendence of the venerable Principal Baird, for the benefit of the poet’s mother, then in her ninetyeth year. In 1837 a complete edition was published, with an interesting memoir of the author from original sources by the Rev. W. Mackelvie, in which ample reparation is made to the injured shade of Michael Bruce for any neglect or injustice done to his poetical fame by his early friend Logan. Still another edition of his poetical works has recently appeared, accompanied by a memoir of the “inheritor of unfulfilled renown,” by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

With respect to the disputed authorship of the immortal lyric the “Ode to the Cuckoo” (“Magical stanzas,” says D’Israeli, “of picture, melody, and sentiment!” and which Edmund Burke admired so much that on visiting Edinburgh he sought out Logan to compliment him), the evidence may be thus stated:—In favour of Logan, there is the open publica-

tion of the ode under his name; the fact of his having shown it in MS. to several friends before its publication, and declared it to be his own composition; and that during his whole life his claim to be the author was not disputed. On the other hand, in favour of Bruce, there is the oral testimony of his relations and friends that they always understood him to be the author; and the written evidence of Dr. Davidson, professor of natural and civil history, Aberdeen, that he saw a copy of the ode in the possession of a friend of Bruce, that it was in his handwriting, and was signed Michael Bruce, and below it was written these words—“You will think I might have been better employed than writing about a *gowk*”—Anglice, cuckoo.

In 1812 a handsome obelisk was erected over Bruce’s grave in Portmoak Churchyard, bearing the simple inscription—“MICHAEL BRUCE, born March 27, 1746. Died July 6, 1767.” The epitaph written by a child of song for himself, one who died young, and, like Bruce, of consumption, might fitly be applied to the author of “Lochleven,” the “Ode to the Cuckoo,” and the deeply pathetic “Elegy”—

“Below lies one whose name was traced in sand,—  
He died not knowing what it was to live:  
Died while the first sweet consciousness of manhood  
And maiden thought electrified his soul;  
Faint beatings in the calyx of the rose.  
Bewildered reader, pass without a sigh  
In a proud sorrow! There is life with God,  
In other kingdom of a sweeter air:  
In Eden every flower is blown. Amen.”

## LOCHLEVEN.<sup>1</sup>

Hail, native land! where on the flow’ry banks  
Of Leven, Beauty ever-blooming dwells;  
A wreath of roses, dropping with the dews  
Of morning, circles her ambrosial locks  
Loose-waving o’er her shoulders; where she treads,  
Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring

And Summer wait, to raise the various flow’rs  
Beneath her footsteps; while the cheerful birds  
Carol their joy, and hail her as she comes,  
Inspiring vernal love and vernal joy.

Attend, Agricola, who to the noise  
Of public life preferr’st the calmer scenes  
Of solitude, and sweet domestic bliss,  
Joys all thine own! attend thy poet’s strain,  
Who triumphs in thy friendship, while he paints  
The past’ral mountains, the poetic streams,  
Where raptur’d Contemplation leads thy walk,  
While silent Evening on the plain descends.

Between two mountains, whose o’erwhelming  
tops,

<sup>1</sup> Though the poem on Lochleven contains little more than six hundred lines it is astonishing with what a variety of landscapes it is decorated; these are for the most part touched with a spirited pencil, and not seldom discover considerable originality, both in conception and execution; they are not mere copies of still life, but abound in the expression of human passions and feelings, and excite the most permanent and pleasant emotions.—*Dr. Nathan Drake.*

In their swift course, arrest the belying clouds,  
A pleasant valley lies. Upon the south,  
A narrow op'ning parts the craggy hills;  
Thro' which the lake, that beautifies the vale,  
Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on,  
And wid'ning by degrees, it stretches north  
To the high Oehel, from whose snowy top  
The streams that feed the lake flow thund'ring  
down.

The twilight trembles o'er the misty hills,  
Trinkling with dew; and whilst the bird of day  
Times his ethereal note, and wakes the wood,  
Bright from the crimson curtains of the morn,  
The sun, appearing in his glory, throws  
New robes of beauty over heav'n and earth.

O! now, while nature smiles in all her works,  
Oft let me trace thy cowslip-cover'd banks,  
O! Leven, and the landscape measure round.  
From gay Kinross, whose stately tufted groves  
Nod o'er the lake, transported let mine eye  
Wander o'er all the various checker'd scene,  
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glitt'ring streams,  
To ruin'd Arnot; or ascend the height  
Of rocky Lomond, where a riv'let pure  
Bursts from the ground, and through the crum-  
bled crags

Tinkles anusive. From the mountain's top,  
Around me spread, I see the goodly scene!  
Inclosures green, that promise to the swain  
The future harvest; many-colour'd meads;  
Irriguoous vales, where cattle low, and sheep  
That whiten half the hills; sweet rural farms  
Oft interspers'd, the seats of past'ral love  
And innocence; with many a spiry dome  
Sacred to heav'n, around whose hallow'd walls  
Our fathers slumber in the narrow house.  
Gay, beauteous villas, bosom'd in the woods,  
Like constellations in the starry sky,  
Complete the scene. The vales, the vocal hills,  
The woods, the waters, and the heart of man,  
Send out a gen'ral song: 'tis beauty all  
To poet's eye, and music to his ear.

Nor is the shepherd silent on his hill,  
His flocks around; nor school-boys, as they creep,  
Slow-paced, tow'rds school; intent, with oaten  
pipe,  
They wake by turns wild music on the way.

Behold the man of sorrows hail the light!  
New risen from the bed of pain, where late,  
Toss'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns,  
He wak'd the long dark night, and wish'd for  
morn.

Soon as he feels the quick'ning beam of heav'n,  
And balmy breath of May, among the fields  
And flow'rs he takes his morning walk: his heart  
Beats with new life; his eye is bright and blithe;  
Health strews her roses o'er his cheek; renew'd

In youth and beauty, his unbidden tongue  
Pours native harmony, and sings to Heav'n.

In ancient times, as ancient bards have sung,  
This was a forest. Here the mountain-oak  
Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top  
The eagle mark'd his prey; the stately ash  
Rear'd high his nervous stature, while below  
The twining alders darken'd all the scene.  
Safe in the shade, the tenants of the wood  
Assembled, bird and beast. The turtle-dove  
Coo'd, amorous, all the livelong summer's day.  
Lover of men, the piteous redbreast, plain'd,  
Sole-sitting on the bough. Blythe on the bush  
The blackbird, sweetest of the woodland choir,  
Warbled his liquid lay; to shepherd swain  
Mellifluous music, as his master's flock,  
With his fair mistress and his faithful dog,  
He tended in the vale: while leverets round,  
In sportive races, through the forest flew  
With feet of wind; and, vent'ring from the rock,  
The snow-white coney sought his ev'ning meal.  
Here, too, the poet, as inspir'd at eve  
He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook  
That piece-meal printed ruins in the rock,  
Beheld the blue-eyed Sisters of the stream,  
And heard the wild note of the fairy throng  
That charm'd the Queen of heav'n, as round the  
tree  
Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance,  
With sky-blue mantles glitt'ring in her beam.

Low by the lake, as yet without a name,  
Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,  
Arose a cottage, green with ancient turf,  
Half hid in hoary trees, and from the north  
Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the sun.  
Here dwelt a peasant, rev'rend with the locks  
Of age, yet youth was ruddy on his cheek;  
His farm his only care; his sole delight  
To tend his daughter, beautiful and young,  
To watch her paths, to fill her lap with flow'rs,  
To see her spread into the bloom of years,  
The perfect picture of her mother's youth.  
His age's hope, the apple of his eye,  
Belov'd of Heav'n, his fair Levina grew  
In youth and grace, the Naiad of the vale.  
Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny show'rs  
Of May, and blyther than the bird of dawn,  
Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,  
Soft-temper'd with a smile. The light of heav'n  
And innocence illum'd her virgin eye,  
Lucid and lovely as the morning star.  
Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom  
Of valley-lily, op'ning in a show'r;  
Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,  
The glory of the year, when first she comes  
Array'd, all-beauteous, with the robes of heav'n,  
And breathing summer breezes; from her locks  
Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flow'rs.  
Thus beautiful she look'd; yet something more,

And better far than beauty, in her looks  
 Appear'd: the maiden blush of modesty;  
 The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content;  
 Health's freshest rose, the sunshine of the soul;  
 Each height'ning each, diffus'd o'er all her form  
 A nameless grace, the beauty of the mind.

Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew  
 The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd  
 The rival shepherds of the neigh'ring dale,  
 Who laid the spoils of summer at her feet,  
 And made the woods enamour'd of her name.  
 But pure as buds before they blow, and still  
 A virgin in her heart, she knew not love;  
 But all alone, amid her garden fair,  
 From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,  
 She spent her days; her pleasing task to tend  
 The flow'rs; to lave them from the water-spring;  
 To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath,  
 Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.  
 In youth the index of maturer years,  
 Left by her school-companions at their play,  
 She'd often wander in the wood, or roam  
 The wilderness, in quest of curious flow'r,  
 Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,  
 And hem'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,  
 Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glin,  
 She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their  
 names.

Thus ply'd assiduous her delightful task,  
 Day after day, till ev'ry herb she nam'd  
 That paints the robe of spring, and knew the voice  
 Of every warbler in the vernal wood.

Her garden stretch'd along the river-side,  
 High up a sunny bank: on either side,  
 A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above,  
 An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.  
 Transplanted here by her creative hand,  
 Each herb of nature, full of fragrant sweets,  
 That scents the breath of summer; every flow'r,  
 Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days  
 In shepherd's garland, and adorns the year,  
 In beauteous clusters flourish'd; nature's work,  
 And order, finish'd by the hand of art.  
 Here gowans, natives of the village green,  
 To daisies grew. The lilies of the field  
 Put on the robe they neither sew'd nor spun.  
 Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading  
 trees,

Unfrequent scatter'd, as by nature's hand,  
 Shaded the flowers, and to her Eden drew  
 The earliest concerts of the spring, and all  
 The various music of the vocal year:  
 Retreat romantic! Thus from early youth  
 Her life she led; one summer's day, serene  
 And fair, without a cloud: like poet's dream  
 Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales,  
 And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand,  
 Eternal spring and autumn rule the year,  
 And love and joy lead on immortal youth.

'Twas on a summer's day, when early show'rs  
 Had wak'd the various vegetable race  
 To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd.  
 Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd  
 To gather herbs, and the fair race of flow'rs,  
 That nature's hand creative pours at will,  
 Beauty unbounded! over earth's green lap,  
 Gay without number, in the day of rain.  
 O'er valleys gay, o'er hillocks green she walk'd,  
 Sweet as the season, and at times awak'd  
 The echoes of the vale, with native notes  
 Of heart-felt joy, in numbers heav'nly sweet;  
 Sweet as th' hosannahs of a form of light,  
 A sweet-tongu'd seraph in the bow'rs of bliss.

Her, as she halted on a green hill-top,  
 A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks,  
 In golden ringlets glitt'ring to the sun,  
 Upon her bosom play'd. Her mantle green,  
 Like thine, O nature! to her rosy cheek  
 Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf  
 The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,  
 Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye  
 Was caught as with ethereal presence. Oft  
 He look'd to heav'n, and oft he met her eye  
 In all the silent eloquence of love;  
 Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began:  
 "Fair wanderer of the wood! what heav'nly  
 pow'r,

Or providence, conducts thy wand'ring steps  
 To this wild forest, from thy native seat  
 And parents, happy in a child so fair?  
 A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale,  
 Thy dress bespeaks; but thy majestic mien,  
 And eye, bright as the morning-star, confess  
 Superior birth and beauty, born to rule:  
 As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils  
 Her virgin orb, appears the Queen of heav'n,  
 And with full beauty gilds the face of night.  
 Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex,  
 And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,  
 Come, let us crop the roses of the brook,  
 And wildings of the wood: soft under shade,  
 Let us recline by mossy fountain side,  
 While the wood suffers in the beam of noon,  
 I'll bring my love the choice of all the shades;  
 First-fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock;  
 And clust'ring nuts, that burnish in the beam.  
 O wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become  
 The owner of these fields? I'll give thee all  
 That I possess, and all thou seest is mine."

Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye,  
 And thus the maiden, with a blush, began:  
 "Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,  
 Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,  
 The dwelling of my sire, a peaceful swain;  
 Yet at his frugal board health sits a guest,  
 And fair contentment crowns his hoary hairs,  
 The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door  
 The needy pass'd, or the wayfaring man.

His only daughter, and his only joy,  
 I feed my father's flock; and, while they rest,  
 At times retiring, lose me in the wood,  
 Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb  
 That opes its virgin bosom to the moon.  
 No flow'r amid the garden fairer grows  
 Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale.  
 The Queen of flowers—But sooner might the weed  
 That blooms and dies, the being of a day,  
 Presume to match with yonder mountain oak,  
 That stands the tempest and the bolt of heav'n,  
 From age to age the monarch of the wood—  
 O! had you been a shepherd of the dale,  
 To feed your flock beside me, and to rest  
 With me at noon in these delightful shades,  
 I might have listen'd to the voice of love,  
 Nothing reluctant; might with you have walk'd  
 Whole summer suns away. At even-tide,  
 When heav'n and earth in all their glory shine  
 With the last smiles of the departing sun;  
 When the sweet breath of summer feasts the sense,  
 And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;  
 We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet,  
 Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the moon  
 To hear the music of true lovers' vows.  
 But fate forbids, and fortune's potent frown,  
 And honour, inmate of the noble breast.  
 Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.  
 Cease, beauteous stranger! cease, beloved youth!  
 To vex a heart that never can be yours."

Thus spoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes,  
 Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue,  
 Persuasion gain'd. The deep-enamour'd youth  
 Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul  
 Was lost in love. He grasp'd her trembling hand,  
 And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows  
 Of love: "O, virgin! fairest of the fair!  
 My one beloved! were the Scottish throne  
 To me transmitted thro' a sceptred line  
 Of ancestors; thou, thou should'st be my queen,  
 And Caledonia's diadems adorn  
 A fairer head than ever wore a crown."

She redder'd like the morning, under veil  
 Of her own golden hair. The woods among,  
 They wander'd up and down with fond delay,  
 Nor mark'd the fall of ev'ning; parted then,  
 The happiest pair on whom the sun declin'd.

Next day he found her on a flow'ry bank,  
 Half under shade of willows, by a spring,  
 The mirror of the swains, that o'er the meads,  
 Slow-winding, scatter'd flow'rets in its way.  
 Thro' many a winding walk and alley green,  
 She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck,  
 He gaz'd, all eye, o'er the enchanting scene:  
 And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the  
 flow'rs,  
 Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd  
 The beautiful creatress; and awak'd

The echo in her praise. Like the first pair,  
 Adam and Eve, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,  
 When newly come from their Creator's hand,  
 Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,  
 In fond endearments, in embraces sweet,  
 That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,  
 And found the paradise that Adam lost.  
 Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride,  
 Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day  
 That bless'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes  
 An age of gold, the heav'n of happiness  
 That lovers in their lucid moments dream.

And now the morning, like a rosy bride,  
 Adorned on her day, put on her robes,  
 Her beauteous robes of light: the Naiad streams,  
 Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song,  
 Flow'd down the dale: the voices of the grove,  
 And ev'ry winged warbler of the air,  
 Sung overhead, and there was joy in heav'n.  
 Ris'n with the dawn, the bride and bridal-maids  
 Stray'd thro' the woods, and o'er the vales, in  
 quest  
 Of flow'rs and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 To strew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.

Fair in the bosom of the level lake  
 Rose a green island, cover'd with a spring  
 Of flow'rs perpetual, goodly to the eye,  
 And blooming from afar. High in the midst,  
 Between two fountains, an enchanted tree  
 Grew ever green, and every month renew'd  
 Its blooms and apples of Hesperian gold,  
 Here ev'ry bride (as ancient poets sing)  
 Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,  
 To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,  
 The pledge of nuptial concord and delight  
 For many a coming year. Levina now  
 Had reached the isle with an attendant maid,  
 And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit:  
 But wish'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.  
 Not fonder sought the first created fair  
 The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,  
 The source of human woe. Two plants arose  
 Fair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs  
 In miniature. One, with audacious hand,  
 In evil hour she rooted from the ground.  
 At once the island shook, and shrieks of woe  
 At times were heard, amid the troubled air.  
 Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her  
 face,  
 Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her died.  
 Trembling, and pale, and boding woes to come,  
 They seiz'd the boat, and hurried from the isle.

And now they gain'd the middle of the lake,  
 And saw th' approaching land: now, wild with joy,  
 They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,  
 Sent by the angry demon of the isle,  
 A whirlwind rose: it lash'd the furious lake  
 To tempest, overturn'd the boat, and sunk

The fair Levina to a wat'ry tomb.  
 Her sad companions, bending from a rock,  
 Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands  
 Held up to heav'n, and heard the shriek of death:  
 Then overhead the parting billow clos'd,  
 And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays  
 The muse relates, and sure each tender maid  
 For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh,  
 And haply my Eumelia, (for her soul  
 Is pity's self,) as, void of household cares,  
 Her ev'ning walk she bends beside the lake,  
 Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop  
 A tear, in mem'ry of the hapless maid,  
 And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,  
 Whom from his mistress death did not divide.  
 Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,  
 All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,  
 Long looking o'er the lake, and saw at times  
 The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd;  
 Till love and grief subdu'd his manly prime,  
 And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.

I knew an aged swain, whose hoary head  
 Was bent with years, the village-chronicle,  
 Who much had seen, and from the former times  
 Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth  
 In winter ev'nings, to the gaping swains,  
 And children circling round the fire, would tell  
 Stories of old, and tales of other times.  
 Of Lomond and Levina he would talk;  
 And how of old, in Britain's evil days,  
 When brothers against brothers drew the sword  
 Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war  
 Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,  
 And all the country to devouring fire.  
 Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes,  
 In one great conflagration, flamed to heav'n.  
 Barren and black, by swift degrees arose  
 A mirish fen; and hence the lab'ring hind,  
 Digging for fuel, meets the mould'ring trunks  
 Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now sober Industry, illustrious power!  
 Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode  
 Of innocence and joy: now, sweating, guides  
 The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;  
 Leads the long drain along th' unfruitful marsh;  
 Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,  
 The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath  
 With waving harvests, and the golden grain.

Fair from his hand behold the village rise,  
 In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!  
 Above whose aged tops the joyful swains  
 At even-tide, descending from the hill,  
 With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths  
 Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.  
 The street resounds with Labour's various voice,  
 Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green  
 Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,  
 Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,

The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,  
 Their gray-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun  
 Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,  
 The well-remember'd stories of their youth  
 Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.

How fair a prospect rises to the eye,  
 Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,  
 For ever pleasant, and for ever new!  
 Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,  
 Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train  
 Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.  
 Imagination rouses at the scene,  
 And backward, through the gloom of ages past,  
 Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,  
 Eneireled with her swains and rosy nymphs,  
 The mazy dance conducting on the green.  
 Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales  
 Thine, gentle Leven! green on either hand  
 Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,  
 With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice  
 With all the riches of the golden year.  
 Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side,  
 Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,  
 Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air  
 With music, grateful to the master's ear.  
 The traveller stops, and gazes round and round  
 O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart  
 With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,  
 Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,  
 Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,  
 Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

How beautiful around the lake outspreads  
 Its wealth of waters, the surrounding vales  
 Renews, and holds a mirror to the sky,  
 Perpetual fed by many sister-streams,  
 Haunts of the angler! First, the gulfy Po,  
 That thro' the quaking marsh and waving reeds  
 Creeps slow and silent on. The rapid Queech,  
 Whose foaming torrents o'er the broken steep  
 Burst down impetuous, with the placid wave  
 Of flow'ry Leven, for the canine pike  
 And silver eel renown'd. But chief thy stream,  
 O! Gairny, sweetly winding, claims the song.  
 First on thy banks the Doric reed I tun'd,  
 Stretch'd on the verdant grass; while twilight  
 meek,  
 Enrob'd in mist, slow-sailing thro' the air,  
 Silent and still, on ev'ry closed flow'r  
 Shed drops nectareous; and around the fields  
 No noise was heard, save where the whisp'ring  
 reeds  
 Wav'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air  
 The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heav'ly o'er the lea,  
 And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.  
 There would I sit and tune some youthful lay,  
 Or watch the motion of the living fires,  
 That day and night their never-ceasing course  
 Wheel round th' eternal poles, and bend the knee  
 To him the Maker of yon starry sky,

Omnipotent ! who, thron'd above all heav'ns,  
 Yet ever present through the peop'd space  
 Of vast creation's infinite extent,  
 Pours life, and bliss, and beauty, pours himself,  
 His own essential goodness, o'er the minds  
 Of happy beings, thro' ten thousand worlds.

Nor shall the muse forget thy friendly heart,  
 O Lelius! partner of my youthful hours;  
 How often, rising from the bed of peace,  
 We would walk forth to meet the summer morn,  
 Inhaling health and harmony of mind;  
 Philosophers and friends; while science beam'd,  
 With ray divine, as lovely on our minds  
 As yonder orient sun, whose welcome light  
 Revea'd the vernal landscape to the view.  
 Yet oft, unbending from more serious thought,  
 Much of the looser follies of mankind,  
 Hum'rous and gay, we'd talk, and much would  
 laugh;  
 While, ever and anon, their foibles vain  
 Imagination offer'd to our view.

Fronting where Gairny pours his silent urn  
 Into the lake, an island lifts its head,  
 Grassy and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd  
 Of cells; where from the noisy world retir'd  
 Of old, as fame reports, Religion dwelt  
 Safe from the insults of the darken'd crowd  
 That bow'd the knee to Odin; and in times  
 Of ignorance, when Caledonia's sons  
 (Before the triple-crowned giant fell)  
 Exchang'd their simple faith for Rome's deceits.  
 Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons  
 A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;  
 Where her pale vot'ries at the midnight hour,  
 In many a mournful strain of melancholy,  
 Chanted their orisons to the cold moon.  
 It now resounds with the wild-shrieking gull,  
 The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew,  
 The patient heron, and the bittern dull,  
 Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe  
 That by the water seek th' appointed meal.

From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,  
 'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music  
 wild;  
 Such as in Selma, by the burning oak  
 Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,  
 Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling  
 chords  
 Of untouched harp, self-sounding in the night.  
 Perhaps th' afflicted Genius of the lake,  
 That leaves the wat'ry groat, each night to mourn  
 The waste of time, his desolated isles  
 And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice  
 Is heard resounding thro' the dreary courts  
 Of high Lochleven Castle, famous once,  
 Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line;  
 Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,  
 With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence

Of jutting battlements, an age's toil!  
 No more its arches echo to the noise  
 Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance  
 Of blazing taper thro' its window's beams,  
 And quivers on the undulating wave:  
 But naked stand the melancholy walls,  
 Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,  
 That whistle mournful thro' the empty halls,  
 And piecemeal crumble down the tow'rs to dust.  
 Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower,  
 That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,  
 Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;  
 While from above the owl, musician dire!  
 Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,  
 A row of moss-grown trees around it stand,  
 Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,  
 A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year;  
 Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,  
 When man draws nigh his everlasting home,  
 Within a step of the devouring grave;  
 When all his views and tow'ring hopes are gone,  
 And ev'ry appetite before him dead.

Bright shines the morn, while in the ruddy east  
 The sun hangs hov'ring o'er th' Atlantic wave.  
 Apart on yonder green hill's sunny side,  
 Seren'd with all the music of the morn,  
 Attentive let me sit; while from the rock,  
 The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge,  
 Bounding elastic from th' indented grass,  
 At every fall it springs, and thund'ring shoots  
 O'er rocks and precipices to the plain.  
 And let the shepherd careful tend his flock  
 Far from the dang'rous steep; nor, O! ye swains,  
 Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears  
 You wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse  
 Of her dead husband pours, who, hapless man!  
 Cheerful and strong, went forth at rising morn  
 To usual toil; but, ere the evening hour,  
 His sad companions bear him lifeless home.  
 Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift,  
 A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came,  
 Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd,  
 Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain;  
 When now arriv'd the instrument of death,  
 And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land  
 Drank up his blood; such was the will of Heav'n.

How wide the landscape opens to the view!  
 Still, as I mount, the less'ning hills decline,  
 Till high above them northern Grampius lifts  
 His hoary head, bending beneath a load  
 Of everlasting snow. O'er southern fields  
 I see the Cheviot Hills, the ancient bounds  
 Of two contending kingdoms. There in fight  
 Brave Piercy and the gallant Douglas bled,  
 The house of heroes, and the death of hosts!  
 Wat'ring the fertile fields, majestic Forth,  
 Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea,



With many a vessel trim and oared bark  
In rich profusion cover'd, wafting o'er  
The wealth and product of far-distant lands.

But chief mine eye on the subjected vale  
Of Leven pleas'd looks down; while o'er the trees,  
That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,  
The tow'ring smoke of early fire ascends,  
And the shrill cock proclaims th' advanced morn.

How blest the man! who, in these peaceful  
plains,  
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,  
The care, and bustle of a busy world.  
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale  
Of Solitude, the secret primrose-path  
Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells  
Peace and Content, twins of the sylvan shade,  
And all the graces of the golden age.  
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good,  
By nature formed for the calm retreat,  
The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught  
With self-importance, as the starched fool;  
Who challenges respect by solemn face,  
By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.  
Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose.  
Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules,  
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,  
But man his study, and the better part;  
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act  
The various scenes of life with God's applause.  
Deep in the bottom of the flow'ry vale,  
With blooming shallows and the leafy twine  
Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands  
Complete in rural elegance. The door,  
By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,  
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.  
There, O! how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs  
At ev'ning cool to sit; while, on their boughs,  
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young,  
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks  
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,  
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge  
Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives  
The stealing foot of time. Or where the ground,  
Mounded irregular, points out the graves  
Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd faie,  
Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,  
In softly-soothing melancholy thought,  
As Night's seraphic bard, immortal Young,  
Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal  
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tir'd,  
Oft miss'd the prize, the weary racer rests.

Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds  
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!  
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus  
The dear remembrance of his native fields,  
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease  
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts  
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.<sup>1</sup>

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs  
Of high and mighty name,  
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,  
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,  
That crowns the mountain's brow;  
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,  
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields, his herds were large;  
And large his flocks of sheep;  
And num'rous were his goats and deer  
Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good clan Ross,  
A firm and warlike band;  
Five hundred warriors drew the sword  
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood  
Against the English keen,  
Ere two-and-twenty opening springs  
The blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,  
A maid of beauty rare;  
Even Margaret on the Scottish throne  
Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd; long she refused  
With seeming scorn and pride;  
Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love  
Her fearful words denied.

At length she bless'd his well-tried love,  
Allow'd his tender claim:  
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,  
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,  
Their passion disapproved;  
He bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,  
And leave the youth she loved.

One night they met, as they were wont,  
Deep in a shady wood;  
Where on the bank, beside the burn,  
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Coneal'd among the underwood  
The crafty Donald lay,  
The brother of Sir John the Graeme,  
To watch what they might say.

<sup>1</sup> "Sir James the Ross" is, for so young a poet, a most admirable composition, and contains all the attributes of the historical ballad.—*William Wilson*.

When thus the maid began: "My sire  
Our passion disapproves;  
He bids me wed Sir John the Graeme,  
So here must end our loves.

"My father's will must be obey'd,  
Nought boots me to withstand;  
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom  
Shall bless thee with her hand.

"Soon will Matilda be forgot,  
And from thy mind effaced;  
But may that happiness be thine  
Which I can never taste!"

"What do I hear? is this thy vow?"  
Sir James the Ross replied:  
"And will Matilda wed the Graeme,  
Though sworn to be my bride?"

"His sword shall sooner pierce my heart  
Than reave me of thy charms"—  
And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,  
Fast lock'd within her arms.

"I spoke to try thy love," she said;  
"I'll ne'er wed man but thee:  
The grave shall be my bridal bed  
If Graeme my husband be.

"Take then, dear youth! this faithful kiss  
In witness of my troth;  
And every plague become my lot  
That day I break my oath."

They parted thus—the sun was set:  
Up hasty Donald flies,  
And "Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!"  
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,  
And soon his sword he drew,  
For Donald's blade before his breast  
Had pierced his tartans through.

"This for my brother's slighted love;  
His wrongs sit on my arm."—  
Three paces back the youth retired,  
And saved himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd  
Fierce Donald's head above;  
And through the brain and crashing bone  
The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound; he fell,  
A lump of lifeless clay:  
"So fall my foes," quoth valiant Ross,  
And stately strode away.

Through the green wood in haste he pass'd,  
Unto Lord Buchan's hall;  
Beneath Matilda's windows stood,  
And thus on her did call:

"Art thou asleep, Matilda fair?  
Awake, my love! awake:  
Behold thy lover waits without,  
A long farewell to take.

"For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme,  
His blood is on my sword;  
And far, far distant are my men,  
Nor can defend their lord.

"To Skye I will direct my flight,  
Where my brave brothers bide;  
And raise the mighty of the Isles  
To combat on my side."

"O! do not so," the maid replied,  
"With me till morning stay;  
For dark and dreary is the night,  
And dangerous is the way.

"All night I'll watch thee in the park:  
My faithful page I'll send  
In haste to raise the brave clan Ross,  
Their master to defend."

He laid him down beneath a bush,  
And wrapp'd him in his plaid;  
While, trembling for her lover's fate,  
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale:  
Till, in a lowly glen,  
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,  
With twenty of his men.

"Where goest thou, little page?" he said;  
"So late who did thee send?"—  
"I go to raise the brave clan Ross,  
Their master to defend:

"For he has slain fierce Donald Graeme,  
His blood is on his sword;  
And far, far distant are his men,  
Nor can assist their lord."

"And has he slain my brother dear?"  
The furious chief replies:  
"Dishonour blast my name, but he  
By me ere morning dies.

"Say, page! where is Sir James the Ross?  
I will thee well reward."—  
"He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;  
Matilda is his guard."

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,  
Like lightning, o'er the lae:  
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty towers  
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,  
Upon a rising ground,  
And watch'd each object in the dawn,  
All ear to every sound.

"Where sleeps the Ross?" began the Graeme,  
"Or has the felon fled?  
This hand shall lay the wretch on earth  
By whom my brother bled."

And now the valiant knight awoke,  
The virgin shrieking heard;  
Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,  
When the fierce band appear'd.

"Your sword last night my brother slew,  
His blood yet dims its shine;  
And ere the sun shall gild the morn  
Your blood shall reek on mine."

"Your words are brave," the chief return'd;  
"But deeds approve the man;  
Set by your men, and hand to hand  
We'll try what valour can."

With dauntless step he forward strode,  
And dared him to the fight:  
The Graeme gave back, and fear'd his arm,  
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,  
Sunk down beneath his sword;  
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,  
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graeme,  
And pierced him in the side:  
Out-spouting came the purple stream,  
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,  
Nor sunk he to the ground,  
Till through his enemy's heart his steel  
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,  
Fell breathless on the clay;  
And down beside him sunk the Ross,  
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran:  
"O! spare his life," she cried;  
"Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life:  
Let her not be denied."

Her well-known voice the hero heard;  
He raised his death-closed eyes:  
He fix'd them on the weeping maid,  
And weakly thus replies:

"In vain Matilda begs a life  
By death's arrest denied;  
My race is run—adieu, my love!"  
Then closed his eyes, and died.

The sword yet warm from his left side,  
With frantic hand she drew:  
"I come, Sir James the Ross," she cried,  
"I come to follow you."

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,  
And bared her snowy breast;  
Then fell upon her lover's face,  
And sunk to endless rest.

#### ELEGY TO SPRING.<sup>1</sup>

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;  
Stem Winter now resigns the lengthening day;  
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,  
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,  
From southern climes, beneath another sky,  
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;  
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,  
To his own elime, to Zembla's frozen shore;  
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign;  
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests  
roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground  
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,  
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,  
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;  
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,  
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose;  
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene;

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,  
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:  
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,  
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Robert Chambers remarks, "In poetical beauty and energy, as in biographical interest, his latest effort, 'The Elegy,' must ever rank the first in his productions."—Ed.

Soon 'as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,  
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;  
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;  
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she  
sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden  
blooms,  
That fill the air with fragrance all around,  
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,  
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,  
Along the green sward, mark'd with Roman  
mound,  
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,  
The cheerful lambskins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,  
Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,  
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,  
And follow nature up to nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied nature's laws;  
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;  
Thus Heaven-taught Plato traced th' Almighty  
cause,  
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;  
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,  
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,  
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;  
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;  
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,  
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chill'd the aged year,  
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain:  
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,  
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;  
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;  
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;  
Heaven gave content and health—I ask'd no  
more.

Now, Spring returns: but not to me returns  
The vernal joy my better years have known;  
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,  
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in the inconstant wind,  
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,  
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,  
And count the silent moments as they pass;

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed  
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;

Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,  
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Of morning dreams presage approaching fate;  
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.  
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,  
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;  
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,  
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,  
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!  
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,  
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,  
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless  
ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,  
Where sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;  
The world and all its busy follies leave,  
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,  
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;  
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,  
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn  
arise.

#### TO A FOUNTAIN.

O Fountain of the wood! whose glassy wave,  
Slow-welling from the rock of years,  
Holds to heaven a mirror blue,  
And bright as Anna's eye.

With whom I've sported on the margin green:  
My hand with leaves, with lilies white,  
Gaily deck'd her golden hair,  
Young Naiad of the vale.

Fount of my native wood! thy murmurs greet  
My ear, like poet's heavenly strain:  
Fancy pictures in a dream  
The golden days of youth.

O state of innocence! O paradise!  
In Hope's gay garden, fancy views  
Golden blossoms, golden fruits,  
And Eden ever green.

Where now, ye dear companions of my youth!  
Ye brothers of my bosom! where  
Do ye tread the walks of life,  
Wide scatter'd o'er the world?

Thus winged larks forsake their native nest,  
The merry minstrels of the morn:

New to heaven they mount away,  
And meet again no more.

All things decay—the forest like the leaf;  
Great kingdoms fall; the peopled globe,  
Planet-struck, shall pass away;  
Heavens with their hosts expire:

But hope's fair visions, and the beams of joy,  
Shall cheer my bosom: I will sing  
Nature's beauty, nature's birth,  
And heroes on the lyre.

Ye Naiads, blue-eyed sisters of the wood!  
Who by old oak, or storied stream,  
Nightly tread your mystic maze,  
And charm the wandering moon.

Beheld by poet's eye; inspire my dreams  
With visions, like the landscapes fair  
Of heaven's bliss, to dying saints  
By guardian angels drawn.

Fount of the forest! in thy poet's lays  
Thy waves shall flow; this wreath of flowers,  
Gather'd by my Anna's hand,  
I ask to bind my brow.

#### DANISH ODE.

The great, the glorious deed is done!  
The foe is fled! the field is won!  
Prepare the feast; the heroes call;  
Let joy, let triumph fill the hall!

The raven claps his sable wings:  
The bard his chosen timbrel brings;  
Six virgins round, a select choir,  
Sing to the music of his lyre.

With mighty ale the goblet crown:  
With mighty ale your sorrows drown:  
To-day, to mirth and joy we yield:  
To-morrow, face the bloody field.

From danger's front, at battle's eve,  
Sweet comes the banquet to the brave:  
Joy shines with genial beam on all,  
The joy that dwells in Odin's hall.

The song bursts living from the lyre,  
Like dreams that guardian ghosts inspire;  
When mimic shrieks the heroes hear,  
And whirl the visionary spear.

Music's the med'cine of the mind;  
The cloud of care give to the wind:  
Be every brow with garlands bound;  
And let the cup of joy go round.

The cloud comes o'er the beam of light;  
We're guests that tarry but a night:  
In the dark house, together press'd,  
The princes and the people rest.

Send round the shell, the feast prolong.  
And send away the night in song:  
Be blest below, as those above  
With Odin and the friends they love.

#### SWEET FRAGRANT BOWER.

Sweet fragrant bow'r, where first I met  
My much-lov'd Anna dear;  
I fancy still her form I see,  
And think her voice I hear,  
Warbling, in gentle accents sweet,  
Such sounds as cheer my heart.  
Ah! never can their melody  
From my rack'd mind depart.

Her charming tongue such pleasure gave,  
Such sweets from it did flow,  
As charm'd each shepherd to her bow'r,  
Where sooth'd was ev'ry woe.  
But, ah! these joys flew fleeting past;  
Her lovely form is gone  
To kindred angels in the sky;  
For man too great the loan.

#### THE WISH.

Gie me not riches over much,  
Nor pinching poverty, Jo,  
But let Heav'n's blessings still be such  
As keep in mid degree, Jo.  
Tho' low my cot, an' plain my fare,  
Yet will I ne'er complain, Jo;  
No, tho' my darg shou'd be fu' sair,  
Frae rising sun till e'en, Jo,  
Frae rising sun till e'en.

For how can man be better plac'd  
Than at his daily toil, Jo.  
Or what can be a sweeter feast  
Than produce o' his soil, Jo.  
If season'd weel wi' exercise,  
Health mak's a sweet desert, Jo:  
Then spleenish vapour, banished, fies  
Far frae his manly heart, Jo,  
Far frae his manly heart.

Another blessing I'd implore,  
To hae a lovely fair, Jo;  
At gloamin', whan my task is o'er,  
My happiness to share, Jo.

Owre brecken brae, or thro' the grove,  
 Or owre the gow'nie green, Jo,  
 We'd careless stray, an' tell our love  
 Ilk simmer morn an' e'en, Jo,  
 Ilk simmer morn an' e'en.

A friend, too, wad kind Heav'n indulge  
 Me wi' a boon sae great, Jo,  
 To whom my heart I could divulge  
 In ilka little strait, Jo,  
 Ane wha amid the ills of life,  
 His kind advice cou'd gie, Jo,  
 To ward awa' ilk care and strife;  
 How happy shou'd I be, Jo,  
 How happy shou'd I be.

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### THE ADIEU.

Ah! can I behold, love, that heart-rending sigh,  
 The tear that bedims my dear Mary's fond eye!  
 Can I kiss those lips of the coral's bright hue!  
 And speak the sad word, lovely Mary, adieu!  
 Can I view that fair face, that form so divine,  
 Whom once flatt'ring hope whisper'd soon would  
 be mine?

Can I press to my bosom that heart so true?  
 And speak the sad word, lovely Mary, adieu!

Can I think on thy smile, when at twilight we met!  
 And thy last killing glance when next meeting  
 was set?

The love-gliding hours, ah! how fleetly they flew!  
 Ne'er thought I, dear Mary, to bid thee adieu!  
 But while this sad bosom can breathe a fond strain,  
 Or while in my mind recollections remain,  
 With love, my fair maid, shall it breathe still to  
 you,  
 Tho' fore'd, lovely Mary, to sigh now—adieu!

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### ODE TO THE CUCKOO.<sup>1</sup>

Hail, beauteous stranger of the wood,  
 Attendant on the spring!  
 Now Heav'n repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear:  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
 I hail the time of flowers,  
 When heaven is fill'd with music sweet  
 Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wand'ring in the wood  
 To pull the flowers so gay,  
 Starts, thy curious voice to hear,  
 And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,  
 Thou fly'st thy vocal vail,  
 An annual guest in other lands,  
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee:  
 We'd make, with social wing,  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the spring.

---

themselves if his emendations are any advantage to the ode as first published:—

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!  
 Thou messenger of spring!  
 Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,  
 And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,  
 Thy certain voice we hear:  
 Hast thou a star to guide thy path,  
 Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee  
 I hail the time of flowers,  
 And hear the sound of music sweet  
 From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering through the wood,  
 To pull the primrose gay,  
 Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,  
 And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,  
 Thou fleest thy vocal vail,  
 An annual guest in other lands,  
 Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,  
 Thy sky is ever clear;  
 Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,  
 No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!  
 We'd make, with joyful wing,  
 Our annual visit o'er the globe,  
 Companions of the spring.

An additional interest cannot but be felt in Bruce's ode if it, as Archbishop Trench thinks, suggested to a much greater poet one of his most lovely lyrics. "It was," he says, "a favourite with Wordsworth, and one who listens attentively may catch a faint prelude of his immortal ode addressed to the same bird"—Ed.

<sup>1</sup> This ode has been characterized by Edmund Burke as "the most beautiful lyric in the language." The original version appeared in 1770 among Bruce's poems. In 1781 Logan included it with some alterations in a collection of his own poems. Readers may judge for

## HECTOR MACNEILL.

BORN 1746 — DIED 1818.

HECTOR MACNEILL was born October 22, 1746, at Rosebank, on the Esk, near Roslin: and, to quote his own words, "amidst the murmur of streams and the shades of Hawthornden may be said to have inhaled with life the atmosphere of a poet." He was sent by his father, Captain Maeneill, to the grammar-school at Stirling, then under Dr. David Doig, to whom in after-life the poet dedicated his popular composition "Scotland's Scath, or the History of Will and Jean," of which 10,000 copies were sold in a single month. His father's circumstances being such that he was unable to give his son a university education, he, at the age of fourteen, was withdrawn from his studies, and went to reside at Bristol with his cousin, an opulent West India trader, who had noticed the shrewdness of his young namesake, and had engaged to provide for him. He soon after made a trial of sea-life, but this proving distasteful, he entered the counting-house of a merchant in the island of St. Christopher, to whom he had been recommended by his kinsman. He soon made himself so valuable an assistant, that there was every prospect of his being admitted to a partnership, when the whole tenor of his life was altered by a single imprudent kiss! His employer having admitted him to his house on terms of intimacy, Maeneill so far forgot himself as to snatch a kiss from the lips of the merchant's young and beautiful wife, with whom he was seated in the garden. For this indiscretion he was dismissed.

Maeneill remained in the West Indies for nearly a quarter of a century, under circumstances less prosperous than those in which he began his career there. He appears to have filled various subordinate positions, and at one period to have been the manager of a sugar plantation in Jamaica, in which capacity he prepared a pamphlet in defence of the system of slavery in the West Indies. It was published in 1788, about which time Maeneill

returned to his native land in poor health and by no means prosperous circumstances. Taking up his residence at Stirling, he entered upon a literary career, by publishing in 1789 "The Harp, a Legendary Tale," which met with but little success. During the succeeding ten years he divided his time between Jamaica and Scotland, at the expiration of which period he found a friend in the person of Mr. John Graham, a West India planter and former employer, who, at his death, left the poet an annuity of £100 per annum. It was on this gentleman's estate of Three-Mile-River that Maeneill wrote "The Pastoral, or Lyric Muse of Scotland." He now took up his abode at Edinburgh, where he was admitted to the literary circles of that city, and numbered among his friends James Sibbald, and Mrs. Hamilton, authoress of *The Cottagers of Glenburnie*.

The poet being now in more easy circumstances, added to his income by systematic literary efforts. He wrote several novels, and for a time was the editor of the *Scots Magazine*. In 1801 he published an edition of his poems in two volumes, which was followed by a second in 1806, and a third in 1812. Although himself possessing

"The vision and the faculty divine,"

Maeneill invariably warned all aspirants for poetic fame against embarking in the precarious pursuit of writing poetry as a means of support, or indeed to trusting to authorship of any kind. Writing to a friend in 1813 he says, "Accumulating years and infirmities are beginning to operate very sensibly upon me now, and yearly do I experience their increasing influence. . . . My pen is my chief amusement. Reading soon fatigues and loses its zest, composition never, till over-exertion reminds me of my imprudence." A few years after penning these lines the poet passed away, March 15, 1818, in his seventy-second year.

Macneill's reputation rests chiefly upon his poem of "Will and Jean," first published in 1795. Between this production and Alexander Wilson's "Watty and Meg" it would not perhaps be fair to institute a comparison. Our author acknowledged his obligations to the American ornithologist, and availed himself of all his own advantages. "The Waes o' War, or the Upshot o' the History o' Will and Jean," issued in 1796, is also a simple and pathetic strain, which speedily found its way to the hearts of the people of Scotland. Several of Macneill's songs, such as "Saw ye my Wee Thing?" "My Boy Tammy," "Come under my Plaidie," and his touching ballad of "Donald and Flora," are well-known favourites, and enjoy a popularity perhaps unsur-

passed by similar productions of any Scottish poet save Burns alone.

An aged man, who in his youth knew Macneill, and frequently heard him sing his own songs during the early years of the present century, described him to the writer as a tall fine-looking old man, of a sallow complexion, fond of dress, with an exceedingly dignified manner on ordinary occasions, but at a dinner-table he would unbend, and become with his songs and stories the gayest spirit of the company. He sang the old Jacobite lays of his native land with deep feeling, and although his voice was somewhat rough, his singing was more admired than that of others possessing more musical voices, but who lacked the poet's pathos and spirit.

## SCOTLAND'S SCAITH,

OR THE HISTORY OF WILL AND JEAN.

### PART I.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?  
Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
Deadly strength was in his arm.

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle?  
Throw the sledge or toss the bar?  
Hap what would, he stood a castle,  
Or for safety, or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',  
Wi' the bauld he bauld could be;  
But to friends wha had their handfu',  
Purse and service aye were free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?—  
Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
But were ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,  
Glintin' owre Demait's<sup>1</sup> brow:  
Sweet! wi' opening charms adorning  
Strevlin's<sup>2</sup> lovely plains below.

Kind and gentle was her nature;  
At ilk place she bare the bell;—

Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!  
But her look nae tongue can tell!

Sic was Jean whan Will first, mawing,  
Spy'd her on a thraward beast;  
Flew like fire, and, just whan fa'ing,  
Kepp'd her on his manly breast.

Light he bare her, pale as ashes,  
Cross the meadow, fragrant, green,  
Plac'd her on the new-mawn rashes,  
Watching sad her opening een.

Sic was Will, whan poor Jean, fainting,  
Draopt into a lover's arms;  
Waken'd to his saft lamenting;  
Sigh'd and blush'd a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd and soon were buckled,  
Nane took time to think and rue;—  
Youth and worth and beauty coupl'd,  
Luvè had never less to do.

Three short years flew by fu' cauty,  
Jean and Will thought them but ane;  
Ika day brought joy and plenty,  
Ika year a dainty wean.

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure;  
Jean the hale day span and sang;  
Will and weans her constant treasure,—  
Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang.

<sup>1</sup> One of the Ochil Hills near Stirling.

<sup>2</sup> The ancient name of Stirling.



Trig her house, and oh! to busk aye  
 Ilk sweet bairn was a' her pride!  
 But at this time NEWS and WHISKY  
 Sprang nae up at ilk roadside.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie,  
 Hame returning frae the fair  
 Ow'rtook Tam, a neebor billie,  
 Sax miles frae their hame and mair.

Simmer's heat had lost its fury;  
 Calmly smil'd the sober een;  
 Lassies on the bleachfield hurry,  
 Skelping bare-fit owre the green;

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,  
 Cauty hairst was just begun,  
 And on mountain, tree, and water,  
 Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam, wi' hearts a' lowpin,  
 Markt the hale, but could nae bide;  
 Far frae hame, nae time for stopping,—  
 Baith wish'd for their ain fireside.

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,  
 Cracking owre the news in town;  
 The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youth aye  
 Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens  
 To poor merit's modest pray'r,  
 And on fools heaps needless blessings,  
 Harken'd to our drouthy pair.

In a hoom, whase bonnie burnie  
 Whimperin row'd its crystal flood,  
 Near the road whar travellers turn aye,  
 Neat and bield a cot-house stood;

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,  
 Window broads just painted red:  
 Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,  
 Halfins seen and halfins hid.

Up the gavel-end thick spreading  
 Crap the clasping ivy green,  
 Back over, firs the high craigs cleading,  
 Rais'd a' round a cozy screen.

Down below, a flow'ry meadow  
 Join'd the burnie's rambling line;  
 Here it was that Howe, the widow,  
 That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its  
 Bottom, Will first marv'ling sees,  
 "Porter, Ale, and British Spirits"  
 Painted bright between twa trees.

"Dear me, Tam! here's walth for drinking!  
 Wha can this new comer be!"—  
 "Hout!" quo' Tam, "there's drouth in  
 thinking;  
 Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Nae mair time they took to speak or  
 Think o' ought but reaming jugs,  
 Till three times in humming liquor,  
 Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slooken'd now, refreshed, and talking,  
 In cam' Meg (weel skill'd to please):  
 "Sirs, ye're surely tir'd wi' walking—  
 Ye maun taste my bread and cheese."

"Thanks," quo' Will, "I canna tarry,  
 Piek-mirk night is setting in;  
 Jean, poor thing, 's her lane and cerie;  
 I maun to the road, and rin."

"Hout!" quo' Tam, "what's a' the hurry?  
 Hame's now scarce a mile o' gate;  
 Come, sit down, Jean winna weary—  
 No, I'm sure it's no sae late."

"Will, o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,  
 Baith fell to and ate their fill:  
 "Tam," quo' Will, "in mere diseretion,  
 We maun hae the widow's gill."

After ae gill cam' anither—  
 Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa;  
 Bang! cam' in Mat Smith and's brither,  
 Geordie Brown and Sandy Shaw.

Neebors wha ne'er thought to meet here,  
 Now sat down wi' double glee;  
 Ilka gill grew sweet and sweeter,—  
 Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing! had lang been greeting:  
 Will, neist morning, blam'd Tam Lowes:  
 But ere lang a weekly meeting  
 Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

## PART II.

Maist things hae a sma' beginning,  
 But wha kens how things will end?  
 Weekly elubs are nae great sinning,  
 Gin folk hae enough to spend:

But nae man o' sober thinking  
 Ere will say that things can thrive,  
 If there's spent in weekly drinking  
 What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink mann aye hae conversation,  
 Ilka social soul allows;

But in this reforming nation  
Wha can speak without the news?

News, first meant for state physicians,  
Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs,  
Now, when a' are politicians,  
Just to set folks by the lugs.

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light  
On some things that should be clear.  
Found ere lang the fan't. and ae night  
Clubb'd and gat the *Gazetteer*.<sup>1</sup>

Twice a week to Maggie's cot-house,  
Swift by post the papers fled;  
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house  
Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—  
"Things are no ga'en right," quo' Tam;  
"Let us aftener meet thegither—  
Haud me bye anither dram."

See them now in grave convention,  
To mak a' things "square and even,"  
Or at least wi' firm intention  
To drink sax nights out o' seven.

'Mid this sitting up and drinkin',  
Gathering a' the news that fell,  
Will, wha was nae yet past thinkin',  
Had some battles wi' himsel'.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison  
Bare ilk firm resolve awa;  
On the ither, Jean's condition  
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow;  
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek;  
Mark'd the smile she strave to borrow.  
Whan, poor thing, she couldna speak.

Jean at first took little heed o'  
Weekly clubs 'mang three or four,  
Thought, kind soul! that Will had need o'  
Heartsome hours when wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings  
Sat and drank frae sax till twa,  
When she found that hard-earn'd gettings  
Now on drink were thrown awa;

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie  
Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,  
Now grown manchless, dowf, and sweer aye  
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,  
Healthy bloom and sprightly ee;  
And o' love and hame grown wearit,  
Nighly frae his family flee;

Wha could blame her heart's complaining?  
Wha condemn her sorrows meek?  
Or the tears that now ilk e'ning  
Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek?

Will, wha lang had ru'd and swither'd,  
(Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)  
Mark't the roses as they wither'd  
Fast on Jeanie's lovely face.

Mark't—and felt wi' inward racking  
A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,—  
Swore neist night he'd make a breakin'—  
Leave the club at hame to dwell.

But, alas! when habit's rooted,  
Few hae pith the root to pu';  
Will's resolves were aye nonsuited,—  
Promis'd aye, but aye gat fu';

Aye at first at the convening  
Moraliz'd on what was right;  
Yet o'er clavers entertaining  
Doz'd and drank till brade day-light.

Things at length drew near an ending;  
Cash rins out; Jean, quite unhappy,  
Sees that Will is now past mending,  
Tynes a' heart, and tak's a—drappy.

Ilka drink deserves a posey;  
Port mak's men rude, claret civil;  
Beer maks Britons stout and rosy;  
Whisky mak's ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction  
Wi' sae meek and mild an air,  
School'd by whisky, learns new tricks soon,  
Flytes and storms and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,  
Fond o' ilk dear dauted wean;  
Now, heart hardened a' thegither,  
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha, vogie, loo'd to busk aye  
In her hame-spun, thrifty wark,  
Now sells a' her braws for whisky.  
To her last gown, coat, and sark!

Robin Burns, in mony a ditty,  
Loudly sings in whisky's praise;  
Sweet his sang—the mair's the pity  
E'er on it he wared sic lays.

<sup>1</sup> A violent opposition paper, published in Edinburgh in 1793-4.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia.  
 Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?  
 Wha in neeboring town or farm?  
 Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,  
 Deadly strength was in his arm.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,  
 Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?  
 Thousands had mair braws and siller,  
 But were ony half sae fair?"

See them now! how chang'd wi' drinking!  
 A' their youthfu' beauty gane!  
 Daver'd, doited, daiz'd, and blinking—  
 Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November  
 (Claise and cash and credit out),  
 Cow'ring owre a dying ember,  
 Wi' ilk face as white's a clout!

Bond and bill and debts a' stoppit,  
 Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;  
 Cattle, beds, and blankets rouplit,  
 Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither night to lodge here;  
 No a friend their cause to plead,—  
 He ta'en on to be a sodger,  
 She wi' weans to beg her bread!

"O' a' the ills poor Caledonia  
 E'er yet pree'd, or e'er will taste,  
 Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia.  
 Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!"

### THE WAES O' WAR,

OR THE UPSHOT O' THE HISTORY O' WILL  
 AND JEAN.

#### PART I.

Oh! that folk wad weel consider  
 What it is to tyne a—name,  
 What this warld is a' thegither,  
 If bereft o' honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour,  
 Hardships ne'er breed sorrow's smart,  
 If bright Conscience tak's upon her  
 To shed sunshine round the heart:

But, wi' a' that wealth can borrow,  
 Guilty shame will aye look down:  
 What mair then, shame, want, and sorrow,  
 Wandering sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie,  
 Ance sae happy, good, and fair,  
 Left by Will, neist morning drearie  
 Tak's the road o' black despair.

Cauld the blast!—the day was sleetin';  
 Pouch and purse without a plack!  
 In ilk hand a bairnie greetin',  
 And the third tied on her back!

Wan her face, and lean and haggard!  
 Ance sae sony, ance sae sweet!  
 What a change!—unhoused and beggar'd,  
 Starving, without claise or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wandered,  
 Skulking like a guilty thief;  
 Here and there, uncertain, daundered,  
 Stupified wi' shame and grief:

But soon shame for bygone errors  
 Fled ower fast for ee to trace,  
 Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors,  
 Cam' o'er ilk sweet bairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger.  
 Baith down drapt! and down Jean sat'  
 "Dais'd and doited" now nae langer.  
 Thought, and felt—and, burstin', grat.

Gloomin' fast, wi' mirky shadow,  
 Crap o'er distant hill and plain:  
 Darkened wood, and glen, and meadow,  
 Adding fearfu' thought to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,  
 Jeanie turned her tearfu' ee!  
 Round and round for some protection!  
 Face nor house she couldna see.

Dark and darker grew the night aye;  
 Loud and sair the cauld winds thud;  
 Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie  
 Blinkin' through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantie haste she started;  
 Cauld nor fear she felt nae mair:  
 Hope for ae bright moment darted  
 Through the gloom o' dark despair!

Fast o'er fallowed lea she brattled;  
 Deep she wade through bog and burn:  
 Sair wi' steep and craig she battled,  
 Till she reached the hoped sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple Nature,  
Stately auld, a mansion stood,  
On a bank, whase sylvan feature  
Smiled out-owre the roaring flood.

Summer here, in varied beauty,  
Late her flowery mantle spread,  
Where auld chestnut, aik, and yew tree,  
Mingling, lent their friendly shade.

Blasted now wi' winter's ravage—  
A' their gaudy livery cast;  
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,  
Sough and howl to ilka blast.

Darkness stalked wi' fancy's terror;  
Mountains moved and castle rockel;  
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,  
Reached the door, and loudly knocked.

"Wha thus loudly wakes the sleeping?"  
Cried a voice wi' angry grane.  
"Help! oh, help!" quo' Jeanie, weeping,  
"Help my infants, or they're gane.

"Nipt wi' cauld, wi' hunger fainting,  
Baith lie speechless on the lea!  
Help!" quo' Jeanie, loud lamenting,  
"Help my lammies, or they'll die!"

"Wha thus travels, cauld and hungry,  
Wi' young bairns sae late at e'en?  
Beggars!" cried the voice mair angry,  
"Beggars wi' their brats, I ween."

"Beggars *now*, alas! wha lately  
Helpt the beggar and the poor!"  
"Fye, gudeman!" cried aue discretely,  
"Taunt na poortith at our door.

"Sic a night and tale thegither  
Plead for mair than anger's din;  
Rise, Jock," cried the pitying mither,  
"Rise, and let the wretched in."

"Beggars *now*, alas! wha lately  
Helpt the beggar and the poor!"—  
"Enter," quo' the youth fu' sweetly,  
While up flew the open door.

"Beggar, or what else, sad mourner;  
Enter without fear or dread;  
Here, thank God! there's aye a corner  
To defend the houseless head.

"For your bairmies cease repining;  
If in life, ye'll see them soon."  
Aff he flew; and brightly shining  
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

## PART II.

Here, for ae night's kind protection,  
Leave we Jean and weans awhile;  
Traeing Will in ilk direction,  
Far frae Britain's fostering isle.

Far frae scenes o' saft'ning pleasure,  
Luve's delights and beauty's charms;  
Far frae friendship's social leisure,  
Plunged in murdering War's alarms!

Is it nature, vice, or folly,  
Or ambition's feverish brain,  
That sae aft, wi' melancholy,  
Turns, sweet Peace! thy joys to pain?

Strips thee o' thy robes o' ermin,  
(Emblems o' thy spotless life,)  
And in war's grim look alarming,  
Arms thee with the murderer's knife!

A' thy gentle mind upharrows,  
Hate, revenge, and rage uprears!  
And for hope and joy (twin marrows),  
Leaves the mourner drowned in tears.

Willie Gairlace, without siller,  
Credit, claise, or aught beside,  
Leaves his ance-loo'd Jeanie Miller,  
And sweet bairns, to warld wide.

Leaves his native, cozy dwellin',  
Sheltered haughs and birken braes;  
Greenswaird hows and dainty mealin,  
Anece his profit, pride, and praise.

Deckt wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,  
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain,  
Fleeced and flattered, roosed and buskit,  
Wow, but Will was wondrous fain!

Rattling, roaring, swearing, drinking,  
How could thought her station keep?  
Drums and drumming (faes to thinking)  
Dozed reflection fast asleep.

But, in midst o' toils and dangers,  
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed—  
Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers,  
Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to battle's blood-dy'd banners,  
Waving to the widow's moan,  
Will saw Glory's boasted honours  
End in life's expiring groan.

Round Valenciennes' strong-wa'd city,  
Thick o'er Dunkirk's fatal plain,  
Will (though dauntless) saw wi' pity  
Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fired by freedom's burning fever,  
 Gallia struck death's slaughtering knell,  
 Frae the Scheld to Rhine's deep river  
 Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided, though cemented  
 By the faith o' friendship's laws;  
 Fell unpitied, unlamented,  
 Bleeding in a thankless cause!

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,  
 Fighting foremost o' them a',  
 Swith! Fate's winged ball cam fleeing,  
 And took Willie's leg awa'!

Thrice frae aff the ground he started,  
 Thrice to stand he strave in vain;  
 Thrice, as fainting strength departed,  
 Sighed, and sank 'mang heaps o' slain.

Battle fast on battle raging  
 Wed our stalwart youths awa';  
 Day by day fresh faes engaging,  
 Forced the weary back to fa'!

Driven at last frae post to pillar,  
 Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true;  
 Trick'd by knaves, wha pouch'd our siller,  
 What could worn-out valour do?

Myriads, dark lik' gathering thunder,  
 Bursting, spread o'er land and sea;  
 Left alane, alas! nae wonder  
 Britain's sons were forced to flee!

Cross the Waal and Yssel frozen,  
 Deep through bogs and drifted snaw,  
 Wounded, weak, and spent! our chosen  
 Gallant men now faint and fa'.

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,  
 Stiff wi' gore and cauld as clay,  
 Without cover, bed, or bedding,  
 Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay!

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,  
 (Left behint, wi' hundreds mair,)  
 See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,  
 Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,  
 Doctors cured wi' healing art;  
 Cured, alas! but never, never,  
 Cooled the fever at his heart!

For whan a' were sound and sleeping,  
 Still and on, baith ear' and late,  
 Will in briny grief lay steeping,  
 Mourning o'er his hapless fate!

A' his gowden prospects vanished,  
 A' his dreams o' warlike fame,  
 A' his glittering phantoms banished—  
 Will could think o' nought but hame!

Think o' nought but rural quiet,  
 Rural labour, rural ploys;  
 Far frae earnage, blood, and riot,  
 War and a' its murdering joys!

## PART III.

Back to Britain's fertile garden,  
 Will's returned (exchanged for faes),  
 Wi' ae leg, and no ae farden,  
 Friend or credit, meat or elaise.

Lang through county, burgh, and city  
 Crippling on a wooden leg,  
 Gathering alms frae melting pity,  
 See! poor Gairlace forced to beg!

Placed at length on Chelsea's bounty,  
 Now to langer beg thinks shame,  
 Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty—  
 Dreams o' former joys, and hame!

Hame! and a' its fond attractions  
 Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;  
 While the thoughts o' dear connections  
 Swell his heart, and blind his ee.

“Monster! wha could leave neglected  
 Three sma' infants and a wife,  
 Naked—starving—unprotected!  
 Them, too, dearer ance than life!

“Villain! wha wi' graceless folly,  
 Ruined her he ought to save!  
 Changed her joys to melancholy,  
 Beggary, and—perhaps a grave!”

Starting! wi' remorse distracted—  
 Crushed wi' grief's increasing load,  
 Up he banged; and, sair afflicted,  
 Sad and silent took the road.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,  
 Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;  
 On a cart, or in a waggon,  
 Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tir'd ae evening, stepping hooly,  
 Pondering on his thraward fate,  
 In the bonny month o' July,  
 Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Soft the southland breeze was blawing,  
 Sweetly sug'h'd the green ake wood;

Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,  
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud.

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating;  
Linties sang on ilka tree;

Frae the west, the sun, near setting,  
Flam'd on Roslin's tower sae hie!

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny,  
Craigs and water, woods and glen,  
Roslin's banks unpeer'd by ony,  
Save the muse's Hawthornden.

Ilka sound and charm delighting:  
Will (though hardly fit to gang)  
Wander'd on through scenes inviting,  
List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,  
On a fragrant strawberry steep,  
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,  
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

"Soldier, rise! the dews o' e'en'ing  
Gathering fa' wi' deadly skaith!  
Wounded soldier! if complaining,  
Sleep nae here and catch your death.

"Traveller, waken!—night advanc'ing  
Cleads wi' gray the neboring hill;  
Lambs nae mair on knowes are dancing—  
A' the woods are mute and still."

"What hae I," cried Willie, wakin',  
"What hae I frae night to dree?  
Morn, through clouds in splendour breaking,  
Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

"House, nor hame, nor farm, nor stedding!  
Wife nor bairns hae I to see!  
House nor hame, nor bed nor bedding!  
What hae I frae night to dree?"

"Sair, alas! and sad and many  
Are the ills poor mortals share!  
Yet, though hame nor bed ye hae nae,  
Yield nae, soldier, to despair!

"What's this life, sae wae and wearie,  
If hope's bright'ning beams should fail?  
See! though night comes, dark and eerie,  
You sma' cot-light cheers the dale!

"There, though walth and waste ne'er riot,  
Humbler joys their comfort shed,  
Labour—health—content and quiet—  
Mourner! there ye'll find a bed!

Wife, 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,  
There, alas! ye need nae seek—

Yet there bairns, ilk care beguiling,  
Paint wi' smiles a mither's cheek!

"A' her earthly pride and pleasure,  
Left to cheer her widow'd lot!  
A' her warldly walth and treasure,  
To adorn her lanely cot!

"Cheer, then, soldier! 'midst affliction  
Bright'ning joys will aften shine;  
Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection;  
Trust to Providence divine!"

## PART IV.

Sweet as Rosebank's woods and river,  
Cool when simmer's sunbeams dart,  
Cam ilk word, and cooled the fever  
That lang burned at Willie's heart.

Silent stopt he on, poor fallow!  
Listening to his guide before,  
O'er green know and flowery hallow,  
Till they reached the cot-house door.

Ligh it was; yet sweet, though humble;  
Deckt wi' hinnysuckle round;  
Clear below Esk's waters rumble,  
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,  
Dim by gloaming, glint to view;  
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly  
Skies sae red and lift sae blue!

Entering now, in transport mingle  
Mither fond, and happy wean,  
Smiling round a canty ingle  
Bleising on a clean hearth-staen.

"Soldier, welcome! come! be cheerie—  
Here ye'se rest, and tak your bed—  
Faint, waes me! ye seem, and wearie:  
Pale's your cheek sae lately red!"

"Changed I am!" sighed Willie till her;  
"Changed nae doubt, as changed can be;  
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller  
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?"

Hae ye markt the dews o' morn'ing  
Glittering in the sunny ray,  
Quickly fa', when, without warning,  
Rough blasts came and shook the spray!

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing  
Drap, whan pierced by death mair fleet?  
Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,  
Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years' affliction

(A' their waes now hushed to rest)  
Jean anee mair, in fond affection,  
Clasps her Willie to her breast;

Tells him a' her sad, sad sufferings!  
How she wandered, starving, poor,  
Gleaning pity's scanty offerings,  
Wi' three bairns frae door to door!

How she sewed, and toiled, and fevered.  
Lost her health, and syne her bread;  
How that grief, when scarce recovered,  
Took her brain, and turned her head.

How she wandered round the county  
Mony a live-lang night her lane;  
Till at last an angel's bounty  
Brought her senses back again!

Gae her meat, and claise, and siller;  
Gae her bairnies wark and lear;  
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,  
Wi' four sterling pounds a year.

Willie, harkening, wiped his e'en aye:  
"Oh! what sins hae I to rue!  
But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?"  
"Wha," quo Jeanie, "but Buccleuch

"Here, supported, cheered, and cherished,  
Nine blest months I've lived and mair;  
Seen these infants elad and nourished,  
Dried my tears and tint despair:

"Sometimes sewing, sometimes spinning,  
Light the lanesome hours gae round;  
Lightly too ilk quarter rinning,  
Brings yon angel's helping pound!"

"Eight pounds mair," cried Willie, fondly.  
"Eight pounds mair will do nae harm!  
And, O Jean! gin friends were kindly,  
Twall pounds soon might stock a farm.

"There, anee mair, to thrive by plewin,  
Freed frae a' that peace destroys,  
Idle waste and drunken ruin!  
War, and a' its murdering joys!"

Thrice he kissed his lang-lost treasure:  
Thrice ilk bairn—but couldna speak:  
Tears of love, and hope, and pleasure,  
Streamed in silence down his cheek!

#### MARY OF CASTLEARY.

"Oh, saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?  
Saw ye my true love, down on yon lea?

Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloamin'  
Sought she the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-  
tree?

Her hair it is lint-white; her skin it is milk-white;  
Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;  
Red, red her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;  
Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?"

"I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,  
Nor saw I your true love, down on yon lea;  
But I met my bonnie thing, late in the gloamin',  
Down by the burnie whar flow'rs the haw-tree.  
Her hair it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-  
white;  
Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;  
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses:  
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me!"

"It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
It was na my true love ye met by the tree;  
Proud is her leal heart—modest her nature;  
She never lo'ed ony till anee she lo'ed me.  
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castleary;  
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee;  
Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,  
Young bragger, she ne'er would gi'e kisses to  
thee."

"It was then your Mary; she's frae Castleary;  
It was then your true love I met by the tree;  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
Sweet were the kisses that she ga'e to me."  
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek  
grew;  
Wild flashed the fire frae his red-rolling e'e—  
"Ye's rue sair, this morning, your boasts and  
your scornin';  
Defend, ye fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie."

"Awa' wi' beguiling," eried the youth smiling;—  
Aff went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;  
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing:  
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.  
"Is it my wee thing? is it my ain thing?  
Is it my true love here that I see?"  
"Oh, Jamie, forgie me! your heart's eonstant to me;  
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!"

#### MY BOY TAMMY.

"Whar hae ye been a' day,  
My boy Tammy?  
Whar hae ye been a' day,  
My boy Tammy?"

"I've been by burn and flow'ry brae,  
Meadow green, and mountain gray,  
Courtin' o' this young thing,  
Just come frae her mammy."

“And whare got ye that young thing,  
My boy Tammy?”  
“I gat her down in yonder howe,  
Smiling on a broomy knowe,  
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe  
For her poor mammy.”

“What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
My boy Tammy?”  
“I praisd her een, sae lovely blue,  
Her dimpled cheek, and cherry mou’:  
I pree’d it aft, as ye may trow;—  
She said she’d tell her mammy.

“I held her to my beating heart,  
My young, my smiling lammie!  
I hae a house, it cost me dear;  
I’ve wealth o’ plenishin’ and gear;  
Ye’se get it a’, wer’t ten times mair,  
Gin ye will leave your mammy.’

“The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—  
I maunna leave my mammy:  
She’s gi’en me meat, she’s gi’en me claise,  
She’s been my comfort a’ my days;  
My father’s death brought mony waes—  
I canna leave my mammy.”

“We’ll tak her hame, and mak her fain,  
My ain kind-hearted lammie;  
We’ll gi’e her meat, we’ll gi’e her claise,  
We’ll be her comfort a’ her days.”  
The wee thing gi’es her hand and says—  
“There! gang and ask my maunmy.”

“Has she been to the kirk wi’ thee,  
My boy Tammy?”  
“She has been to the kirk wi’ me,  
And the tear was in her e’e;  
For, oh! she’s but a young thing,  
Just come frae her maunmy.”

#### DONALD AND FLORA.

When many hearts were gay,  
Careless of aught but play,  
Poor Flora slipt away,  
Sadd’ning to Mora;<sup>1</sup>  
Loose flow’d her yellow hair,  
Quick heaved her bosom bare,  
As thus to the troubled air  
She vented her sorrow.

“Loud howls the stormy west,  
Cold, cold is winter’s blast;

Haste, then, O Donald, haste,  
Haste to thy Flora!  
Twice twelve long months are o’er,  
Since on a foreign shore  
You promised to fight no more,  
But meet me in Mora.

“Where now is Donald dear?”  
Maids cry with taunting sneer;  
“Say, is he still sincere  
To his loved Flora?”  
Parents upbraid my moan,  
Each heart is turn’d to stone;  
Ah, Flora! thou’rt now alone,  
Friendless in Mora!

“Come, then, O come away!  
Donald, no longer stay!  
Where can my rover stray  
From his loved Flora?  
Ah! sure he ne’er could be  
False to his vows and me;  
Oh, heavens! is not yonder he,  
Bounding o’er Mora!”

“Never, ah! wretched fair!”  
Sigh’d the sad messenger,  
“Never shall Donald mair  
Meet his loved Flora!  
Cold as yon mountain snow  
Donald, thy love, lies low;  
He sent me to soothe thy woe,  
Weeping in Mora.

“Well fought our gallant men  
On Saratoga’s plain;  
Thrice fled the hostile train  
From British glory.  
But, ah! though our foes did flee,  
Sad was each victory—  
Youth, love, and loyalty  
Fell far from Mora.

“Here, take this love-wrought plaid;  
Donald, expiring, said:  
‘Give it to you dear maid  
Drooping in Mora.  
Tell her, O Allan! tell  
Donald thus bravely fell,  
And that in his last farewell  
He thought on his Flora.’”

Mute stood the trembling fair,  
Speechless with wild despair;  
Then, striking her bosom bare,  
Sigh’d out, “Poor Flora!  
Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!”  
Was all the fond heart could say:  
At length the sound died away  
Feebly on Mora.

<sup>1</sup> A retreat so named by the lovers.



## I LO'ED NE'ER A LADDIE BUT ANE.

I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane,  
 He lo'ed ne'er a lassie but me;  
 He's willing to mak' me his ain,  
 And his ain I am willing to be.  
 He has coft me a rokelay o' blue,  
 And a pair o' mittens o' green;  
 The price was a kiss o' my mou',  
 And I paid him the debt yestreen.

Let ithers brag weel o' their gear,  
 Their land and their lordly degree:  
 I carena for aught but my dear,  
 For he's ilka thing lordly to me:  
 His words are sae sugar'd and sweet:  
 His sense drives ilk fear far awa'!  
 I listen, poor fool! and I greet;  
 Yet O how sweet are the tears as they fa'!

"Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,  
 "Ne'er heed what the auld ones will say;  
 Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear—  
 What's gowd to a heart that is wae?  
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,  
 Yet see how he's dwining wi' care;  
 Now we, though we've naething but health,  
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

"O Marion! the heart that is true  
 Has something mair costly than gear!  
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,  
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.  
 Ye warldlings! gae hoard up your store,  
 And tremble for fear ough ye tyne;  
 Guard your treasures wi' loek, bar, and door,  
 While here in my arms I lock mine!"

He ends wi' a kiss and a smile—  
 Wae's me! can I tak' it amiss?  
 My laddie's unpractised in guile,  
 He's free aye to daut and to kiss!  
 Ye lasses wha lo'e to torment  
 Your wooers wi' fause scorn and strife,  
 Play your pranks—I hae gi'en my consent,  
 And this night I'm Jamie's for life!

## COME UNDER MY PLAIDIE.

"Come under my plaidie, the night's gaun to fa';  
 Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the  
 snaw;  
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,  
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa.  
 Come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me,

I'll hap ye frae every cauld blast that can blaw:  
 Oh, come under my plaidie, and sit down beside me!  
 There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me, for twa."

"Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, auld Donald, ga'e 'wa,  
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;  
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidie, I'll no sit beside ye;  
 Ye may be my gatcher;—auld Donald, gae 'wa.  
 I'm gaun to meet Johnnie, he's young and he's  
 bonnie;  
 He's been at Meg's bridal, fu' trig and fu' brow;  
 Oh, nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae  
 tightly!  
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the  
 snaw."

"Dear Marion, let that flee stiek fast to the wa':  
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava:  
 The hale o' his paek he has now on his back—  
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.  
 Be frank now and kindly; I'll busk ye aye finely;  
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang sae brow;  
 A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,  
 And flunkies to 'tend ye as aft as ye ca'."

"My father's aye tauld me, my mither and a',  
 Ye'd mak a gude husband, and keep me aye brow:  
 It's true I lo'e Johnnie, he's gude and he's bonnie:  
 But, wae's me! ye ken he has naething ava.  
 I hae little tocher; you've made a gude offer;  
 I'm now mair than twenty—my time is but sma':  
 Sae gie me your plaidie, I'll creep in beside ye—  
 I thoet ye'd been aulder than threescore and  
 twa."

She erap in ayont him, aside the stane wa',  
 Whar Johnnie was list'ning, and heard her tell a':  
 The day was appointed, his proud heart it dunted,  
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.  
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary;  
 And, throwless, he tint his gate 'mang the deep  
 snaw;  
 The howlet was screamin' while Johnnie cried,  
 "Women  
 Wad marry Auld Nick if he'd keep them aye  
 brow."

## THE PLAID AMANG THE HEATHER.

The wind blew hie owre muir and lea,  
 And dark and stormy grew the weather;  
 The rain rain'd sair; nae shelter near  
 But my love's plaid amang the heather.

Close to his breast he held me fast:—  
 Sae cozie, warm we lay thegither;  
 Nae simmer heat was half sae sweet  
 As my love's plaid amang the heather!

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

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

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

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### DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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## SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

BORN 1747 — DIED 1794.

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

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

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

“Were na my heart licht I wad dee.”

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

“What ails this heart o' mine?”

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

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

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

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

## THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

#### THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

#### BARLEY BROTH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

#### AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

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

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

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

---

#### THE WAEFU' HEART.

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

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

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

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

## JOHN LOGAN.

BORN 1748—DIED 1788.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

#### THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

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

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#### THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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#### THE REIGN OF MESSIAH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### HEAVENLY WISDOM.

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

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

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

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

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

---

#### THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

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

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

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

## WHILE FREQUENT ON TWEED.

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

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

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

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

## THE BRAES OF YARROW.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## ROBERT FERGUSSON.

BORN 1750—DIED 1774.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE FARMER'S INGLE.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### BRAID CLAITH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### SCOTTISH SCENERY AND MUSIC.

(FROM HAME CONTENT, A SATIRE.)

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

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

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

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

### CAULER WATER.

Whan father Aidie first pat spade in  
 The bonny yard o' ancient Eden,  
 His amry had nae liquor laid in  
 To fire his mou'<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'<sup>1</sup>  
 For being fu'.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> William Hamilton of Bangour.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.

(FROM AULD REEKIE.<sup>1</sup>)

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

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



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

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

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

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#### HALLOW-FAIR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## LADY ANNE BARNARD.

BORN 1750—DIED 1825.

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

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

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

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

AULD ROBIN GRAY.<sup>1</sup>

## PART I.

When the sheep are in the fauld and the kye's  
a' at hame,

And a' the ward to rest are gane,  
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

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

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

## FRENCH VERSION BY FLORIAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PART II.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### WHY TARRIES MY LOVE?

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

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

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

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

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

## JOHN LOWE.

BORN 1750 — DIED 1798.

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

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

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

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

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

### MARY'S DREAM.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

## MRS. ANNE GRANT.

BORN 1755—DIED 1838.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> This song, written soon after 1770, originally commenced—

"Pale Cynthia just had reached the hill,"

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

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

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

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

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

In 1810 Mrs. Grant removed to Edinburgh,

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

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

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

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

### O WHERE, TELL ME WHERE?

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious  
wounds,

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

His native land of liberty shall nurse his glorious  
wounds,

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

#### ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

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

To thy protecting shade she runs,

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

Flower of the desert though thou art!

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

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

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom

Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;

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

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow

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

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

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild

Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;

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

Flower of his dear-lov'd native land!

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

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

#### OII, MY LOVE, LEAVE ME NOT!

Oh, my love, leave me not!

Oh, my love, leave me not!

Oh, my love, leave me not!

Lonely and weary.

Could you but stay a while,

And my fond fears beguile,

I yet once more could smile,

Lightsome and cheery.

Night, with her darkest shroud,

Tempests that roar aloud,

Thunders that burst the cloud,

Why should I fear ye?

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

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

### COULD I FIND A BONNY GLEN.

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

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

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

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

### THE INDIAN WIDOW.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### MY COLIN, LOV'D COLIN.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### MY SORROW, DEEP SORROW.

(FROM THE GAELIC.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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### THE HIGHLAND POOR.

(FROM THE HIGHLANDERS.)

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

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

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

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

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

ANDREW SCOTT.

BORN 1757 — DIED 1839.

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

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

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

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

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

## MARRIAGE OF THE TWEED AND TEVIOT.

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

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

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

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

## RURAL CONTENT,

### OR THE MUIRLAND FARMER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whan haeres niffer love 'mang the green bairdit  
corn,

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

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

An' view on their pasture my twa bonny kye,

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

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

Nor need I to envy our braw gentle folks,

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

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

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

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

The seasons row round us in rural content;

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

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

#### SYMON AND JANET.<sup>1</sup>

Surrounded wi' bent and wi' heather,

Whar muircocks and plyvers are rife,

For mony lang towmond thegither,

There lived an auld man and his wife.

About the affairs o' the nation

The twasome they seldom were mute;

Bonaparte, the French, and invasion,

Did saur in their wizens like soot.

In winter, when deep are the gutters,

And night's gloomy canopy spread,

Auld Symon sat huntin' his cuttie,

And lowsin' his buttons for bed.

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

To lock in the door was her care;

She seein' our signals a-blazin',

Came runnin' in, rivin' her hair.

"O Symon, the Frenchmen are landit!

Gae look, man, and slip on your shoon;

Our signals I see them extendit,

Like red risin' blaze o' the moon!"

"What plague, the French landit!" quo'

Symon,

And clash gaed his pipe to the wa',

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

Quo' he, if they're landit ava.

"Our youngest son's in the militia,

Our eldest grandson's volunteer;

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

I too in the ranks shall appear."

His waistcoat pouch fill'd he wi' ponther,

And bang'd down his rusty auld gun;

His bullets he put in the other,

That he for the purpose had run.

Then humpled he out in a hurry,

While Janet his courage bewails,

And cried out, "Dear Symon be wary!"

And tughly she hang by his tails.

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

"Nor vex me wi' tears and your cares,

For now to be ruled by a woman

Nae laurels shall crown my gray hairs."

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

#### THE YOUNG MAID'S WISH FOR PEACE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

#### THE FIDDLER'S WIDOW.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### LAMENT FOR AN IRISH CHIEF.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### COQUET WATER.

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

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

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

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

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

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



## ROBERT BURNS.

BORN 1759 — DIED 1796.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wild Rose of Alloway! my thanks;  
Thou' 'minds' me of that autumn noon  
When first we met upon "the banks  
And braes o' bonny Doon."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then he changes the last lines as follows:

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

#### ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!  
 And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion weak and vile!  
 Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

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

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

TAM O' SHANTER.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!  
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!  
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'—  
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
And win the key-stane<sup>1</sup> of the brig;  
There at them thou thy tail may toss—  
A running stream they darena cross.  
But ere the key-stane she could make,  
The fiend a tail she had to shake;  
For Nannie, far before the rest,  
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;  
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—  
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,  
But left behind her ain gray tail:  
The carlin claught her by the rump.  
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

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

THE VISION.

DUAN FIRST.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My heart did glowing transport feel,  
 To see a race<sup>1</sup> heroic wheel,  
 And brandish round the deep-dyed steel  
 In sturdy blows;  
 While back-recoiling seemed to reel  
 Their Southron foes.

His Country's Saviour,<sup>2</sup> mark him well!  
 Bold Richardton's<sup>3</sup> heroic swell;  
 The chief on Sark<sup>4</sup> who glorious fell,  
 In high command;  
 And he whom ruthless fates expel  
 His native land.

<sup>1</sup> The Wallaces.

<sup>2</sup> Sir William Wallace.

<sup>3</sup> Adam Wallace of Richardton, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence.

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

There, where a sceptered Pietish shade<sup>5</sup>  
 Stalked round his ashes lowly laid,  
 I marked a martial race, portrayed  
 In colours strong;  
 Bold, soldier-featured, undismayed,  
 They strode along.

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

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

Brydone's brave ward<sup>8</sup> I well could spy  
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye,  
 Who called on Fame, low standing by,  
 To hand him on  
 Where many a patriot name on high,  
 And hero shone.

#### DUAN SECOND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>8</sup> Colonel Fullarton.

- As arts or arms they understand,  
Their labours ply.
- “They Scotia’s race among them share:  
Some fire the soldier on to dare;  
Some rouse the patriot up to bare  
Corruption’s heart;  
Some teach the bard—a darling care—  
The tuneful art.
- “’Mong swelling floods of reeking gore  
They ardent, kindling spirits pour;  
Or ’mid the venal senate’s roar  
They, sightless, stand,  
To mend the honest patriot lore,  
And grace the land.
- “And when the bard, or hoary sage,  
Charm or instruct the future age,  
They bind the wild poetic rage  
In energy,  
Or point the inconclusive page  
Full on the eye.
- “Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;  
Hence Dempster’s zeal-inspired tongue;  
Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung  
His minstrel lays;  
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,  
The sceptic’s bays.
- “To lower orders are assigned  
The humbler ranks of human kind;  
The rustic bard, the lab’ring hind,  
The artisan—  
All choose, as various they’re inclined,  
The various man.
- “When yellow waves the heavy grain,  
The threatening storm some strongly rein;  
Some teach to meliorate the plain  
With tillage skill;  
And some instruct the shepherd train,  
Blythe o’er the hill.
- “Some hint the lover’s harmless wile;  
Some grace the maiden’s artless smile;  
Some soothe the lab’rer’s weary toil  
For humble gains,  
And make his cottage-scenes beguile  
His cares and pains.
- “Some, bounded to a district-space,  
Explore at large man’s infant race,  
To mark the embryotic trace  
Of rustic bard;  
And careful note each op’ning grace—  
A guide and guard.
- “Of these am I—Coila my name;  
And this district as mine I claim,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> The Loudon branch of the Campbells.

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

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

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

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

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

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

### ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### HALLOWEEN.<sup>1</sup>

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

GOLDSMITH.

Upon that night, when fairies light  
On Cassillis Downans<sup>2</sup> dance,

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

<sup>2</sup> Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills in the

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

Among the bonnie winding banks  
    Where Doon rins, wimplin', clear,  
Where Bruce<sup>4</sup> ance ruled the martial ranks,  
    And shook his Carrick spear,  
Some merry, friendly, countra folks,  
    Together did convene,  
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,  
    An' haud their Halloween<sup>5</sup>  
    Fu' blythe that night.

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

Then, first and foremost, thro' the kail,  
    Their stocks<sup>6</sup> maun a' be sought ance;  
They steek their een, an' graip an' wale  
    For muckle anes an' straught anes.  
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,  
    An' wandered through the bow-kail,

neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassillis.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The lasses staw frae 'mang them a'  
To pou their stalks o' corn;<sup>1</sup>  
But Rab slips out, an' jinks about,  
Behint the muckle thorn:  
He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;  
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;  
But her tap-pickle maist was lost.  
When kuitlin' in the fause-house<sup>2</sup>  
Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel hoordet nits<sup>3</sup>  
Are round an' round divided,  
An' monie lads' an' lasses' fates  
Are there that night decided:  
Some kindle, eouthie, side by side,  
An' burn thegither trimly;  
Some start awa' wi' saucy pride,  
An' jump out-owre the chimlie  
Fu' high that night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But Merran sat behint their backs,  
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;  
She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,  
And slips out by hersel':  
She through the yard the nearest taks,  
An' to the kiln she goes then,  
An' darklins graipit for the bauks,  
And in the blue clue<sup>4</sup> throws then,  
Right fear't that night.

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

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,  
"Will ye go wi' me, grannie?  
I'll eat the apple<sup>5</sup> at the glass,  
I gat frae Uncle Johnnie."  
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,  
In wrath she was sae vap'rin',

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> This charm must likewise be performed unperceived

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



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

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

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

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

In order, on the clean hearth-stane,  
 The Inggies three<sup>4</sup> are ranged,

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

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,  
 I wat they did na weary;  
 An' unco tales, an' funnie jokes,  
 Their sports were cheap and cheery;  
 Till butter'd so'ns<sup>5</sup> wi' fragrant lunt,  
 Set a' their gabs a-steerin';  
 Syne wi' a social glass o' strunt,  
 They parted aff carcerin'  
 Fu' blythe that night.

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TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,<sup>6</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### A BARD'S EPITAPH.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.<sup>2</sup>

A DIRGE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Man's inhumanity to man  
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

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

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

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

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

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MARY MORISON.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

#### HIGHLAND MARY.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

#### CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.<sup>3</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### BRUCE'S ADDRESS.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### TO MARY IN HEAVEN.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

### JOHN ANDERSON.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

### WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

### HONEST POVERTY.<sup>3</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD  
BLAST.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

AE FOND KISS.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

O WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.<sup>3</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Your friendship much can make me blest,  
Oh, why that bliss destroy!  
Why urge the only, one request  
You know I will deny!  
Your thought, if love must harbour there,  
Conceal it in that thought;  
Nor cause me from my bosom tear  
The very friend I sought" —*Ed.*

<sup>3</sup> The three "merry boys" celebrated in this the finest of all *Burns'* bacchanalian songs were the writer and his two friends *William Nicol* and *Allan Masterton*, both teachers in the *Edinburgh* high-school. "The air is *Masterton's*," says *Burns*, "the song is mine."—*Ed.*

Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
 He is the king amang us three!  
 We are na fou, we're no that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our ee;  
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
 But aye we'll taste the barley-bree.

#### THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.<sup>1</sup>

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
 Without a penny in my purse,  
 To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
 Nae woman in the countrie wide  
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
 Feeding on yon hills so high,  
 And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
 Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,  
 And casting woo to me.

I was the happiest o' a clan,  
 Sair, sair may I repine;  
 For Donald was the bravest lad,  
 And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,  
 Sae far to set us free;  
 My Donald's arm was wanted then,  
 For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell,  
 Right to the wrang did yield:  
 My Donald and his countrie fell  
 Upon Culloden's field.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,  
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!  
 Nae woman in the world wide  
 Sae wretched now as me.

#### YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNIE DOON.<sup>2</sup>

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

<sup>1</sup> Believed to be a translation from the Gaelic. Carlyle, writing of this and others of Burns' lyrics, remarks: "His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe is the name and voice which Burns has given them."—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> Miss Margaret Kennedy, the heroine of "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," was the only daughter of Captain Kennedy of Dalgarrock (an estate in Carriek, a district of Ayrshire bounded by the river Doon), and of his spouse Grizel Cathcart, sister of Sir Andrew Cathcart of Carleton, Bart. She was grandniece of Thomas and David, earls of Cassillis, and was nearly related to Mr. Cathcart of Gerroch in Wigtonshire, where she was on a visit when that much-respected gentleman died in 1784. Andrew M'Donnell, Younger, of Logan, the heir-apparent of a large domain, and next representative of the most ancient family in the south of Scotland, was appointed by Mr. Cathcart a guardian of his family, and it was while visiting Gerroch in this capacity that he there first met and became acquainted with Miss Kennedy. At the time of her relation's death this lady was only in the seventeenth year of her age, but she possessed beauty and accomplishments seldom surpassed by any of her sex. Mr. M'Donnell—or, as he was subsequently called, Colonel M'Donnell—was at this time in his twenty-fifth year, and also possessed high personal

attractions and manners polished by education and foreign travel, from which he had only recently returned.

The intimacy of this youthful pair soon ripened into a mutual affection. They met frequently in the Castle of Lochnaw in Wigtonshire, then the seat of Sir Stair Agnew, a friend of both families. When Miss Kennedy returned to Ayrshire Colonel M'Donnell visited her at her father's house in Maybole, at Killochan, the seat of her uncle, and at many other places in that county. He attended her at the public suppers of the Western Meeting at Ayr, danced with her at the evening assemblies, and even presented to her a breastpin containing a braid of his hair as a pledge of his promises of marriage. But after she had given birth to a child at the house of her uncle Sir Andrew Cathcart, in Edinburgh, he not only deserted her, but added insult to injury—the sense of which preyed so deeply on her mind that she soon sunk under the distress, and died broken-hearted.

In her last moments Miss Kennedy evinced a confidence that her character would be vindicated, and the rights of her infant daughter established, by the issue of the suit which her family had instituted against Colonel M'Donnell; and she assured those relatives who surrounded her deathbed that her unfortunate connection with him had been formed under an implicit reliance on his promises of marriage.

Notwithstanding of Colonel M'Donnell's wealth and influence, his marriage with Miss Kennedy of Dalgarrock was established to the satisfaction of the commissaries



Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That 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.<sup>1</sup>

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 drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken:  
His likeness cam up the house staukin',  
And the very gray brecks 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.

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MEIKLE THINKS MY LUVE O' MY  
BEAUTY.<sup>2</sup>

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

<sup>1</sup> "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.

<sup>2</sup> 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 ovr, 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 ovr and ovr 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:  
 Shouter 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 ovr 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.<sup>1</sup>

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!

<sup>1</sup> 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.<sup>1</sup>

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 face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amast is gane,  
I dawner dowie and forlane;  
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!"

<sup>1</sup> 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 gaed 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, gaed 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 soft 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'.<sup>1</sup>

"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.

<sup>1</sup> 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:  
 Whanever 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*<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> in ranks,  
 Walk'd inward, in procession,  
 Fu' gay that day.

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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.

Collection<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> 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  
 Fu' 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 clashaclaver 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.<sup>1</sup>

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 wee pigs, forbye  
 Cocks, hens, and deuks, an' a' that.

<sup>1</sup> 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 Saracen,  
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 thralld 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 latticed 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 Saracen so fear'd,  
Spoke kindly to the maid;

How for her plighted hand sneed 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 ten's.  
 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 laece,  
 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'<sup>1</sup>

"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.<sup>2</sup>

It was on a morn, when we were thrang,  
 The kirk it croon'd, the cheese was making,  
 And bannoeks 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 carlins and lasses sae braw,  
 And his bare lyart pow, sae smoothly he strakit,

<sup>1</sup> 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.

<sup>2</sup> 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 girle 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 baulk 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 warring 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.

*Alic.* 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.<sup>1</sup>

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.

---

<sup>1</sup> 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.<sup>2</sup>

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 seng 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!

---

<sup>2</sup> 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 habits 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,<sup>1</sup> 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!<sup>2</sup> 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

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

<sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>1</sup>

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.

<sup>1</sup> 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-peal, 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 breezcleass 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 ear<sup>1</sup>  
 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,<sup>2</sup> 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:

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

<sup>2</sup> 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 mid-way 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 jubilee<sup>1</sup> 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 off 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 told<sup>2</sup>  
 Of Israel from the house of bondage freed,  
 Led through the desert to the promised land;

<sup>1</sup> See Lev. xxv. 8-10.

<sup>2</sup> 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:<sup>1</sup> 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;<sup>2</sup> 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.<sup>3</sup>

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,<sup>4</sup> 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,

<sup>1</sup> See Psal. cvii. 23, 24.

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

<sup>3</sup> See Psal. cxxxix. 9, 10.

<sup>4</sup> 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,<sup>5</sup> 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.

<sup>5</sup> "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's<sup>1</sup> 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 flags<sup>2</sup>  
That give the sign to slip the leash from slaughter;  
The bells<sup>3</sup> 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 corpses throned, and crown'd with shiver'd  
boughs,  
That erst hung imaged in the crystal tide.<sup>4</sup>

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,<sup>5</sup> his voice soon faltering stops;  
He feels his country now a foreign land.

O Scotland! canst thou for a moment brook

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

<sup>5</sup> The "Ranz des Vaches."

<sup>1</sup> Bonaparte.

<sup>2</sup> Church-steeple are frequently used as signal-posts.

<sup>3</sup> 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,<sup>1</sup> 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,

<sup>1</sup> 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.<sup>2</sup>

(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

<sup>2</sup> 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,<sup>1</sup>  
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,

<sup>1</sup> 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.

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TO A REDBREAST THAT FLEW IN  
 AT MY WINDOW.

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

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

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

HELEN D. STEWART.

BORN 1765—DIED 1838.

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

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

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

RETURNING SPRING, WITH GLAD-  
SOME RAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER  
FALL.<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Scott made use of two stanzas of this song, which has been called "The Song of Genius," as a motto for a chapter of *The Talisman*, with the addition of the following lines—his own composition:

"But worse than absence, worse than death,  
She wept her lover's sullied fame,  
And, fired with all the pride of birth,  
She wept a soldier's injured name."—*Ed.*

E'en time itself despairs to cure  
 Those pangs to every feeling due:  
 Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,  
 To win a heart—and break it too'

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,  
 Just what would make suspicion start;

No pause the dire extremes between,  
 He made me blest—and broke my heart;

From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,  
 Neglected and neglecting all;  
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,  
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

## ALEXANDER WILSON.

BORN 1766 — DIED 1813.

ALEXANDER WILSON, the first to claim and win the proud title of the American Ornithologist, was born July 6, 1766, at Paisley, a place that has been so prolific of poets. His father carried on a small distillery, and early destined his son for a minister of the gospel, but his wife's death when Alexander was ten years of age, and his re-marriage not long after, probably prevented the carrying out of the plan. The boy, whose mind was by his father's careful superintendence imbued with a love of nature and a passion for books, attributed in after life all his success to these facts: "The publication of my *Ornithology*, though it has swallowed up all the little I had saved, has procured me the honour of many friends, eminent in this country, and the esteem of the public at large; for which I have to thank the goodness of a kind father, whose attention to my education in early life, as well as the books then put into my hands, first gave my mind a bias towards relishing the paths of literature and the charms and magnificence of nature. These, it is true, particularly the latter, have made me a wanderer in life: but they have also enabled me to support an honest and respectable situation in the world, and have been the sources of almost all my enjoyments." Thus wrote the grateful poet in a letter dated February, 1811.

Alexander was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards preferred that of a pedlar, as an occupation much more appropriate for a "mortal with legs." Three years of his life were employed in this manner, during which period he visited various portions of

Scotland, digressing from his route to visit places of literary or romantic interest. In 1789 he added to his other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems, trusting, as he said,

"If the pedlar should fail to be favoured with sale,  
 Then I hope you'll encourage the poet."

The book was published in July of the year following, and the author again made his rounds to deliver copies to the few subscribers he had obtained, and to sell to those who were not. Unsuccessful both as pedlar and poet, he returned to the loom at Paisley. His aspirations for poetical distinction were not however subdued. Hearing of a proposed discussion at an Edinburgh debating society, composed of the city *literati*, as to "whether have the exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert Fergusson done more honour to Scottish poetry?" he borrowed the poems of the latter poet, and, by doubling his labours with the obnoxious shuttle, procured the means of defraying his travelling expenses to Edinburgh. Arriving there in season for the debate in the *Forum*, he repeated a poem which he had prepared entitled "The Laurel Disputed." The audience did not agree with him in his preference of Fergusson, but the merits of the performance gained him many friends—among others, Dr. Anderson, for whose periodical of the *Bee* he became a contributor.

In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, "Watty and Meg," one hundred thousand copies being sold in a few weeks. The author was much gratified with its great suc-

cess, but still more by hearing it attributed to Burns, for whom he entertained the highest regard. A personal satire, entitled "The Shark, or Long Mills Detected," and a not very wise admiration of the principles of equality disseminated at the time of the French Revolution, drove Wilson to the United States. He landed at Newcastle, Delaware, July 14, 1794. During the voyage he had slept on deck, and when he landed his finances consisted only of a few shillings, yet with a cheerful heart he walked to Philadelphia, a distance of thirty-three miles, shooting a red-headed woodpecker on the way, the commencement of his ornithological pursuits. For a time he worked at copperplate printing, but returned to his former vocation of weaving and peddling. In 1794 he commenced school-keeping, a profession which he has celebrated in one of his poems, and was successively employed in this vocation at Frankford and other places.

In 1801 he accepted a position in a seminary on the river Schuylkill near Philadelphia, where he formed the acquaintance of William Bartram, the naturalist, and Alexander Lawson, an engraver, who initiated him in the art of etching, colouring, and engraving. He very soon began the study of ornithology, with which he became so deeply interested, that he projected a work, with drawings of all the birds of the United States. In 1804 Wilson, accompanied by two friends, made a pedestrian tour to Niagara Falls, and on his return he published a poetical narrative of his journey, entitled "The Foresters." Disappointed in obtaining pecuniary assistance from President Jefferson, also in failing to obtain the co-operation of his friend Lawson, he yet persevered in the preparation of his *magnum opus*. In 1806 he obtained employment as assistant-editor of a new edition of Rees' *Cyclopaedia*, by Samuel Bradford, bookseller, of Philadelphia, who gave him a liberal salary, and what delighted Wilson still more, undertook the publication of his *Ornithology*.

In September, 1808, the first volume was issued, and obtained a wide circulation, as well as the highest praise from the press. It excelled in its illustrations any work that had appeared up to that time in the country, and exhibited descriptive powers of a high order. By way of preface the poet, "to invoke the

elemeny of the reader," relates the following:— "In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighbouring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild flowers, of a great many different colours, and, presenting them to his mother, said, 'Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them, red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?' The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency; and, after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on the wings of ecstasy to execute his delightful commission.

"The similarity of the little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these!" I need hardly add that the ambition of the author was fully gratified. Volume ii. appeared in 1810, others followed quickly, and in the early part of 1813 the seventh was published. Wilson's anxiety to complete his work led him to deprive himself of his necessary rest, and the unavoidable result was impaired health. Friends remonstrated, but with no avail. "Life is short," said he, "and without exertion nothing can be performed." In his last letter he says, "I am myself far from being in good health. Intense application to study has hurt me much. My eighth volume is now in press, and will be published in November. One volume more will complete the whole." While his health was thus impaired he one day noticed a bird of some rare species of which he had long been in search, and, snatching his gun, ran out

and swam a river in pursuit of his specimen, which he secured, but caught a cold which soon after caused his death, on the 23d of August, 1813. He was interred with public honours in the Swedish burial-ground, Southwark, Philadelphia. The great lover and delineator of nature sleeps in the quaint old graveyard, by the side of his attached friend Bernard Dahlgren, father of the late Admiral Dahlgren of the United States navy. Some time before Wilson's decease he had expressed a wish that he might be buried "where the birds might sing over his grave." In the year 1841 a memorial tablet was placed in the walls of the house where the poet was born. This, however, was felt to be inadequate. Something more in keeping with the fame and worth of the man was soon after determined upon, and his townsmen erected in October, 1874, in the recently improved portion of the Paisley Abbey burial-ground, a noble bronze statue, which, with the granite pedestal, is seventeen feet in height. The figure is full length, and represents Wilson following his favourite ornithological pursuits in the wilderness of the New World.

The ninth and last volume of *American Ornithology* appeared the year following the poet's death, the letter-press having been written by his friend George Ord: the illustrations had been all finished under Wilson's supervision prior to his decease. In 1825 Mr. Ord prepared a new edition of the last three volumes of the *Ornithology*, and in 1828 four supplementary volumes by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, uncle of the late Emperor of the French, were published. The entire work was reprinted in four volumes in 1831, and issued in *Constable's Miscellany*, with a life of the author by W. M. Hetherington the poet, subsequently professor of theology in the Free Church College, Glasgow; and the year following another edition of Wilson's *American Ornithology*, with illustrative notes and a life of the author by Sir William Jardine, was published in London in three volumes. A collective edition of his poems, with an account of his life, was published at Paisley in 1816: another edition, with an extended memoir of his life and writings, was issued in 1857 at Belfast, also in a single 12mo volume. Wilson's extraordinary merit as a naturalist has caused us in a measure to overlook his

claims as a poet. In his humour and feeling he resembles Burns, to whom, as already mentioned, one of his poems was generally attributed. Of this ballad, "Watty and Meg," Allan Cunningham says: "It has been excelled by none in lively, graphic fidelity of touch; whatever was present to his eye and manifest to his ear, he could paint with a life and a humour which Burns seems alone to excel." Science and poetry are not supposed to be congenial to the same mind, yet in the subject of this notice, as in the case of a much greater man—the author of *Faust*—we find the two combined in such a high development that the mixture of these supposed opposites is clearly proved to be possible.

Charles Robert Leslie, the eminent painter, in 1855 favoured me with many pleasant reminiscences of his gifted Scottish contemporary, and in his *Autobiographical Recollections* remarks: "Mr. Bradford, the same liberal patron who enabled me to study painting, enabled Wilson to publish the most interesting account of birds, and to illustrate it with the best representations of their forms and colours, that has ever appeared. Wilson was engaged by Mr. Bradford as tutor to his sons, and as editor of the American edition of Rees' *Cyclopædia*, while at the same time he was advancing his *Ornithology* for publication. I assisted him to colour some of its first plates. We worked from birds which he had shot and stuffed; and I well remember the extreme accuracy of his drawings, and how carefully he had counted the number of scales on the tiny legs and feet of his subject. He looked like a bird: his eyes were piercing, dark, and luminous, and his nose shaped like a beak. He was of a spare bony form, very erect in his carriage, inclining to be tall: and with a light elastic step, he seemed qualified by nature for his extraordinary pedestrian achievements." The eminent lawyer, Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, who is still living at the age of ninety-six, writes to us under date of February 8th, 1873:—"I had no personal acquaintance with Alexander Wilson the poet, though probably we knew each other by name and sight. I saw him not unfrequently in the book-store of Samuel Bradford in this city, when the *Ornithology* of Wilson was in course of publication—1811 or 1812. His personal appearance was



that of a modest, rather retiring man, of good countenance, not decidedly Scotch, but still with a cast of it, rather more like a New England Congregational clergyman in his black dress than any other description I can give.

He was held in great esteem for probity, gentle manners, and accomplishments in his special branch of natural science. I possess his *great* work, as men acquainted with its merits call it, but am no ornithologist myself."

## WATTY AND MEG, OR THE WIFE REFORMED.<sup>1</sup>

### A TALE.

We dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake.—POPE.

Keen the frosty winds were blawing,  
Deep the snaw had wreathed the ploughs,  
Watty, wearied a' day sawing,  
Dannert down to Mungo Blue's.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,  
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill:  
"Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!  
Haith we'se hae anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,  
And sae mony neighbours roun',  
Kicket frae his shoon the snawba's,  
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a broad, wi' bannocks heaped,  
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses stood;  
Some were roaring, ithers sleepit,  
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was selling Pate some tallow,  
A' the rest a racket hel',  
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow!  
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',  
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;  
Watty, puffing out a mouthfu',  
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?  
Trough your chafts are fa'ing in!  
Something's wrang—I'm vex'd to see you—  
Gudesake! but ye'er desp'rate thin!"

"Ay," quo' Watty, "things are alter'd,  
But it's past redemption now;  
L—d! I wish I had been halter'd  
When I married Maggy Howe!

"I've been poor, and vexed, and raggy,  
Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';  
Them I bore—but marrying Maggy  
Laid the cap-stane o' them a'.

"Night and day she's ever yelping,  
With the weans she ne'er can gree;  
When she's tired with perfect skelping,  
Then she flees like fire on me.

"See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on  
With her everlasting clack,  
Whiles I've had my neive in passion  
Liftet up to break her back!"

"O, for gudesake, keep frae cuffs!"  
Mungo shook his head and said,  
"Weel I ken what sort of life it's;  
Ken ye, Watty, how I did?—

"After Bess and I were kippled,  
Soon she grew like ony bear,  
Brak' my shins, and when I tippled,  
Harl't out my very hair.

"For a wee I quietly knuckled,  
But whan naething would prevail,  
Up my claes and cash I buckled,—  
'Bess, for ever fare-ye-weel.'

"Then her din grew less and less aye,  
Haith I gart her change her tune;  
Now a better wife than Bessy  
Never stept in leather shoon.

"Try this, Watty—When you see her  
Raging like a roaring flood,

<sup>1</sup> As Burns was one day sitting at his desk by the side of his window, a well-known hawk, Andrew Bishop, went past crying "Watty and Meg, a new ballad by Robert Burns." The poet looked out and said, "That's a lee, Andrew, but I would make your plack a bawbee if it were mine." This we heard Mrs. Burns, the poet's widow, relate.—*Dr. Robert Chambers.*

Swear that moment that ye'll lea' her,—  
That's the way to keep her good."

Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls  
Echo'd now out-thro' the roof;  
"Done!" quo' Pate, and syne his erls  
Nail'd the Dryster's wauked loof.

In the thrang of stories telling,  
Shaking hauns, and ither cheer,  
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,  
"Mungo, is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry  
Darted thro' him like a knife,  
Up the door flew—like a fury  
In came Watty's seawaling wife.

"Nasty, gude-for-naething being!  
O ye snuffy, drucken sow!  
Bringing wife and weans to ruin,  
Drinking here wi' sic a crew!"

"Devil nor your legs were broken,  
Sic a life nae flesh endures,  
Toiling like a slave to sloken  
You, ye dyvor, and your whores.

"Rise, ye drucken beast o' Bethel!  
Drink's your night and day's desire:  
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll  
Fling your whiskey i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,  
Pay'd his groat wi' little din,  
Left the house, while Maggy fallow'd,  
Flying a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door came lamping,  
Maggy curst them ane and a';  
Clappet wi' her hands, and stamping,  
Lost her bauchles i' the sua'.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,  
Wi' a face as white's a clout,  
Raging like a very devil,  
Kicking stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you!  
Hang you, sir! I'll be your death!  
Little hands my hands, confound you,  
But I'll cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,  
Ey'd her whites but durstna speak,  
Sat like patient Resignation,  
Trem'ling by the ingle check.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,  
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,  
Quietly to his bed he slippet,  
Sighing aften to himsel':

"Nane are free frae some vexation,  
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;  
But through a' the hale creation  
Is a mortal vext like me?"

A' night lang he rowt and gaunted,  
Sleep or rest he con'dna' tak;  
Maggy aft wi' horror haunted,  
Mum'ling started at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepit,  
Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,  
Kist his weanies, while they sleepet,  
Wauken'd Meg, and sought farewell.

"Farewell, Meg!—and, O! may Heav'n  
Keep you aye within his care:  
Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',  
Now he'll never fash you mair.

"Happy could I been beside you,  
Happy baith at morn and e'en:  
A' the ills did e'er betide you,  
Watty aye turned out your frien'.

"But ye ever like to see me  
Vext and sighing, late and air:  
Farewell, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,  
So thou'll never see me mair."

Meg, a' sabbing, sac to lose him,  
Sic a change had never wist,  
Held his hand close to her bosom,  
While her heart was like to burst.

"O my Watty, will ye lea' me,  
Frien'less, helpless, to despair!  
O! for this ae time forgie me:  
Never will I vex you mair."

"Ay! ye've aft said that, and broken  
A' your vows ten times a week.  
No, no, Meg! see, there's a token  
Glittering on my bonnet check.

"Owre the seas I march this morning,  
Listed, tested, sworn and a',  
Fore'd by your confounded girning—  
Farewell, Meg! for I'm awa'."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour  
Gush'd afresh, and louder grew,  
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yamour,  
Round their sabbing mother flew.

“Through the yirth I’ll wanner wi’ you—  
Stay, O Watty! stay at hame;  
Here, upon my knees, I’ll gi’e you  
Ony vow you like to name.

“See your poor young lammies pleadin’,  
Will ye gang and break our heart?  
No a house to put our head in!  
No a friend to take our part!”

Ilka word came like a bullet;  
Watty’s heart begoud to shake;  
On a kist he laid his wallet,  
Dighted baith his een and spake.

“If ance mair I co’ld by writing  
Lea’ the sogers and stay still,  
Wad you swear to drap your flyting?”  
“Yes, O Watty, yes, I will.”

“Then,” quo’ Watty, “mind, be honest;  
Aye to keep your temper strive;  
Gin ye break this dreadfu’ promise,  
Never mair expect to thrive.

“Marget Howe, this hour ye solemn  
Swear by every thing that’s gude,  
Ne’er again your spouse to seal’ him,  
While life warms your heart and blood.

“That ye’ll ne’er in Mungo’s seek me—  
Ne’er put drucken to my name—  
Never out at e’ning steek me—  
Never gloom when I come hame.

“That ye’ll ne’er, like Bessy Miller,  
Kick my shins or rug my hair—  
Lastly, I’m to keep the sillier.  
This upon your saul you swear?”

“O—h!” quo’ Meg; “Aweel,” quo’ Watty,  
“Farewell! faith I’ll try the seas.”  
“O stand still,” quo’ Meg, and grat aye;  
“Ony, ony way ye please.”

Maggy syne, because he prest her,  
Swore to a’ thing owre again:  
Watty lap, and danced, and kist her;  
Wow! but he was won’rous fain.

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#### AUCHTERTOOL.

From the village of Lessly, with a head full of glee,  
And a pack on my shoulders, I rambled out free;  
Resolved that same evening, as Luna was full,  
To lodge ten miles distant, in old Auchtertool.

Through many a lone cottage and farm-house I  
steered,  
Took their money, and off with my budget I  
sheered:

The road I explored out without form or rule,  
Still asking the nearest to old Auchtertool.

A clown I accosted, inquiring the road,  
He stared like an idiot, then roared out “Gude  
G—d,

Gin ye’re gaun there for quarters ye’re surely a  
fool,  
For there’s nought but starvation in old Auchter-  
tool.”

Unminding his nonsense, my march I pursued,  
Till I came to a hill-top, where joyful I viewed,  
Surrounded with mountains, and many a white  
pool,  
The small smoky village of old Auchtertool.

At length I arrived at the edge of the town,  
As Phoebus behind a high mountain went down;  
The clouds gathered dreary, and weather blew  
foul,  
And I hugged myself safe now in old Auchtertool.

An inn I inquired out, a lodging desired,  
But the landlady’s pertness seemed instantly fired;  
For she saucy replied, as she sat carding wool,  
“I ne’er keep sic lodgers in auld Auchtertool.”

With scorn I soon left her to live on her pride,  
But asking, was told there was none else beside,  
Except an old weaver who now kept a school,  
And these were the whole that were in Auchter-  
tool.

To his mansion I scampered, and rapt at the door;  
He op’d, but as soon as I dared to implore,  
He shut it like thunder, and uttered a howl  
That rung through each corner of old Auchtertool.

Provoked now to fury, the dominie I curst,  
And offered to eudgel the wretch, if he durst;  
But the door he fast bolted, though Boreas blew  
cool,  
And left me all friendless in old Auchtertool.

Deprived of all shelter, through darkness I trod,  
Till I came to a ruined old house by the road;  
Here the night I will spend, and, inspired by the  
owl,  
I’ll send up some prayers for old Auchtertool.

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#### MATILDA.

Ye dark rugged rocks, that recline o’er the deep,  
Ye breezes, that sigh o’er the main,  
Here shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,  
And cease while ye hear me complain;

For distant, alas! from my dear native shores,  
 And far from each friend now I be;  
 And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars  
 Between my Matilda and me.

How blest were the times when together we stray'd,  
 While Phœbe shone silent above;  
 Or leaned by the border of Cartha's green side,  
 And talked the whole evening of love!  
 Around us all nature lay wrapt up in peace,  
 Nor noise could our pleasures annoy,  
 Save Cartha's hoarse brawling conveyed by the  
 breeze,  
 That soothed us to love and to joy.

If haply some youth had his passion exprest,  
 And praised the bright charms of her face,  
 What horrors unceasing revolved through my  
 breast,  
 While, sighing, I stole from the place.  
 For where is the eye that could view her alone,  
 The ear that could list to her strain,  
 Nor wish the adorable nymph for his own,  
 Nor double the pangs I sustain?

Thou moon! that now brightens those regions  
 above,  
 How oft hast thou witness'd my bliss,  
 While breathing my tender expressions of love,  
 I seal'd each kind vow with a kiss!  
 Ah! then, how I joyed as I gazed on her charms!  
 What transports flew swift through my heart!  
 I pressed the dear, beautiful maid in my arms,  
 Nor dreamed that we ever should part.

But now from the dear, from the tenderest maid,  
 By Fortune unfeelingly torn;  
 'Midst strangers, who wonder to see me so sad,  
 In secret I wander forlorn;  
 And oft, while drear Midnight assembles her shades  
 And Silence pours sleep from her throne,  
 Pale, lonely and pensive, I steal through the glades  
 And sigh, 'midst the darkness, my moan.

In vain to the town I retreat for relief;  
 In vain to the groves I complain;  
 Belles, coxcombs and uproar, can ne'er soothe  
 my grief,  
 And solitude nurses my pain.  
 Still absent from her whom my bosom loves best,  
 I languish in mis'ry and care;  
 Her presence could banish each woe from my heart,  
 But her absence, alas! is despair.

Ye dark rugged rocks, that recline o'er the deep,  
 Ye breezes, that sigh o'er the main,  
 Oh! shelter me under your cliffs, while I weep,  
 And cease, while ye hear me complain.  
 Far distant, alas! from my dear native shores,  
 And far from each friend now I be;  
 And wide is the merciless ocean, that roars  
 Between my Matilda and me.

### THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Of all professions that this world has known,  
 From clowns and cobblers upwards to the throne;  
 From the great architects of Greece and Rome,  
 Down to the framer of a farthing broom,  
 The worst for care and undeserved abuse,  
 The first in real dignity and use,  
 (If skilled to teach and diligent to rule)  
 Is the learned master of a little school,  
 Not he who guides the legs, or fits the clown  
 To square his fists, and knock his fellow down;  
 Not he who shows the still more barbarous art  
 To parry thrusts, and pierce th' unguarded heart;  
 But that good man, who, faithful to his charge,  
 Still toils the opening reason to enlarge;  
 And leads the growing mind, through every stage,  
 From humble A B C to God's own page:  
 From black, rough pothooks, horrid to the sight,  
 To fairest lines that float o'er purest white;  
 From numeration, through an opening way,  
 Till dark annuities seem clear as day!  
 Pours o'er the mind a flood of mental light,  
 Expands its wings, and gives it powers for flight,  
 Till earth's remotest bounds, and heaven's bright  
 train

He trace, weigh, measure, picture and explain.

If such his toils, sure honour and regard,  
 And wealth and fame will be his dear reward;  
 Sure every tongue will utter forth his praise,  
 And blessings gild the evening of his days!  
 Yes—blest indeed—by cold ungrateful scorn,  
 With study pale, by daily crosses worn;  
 Despised by those who to his labour owe  
 All that they read, and almost all they know.  
 Condemned, each tedious day, such cares to bear  
 As well might drive e'en Patience to despair;  
 The partial parent's taunt—the idler dull—  
 The blockhead's dark impenetrable skull—  
 The endless round of A B C's whole train,  
 Repeated o'er ten thousand times in vain,  
 Placed on a point, the object of each sneer,  
 His faults enlarge—his merits disappear.  
 If mild—"Our lazy master loves his ease,  
 The boys at school do anything they please."  
 If rigid—"He's a stern hard-hearted wretch,  
 He drives the children stupid with his birch.  
 My child, with gentle means, will mind a breath;  
 But frowns and flogging frighten him to death."  
 Do as he will his conduct is arraigned,  
 And dear the little that he gets is gained;  
 E'en that is given him on the quarter-day,  
 With looks that call it—money thrown away.

Just Heaven! who knows the unremitting care  
 And deep solicitude that teachers share,  
 If such their fate, by thy divine control,  
 O give them health and fortune of soul!

Souls that disdain the murderous tongue of Fame,  
And strength to make the sturdiest of them tame;  
Grant this, ye powers! to dominies distrest,  
Their sharp-tailed hickories will do the rest.

### A PEDLAR'S STORY.<sup>1</sup>

I wha stand here in this bare scowry coat,  
Was ance a packman, worth mony a groat;  
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;  
I've scarted pats and sleepit in a stable:  
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance taen,  
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.  
Ay! thae were days indeed that gar'd me hope,  
Aiblins, through time to warsle up a shop;  
And as a wife aye in my noddle ran,  
I kenn'd my Kate wad grapple at me than.  
Oh, Kate was past compare! sic cheeks! sic een!  
Sic smiling looks! were never, never seen.  
Dear, dear I lo'od her, and whene'er we met,  
Pleaded to have the bridal day but set;  
Stapp'd her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,  
And thought myself weel paid wi' twa three  
kisses:

Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,  
And aften kindly in my lug would say,  
"Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,  
We'll marry then, and syne set up a shop."  
Oh, sir, but lasses' words are saft and fair,  
They soothe our griefs and banish ilka care:  
Wha wadna toil to please the lass he loes?  
A lover true minds *this* in all he does.  
Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,  
And that I couldna get her to relent,  
There was nought left but quietly to resign,  
To heeze my pack for ae lang, hard campaign;  
And as the Highlands was the place for meat,  
I ventured there in spite o' wind and weat.

Cauld now the winter blew, and deep the snaw  
For three hale days incessantly did fa';  
Far in a muir, among the whirling drift,  
Where nought was seen but mountains and the  
lift,

I lost my road, and wander'd mony a mile,  
Maist dead wi' hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil.  
Thus wandering, east or west, I kenn'd na where,  
My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,  
Wi' a fell ringe I plunged at once, forsooth,  
Down through a wreath o' snaw up to my mouth—  
Clean over my head my precious wallet flew,  
But whar it gaed, Lord kens—I never knew!  
What great misfortunes are poured down on some!  
I thought my fearfu' hinder-end was come!  
Wi' grief and sorrow was my saul owercastr,

Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;  
For aye the mair I warsled roun' and roun',  
I fand mysel aye stiek the deeper down;  
Till ance, at length, wi' a proligious pull,  
I drew my puir cauld carcass frae the hole.  
Lang, lang I sought and graped for my pack,  
Till night and hunger forc'd me to come back.  
For three lang hours I wandered up and down,  
Till chance at last convey'd me to a town;  
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate  
A sad account of a' my luckless fate,  
But bade her aye be kind, and no despair,  
Since life was left, I soon would gather mair,  
Wi' whilk I hoped, within a towment's date  
To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.  
Fool that I was! how little did I think  
That love would soon be lost for faut o' clink!  
The loss o' fair-won wealth, though hard to bear,  
Afore this—ne'er had power to force a tear.  
I trusted time would bring things round again,  
And Kate, dear Kate! would then be a' mine ain:  
Consoled my mind in hopes o' better luck—  
But, oh! what sad reverse! how thunderstruck!  
When ae black day brought word frae Rab my  
brither,

That—*Kate was cried and married on anither!*  
Though a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,  
At ance had drapp'd cauld dead at my feet;  
Or though I'd heard the last day's dreadful ca',  
Nae deeper horror ower my heart could fa';  
I curs'd mysel, I curs'd my luckless fate,  
And grat—and sabbing cried, Oh Kate! oh Kate!  
Frae that day forth I never mair did weel,  
But drank, and ran head foremost to the deil!  
My siller vanish'd, far frae hame I pined,  
But Kate for ever ran across my mind:  
In *her* were a' my hopes—these hopes were vain,  
And now I'll never see her like again.

### RAB AND RINGAN.<sup>2</sup>

#### A TALE.

#### INTRODUCTION.

Hech! but its awfu' like to rise up here,  
Where sic a sight o' learned folks' pows appear!  
Sae mony piercing een a' fixed on anc  
Is maist enough to freeze me to a stane!  
But it's a mercy—mony thanks to fate,  
Pedlars are poor, but unco seldom blate.

(*Speaking to the President.*)

This question, sir, has been right well disputed,  
And meikle weel-a-wat's been said about it;

<sup>1</sup> Recited by the author, at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question, "Whether is disappointment in love or the loss of fortune hardest to bear?"

<sup>2</sup> Delivered by the author in the Pantheon, Edinburgh, in a debate on the question, "Whether is diffidence or the allurements of pleasure the greatest bar to the progress in knowledge?"

Chiels, that precisely to the point can speak,  
And gallop o'er lang blauds of kittle Greek,  
Hae sent frae ilka side their sharp opinion,  
And peeled it up as ane wad peel an ingon<sup>1</sup>.

I winna plague you lang wi' my poor spale,  
But only crave your patience to a tale:  
By which ye'll ken on whatna side I'm stantin'  
As I perceive your hindmost minute's rinnin'.

#### THE TALE.

There lived in Fife an auld, stout, worldly chiel,  
Wha's stomach ken'd nae fare but milk and meal;  
A wife he had, I think they ca'd her Bell,  
And twa big sons, amaisa as heigh's himsel'.  
Rab was a gleg, smart cock, with powdered pash;  
Ringan, a slow, feared, bashfu', simple hash.

Baith to the college gaed. At first spruce Rab  
At Greek and Latin grew a very dab:  
He beat a' round about him, fair and clean,  
And ilk ane courted him to be their frien';  
Frae house to house they harled him to dinner,  
But cursed poor Ringan for a hum-drum sinner.

Rab talked now in sie a lofty strain,  
As though braid Scotland had been a' his ain;  
He ca'd the kirk the church, the yirth the globe,  
And changed his name, forsooth, frae Rab to Bob.  
Whare'er ye met him flourishing his rung,  
The hail discourse was murdered wi' his tongue.  
On friends and faes wi' impudene he set,  
And ramm'd his nose in everything he met.

The college now to Rab grew douf and dull,  
He scorn'd wi' books to stupify his skull:  
But whirled to plays and balls, and sic like places,  
And roared awa at fairs and kintra races;  
Sent hame for siller frae his mother Bell,  
And caft a horse, and rade a race himsel';  
Drank day and night, and syne, when mortal fu',  
Rowed on the floor, and snored like ony sow;  
Lost a' his siller wi' some gambling sparks,  
And pawn'd, for punch, his Bible and his sarks:  
Till driven at last to own he had enough,  
Gaed hame a' rags to hand his father's plough.

Poor hum-drum Ringan played anither part,  
For Ringan wanted neither wit nor ar;  
Of mony a far-aff place he kent the gate;  
Was deep, deep learned, but unco, unco blate.  
He kend how mony mile 'twas to the moon,  
How mony rake wad lave the ocean toom;  
Where a' the swallows gaed in time of snaw;  
What gars the thunders roar, and tempests blaw;  
Where lumps o' siller grow aneath the grun';  
How a' this yirth rows round about the sun;  
In short, on books sae meikle time he spent,  
Ye couldna' speak o' aught, but Ringan kent.

<sup>1</sup> The question had been spoken upon both sides before this tale was recited, which was the last opinion given on the debate.

Sae meikle learning wi' sae little pride,  
Soon gained the love o' a' the kintra side;  
And Death, at that time, happening to nip aff  
The parish minister—a poor, dull calf,  
Ringan was sought—he couldna' say them nay,  
And there he's preaching at this very day.

#### MORAL.

Now, Mr. President, I think 'tis plain,  
That youthfu' diffidence is certain gain.  
Instead of blocking up the road to knowledge,  
It guides alike, in commerce or at college;  
Struggles the bursts of passion to control,  
Feeds all the finer feelings of the soul;  
Defies the deep-laid stratagems of guile,  
And gives even innocence a sweeter smile;  
Emnobles all the little worth we have,  
And shields our virtue even to the grave.

How vast the difference, then, between the twain,  
Since pleasure ever is pursued by pain.  
Pleasure's a syren, with inviting arms,  
Sweet is her voice and powerful are her charms;  
Lured by her call we tread her flowery ground,  
Joy wings our steps and music warbles round,  
Lulled in her arms we lose the flying hours,  
And lie embosomed 'midst her blooming bowers,  
Till—armed with death, she watches our undoing,  
Stabs while she sings, and triumphs in our ruin.

#### THE AMERICAN BLUE-BIRD.

When winter's cold tempests and winds are no  
more,  
Green meadows and brown-furrowed fields re-  
appearing,

The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,  
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a  
steering;

When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,  
When red grows the maple, so fresh and so  
pleasing,

Oh then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring,  
And hails with his warblings the charms of the  
season.

The loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;  
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the  
weather;

Then blue woodland flowers just beginning to  
spring,

And spicewood and sassafras budding together;  
Oh then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair;  
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your  
leisure;

The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,  
That all your hard toils will seem truly a plea-  
sure.

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,  
The red glowing peach, and the apple's sweet  
blossoms;

He snaps up destroyers whatever they be,  
And seizes the catiffs that lurk in their bosoms;  
He draws the vile grub from the corn it devours,  
The worms from their webs where they riot and  
welter,

His song and his services freely are ours,  
And all that he asks is, in summer, a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his  
train,  
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to  
cheer him;

The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,  
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear  
him;

The slow lingering schoolboys forget they'll be  
chid,

While gazing intent as he warbles before them,  
In mantle of sky-blue and bosom so red,  
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,  
And autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,  
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,  
Have fled in the tread of the sun-seeking swal-  
low;

The blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,  
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow,  
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,  
He sings the adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, soft, dewy, and  
warm,

The green face of earth, and the pure blue of  
heaven,

Or love's native music have influence to charm,  
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given—  
Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be;

His voice, like the shrilling of hope, is a trea-  
sure;

For through bleakest storms, if a calm he but  
see,

He comes to remind us of sunshine and plea-  
sure.

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### CONNEL AND FLORA.

Dark lowers the night o'er the wide stormy main,  
Till mild rosy morning rise cheerful again;  
Alas! morn returns to revisit the shore,  
But Connel returns to his Flora no more.

For see, on yon mountain, the dark cloud of death,  
O'er Connel's lone cottage, lies low on the heath;  
While bloody and pale, on a far distant shore,  
He lies, to return to his Flora no more.

Ye light fleeting spirits, that glide o'er the steep,  
Oh, would ye but waft me across the wild deep!  
There fearless I'd mix in the battle's loud roar,  
I'd die with my Connel, and leave him no more.

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## CAROLINA NAIRNE.

BORN 1766 — DIED 1845.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, a Christian lady alike  
lovely in mind and person, who was from her  
great beauty known in her native district as  
"The Flower of Strathearn," was born at the  
family mansion of Gask, in the county of  
Perth, July 16, 1766. The Oliphants of Gask  
were cadets of the formerly noble house of  
Oliphant, whose ancestor, Sir William of Aber-  
dalgie, acquired distinction in the early part  
of the fourteenth century, by defending the  
castle of Stirling against a formidable siege,  
carried on under the eyes of Edward I. of  
England. Her ancestors were devoted Jacob-  
ites. The paternal grandfather of Carolina,

named in honour of Prince Charles Edward,  
attended the unfortunate Stuart during his  
disastrous campaign of 1745-46; and his wife  
indicated her sympathy in the cause by cutting  
off a lock of the Prince's hair, on the occasion  
of his accepting their hospitality. The sou-  
venir is still preserved in the family. Our  
author's has thus celebrated the incident in  
her song of "The Auld House:"—

"The ledly too, sae genty,  
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,  
An' clipt a lock wi' her ain hand  
Frae his lang yellow hair."

Carolina Oliphant, whose beauty was equalled

by her intellectual attainments and her great love of music, was married to William Murray Nairne of the British army, who, in 1824, received the family title of Baron Nairne. The act of Parliament removing the attainder of the family was passed owing to the recommendation of George IV., who learned, during his visit to Scotland in 1822, that the song of "The Attainted Scottish Nobles" was the composition of Lady Nairne. On the 9th of July, 1830, she lost her husband, and seven years later her only son died in Brussels, where he had gone in company with the baroness for his health. Deprived of both husband and son—the latter a young gentleman of great promise—Lady Nairne, though submitting to the dispensation of Heaven with becoming resignation, did not regain her usual buoyancy of spirit. She was rapidly falling into "the sere, the yellow leaf"—those years in which the words of the inspired sage, "I have no pleasure in them," are too often called forth by mental trials and bodily infirmities. But she bore up nobly. In one of her letters, dated 1840, she says: "I sometimes say to myself, 'This is no me,' so greatly have my feelings and trains of thought changed since 'auld lang syne;' and though I am made to know assuredly that all is well, I scarcely dare to allow my mind to settle on the past."

To this period of her life we owe the ode, "Would you be young again?" and several of her compositions breathing a deeply devotional spirit; "The Laird o' Cockpen," and other humorous and popular songs, having been written previous to her marriage in 1806. Carolina Baroness Nairne died in the same mansion in which she was born, on the 26th of October, 1845, at the advanced age of seventy-nine.

Lady Nairne was a prolific writer of Scottish songs and ballads, and in her later years wrote poems expressive of the pious resignation and Christian hope of the author, which, however, appeared anonymously, as her extreme diffidence and modesty shrank from all publicity. She neither wrote for gain or fame, but from a far higher motive. A Scottish writer says: "She knew that the minstrels of ruder times had composed, and, through the aid of the national melodies, transmitted to posterity strains ill fitted to promote the interests of

sound morality, yet that the love of those sweet and wild airs made the people tenacious of the words to which they were wedded. Her principal, if not her sole object, was to disjoin these, and to supplant the impurer strains. Doubtless that capacity of genius which enabled her to write as she has done might, as an inherent stimulus, urge her to seek gratification in the exercise of it; but even in this case, the virtue of her main motive underwent no diminution. She was well aware how deeply the Scottish heart imbibed the sentiments of song, so that these became a portion of its nature, or of the principles upon which the individuals acted, however unconsciously, amid the intercourse of life. Lessons could thus be taught which could not, perhaps, be communicated with the same effect by any other means. This pleasing agency of education in the school of moral refinement Lady Nairne has exercised with genial tact and great beauty; and liberally as she bestowed benefactions on her fellow-kind in many other respects, it may be said no gifts conferred could bear in their beneficial effects a comparison to the songs which she has written. Her strains thrilled along the chords of a common nature, beguiling ruder thoughts into a more tender and generous tone, and lifting up the lower towards the loftier feeling."

The benevolence of Lady Nairne was not confined to the purification of the national minstrelsy, but extended towards the support of many of the philanthropic institutions of her native land, which in her judgment were promoting the temporal comforts, or advancing the spiritual interests of the Scottish people. Her contributions to public as well as private charities were very liberal. In an address delivered by Dr. Chalmers a few weeks after her death, referring to the exertions which had been made for the supply of religious instruction in a certain district of Edinburgh, known as the West Port, he made the following remarks regarding Lady Nairne:—"Let me speak now as to the countenance we have received. I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction which I received about a year ago. Inquiry was made of me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to apply it to charitable purposes; and she wanted me to enumerate a list of chari-



table objects in proportion to the estimate I had of their value. Accordingly I furnished her with a seale of five or six charitable objects. The highest in the seale were those institutions which had for their design the Christianizing of the people at home: and I also mentioned to her, in connection with the Christianizing at home, what we were doing at the West Port; and there came to me from her, in the course of a day or two, no less a sum than £300. She is now dead; she is now in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions of secrecy, and, accordingly, I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was dead, I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to proclaim it, because I thought that her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her; and I am happy to say that I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairne of Perthshire. It enabled us, at an expense of £330, to purchase sites for schools and a church; and we have

got a site in the very heart of the locality, with a very considerable extent of ground for a washing-green, a washing-house, and a playground for the children, so that we are a good step in advance towards the completion of our parochial economy."

Some years after Lady Nairne's death, the relations and literary friends of the deceased, thinking very correctly that there was no longer any reason for withholding from the public the secret of the authorship of her numerous charming compositions, published an elegant volume, entitled "*Lays from Strathearn*;" by Carolina Baroness Nairne," containing about one hundred of her songs and ballads, the most popular of which are, "The Land o' the Leal;" "The Laird o' Cockpen"—lays that the world will not willingly let die. In 1869 another volume appeared, called, "*Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne*;" with a Memoir and Poems of Carolina Oliphant, the Younger, edited by Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., F.S.A. Scot.;" accompanied by a portrait and other illustrations.

### THE PLEUGHMAN.

There's high and low, there's rich and poor,  
 There's trades and crafts enew, man;  
 But, east and west, his trade's the best  
 That kens to guide the pleugh, man.  
 Then come weel speed my pleughman lad.  
 And hey my merry pleughman;  
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,  
 Commend me to the pleughman.

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,  
 His cares are light and few, man;  
 His mother's blessing's on his head,  
 That tents her weel, the pleughman.  
 Then come weel speed, &c.

The lark sae sweet, that starts to meet  
 The morning fresh and new, man;  
 Blythe though she be, as blythe is he  
 That sings as sweet, the pleughman,  
 Then come weel speed, &c.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day  
 Their labours they renew, man;  
 Heaven bless the seed, and bless the soil,  
 And Heaven bless the pleughman.  
 Then come weel speed, &c.

### CALLER HERRIN'.<sup>1</sup>

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?  
 They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,  
 Dream'd ye ought o' our pair fellows,  
 Darkling as they faced the billows,  
 A' to fill the woven willows,  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 They're no brought here without brave daring;  
 Buy my caller herrin',  
 Haul'd thro' wind and rain.  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?  
 Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin'!  
 Wives and mithers, maist despairin',  
 Ca' them lives o' men.  
 Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

<sup>1</sup> This song was written for Nathaniel Gow son of the celebrated Neil Gow.—Ed.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,  
Ladies, clad in silk and laces,  
Gather in their braw pelisses,  
Cast their heads, and screw their faces.  
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie;  
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;  
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',  
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.  
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin',  
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',  
At ae word be in yer dealin'—  
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.  
Wha'll buy caller herrin'? &c.

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### THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.<sup>1</sup>

The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,  
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state;  
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
But favour wi' woin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,  
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, and as gude as new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,  
And wha' could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannyly—  
And rapp'd at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:  
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,  
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,  
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"  
She put aff her apron and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam' ben, he bowed fu' low,  
And what was his errand he soon let her know;  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na;  
And wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie;  
He mounted his mare—he rade cannyly;

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<sup>1</sup>The two last stanzas were added, to complete the song, by Miss Mary Ferrier, authoress of *Marriage, Intercourse, and Destiny*,—novels that were greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott.—*Ed.*

And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,  
She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;  
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,  
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,  
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;  
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,  
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

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### GUDE NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'!

The best o' joys maun hae an end,  
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;  
The laugest day will wear away,  
And I maun bid farewell to you.  
The tear will tell when hearts are fu',  
For words, gin they hae sense ava,  
They're broken, faltering, and few:  
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

Oh, we hae wander'd far and wide,  
O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell!  
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,  
And twined it wi' the heather-bell.  
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,  
The cot house, and the baron's ha';  
Now we maun tak a last farewell:  
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

My harp farewell! thy strains are past,  
Of gleefu' mirth, and heartfelt care;  
The voice of song maun cease at last,  
And minstrelsy itsel' decay.  
But, oh! whar sorrow canna win,  
Nor parting tears are shed ava,  
May we meet neighbor, kith, and kin,  
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

---

### THE HUNDRED PIPERS.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';  
We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
Oh! it's owre the Border awa', awa',  
It's owre the Border awa', awa';  
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',  
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,  
 Wi' their tartans, kilts an' a', an' a',  
 Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,  
 An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.  
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?  
 Will they a' return, our Hieland men?  
 Second-sighted Sandy lo'ked fu' wae,  
 And mothers grat when they marched away.  
     Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

Oh wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?  
 Oh wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?  
 Bonnie Charlie the king o' us a', hurra!  
 Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.  
 His bonnet and feather, he's wavin' high,  
 His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,  
 The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,  
 While the pipers blaw in an' unco flare.  
     Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,  
 But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep:  
 Twa thousand swam owre to fill English ground,  
 And danced themselves dry to the pibroch's  
 sound.

Dumfounder'd the English saw—they saw—  
 Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,  
 Dumfounder'd they ran awa', awa',  
 From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

    Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',  
     Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a';  
     We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,  
     Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

### THE LAND O' THE LEAL.<sup>1</sup>

I'm wearin' awa', John,  
 Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John:  
 I'm wearin' awa'  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 There's nae sorrow there, John;  
 There's neither could nor care, John;  
 The day's aye fair  
     I' the land o' the leal.

<sup>1</sup> This beautiful lyric appeared in print soon after the death of Burns, and in its more popular version was supposed to express his dying thoughts, although in its original form there is no trace of such an intention on the part of Lady Nairne. Dr. Rogers states that it was written in 1798, on the death of the eldest child of her friends Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun of Killermont. The following is the popular, and perhaps improved, version:—*Ed.*

I'm wearin' awa', Jean,  
 Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,  
 I'm wearin' awa'  
     To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;  
 She was baith gude and fair, John;  
 And, oh! we grudged her sair  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,  
 And joy's a-comin' fast, John—  
 The joy that's aye to last  
     In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,  
 Sae free the battle fought, John,  
 That sinfu' man e'er brought  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Oh, dry your glist'ning ee, John!  
 My saul lings to be free, John;  
 And angels beckon me  
     To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!  
 Your day it's wearin' thro', John;  
 And I'll welcome you  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain John,  
 This world's cares are vain, John;  
 We'll meet, and we'll be fain,  
     In the land o' the leal.

### SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

Saw ye nae my Peggy?  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy?  
 Saw ye nae my Peggy comin'  
     Through Tillibelton's broom?  
 I'm frae Aberdagic,  
 Ower the crafts o' Craigie,  
 For aught I ken o' Peggy,  
     She's ayont the moon.

There's nae sorrow there, Jean;  
 There's neither could nor care, Jean;  
 The day is aye fair  
     In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean;  
 She was baith gude and fair, Jean;  
 And oh! we grudged her sair  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,  
 And joy is coming fast, Jean—  
 The joy that's aye to last  
     In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,  
 Your task's ended now, Jean,  
 And I'll welcome you  
     To the land o' the leal.  
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean;  
 This world's care is vain, Jean;  
 We'll meet and will be fain  
     In the land o' the leal.

'Twas but at the dawin',  
Clear the cock was crawin',  
I saw Peggy awin'  
Hawkie by the brier.  
Early bells were ringin',  
Bl; thest birds were singin',  
Sweetest flowers were springin',  
A' her heart to cheer.

Now the tempest's blawin',  
Almond water's flowin'  
Deep and ford unknowin',  
She maun cross the day.  
Almond waters, spare her,  
Safe to Lynedoch bear her!  
Its braes ne'er saw a fairer,  
Bess Bell nor Mary Gray.

Oh, now to be wi' her!  
Or but ance to see her  
Skaithless, far or near,  
I'd gie Scotland's crown.  
Byword, blind's a lover—  
Wha's yon I discover?  
Just yer ain fair rover,  
Stately stappin' down.

#### CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,  
There's castocks in Strabogie;  
And morn and e'en, they're blythe and bein,  
That haud them frae the cogie.  
Now, haud ye frae the cogie, lads;  
O bide ye frae the cogie!  
I'll tell ye true, ye'll never rue,  
O' passin' by the cogie.

Young Will was braw and weel put on:  
Sae blythe was he and vogie;  
And he got bonnie Mary Don,  
The flower o' a' Strabogie.  
Wha wad hae thoct at woin' time,  
He'd e'er forsaken Mary,  
And ta'en him to the tipplin' trade,  
Wi' boozin' Rob and Harry?

Sair Mary wrought, sair Mary grat,  
She scarce could lift the ladle;  
Wi' pithless feet, 'tween ilka greet,  
She'd rock the borrow'd cradle.  
Her weddin' plenishin' was gane,  
She never thoct to borrow:  
Her bonnie face was waxin' wan—  
And Will wrought a' the sorrow.

He's reelin' hame ac winter's night,  
Some later than the gloamin';  
He's ta'en the rig, he's missed the brig,  
And Bogie's ower him foamin'.  
Wi' broken banes, out ower the stanes,  
He crepkit up Strabogie;  
And a' the night he pray'd wi' micht,  
To keep him frae the cogie.

Now Mary's heart is light again—  
She's neither sick nor silly;  
For auld or young, nae sinfu' tongue,  
Could e'er entice her Willie;  
And aye the sang through Bogie rang—  
"O haud ye frae the cogie;  
The weary gill's the sairest ill  
On braes o' fair Strabogie."

#### HERE'S TO THEM THAT ARE GANE.

Here's to them, to them that are gane;  
Here's to them, to them that are gane;  
Here's to them that were here, the faithful and  
dear,  
That will never be here again—no, never.  
But where are they now that are gane?  
Oh, where are the faithful and true?  
They're gane to the light that fears not the night,  
An' their day of rejoicing shall end—no, never.

Here's to them, to them that were here;  
Here's to them, to them that were here;  
Here's a tear and a sigh to the bliss that's gane by,  
But 'twas ne'er like what's comin', to last—for  
ever.  
Oh, bright was their morning sun!  
Oh, bright was their morning sun!  
Yet, lang ere the gloaming, in elouds it gaed down;  
But the storm and the cloud are now past—for  
ever.

Farewell, farewell! parting silence is sad;  
Oh, how sad the last parting tear!  
But that silence shall break, where no tear on the  
cheek  
Can bedim the bright vision again—no, never.  
Then, speed to the wings of old Time,  
That waf't us where pilgrims would be;  
To the regions of rest, to the shores of the blest,  
Where the full tide of glory shall flow—for ever.

#### THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

'Twas on a summer's afternoon,  
A wee afore the sun gaed down,  
A lassie, wi' a braw new gown,  
Cam ower the hills to Gowrie.

The rosebud, washed in summer's shower,  
 Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower;  
 But Kitty was the fairest flower  
 That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam there,  
 An', oh, the scene was passing fair!  
 For what in Scotland can compare  
 Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?

The sun was setting on the Tay,  
 The blue hills melting into gray;  
 The mavis and the blackbird's lay  
 Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

Oh, lang the lassie I had woo'd!  
 An' truth and constancy had vow'd,  
 But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed,  
 Until she saw fair Gowrie.  
 I pointed to my father's ha',  
 Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,  
 Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw;  
 Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her father was baith glad and wae:  
 Her mither she wad naething say;  
 The bairnies thocht they wad get play  
 If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.  
 She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,  
 The blush and tear were on her cheek;  
 She naething said, an' hung her head;  
 But now she's Lady Gowrie.

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I  
 LO'E WEEL.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel,  
 He's ower the hills we daurna name;  
 He's ower the hills ayont Dunblane,  
 Wha soon will get his welcome hame.

My father's gane to fight for him,  
 My brithers winna bide at hame;  
 My mither greets and prays for them,  
 And 'deed she thinks they're no to blame.  
 He's ower the hills, &c.

The Whigs may seoff, the Whigs may jeer;  
 But, ah! that love maun be sincere  
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,  
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.  
 He's ower the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains:  
 Ower Hieland hearts secure he reigns;

What lads e'er did our laddies will do;  
 Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.  
 He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,  
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;  
 Oh, did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done!  
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.  
 He's ower the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore, for Charlie then fight:  
 For your country, religion, and a' that is right:  
 Were ten thousand lives now given to me,  
 I'd die as aft for ane o' the three.  
 He's ower the hills, &c.

THE ATTAINTED SCOTTISH NOBLES.

Oh, some will tune their mournfu' strains,  
 To tell o' hame-made sorrow,  
 And if they cheat you o' your tears,  
 They'll dry upon the morrow.  
 Oh, some will sing their airy dreams,  
 In verity they're sportin';  
 My sang's o' nae sive thieveless themes,  
 But wakin' true misfortune.

Ye Scottish nobles, ane and a',  
 For loyalty attainted,  
 A nameless bardie's wae to see  
 Your sorrows unlamented;  
 For if your fathers ne'er had fought  
 For heirs of ancient royalty,  
 Ye're down the day that might hae been  
 At the top o' honour's tree a'.

For old hereditary right,  
 For conscience' sake they stoutly stood;  
 And for the crown their valiant sons  
 Themselves have shed their injured blood:  
 And if their fathers ne'er had fought  
 For heirs of ancient royalty,  
 They're down the day that might hae been  
 At the top o' honour's tree a'.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Would you be young again?  
 So would not I—  
 One tear to memory given,  
 Onward I'd hie.  
 Life's dark flood forded o'er,  
 All but at rest on shore,  
 Say, would you plunge once more,  
 With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now  
 Retrace your way?  
 Wander through stormy wilds,  
 Faint and astray?  
 Night's gloomy watches fled,  
 Morning all beaming red,  
 Hope's smiles around us shed,  
 Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,  
 Our joy and delight?  
 Dear, and more dear, though now  
 Hidden from sight.  
 Where they rejoice to be,  
 There is the land for me;  
 Fly, time, fly speedily:  
 Come, life and light.

FAREWELL, O FAREWELL!

Farewell, O farewell!  
 My heart it is sair;  
 Farewell, O farewell!  
 I'll see him nae mair.

Lang, lang was he mine,  
 Lang, lang—but nae mair  
 I mauna repine,  
 But my heart it is sair.

His staff's at the wa',  
 Toom, toom is his chair!  
 His bannet, an' a'!  
 An' I maun be here!

But oh! he's at rest,  
 Why sud I complain?

Gin my soul be blest,  
 I'll meet him again.

Oh, to meet him again,  
 Where hearts ne'er were sair!  
 Oh, to meet him again,  
 To part never mair!

REST IS NOT HERE.

What's this vain world to me?  
 Rest is not here;  
 False are the smiles I see,  
 The mirth I hear.  
 Where is youth's joyful glee?  
 Where all once dear to me?  
 Gone, as the shadows flee—  
 Rest is not here.

Why did the morning shine  
 Blythely and fair?  
 Why did those tints so fine  
 Vanish in air?  
 Does not the vision say,  
 Faint, lingering heart, away,  
 Why in this desert stay—  
 Dark land of care?

Where souls angelic soar,  
 Thither repair;  
 Let this vain world no more  
 Lull and ensnare.  
 That heaven I love so well  
 Still in my heart shall dwell;  
 All things around me tell  
 Rest is found there.

ALEXANDER BALFOUR.

BORN 1767 — DIED 1829.

ALEXANDER BALFOUR, the author of four volumes of poetry and sixteen of prose, besides contributions to periodicals which would fill an equal number, was born in the parish of Monikie, Forfarshire, March 1, 1767. From his native place, where he learned weaving, and latterly taught a school, he removed in 1793 to Arbroath. He was first employed as a clerk, and afterwards carried on business as a merchant and manufacturer. In the year

1814 he removed to the vicinity of Dundee, to superintend a branch of a London house, with which he had long transacted business on a large scale; but in the disastrous summer of 1815 it was suddenly involved in bankruptcy, Balfour sharing, from the unfortunate extent of his connection with the house, the same fate. From a position of affluence he was plunged into a state of extreme poverty. In the autumn of the same year he obtained the situation of

overseer of the Balgonie Spinning Mills in Fifeshire, from whence he removed with his family to Edinburgh in October, 1818, to enter upon the uncertain career of a man of letters.

From his earliest youth Balfour displayed a talent for composition, by occasionally contributing to the papers and periodicals of the day. Several of his poems were transmitted to James Sibbald, and by him published in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, of which he was the editor and proprietor. His first attempts were made at the age of twelve, the period of life when Pope and Cowley began to indite verses, and when almost all men of genius seem to show sparklings of what they are afterwards to be. From the date of his arrival in the Scottish capital until his death, September 12, 1829, his time was wholly devoted to literary pursuits. "During that period," says his biographer, "when palsy had deprived him of his locomotive powers, crippled his hand-writing, and nearly deprived him of speech, he composed four volumes of poetry, and sixteen volumes of prose, besides pieces in a variety of

periodicals which would fill an equal number." Two of his poetical volumes, entitled, *Contemplation and other Poems*, and *Characters Omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register*, were respectively published in 1820 and 1825. A few months after his death a selection appeared of his fugitive pieces in prose and verse, under the title of *Weeds and Wild Flowers*. The volume was enriched by a tastefully written memoir from the pen of Dr. Moir, the Delta of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which concludes with the following just and beautiful tribute to his laborious literary life: "To his grave Mr. Balfour carried the admiration of many—the respect of all who knew him; and of his writings, it may be affirmed with equal truth as of those of Thomson, that he left 'no line, which dying he could wish to blot.'"

In conclusion, it is pleasant to record that, in consequence of an earnest application made in Balfour's behalf by Joseph Hume, M. P., Canning conferred on the poet a treasury donation of one hundred pounds, in consideration of his genius, industry, and misfortunes.

### TO A CANARY BIRD.

Poor, reckless bird! you'll rue the hour  
You rashly left your wiry bower;  
Unfit on feckless wing to scour  
    Along the sky;  
Though, like the lark, you hope to tower,  
    And mount on high.

I ferly sair you thought na shame  
To leave that sung and cosie hame,  
Wi' comforts mair than I can name,  
    Where friends caress'd you,  
To play the madly losing game,  
    What freak possess'd you?

On Anna's lap you sat to rest,  
And sometimes fondly made your nest  
In gentle Mary's virgin breast—  
    E'en dared to sip  
Sweets, might have made a monarch blest,  
    Frae Emma's lip.

Your comfort was their daily care,  
They fed you wi' the daintiest fare;  
And now, through fields of trackless ain

You've ta'en your flight;  
Left a' your friends wi' hearts fu' sair,  
Without Good-night!

Frae morn to e'en you blithely sang,  
Till a' the room around you rang;  
Your bosom never felt the pang  
    O' want or fear:  
Nor greedy glede, nor pussy's fang,  
    Were ever near.

When leeting out, in wanton play,  
Some bonnie, calm, and cloudless day,  
You cast your ee o'er gardens gay,  
    And skies sae clear,  
And deem'd that ilka month was May  
    Throughout the year:

When gay green leaves the woods adorn,  
And fields are fair wi' springing corn,  
To brush the pearly dews of morn,  
    And spread your plumes,  
Where sweetly smiles the snaw-white thorn,  
    Or primrose blooms;

On gowany braes to sit and sing,  
 While budding birks their odours fling,  
 And blooming flowers around you spring,  
     To glad your ee,  
 To hap the wild rose wi' your wing,—  
     The thought was glee.

Poor, flighter'd thing! you little ken  
 What passes in the flowery glen;  
 When you can neither flee nor fen',  
     You'll wish fu' fain  
 That you were in your cage again;  
     But wish in vain.

Nae doubt you think your freedom sweet:  
 You'll change your mind when blashy weet,  
 Keen pirling hail, or chilling sleet,  
     Your feathers daidle:  
 'Twad ill befitt your slender feet  
     In dubs to paidle!

Though summer blooms in beauty rare,  
 I fear you'll dine but bauchly there:  
 You canna feed when fields are bare,  
     On haps and haws,  
 Or scart and serape for coarser fare,  
     Like corbie craws.

November winds will nip the flower,  
 Then comes the cauld and pelting shower,  
 And shivering in the leafless bower,  
     Wi' dronkit wing,  
 You, while the dark clouds round you lower,  
     Forget to sing.

When freezing winds around you bla',  
 O'er glittering wreaths o' drifted sna',  
 And robin hides in sheltering ha',  
     Wi' hardy forn,  
 I fear your chance, poor bird, is sma',  
     To bang the storm!

But you will never see that day,  
 Ne'er shiver on the naked spray,  
 For lang before the leaves decay,  
     Some hapless morn,  
 To ruthless hawk you'll fall a prey,  
     Your plumage torn!

Was't Freedom, say, or Pleasure's name,  
 That lured you frae your cozie hame?  
 Whichever, I can hardly blame,  
     Though you'll repent it;  
 For wiser folk have done the same,  
     And sair lamentit.

I've kent the rich, but restless swain,  
 For Liberty, or sordid gain,

Leave Albion's fair and fruitful plain  
     Wi' scornfu' ee,  
 To search beyond the western main  
     For bliss to be:

And in Columbia's forests deep,  
 Where Indians prowl and serpents creep,  
 He dream'd of Scotia in his sleep,  
     Still fondly dear;  
 Or waking, turn'd to sigh and weep  
     The bootless tear.

'Tis naething strange for folks to think,  
 If Pleasure for a moment blink,  
 Her noon-tide sun will never sink;  
     And birds and men  
 She leads to dark destruction's brink  
     Before they ken.

#### THE BONNIE LASS O' LEVEN WATER.

Though siller Tweed rin o'er the lea,  
 An' dark the Dee 'mang Highland heather,  
 Yet siller Tweed an' drumly Dee  
     Are not sae dear as Leven Water.  
 When nature form'd our favourite isle,  
 An' a' her sweets began to scatter,  
 She look'd with fond approving smile  
     Along the banks o' Leven Water.

On flowery braes, at gloamin' gray,  
 'Tis sweet to scent the primrose springin';  
 Or through the woodlands green to stray,  
     In ilka buss the mavis singin';  
 But sweeter than the woodlands green,  
     Or primrose painted fair by Nature,  
 Is she wha smiles, a rural queen,  
     The bonnie lass o' Leven Water.

The sunbeam in the siller dew,  
 That hangs upon the hawthorn's blossom,  
 Shines faint beside her een sae blue;  
     An' purer is her spotless bosom.  
 Her smile wad thaw a hermit's breast;  
     There's love an' truth in ilka feature;  
 For her I'm past baith wark an' rest,  
     The bonnie lass o' Leven Water!

But I'm a lad o' laigh degree,  
 Her purse-proud daddy's dour an' saucy;  
 An' sair the carle wad scowl on me  
     For speakin' to his dawtit lassie;  
 But were I laird o' Leven's glen,  
 An' she a humble shepherd's daughter,  
 I'd kneel, an' court her for my ain,  
     The bonnie lass o' Leven Water!



## STANZAS.

(Written at midnight, 31st December, 1828.)

Hark! Time has struck the midnight bell,  
Another year has passed away;  
His requiem sung—his parting knell—  
And, hark! again!—that wild hurrah!

Is it because the sire's deposed  
That thus they hail the new-born son?  
Or, that life's lease is nearer closed,  
Their ebbing sands still nearer run?

Just now they wildly lift their voice  
In welcome to a puny child;  
As gladly will that crowd rejoice,  
Some twelve months hence, when he's exiled.

And some will laud, and some revile,  
The name of the departed year;  
Some o'er his grave exulting smile,  
And on his turf some drop a tear.

For some will sigh, of friends bereaved,  
Those long possessed and dearly loved;  
While others mourn o'er hopes deceived;  
And some rejoice, their fears removed.

And some, with retrospective eye,  
Behind a lingering look will cast;  
Will fondly gaze on scenes gone by,  
And vainly sigh for pleasures past.

Others will calmly look before,  
Long tossed on life's tempestuous wave;  
By faith and hope will view the shore,  
The haven of rest, beyond the grave.

And some will glide along the stream,  
Insensible to joy or care:  
To eat and drink, and doze and dream,  
The highest bliss their souls can share.

Untiring, many will pursue  
The pleasures wealth and power impart;  
By day and night their toils renew,  
And clasp them closer to the heart.

Alas! it is a bootless chase,  
And vainly we with time contend;  
We shall be distanced in the race,  
And breathless to the grave descend.

The hand that pens this simple rhyme  
Already wants its wonted skill;  
Enfeebled now by age and time,  
Shall soon in death lie cold and still.

Reader, does youth light up thine eye?  
It sparkled once as bright in mine;  
And though the days are long gone by,  
My heart was once as light as thine.

Perhaps the cup of love and joy,  
Thy raptured heart delights to sip;  
But fate may soon that bliss destroy,  
Untimely snatch it from thy lip.

Art thou the child of many woes,  
Long wandering in life's dreary gloom?  
The hour is near that brings repose,  
The dreamless slumber of the tomb.

If young, the lengthen'd train of years,  
The boundless landscape, spread before,  
An endless vista now appears—  
A halcyon sea, without a shore.

If old, perhaps you look behind,  
And pensive, muse on what has been;  
Though not without surprise, to find  
How time has changed the fairy scene.

The prospect, once so fair and vast,  
Now dwindled to a point will seem;  
And you, like me, will feel at least,  
That life is but a morning dream.

## SLIGHTED LOVE.

The rosebud blushing to the morn,  
The snaw-white flower that scents the thorn,  
When on thy gentle bosom worn,  
Were ne'er sae fair as thee, Mary!  
How blest was I, a little while,  
To deem that bosom free frae guile;  
When, fondly sighing, thou wouldst smile—  
Yes, sweetly smile on me, Mary!

Though gear was scant, an' friends were few,  
My heart was leal, my love was true;  
I blest your een of heavenly blue,  
That glanced sae saft on me, Mary!  
But wealth has won your heart frae me;  
Yet I maun ever think of thee;  
May a' the bliss that gowd can gie,  
For ever wait on thee, Mary!

For me, nae mair on earth I crave,  
But that you drooping willow wave  
Its branches o'er my early grave,  
Forgot my love, an' thee, Mary!

Au' when that hallow'd spot you tread,  
Where wild-flowers bloom above my head,  
O look not on my grassy bed,  
Lest thou shouldst sigh for me, Mary!

#### A LAMENT FOR CULLODEN.

Alas! for the land of the heath-cover'd mountains,  
Where raves the loud tempest, and rolls the  
dark flood!

Alas! for the land of the smooth crystal fountains,  
The sword of the slayer has stain'd them with  
blood!

Ah, me! for the nation, so famous in story,  
Where valour, and freedom, and loyalty, shone!  
They gather'd around the bright star of their  
glory;

But faded their laurels, their glory is gone!  
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

His banner, unfur'd, in splendour was streaming,  
The sons of the mighty were gather'd around;  
Their bucklers and broadswords in brightness  
were gleaming,  
And high beat each heart at the loud pibroch's  
sound;

They came to Culloden, the dark field of danger,  
Oh! why will not memory the record efface;  
Alas! for their leader, the gallant young stranger!  
And woe to the traitors who wrought the dis-  
grace!  
Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

Alas! for the heroes whom death has enshrouded!  
Yet not for the valiant and mighty I weep;  
When darkness was lowering, their sun set un-  
clouded,

And loud was the war-shout that lull'd them  
asleep;

Their turf the gay spring with rich verdure shall  
cover,

The sweet flower of summer in fragrance shall  
bloom;

In the mist from the mountains bright spirits  
shall hover,

The shades of their fathers shall glide o'er the  
tomb!

Weep, Caledonia!—mourn for the fallen!

Alas! for the stranger, by fortune forsaken,  
Who pillows his head on the heath-blossom'd  
hill;

From dreams of delight with the day to awaken,  
His cheek pale and wet with the night-dew so  
chill!

Alas! for my country her glory's departed—  
No more shall the thistle its purple bloom wave!

But shame to the coward, the traitor false-hearted!  
And barren the black sod be aye on his grave!  
Weep, Caledonia!—weep for the fallen!

#### TO THE LAUREL.

Bewitching tree! what magic in thy name!

Yet what thy secret and seductive charms,  
To lure the great in song, the brave in arms,  
Who deem thy verdant wreath the badge of  
fame,—

And while they listen to her loud acclaim,  
Life's purple tide with quicker motion warms!  
Full oft, alas! the hero and the bard  
Find thee their only meed—their sole reward;

And like the rainbow in a summer shower,  
Or gaudy poppy, of fugacious bloom,  
'Tis thine to flourish for a transient hour,

Then, wither'd, sink in dark oblivion's womb;—  
Thy greenest leaves, thy rich perennial flower,  
Bud in thy votary's life, but blossom on his tomb.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF GRAY.

Sweet Bard! who sung "the rosy-bosom'd hours;"  
Who loved thy retrospective eye to fling  
O'er classic Eton's "spires and antique towers,"

While former days "waved fresh their glad-  
some wing;"

Who sung "Adversity, resistless power!"

Poetic "thoughts that breathe, and words that  
burn;"

Whose "Bard" sublime could "life indignant  
spurn,"

And "Cambria's curse" hurl in the "arrowy  
shower."

But chief, "who, mindful of the unhonour'd  
dead,"

Could pensively thy twilight vigils keep;

And musing sigh above the "lowly bed,"

Where "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;"

Thy name shall live, on Fame's broad pinions  
borne,

And on thy grave shall smile the "incense-breath-  
ing morn."

#### ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF

#### ROBERT BURNS.

The lingering sun's last parting beam

On mountain tops had died away,

And night, the friend of Fancy's dream,

Stole o'er the fields in dusky gray;

Tired of the busy, bustling throng,  
I wandered forth along the vale;  
To list the widowed blackbird's song,  
And breathe the balmy evening gale.

I leaned by Brothoek's limpid tide,  
The green birch waving o'er my head;  
While night winds through the willows sighed,  
That wept above their watery bed;

'Twas there, the Muse without control,  
Essayed on fluttering wing to rise;  
When listless languor seized my soul,  
And drowsy slumbers sealed my eyes:

In Morpheus' arms supinely laid,  
My vagrant Faeny roved astray;  
When lo! in radiant robes arrayed,  
A spirit winged its airy way.

In dumb surprise, and solemn awe,  
I wondering gazed, when by my side  
A maid of matchless grace I saw,  
Arrayed in more than mortal pride;

Her eye was like the lightning's gleam.  
That ean through boundless space pervade,  
But sorrow seemed to shade its beam,  
And pallid grief her cheek o'erspread:

A flowery wreath, with bays entwined,  
Fresh blooming from her girdle hung;  
And on the daisied bank reclined,  
She touched a Harp, for sadness strung:

The trembling strings—the murmuring rill—  
The hollow breeze that breathed between—  
Responsive echo from the hill—  
All joined to swell the solemn scene!

The maid, in accents sadly sweet,  
To sorrow gave unbounded sway:  
My fluttering heart forgot to beat,  
While thus she poured the plaintive lay.

"I am the Muse of Caledon,  
From earliest ages aye admired;  
Through her most distant corners known,  
Oft has my voice her sons inspired.

"My charms have fired a royal breast,  
A King who Scotia's sceptre bore;  
I soothed his soul, with trouble pressed,  
When captive on a hostile shore:

"My bays have on a Soldier's brow,  
Amidst his verdant laurels twined;  
Inspired his soul with martial glow,  
And called his country's wrongs to mind:

"The warblings of my Harp have won  
A mitred Son from Holy See;  
Who oft from morn to setting sun,  
Would hold a Carnival with me:

"But chief of all the tuneful train,  
Was Burns—my latest—fondest care!  
I nursed him on his native plain;  
And now, his absence is—despair!

"I hailed his happy natal hour,  
And o'er his infant cradle hung;  
Ere Faeny's wild, unbounded power,  
Or Reason's earliest bud was sprung.

"I saw the young ideas rise  
Successive, in his youthful mind;  
Nor could the peasant's garb disguise  
The kindling flame, that lay confined.

"Oft have I met him on the dale,  
Companion of the thoughtless throng;  
And led him down the dewy vale,  
To carol o'er some artless song.

"Unseen by all, but him alone,  
I cheered his labours through the day;  
And when the rural task was done,  
We sought some wild sequestered way;

"Midst Coila's hills, or woodlands wild,  
By Stinchlar's banks, or Lugar's stream,  
There would I place my darling child,  
And soothe him with some pleasing dream.

"These haunts, to him were blissful bowers,  
Where all the soul was unconfined;  
And Fancy culled her choicest flowers,  
To warm her youthful poet's mind.

"Nursed on the healthful happy plains,  
Where Love's first blush from Virtue springs,  
'Twas Nature taught the heartfelt strains,  
That o'er the vassaled Cot he sings.

"Keen Poverty with withered arms,  
Compressed him in her cold embrace;  
And mental grief's ungracious harms  
Had furrowed o'er his youthful face.

"Yet there, the dear delightful flame  
Which rules the breast with boundless sway;  
Resistless, fired his melting frame,  
And taught the love-lamenting lay.

"A friend to Mirth, and foe to Care,  
Yet formed to feel for worth oppressed;  
His sympathetic soul could share  
The woes that wrung a brother's breast.

“Ah! gentle Bard! thy tenderest tear  
Was o'er a hapless Orphan shed!  
But who shall thy sweet prattlers cheer,  
Now that a green-turf wraps thy head?”

“He who can still the raven's voice,  
And deck the lily's breast like snow,  
Can make thy orphan train rejoice,  
And soothe thy widow's song of woe.

“Ye souls of sympathetic mind,  
Whom smiling Plenty deigns to crown,  
Yours be the task, their wounds to bind,  
And make their happiness your own.

“To banish Want, and pale-faced Care,  
To wipe the tear from Misery's eye,  
Is such a bliss as Angels share,  
And tell with joy above the sky!

“Where are the thrilling strains of woe  
That echoed o'er Glencairn's sad urn?  
And where is now Oppression's foe,  
Who taught, that “*Man was made to mourn?*”

“Why when his morning calmly smiled,  
Did Hope forbode a lengthened day?  
My promised joys are now beguiled,  
Since darkness hides my darling's clay!

“Yet rest in peace, thou gentle shade!  
Although the ‘narrow-house’ be thine;  
No pious rite shall pass unpaid,  
No hands unhallowed stain thy shrine.

“The blighting breath of venom'd Scorn  
Shall harmless round thy mansion rave;  
Though Envy plant her poignant thorn,  
It ne'er shall bud above thy grave.

“The stagnant soul, unmoved, may hear  
Of worth it ne'er was forned to feel;  
The selfish heart, with haughty sneer,  
Unblushing, boast a breast of steel:

“Yet sympathy, that loves to sigh,  
And Pity, sweet celestial maid,  
And Genius, with her eagle eye,  
Shall hover round thy hallowed shade.

“The torrent dashing down the steep,  
The wild wave foaming far below,  
In Nature's notes for thee shall weep,  
With all the majesty of woe!

“When winter howls across the plain,  
And spreads a thick obscuring gloom,  
His winds on Coila shall complain,  
And hoarsely murmur o'er thy tomb!

“There, virgin Spring shall first be seen,  
To deck with flowers thy dewy bed;  
And Summer, robed in richest green,  
Shall hang her roses o'er thy head.

“When Autumn calls thy fellow swains  
(Companions now, alas! no more!)  
To ‘reap the plenty of their plains,’  
Their mingling sighs shall thee deplore.

“O pour a tear of tenderest woe,  
Ye bards who boast congenial fire;  
Let sympathetic wailings flow,  
And Sorrow's song attune the lyre.

“Ye warblers, flitting on the wind,  
Chaunt forth your saddest plaintive strain;  
And weep—(for ye have lost a friend),  
Ye little wanderers of the plain!

“This garland, for my bard entwined,  
No brow but his shall ever wear;  
Around his turf these flowers I'll bind,  
And wet them nightly with a tear!

“While dews descend upon his tomb,  
So long the Muse shall love his name;  
Nor shall this wreath forget to bloom,  
Till latest ages sing his fame.

“But still, officious friends, beware!  
Nor rashly wound my favourite's fame;  
O watch it with parental care!  
Stain not the hapless Minstrel's name.

“Seek not, amidst his wreath to twine  
One verse that he himself suppressed;  
His offerings made at folly's shrine,  
Let them in dark oblivion rest!

“Ye wanderers in the wilds of song,  
On whom I have not smiled in vain,  
Would you the blissful hours prolong,  
O shun seductive Pleasure's train!

“The bays that flourish round her bowers,  
Are venom'd o'er with noxious dews;  
The thorns that lurk amidst her flowers,  
A rankling poison oft infuse.

“Though Luxury's lap seem softly spread,  
The couch of Joy, and sweet repose,  
Yet hissing Furies haunt her bed,  
And rack the mind with keenest woes.

“The hedge-row'd plain, the flowery vale,  
Where rosy Health delighted roves,  
Where Labour tells his jocund tale,  
And village maidens sing their loves,—

“Tis there the Muse unfolds her charms;  
From thence her sons should never stray;  
Ye souls whom boundless Faneys warms,  
Still keep this calm sequestered way;

“So may such never-dying praise,  
As echoes o'er my darling's tomb,  
Congenial bloom, amidst your bays,  
And Heaven bestow a happier doom!”

She ceased her song of sorrow deep,  
Her warbling Harp was heard no more:

I waked—and wished again to sleep—  
But ah! the pleasing dream was o'er.

The rustic Muse, untaught to sing,  
Has marred the Vision's solemn strain;  
Too harshly touched the pensive string,  
To soothe thy shade, lamented swain!

Unskilled to frame the venal lay  
That flows not from a heart sincere,  
'Tis mine this artless need to pay—  
The heart-felt sigh—and silent tear.

## JAMES NICOL.

BORN 1769 — DIED 1819.

JAMES NICOL was born at Innerleithen, Peeblesshire. September 28, 1769. After acquiring from the parochial schoolmaster the elements of classical knowledge, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he pursued his studies with great success, and, on completing his course of preparation for the ministry, was licensed as a probationer by the Presbytery of Peebles, and afterwards became minister of the adjoining parish of Traquair. In 1802 he married Agnes Walker, a native of Glasgow, who had for a long period possessed a place in his affections, and been the heroine of his lyrical effusions, which he contributed to the *Edinburgh Magazine*. In 1805 he published a collection of *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, in two vols. 12mo. Mr. Nicol contributed a number of articles to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and left several prose works in MSS. His posthumous work, *An Essay on*

*the Nature and Design of Scripture Sacrifices*, was published four years after his death, which occurred after a short illness, November 5, 1819. It is to be regretted that the Rev. Mr. Nicol's deep admiration of Scotland's greatest poet should have led him into a somewhat servile imitation of that immortal singer. Notwithstanding this fault, he is entitled to occupy a place among the minor poets of his native land. Dr. Rogers remarks that he “was much respected for his sound discernment in matters of business: every dispute in the vicinity was submitted to his arbitration. He was regularly consulted as a physician, for he had studied medicine at the university. From his own medicine chest he dispensed gratuitously to the indigent sick, and without fee he vaccinated all the children of the neighbourhood who were brought to him.”

## HALUCKIT MEG.

Meg, muckin' at Geordie's byre,  
Wrought as gin her judgment was wrang;  
Ilk dand o' the seartle strake fire,  
While loud as a lavrock she sang.  
Her Geordie had promised to marry,  
An' Meg, a sworn fae to despair,  
Not dreamin' the job could miscarry,  
Already seem'd mistress an' mair.

“My neebours,” she sang, “aften jeer me,  
An' ca' me daft haluckit Meg.  
An' say they expect soon to hear me,  
I' the kirk, for my fun. get a fleg.  
An' now, 'bout my marriage they'll clatter,  
An' Geordie, puir fallow, they ca'  
An' auld doited hav' rel.—nae matter,  
He'll keep me aye brankin an' brow.

“I grant ye, his face is kenspeckle,  
That the white o’ his e’e is turned out,  
That his black beard is rough as a heckle,  
That his mou’ to his lug’s rax’d about;  
But they needna let on that he’s crazie,  
His pikestaff will ne’er let him fa’;  
Nor that his hair’s white as a daisy,  
But fient a hair has he ava’.

“But a weel-pleenished mailin has Geordie,  
An’ routh o’ gude gowd in his kist,  
An’ if siller comes at my wordie,  
His beauty I never will miss’t.  
Daft gowks, wha catch fire like tinder,  
Think love-raptures ever will burn!  
But wi’ poortith, hearts het as a cinder,  
Will cauld as an iceshugle turn.

“There’ll just be ae bar to my pleasures,  
A bar that’s aft filled me wi’ fear,  
He’s sic a hard ne’er-be-gawn miser,  
He likes his saul less than his gear.  
But though I now flatter his failin’,  
An’ swear nought wi’ gowd can compare,  
Gude sooth! it shall soon get a scailin’,  
His bags shall be mouldie nae mair!

“I dreamt that I rode in a chariot,  
A flunkie ahint me in green;  
While Geordie cried out he was harriet,  
An’ the saut tear was blindin’ his een.  
But though ‘gainst my spendin’ he swear aye,  
I’ll hae frae him what ser’s my turn;  
Let him slip awa’ when he grows weary;  
Shame fa’ me, gin lang I wad mourn!”

But Geordie, while Meg was haranguin’,  
Was cloutin’ his breeks i’ the banks;  
An’ whan a’ his failin’s she brang in,  
His strang hazel pikestaff he taks:  
Designin’ to rax her a lounder,  
He chanced on the lather to shift,  
An’ down frae the banks, flat’s a flounder,  
Flew like a shot starn frae the lift!

#### WHERE QUAIR RINS SWEET.

Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers,  
Down by yon moody glen, lassie,  
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,  
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

I’ll watch ye wi’ a lover’s care,  
And wi’ a lover’s e’e, lassie;  
I’ll weary Heaven wi’ mony a prayer,  
And ilka prayer for thee, lassie.

’Tis true I ha’e na muckle gear;  
My stock it’s unco sma’, lassie;  
Nae fine spun foreign claes I wear,  
Nor servants ’tend my ea’, lassie.

But had I heir’d the British croun,  
And thou o’ low degree, lassie,  
A rustic lad I wad ha’e grown,  
Or shared that croun wi’ thee, lassie.

Whenever absent from thy sight,  
Nae pleasure smiles on me, lassie;  
I climb the mountain’s towering height,  
And cast a look to thee, lassie.

I blame the blast blaws on thy cheek;  
The flower that decks thy hair, lassie,  
The gales that steal thy breath sae sweet,  
My love and envy share, lassie.

If for a heart that glows for thee,  
Thou wilt thy heart resign, lassie,  
Then come, my Nancy, come to me—  
That glowing heart is mine, lassie.

Where Quair rins sweet among the flowers,  
Down by yon woody glen, lassie,  
My cottage stands—it shall be yours,  
Gin ye will be my ain, lassie.

#### BY YON HOARSE MURMURIN’ STREAM.

By yon hoarse murmurin’ stream, ’neath the  
moon’s chilly beam,  
Sadly musin’ I wander, an’ the tear fills my e’e;  
Recollection, pensive power, brings back the  
mournfu’ hour,  
When the laddie gaed awa’ that is dear, dear  
to me.

The tender words he said, an’ the faithful vows  
he made,  
When we parted, to my bosom a mournfu’  
pleasure gie;  
An’ I lo’e to pass the day where we fondly used  
to stray,  
An’ repeat the laddie’s name that is dear, dear  
to me.

Though the flow’rets gem the vales, an’ scent the  
whisperin’ gales,  
An’ the birds fill wi’ music the sweetly-bloomin’  
tree;  
Though nature bid rejoice, yet sorrow tunes my  
voice  
For the laddie’s far awa’ that is dear, dear to  
me!

When the gloamin' brings along the time o' mirth  
and sang,  
An' the dance kindles joy in ilka youthfu' e'e,  
My neebours aftenspeir, why fa's the hidden tear?  
But they kenna he's awa' that is dear, dear to me.

Oh, for the happy hour, when I shall hae the  
power,  
To the darlin' o' my soul, on wings o' love, to flee!  
Or that the day wad come, when fortune shall  
bring home,  
The laddie to my arms that is dear, dear to me.

But if—for much I fear—that day will ne'er ap-  
pear,  
Frae me conceal in darkness the cruel stern  
decear:  
F'or life would be a' vain, were I ne'er to meet  
again  
Wi' the laddie far awa' that is dear, dear to me.

#### BLAW SAFTLY, YE BREEZES.

Blaw saftly, ye breezes, ye streams, smoothly  
murmur,  
Ye sweet-scented blossoms, deck every green  
tree;  
'Mong yon wild scatter'd flow'rets aft wanders  
my charmer,  
The sweet lovely lass wi' the black rollin' e'e.  
But round me let nature a wilderness seem,  
Blast each flow'ret that catches the sun's early  
beam,  
For pensive I ponder, and languishin' wander,  
Far frae the sweet rosebud on Quair's windin'  
stream!  
Why, Heaven, wring my heart wi' the hard heart  
o' anguish!  
Why torture my bosom 'tween hope and de-  
spair?  
When absent frae Nancy, I ever maun languish!  
That dear angel smile, shall it charm me uae  
mair?

Since here life's a desert, an' pleasure's a dream,  
Bear me swift to those banks which are ever my  
theme,  
Where, mild as the mornin' at simmer's returnin',  
Bloom's the sweet lovely rosebud on Quair's  
windin' stream.

#### MY DEAR LITTLE LASSIE.

My dear little lassie, why, what's a' the matter?  
My heart it gangs pittypat, winnie lie still:  
I've waited, and waited, an' a' to grow better,  
Yet, lassie, believe me, I'm aye growing ill:  
My heart's turned quite dizzy, an' aft when I'm  
speaking  
I sigh, an' am breathless, an' fearfu' to speak,  
I gaze aye for something I fain would be seeking,  
Yet, lassie, I kenna weel what I would seek.

Thy praise, bonnie lassie, I ever could hear of;  
And yet when to ruse you the neebour lads try,  
Though it's a' true they tell ye, yet never sae far  
off  
I could see 'em ilk ane, an' I canna tell why.  
When we tedded the hay-field, I raked ilka rig o't,  
And never grew wearie, the lang simmer day;  
The rucks that ye wrought at were easiest biggit,  
And I fand sweeter scented aroun' ye the hay.

In har'st, whan the kirk-supper joys mak' us  
cheerie,  
'Mang the lave of the lasses I pried ye're sweet  
mou':  
Dear save us! how queer I felt when I cam' near  
ye,  
My breast thrill'd in rapture, I couldna tell  
how.  
Whan we dance at the gloamin', it's you I aye  
pitch on,  
And gin ye gang by me how dowie I be;  
There's something, dear lassie, about ye bewitch-  
ing,  
That tells me my happiness centres in thee.

## EBENEZER PICKEN.

BORN 1769 — DIED 1816.

EBENEZER PICKEN, the friend of Alexander Wilson, and the author of several excellent songs, was born in Paisley in the year 1769. He attended the University of Edinburgh for

several sessions, intending to enter the ministry, but the passion for poetry and his love of verse-making seriously interfered with his progress in learning. During his college days,

while in his nineteenth year, he, contrary to the advice of his family, published at Paisley a small 8vo volume of poems. In 1791 Picken accepted the position of schoolmaster at Falkirk, and, on April 14th of the same year, delivered at the Pantheon, Edinburgh, an oration in blank verse, on the comparative merits of Fergusson and Ramsay, giving pre-eminence to the latter, while Wilson, the author of "Watty and Meg," advocated in rhyme the merits of the unfortunate Fergusson.

In accepting the situation of schoolmaster at Falkirk Picken expected to raise funds to aid him in the prosecution of his theological studies; but his social habits, and the circumstance of his marrying, involving him in the expenses of a family, proved fatal to his aspirations. His wife was Robina, daughter of the Rev. John Belfrage, and sister to the Rev. Dr. Henry Belfrage, of Falkirk, the Christian author and philanthropist, and the friend of Robert Pollok. From Falkirk Picken removed to Carron, to accept the position of teacher in an endowed school. In 1796 he

removed to Edinburgh, where he found employment as manager of a mercantile establishment, and at a later date began business on his own account. We next hear of the unprosperous poet as a teacher of languages, and always struggling against extreme poverty. In 1813 Picken published by subscription two volumes of *Poems and Songs*, in which he included the contents of the *brochure* issued in 1788. Before his death, which occurred in 1816, he prepared a *Dictionary of Scottish Words*, on which he had been occupied for several years. It was published in the year 1818, and proved of great service to Dr. Jamieson, author of the *Dictionary of the Scottish Language*, in preparing a supplement to that valuable work. Picken is commemorated in a lengthy poetical epistle from the pen of his early friend Alexander Wilson, the American ornithologist. Two of his children inherited his taste for poetry, and to a very considerable degree his talent for writing verse—Andrew, who died at Montreal in 1849, and Joanna, who died in the same Canadian city in 1859.

#### NAN OF LOGIE GREEN.

By pleasure long infected,  
Kind Heaven, when least expected,  
My devious path directed  
    To Nan of Logie Green ;  
Where thousand sweets repose 'em  
In quiet's unruffled bosom,  
I found my peerless blossom  
    Adorning Logie Green.

The city belle declaiming,  
My fancy may be blaming,  
But still I'll pride in naming  
    Sweet Nan of Logie Green.  
Her cheek the vermeil rose is,  
Her smile a heav'n disposes,  
No lily leaf that blows is  
    So fair on Logie Green.

Ye town bred dames, forgive me,  
Your arms must ne'er receive me;  
Your charms are all, believe me,  
    Eclips'd on Logie Green.  
Forgive my passion tender;  
Heav'n so much grace did lend her,  
As made my heart surrender  
    To Nan of Logie Green.

No more the town delights me,  
For love's sweet ardour smites me,  
I'll go where he invites me—

    To Nan of Logie Green:  
My heart shall ne'er deceive her,  
I ne'er in life shall leave her;  
In love and peace for ever  
    We'll live at Logie Green.

#### WOO ME AGAIN.

Whan Jamie first woo'd me, he was but a youth:  
Frae his lips flow'd the strains o' persuasion and  
    truth;

His suit I rejected wi' pride an' disdain,  
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He aft wad hae tauld me his love was sincere,  
And e'en wad ha'e ventured to ca' me his dear;  
My heart to his tale was as hard as a stane;  
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

He said that he hoped I would yield and be kind,  
But I counted his proffers as light as the wind;  
I laugh'd at his grief, whan I heard him complain;  
But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!



He flatter'd my locks, that war black as a slae,  
 And praised my fine shape, frae the tap to the  
 tae;  
 I flate, an' desired he would let me alane;  
 But, oh! wad he offer to woo me again!

Repulsed, he forsook me, an' left me to grieve,  
 An' mourn the sad hour that my swain took his  
 leave;  
 Now, since I despised, an' was deaf to his maen,  
 I fear he'll ne'er offer to woo me again!

Oh! wad he but now to his Jean be inclined,  
 My heart in a moment would yield to his mind;  
 But I fear wi' some ither my laddie is taen,  
 An' sae he'll ne'er offer to woo me again.

Ye bonny young lasses, be warn'd by my fate,  
 Despise not the heart you may value too late;  
 Improve the sweet sunshine that now gilds the  
 plain,  
 With you it ne'er may be sunshine again.

The simmer o' life, ah! it soon flits awa',  
 An' the bloom on your cheek will soon dow in the  
 snaw;  
 Oh! think, ere you treat a fond youth wi' disdain,  
 That, in age, the sweet flowers never blossom  
 again.

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#### BLYTHE ARE WE SET.

Blythe are we set wi' ither;  
 Fling care ayont the moon;  
 Nae sae aft we meet thegither!  
 Wha wad think o' parting soon?  
 Though snaw bends down the forest trees,  
 And burn and river cease to flow;  
 Though nature's tide has shor'd to freeze,  
 And winter withers a' below.  
 Blythe are we, &c.

Now, round the ingle cheerly met,  
 We'll scog the blast and dread nae harm,  
 Wi' jows o' toddy reeking het  
 We'll keep the genial enrrant warm.  
 The friendly crack, the cheerfu' sang,  
 Shall cheat the happy hours awa',  
 Gar pleasure reign the e'en'ing lang,  
 And laugh at biting frost and snaw.  
 Blythe are we, &c.

The cares that cluster round the heart,  
 And gar the bosom stound wi' pain,  
 Shall get a fright afore we part,  
 Will gar them fear to come again.

Then fill about, my winsome chiefs,  
 The sparkling glass will banish pine;  
 Nae pain the happy bosom feels,  
 Sae free o' care as yours and mine.  
 Blythe are we, &c.

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#### PEGGY WI' THE GLANCIN' E'E.

Walkin' out ae mornin' early  
 Ken ye wha I chanced to see?  
 But my lassie gay and frisky,  
 Peggie wi' the glancin' e'e.  
 Phoebus, left the lap o' Thetis,  
 Fast was lickin' up the dew,  
 Whan, ayont a risin' hilloe,  
 First my Peggie came in view.

Hark ye, I gaed up to meet her;  
 But whane'er my face she saw,  
 Up her plaidin' coat she kiltit,  
 And in daffin' scour'd awa'.  
 Weel kent I that though my Peggie  
 Ran sae fast out owre the mead,  
 She was wantin' me to follow—  
 Yes, ye swains, an' sae I did.

At yon burnie I o'ertook her,  
 Whare the shinin' pebbles lie;  
 Where the flowers, that fringe the border,  
 Soup the stream, that wimples by.  
 While wi' her I sat reclinin',  
 Frae her lips I staw a kiss;  
 While she blush'd, I took anither,—  
 Shepherds, was there ill in this?

Could a lass, sae sweet and comely,  
 Ever bless a lover's arms?  
 Could the bonnie wife o' Vulcan  
 Ever boast o' hauf the charms?  
 While the zephyrs fan the meadows,  
 While the flow'rets crown the lea,  
 While they paint the gowden simmer,  
 Wha sae blest as her and me?

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#### REFLECTION.

Where is my Morn of early youth,  
 When blythe I stray'd by glen and burn?  
 Where the fair visions of my dream?  
 Ah, vanish'd never to return!

The verdant hills o'er which I rang'd,  
 The green where I was wout to play—  
 Those hills, and lovely green remain;  
 But youth, alas! hath pass'd away.

The sweetly-blooming hawthorn bush,  
That shadow'd from the summer shower,  
Its bowering branches still I see;  
But wither'd is the hawthorn flower.

Where are my sire and mother now?  
Sweet brothers, charming sisters, where?  
Gone, gone to heaven—my heart be still—  
I lost them here, to find them there.

Youth promis'd fair at early dawn;  
Alas! what does my manhood know?  
That youth was but a pleasing dream,  
And now I wake to find it so.

Sweet scenes! tho' past, I still recall  
The thrilling raptures you bestow'd;

The tide of health, that swell'd my veins,  
The fire with which my bosom glow'd.

Tho' doom'd, like these, to pass away,  
Some care the lingering eye detains;  
And, tho' life's latest ember burns,  
Fond memory of our bliss remains.

Alas! 'tis all—vain is the wish,  
The eager hope, the ardent sigh;  
What can the drooping heart sustain!  
Has man no cheering comfort nigh!

Yes! tho' the heart should faint and fail,  
And faint and fail I ween it will;  
FAITH can the sick-bed pillow smooth,  
And, even in death, can comfort still.

## JAMES HOGG.

BORN 1770—DIED 1835.

If his own testimony could be accepted as trustworthy, the peasant poet James Hogg, commonly called the Ettrick Shepherd, was born in Ettrick Forest, Selkirkshire, January 25, 1772, the same day of the same month that, thirteen years earlier, gave birth to Robert Burns: but so completely did he live out of the world as a young man, that he never even heard of the Ayrshire Bard until the year after he died. The date of his birth, as given by the poet, was probably a slip of memory, the parish register recording his baptism as having taken place December 9th, 1770. Hogg's ancestors as far back as he could trace them had been shepherds. His father, who followed the same humble calling, had been so successful in it as to save some money, which he invested in a farming speculation soon after James was born. The young poet, the second of four sons, was sent to the parish school, and would probably have received the usual amount of education bestowed upon the children of the Scottish peasantry, had it not been for his father, Robert Hogg's, reverse of fortune, by which he was stripped of all his earnings. This happened when James was six years old, and he was taken from school in consequence, as

he tells us, of his parents being "turned out of doors," without "a farthing in the world." At the early age of seven he was hired to herd cows, his wages being a ewe lamb and a pair of shoes every six months.

After a year spent in this kind of servitude he was sent once more to school, where he learned to read the Bible, and write what was called "big text," every letter of which was at least an inch long. A quarter of a year spent at his second school completed his education; for whatever he subsequently acquired he was indebted to his own exertions. He records with pleasure the time when he was promoted from herding cows to the more honourable employment of tending sheep. The shepherd having reached the age of fourteen, he laid out the sum of five shillings which he had saved from his wages in the purchase of an old violin, on which he learned to play many Scotch airs: and often, after all the people on the place had gone to bed, he would be heard in his only dormitory, which was a small stable or shed, addressing the drowsy ear of night. He ever afterwards retained his love of music, and ultimately became a good violinist. Who can read his poems and lyrics without feeling that

Hogg was a musician? "Kilmeny," as illustrative of the melody of language, has never been surpassed, if, indeed, it has been equalled.

In his eighteenth year *The Life of Sir William Wallace*, modernized by Hamilton, and Ramsay's popular pastoral of the *Gentle Shepherd*, fell into his hands; and strange to say he was disappointed that they were not written in prose. Partly from having almost forgotten the art of reading, which he had learned imperfectly, and partly from his scanty reading having been hitherto limited to English, the Scottish dialect of the books above mentioned was so new and difficult that he often lost the sense altogether. His love of reading having been noticed by his employers, books were lent him, chiefly of a theological character, and newspapers. He composed verses long before he attempted to put them in writing; and if they were of indifferent merit ("bitterly bad," as he calls them), they were at all events voluminous and varied, as they consisted of epistles, comedies, pastorals, *et hoc genus omne*. It was an easy matter for the young shepherd, who became known throughout the district as "Jamie the poet," to compose verses; they sprang up in his mind as rapidly as prose does with ordinary mortals; but to get them on paper was a serious difficulty. His writing at best was but laborious printing letter by letter, while his model was the Italian alphabet, for want of a more concise character; and to add to his difficulties, his chief opportunities for writing were derived from the chance intervals that occurred in the management of his flock.

He draws this fine picture of himself at this period: "With my plaid about me, best mantle of inspiration, a buik of auld ballants as yellow as the cowslips in my hand or bosom, and maybe, sir, my inkhorn dangling at a button-hole, a bit stump o' pen, nae bigger than an auld wife's pipe, in my mouth, and a piece o' paper, torn out o' the hinder end of a volume, crunkling on my knee," dreaming those glorious visions which have rendered the name of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, second only to that of Robert Burns. When an opportunity for writing occurred the young poet would strip off coat and vest like one preparing for a desperate deed, and square his elbows for the struggle. In this way his earliest poems

were committed to paper. One great advantage of this slow and toilsome process was that it afforded sufficient time for reflection and correction; so that his manuscripts, however uncouth, were not defiled with those numerous alterations that disfigure the writing of many men of genius. When a word was once "pit doun" it was irrevocable. The habit thus formed was of great service to our author when he acquired greater facility in penmanship, and to this, perhaps, we may attribute the ready accuracy he afterwards acquired both in prose and verse.

The year after Burns died Hogg heard for the first time "Tam o' Shanter," and was so delighted with it that he learned every line by heart, and from that time was possessed with an ambition to rival the Ayrshire ploughman. In any other mortal but James Hogg such a lofty ambition would have been kept a profound secret, but not so with him. He uttered what he felt, so that his best friends and admirers could only view him in the light of a vain-glorious and silly shepherd. For this, however, he cared not, while he felt within himself the "stirrings of a gift divine."

The Ettrick Shepherd's appearance at this period of his career is thus described by his friend William Laidlaw, well known as Sir Walter Scott's steward, and the author of the exquisite ballad, "Lucy's Flittin'":—"Hogg was rather above the middle height, of faultless symmetry of form; he was of almost unequalled agility and swiftness. His face was then round and full, and of a ruddy complexion, with bright blue eyes that beamed with gaiety, glee, and good humour, the effect of the most exuberant animal spirits. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light brown hair, which he was obliged to wear coiled up under his hat. On entering church on a Sunday (where he was all his life a regular attender) he used, on lifting his hat, to raise his right hand to assist a graceful shake of his head in laying back his long hair, which rolled down his back, and fell almost to his loins. And every female eye was upon him, as, with light step, he ascended the stair to the gallery where he sat."

In the year 1800 the poet leased a small farm, to which he removed with his aged parents, after having lived with Mr. Laidlaw—father of

William—for a period of ten years. It was during a visit which he made to Edinburgh this year that he may be said to have first become known beyond his district as a poet, by the publication of his admirable song of “Donald M'Donald.” Within a few months it was sung in all parts of Scotland, and for many years maintained its popularity. At a period when there was great excitement in the land owing to Napoleon's threatened invasion, it was hailed as an admirable stimulus to patriotism. “Donald M'Donald” holds the place of honour in a volume of songs issued by the Shepherd in 1831, who says: “I place this song the first, not on account of any intrinsic merit that it possesses,—for there it ranks rather low,—but merely because it was my first song, and exceedingly popular when it first appeared. I wrote it when a barefooted lad herding lambs on the Blackhouse Heights, in utter indignation at the threatened invasion from France. But after it had run through the Three Kingdoms, like fire set to heather, for ten or twelve years, no one ever knew or inquired who was the author. It is set to the old air, ‘Woo'd an' married an' a'.” In the following year, 1801, he made another visit to Edinburgh, with a flock of sheep for sale, and being encumbered with several days of interval, he resolved to devote the time to writing out such of his compositions as he could remember and publishing them in a book or pamphlet. Before his departure he gave the manuscripts to a printer, and shortly after was informed that the edition of a thousand copies was ready for delivery. The little *brochure*, notwithstanding he had the mortification of discovering that it was one mass of mistakes, “many of the stanzas omitted, others misplaced, and typographical errors abounding on every page,” sold very well in his native district, where he had troops of friends and admirers. A copy is preserved in the Advocate's Library of Edinburgh; it consists of sixty-two pages octavo, and is entitled, “*Scottish Pastorals, Poems, Songs, &c.*,” mostly written in the Dialect of the South, by James Hogg. Edinburgh: printed by John Taylor, Grassmarket. 1801. Price one shilling.”

It was during this year that Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd met for the first time. Sir Walter was engaged in making collections for the third volume of the *Minstrelsy of the Scot-*

*tish Border*, and desiring to visit Ettrick and Yarrow, procured a letter of introduction from Dr. Leyden to young Laidlaw. To his visitor Laidlaw commended Hogg as the best qualified of any person in the Forest to assist him in his researches. Scott accompanied his future steward to Ettrickhouse, the farm occupied by him and his parents, and was charmed with his new acquaintance. “He found,” says Lockhart, “a brother poet, a true son of nature and genius, hardly conscious of his powers.” Scott remained for several days, visiting many places of historic interest in company with Laidlaw and the Shepherd Bard, and gleaning a rich harvest of ballad lore from Hogg's mother and other old people of the district. The friendship thus formed continued unbroken till Sir Walter's death.

Our author was soon compelled to give up his farm, which he regretted deeply as affording a comfortable home for his aged and venerated parents, and he then made several unsuccessful visits to the Highlands in search of a situation as superintendent of an extensive sheep farm. Hogg being unemployed and his money exhausted, Sir Walter advised him to publish a volume of poetry. The materials were at hand, his collection was soon ready for the printer, and he was introduced by Scott to Constable, who published the volume under the title of *The Mountain Bard*. From the proceeds of this publication, which contained the fine ballads of “Sir David Graeme,” “Farewell to Ettrick,” &c., and the sum of eighty-six pounds paid to him by Constable for the copyright of two treatises on sheep, he became master of three hundred pounds. With this to him enormous sum he was to undertake farming on a large scale. He leased two places in Dumfriesshire, paying much more than their value for them, and rushed into agricultural experiments requiring at least ten times the amount of his capital. Of course his scheme failed, and in less than three years the Shepherd Bard, who had embarked so hopefully in his career of a farmer, found himself penniless and in debt.

After struggling on, impeded at every step by the new character he had acquired of a man who could win, but not keep, he cast about for some new occupation. Some idea of the estimation in which he was held as a man

of business at this time by the gentry and farmers, may be obtained from the reply of the editor's grandmother—the poet's "Bonnie Jean"—to an ardent young admirer of Hogg's from Edinburgh, who, during a visit in Roxburghshire, full of enthusiasm for the author of the "Mountain Bard," inquired about him, and was answered, "He's just a poor, good-for-nothing body;" and from that of another lady residing in the same neighbourhood, who, in answer to a similar inquiry made by my father, said the Shepherd was "but a pair, drunken, leein body!" But the *profanum vulgus* are apt to be harsh in their judgments of the "eccentricities of genius."

Failing in his attempts to obtain a captaincy in the militia, and also of a place in the excise, he proceeded to Edinburgh to enter upon the career of a man of letters. His first publication was the *Forest Minstrel*, a collection of songs, of which two-thirds were his own. Being chiefly the productions of his early days they acquired no popularity and brought him no profit, if we except the kindness of the Countess of Dalkeith, to whom the volume was dedicated, who sent him a present of a hundred guineas. His next literary undertaking was the publication on his own account of a weekly newspaper, called the *Spy*, devoted to *belles-lettres*, morals, and criticism, which departed this life before it had existed a twelvemonth. The wonder was, not that it died so soon, but that it lived so long. That a Shepherd without capital, who could only read at eighteen and write at twenty-six, who had read very little contemporary literature, and who, to quote his own words, "knew no more of human life or manners than a child," should have carried on unaided such an enterprise for nearly a year, is certainly remarkable.

At this time, the darkest period of his life, when his literary speculations, from which he had anticipated so much, had all failed, harassed and disappointed, poor and comparatively friendless—that hour when mediocrity sinks and genius overcomes—he suddenly startled not only the expectations of a few steady admirers, but the whole reading public, by the production of "The Queen's Wake," one of the finest poetical compositions in the language. Criticism and panegyric are alike unneeded: the world has pronounced upon this poem a

judgment of almost unanimous admiration, and it now occupies a permanent place in British poetry. Christopher North, who intended to have written Hogg's life, said in reviewing "The Queen's Wake," "Kilmenny alone places our Shepherd among the Undying Ones."

By its publication in the spring of 1813 Hogg was recognized as a poet of the highest order. As it rapidly passed through five editions, he derived considerable pecuniary advantage from its sale. In 1815 the "Pilgrims of the Sun" appeared, but notwithstanding its many powerful descriptions and poetical passages, it failed to receive the same cordial reception extended to the "Wake." So much was it admired in the United States and Canada, that ten thousand copies were sold, which, however, was of no benefit pecuniarily to the poet. It was soon followed by "Mador of the Moor," a poem in the Spenserian stanza.

It was at this period of his career, and when in the spring-tide of his fame, that the Ettrick Shepherd penned the following magnificent strain, in an unpublished letter addressed to an old friend: "I rode through the whole of Edinburgh yesterday in a barouche by myself, having four horses and two postillions. Never was there a poet went through it before in such style since the world began!" As a pendant to this may be added Dr. Johnson's exclamation on learning that poor Goldsmith had died two thousand pounds in debt—"Was ever a poet so trusted before!"

Hogg's next literary undertaking was to collect poems from the great living bards of Britain; but as many of them declined to be contributors, he changed his plans, and determined on the bold step of writing imitations of all the poets. The refusal of Sir Walter Scott especially incensed him, and led to the only estrangement that ever occurred between them. The Shepherd, in an angry letter which he wrote on the occasion, changed the prefatory "dear sir," into "damned sir," and closed with "yours in disgust," &c. A quarrel of some weeks' standing was the consequence between the hot-headed, reckless, but warm-hearted Shepherd, and equally warm-hearted but wiser friend and patron. The work finally appeared under the title of *The Poetic Mirror, or Living Bards of Britain*. This volume,

singularly illustrative of the versatility of his genius, was a success, the first edition being exhausted in six weeks. *Dramatic Tales* was his next work, followed by *The Brownie of Bodsbeck and other Tales*—among the most popular of his works.

In 1820, having received from the Duke of Buccleuch a life lease of the farm of Altrive Lake in Yarrow, at a merely nominal rent, no part of which was ever exacted, and his circumstances being otherwise improved, he married Margaret Phillips. Her portion and his literary earnings made him the possessor of about a thousand pounds, so he decided to lease the large farm of Mount Benger and embark in agriculture, expending his entire capital in stocking it. The adventure was of course a failure, and the poor poet was again penniless. In 1821 he published the second volume of his *Jacobite Relics*, the first having appeared two years previously. When the coronation of George IV. occurred, Sir Walter Scott obtained a place for himself and Hogg in the Hall and Abbey of Westminster, accompanied by an invitation from Lord Sidmouth to dine with him after the solemnity, when the two poets would meet the Duke of York and other distinguished personages. Here was an opportunity of princely patronage such as few peasant poets have enjoyed; and Scott accordingly announced the affair to Hogg, requesting him to join him at Edinburgh, and set off with him to the great metropolis. But poor Hogg!—he wrote “with the tear in his eye,” as he declared, to say that his going was impossible, because the great yearly Border fair held at St. Boswell’s in Roxburghshire happened at the same period, and he could not absent himself from the meeting.

In 1822 he published a new edition of his best poems, for which he received two hundred pounds, and in 1826 gave to the world his long narrative poem of “Queen Hynde.” For many years he was a contributor in prose and verse to *Blackwood’s Magazine*, of which he, with Thomas Pringle and William Blackwood the publisher, were the founders. No one who has read the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, can fail to remember the Ettrick Shepherd’s portrait as drawn by Christopher North. Of James Hogg’s other prose works my space forbids me to speak.

After a severe illness of four weeks he died, November 21st, 1835, “departing this life,” writes his life-long friend Laidlaw, “as calmly, and, to appearance, with as little pain as if he had fallen asleep in his gray plaid on the side of the moorland rill.” He was buried in the churchyard of Ettrick, within a few minutes’ walk of the spot where lately stood the cottage of his birth; and after all others had retired, one mourner still remained there uncovered to consecrate with his tears the new-made grave of his friend. That man was John Wilson. He left a family of five children, and after a lapse of twenty years his widow received a pension of £100 from government, which she enjoyed up to her death, 15th November, 1870, in the eighty-first year of her age. In 1824 Christopher North predicted, in the evermemorable *Noctes*, that a monument would be erected to his honour. “My beloved Shepherd, some half-century hence your effigy will be seen on some bonnie green knowe in the Forest, with its honest freestone face looking across St. Mary’s Loch, and up towards the Gray Mare’s Tail, while by moonlight all your own fairies will weave a dance around its pedestal.” His prediction was verified June 28, 1860, when a handsome freestone statue, executed by Andrew Currie, was erected in the Vale of Yarrow, on the hillside between St. Mary’s Loch and the Loch of the Lowes, and immediately opposite to Tibby Shiel’s cottage. His works, of which I have not enumerated the full amount, in prose and poetry, have been issued, with a memoir of his life, in two elegant 8vo volumes, by the publishers of this work.

When the songs of Scotland are sung

“By cottar’s ingle or in farmer’s ha’,”

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, holds his place there, and holds it well, with Ramsay, and Burns, and Tannahill. In conclusion, I may add, that with two exceptions, never did Scottish poet receive more elegies or poetical tributes to his memory. Among the number were the subjoined extemporaneous lines from the pen of William Wordsworth:—

“When first descending from the moorlands,  
I saw the stream of Yarrow glide  
Along a bare and open valley,  
The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

“When last along its banks I wander’d,  
Through groves that had begun to shed  
Their golden leaves upon the pathway,  
My steps the Border minstrel led.

“The mighty minstrel breathes no longer,  
’Mid mouldering ruins low he lies,

And death upon the Praes of Yarrow  
Has closed the Shepherd poet’s eyes.

“No more of old romantic sorrows,  
For slaughter’d youth or love-lorn maid,  
With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
And Ettrick mourns with her their Shepherd dead.”

## KILMENY.<sup>1</sup>

(FROM THE QUEEN’S WAKE.)

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,  
But it wasna to meet Duneira’s men,  
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,  
And pu’ the cross-flower round the spring;  
The scarlet hipp and the hindberrye,  
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;  
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.  
But lang may her minny look o’er the wa’,  
And lang may she seek i’ the greenwood shaw;  
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,  
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,  
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,  
When mess for Kilmeny’s soul had been sung,  
When the bedes-man had prayed, and the dead-  
bell rung,  
Late, late in a gloamin when all was still,  
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,  
The wood was sere, the moon i’ the wane,  
The reek o’ the cot hung over the plain,  
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;  
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,  
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

“Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?  
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den;

By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,  
Yet you are halesome and fair to see,  
Where gat you that joup o’ the lilly scheen?  
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?  
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?  
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?”

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,  
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny’s face;  
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,  
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,  
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.  
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,  
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not de-  
clare;  
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,  
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never  
blew,  
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung.  
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,  
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,  
And a land where sin had never been;  
A land of love, and a land of light,  
Withouten sun, or moon, or night:  
Where the river swa’d a living stream,  
And the light a pure celestial beam:  
The land of vision it would seem,  
A still, an everlasting dream.

In yon greenwood there is a waik,  
And in that waik there is a wene,  
And in that wene there is a maikie,  
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;  
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,  
Her bosom happed wi’ the lloverets gay;  
But the air was soft and the silence deep,  
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.  
She kend nae mair nor opened her ee,  
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrie.

She ’wakened on couch of the silk sae slim,  
All striped wi’ the bars of the rainbow’s rim;

<sup>1</sup> The story of the Fair Kilmeny, for true simplicity, and graceful and original fancy, cannot be matched in the whole compass of British song.—*Allan Cunningham*.

Kilmeny has been the theme of universal admiration, and deservedly so, for it is what Wharton would have denominated “pure poetry.” It is, for the most part, the glorious emanation of a sublime fancy,—the spontaneous sprouting forth of amarantline flowers of sentiment,—the bubbling out and welling over of inspiration’s fountain.—*Dr. D. M. Moir*.

The legend of Kilmeny is as beautiful as anything in the department of poetry. It contains a fine moral:—that purity of heart makes an earthly creature a welcome denizen of heaven; and the tone and imagery are all fraught with a tenderness and grace that are as unearthly as the subject of the legend.—*William Howitt*.

And lovely beings round were rife,  
Who erst had travelled mortal life;  
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,  
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"

"Lang have I journeyed the world wide,"  
A meek and reverend fere replied;  
"Baith night and day I hae watched the fair,  
Eident a thousand years and mair.  
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,  
Wherever blooms feminitye;  
But sinless virgin, free of stain  
In mind and body, fand I nane.  
Never, since the banquet of time,  
Found I a virgin in her prime,  
Till late this bonny maiden I saw  
As spotless as the morning snaw;  
Full twenty years she has lived as free  
As the spirits that sojourn this countrie.  
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,  
That sin or death she never may ken."

They clasped her waiste and her hands sae fair,  
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,  
And round came many a blooming fere,  
Saying "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!  
Women are freed of the littand scorn;  
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,  
Many a lang year through the world we've gaue,  
Committed to watch fair womankind,  
For it's they who nurice th' immortal mind.  
We have watched their steps as the dawning  
shone,

And deep in the greenwood walks alone;  
By lily bower and silken bed,  
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;  
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,  
Or left the couch of love to weep.  
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must  
come,  
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind  
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,  
That kindred spirits their motions see,  
Who watch their ways with anxious ee,  
And grieve for the guilt of humanite!  
O, sweet to heaven the maiden's prayer,  
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!  
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,  
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!  
And dear to the viewless forms of air  
The minds that kyth as the body fair!

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,  
If ever you seek the world again,  
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear,  
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;

And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;  
Of the times that are now, and the times that  
shall be."—

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,  
And she walked in the light of a sunless day:  
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,  
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:  
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,  
And the flowers of everlasting blow.  
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,  
That her youth and beauty never might fade;  
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her  
lie

In the stream of life that wandered bye.  
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,  
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,  
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn:

"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!  
Now shall the land of the spirits see,  
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!  
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,  
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;  
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,  
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,  
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,  
And the angels shall miss them travelling the  
air.

But lang, lang after baith night and day,  
When the sun and world have died away;  
When the sinner has gane to his wasesome doom,  
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"—

They bore her away she wist not how,  
For she felt not arm nor rest below;  
But so swift they wained her through the light,  
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;  
They seemed to split the gales of air,  
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.  
Unnumbered groves below them grew,  
They came, they past, and backward flew,  
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,  
In moment seen, in moment gone.  
O, never vales to mortal view  
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!  
That land to human spirits given,  
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;  
From whence they can view the world below,  
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,  
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,  
To see what mortal never had seen;  
And they seated her high on the purple sward,  
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,  
And note the changes the spirits wrought,  
For now she lived in the land of thought.  
She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies,  
But a crystal dome of a thousand dies.  
She looked, and she saw nae land aright,  
But an endless whirl of glory and light.



And radiant beings went and came  
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame.  
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;  
She looked again and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,  
And clouds of amber sailing bye;  
A lovely land beneath her lay,  
And that land had glens and mountains gray;  
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,  
And marled seas, and a thousand isles.  
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,  
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,  
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay  
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,  
Which heaved and trembled and gently swung,  
On every shore they seemed to be hung;  
For there they were seen on their downward  
plain  
A thousand times and a thousand again;  
In winding lake and plaiced firth,  
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grieve,  
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;  
She saw the corn wave on the vale,  
She saw the deer run down the dale;  
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,  
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;  
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,  
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!  
A lion licked her hand of milk,  
And she held him in a leish of silk;  
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,  
With a silver wand and melting ee;  
Her sovereign shield till love stole in,  
And poisoned all the fount within.

Then a gruff untoward bedeman eame,  
And hndit the lion on his dame:  
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless ee,  
She dropped a tear, and left her knee;  
An' she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,  
Till bonniest flower of the world lay dead.  
A coffin was set on a distant plain,  
And she saw the red blood fall like rain;  
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,  
And she turned away, and could look nae mair.

Then the gruff grim carle girmed amain,  
And they trampled him down, but he rose again,  
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,  
Till he lapped the blood to the kingdom dear;  
And weening his head was danger-proof,  
When crowned with the rose and clover leaf,  
He growled at the carle, and chased him away  
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.  
He growled at the carle, and he gecked at heaven,  
But his mark was set and his arles given.

Kilmeny awhile her een withdrew;  
She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her fair unfurled  
One half of all the glowing world,  
Where oceans rolled and rivers ran,  
To bound the aims of sinful man.  
She saw a people, fierce and fell,  
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;  
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew,  
And she herked on her ravening crew,  
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,  
And the thunder it roared o'er the lands and the  
seas.

The widows they wailed, and the red blood ran,  
And she threatened an end to the race of man:  
She never lened, nor stood in awe,  
Till claught by the lion's deadly paw.  
Oh! then the eagle swinked for life,  
And brainzelled up a mortal strife;  
But flew she north, or flew she south,  
She met wi' the gowl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,  
The eagle sought her eerie again;  
But lang may she cour in her bloody nest,  
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,  
Before she sey another flight,  
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,  
So far surpassing nature's law,  
The singer's voice wad sink away,  
And the string of his harp would cease to play.  
But she saw till the sorrows of man were bye,  
And all was love and harmony;  
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,  
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter day.

Then Kilmeny begged again to see  
The friends she had left in her own country,  
To tell of the place where she had been,  
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;  
To warn the living maidens fair,  
The loved of Heaven, the spirit's care,  
That all whose minds unmeled remain  
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,  
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;  
And when she awakened she lay her lane,  
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.  
When seven lang years had come and fled,  
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;  
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,  
Late, late in gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!  
And O, her beauty was fair to see,  
But still and steadfast was her ee!  
Such beauty bard may never declare,  
For there was no pride nor passion there;

And the soft desire of maiden's e'en  
 In that mild face could never be seen.  
 Her seymar was the lily flower,  
 And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;  
 And her voice like the distant melodye,  
 That floats along the twilight sea.  
 But she loved to raike the lanely glen,  
 And keeped afar frae the haunts of men;  
 Her holy hymns unheard to sing,  
 To suck the flowers and drink the spring.  
 But wherever her peaceful form appeared,  
 The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;  
 The wolf played blithely round the field,  
 The lordly byson lowed and kneled;  
 The dun-deer wooed with manner bland,  
 And coverd aneath her lily hand.  
 And when at even the woodlands rung,  
 When hymns of other worlds she sung,  
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,  
 O, then the glen was all in motion.  
 The wild beasts of the forest came,  
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,  
 And goved around, charmed and amazed;  
 Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,  
 And murmured and looked with anxious pain,  
 For something the mystery to explain.  
 The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;  
 The corby left her houf in the rock;  
 The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;  
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew;  
 The wolf and the kid their raike began,  
 And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;  
 The hawk and the hern attour them hung,  
 And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their  
 young;

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:  
 It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,  
 Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene;  
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,  
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.  
 But O, the words that fell from her mouth,  
 Were words of wonder and words of truth!  
 But all the land were in fear and dread,  
 For they kendna whether she was living or dead.  
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;  
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,  
 And returned to the land of thought again.

#### SIR DAVID GRAEME.<sup>1</sup>

The dow flew east, the dow flew west,<sup>2</sup>  
 The dow flew far ayont the fell;

<sup>1</sup> This beautiful ballad was suggested to the author by the ancient one "The Twa Corbies."

<sup>2</sup> Hogg remarks, "I borrowed the above line from a beautiful old rhyme which I often heard my mother

An' sair at e'en she seemed distrest,  
 But what perplex'd her could not tell.

But aye she coo'd wi' mournfu' croon,  
 An' ruffled a' her feathers fair;  
 An' lookit sad as she war boun'  
 To leave the land for evermair.

The lady wept, an' some did blame,—  
 She didna blame the bonnie dow,  
 But sair she blamed Sir David Graeme,  
 Because the knight had broke his vow.

For he had sworn by the starns sae bright,  
 An' by their bed on the dewy green,  
 To meet her there on St. Lambert's night,  
 Whatever dangers lay between;

To risk his fortune an' his life  
 In bearing her frae her father's towers,  
 To gae her a' the lands o' Dryfe,<sup>3</sup>  
 An' the Enzie-holm wi' its bonnie bowers.

The day arrived, the evening came,  
 The lady looked wi' wistful ee;  
 But, O, alas! her noble Graeme  
 Frae e'en to morn she didna see.

An' she has sat her down an' grat;  
 The world to her like a desert seemed;  
 An' she wyted this, an' she wyted that,  
 But o' the real cause never dreamed.

The sun had drunk frae Keilder fell<sup>4</sup>  
 His beverage o' the morning dew;  
 The deer had crouched her in the dell,  
 The heather oped its bells o' blue;

repeat, but of which she knew no tradition: and from this introduction the part of the dove naturally arose. The rhyme runs thus:—

"The heron flew east, the heron flew west,  
 The heron flew to the fair forest,  
 For there she saw a lovely bower,  
 Was a' clad o'er wi' lily flower;  
 And in the bower there was a bed,  
 Wi' silken sheets, an' well down spread;  
 And in the bed there lay a knight,  
 Whose wounds did bleed both day and night;  
 And by the bed there stood a stane,  
 And there was set a leal maiden,  
 With silver needle and silken thread,  
 Stemming the wounds when they did bleed."

<sup>3</sup> The river Dryfe forms the south-east district of Annandale; on its banks the ruins of the tower of Graeme still remains in considerable uniformity.

<sup>4</sup> Keilder Fells are those hills which lie eastward of the sources of North Tyne.

The lambs were skipping on the brae,  
The laverock hiche attour them sung,  
An' aye she hailed the jocund day,  
Till the wee, wee tabors o' heaven rung.

The lady to her window hied,  
And it opened owre the banks o' Tyne;  
"An', O, alak!" she said, and sighed,  
"Sure ilka breast is blythe but mine!

"Where hae ye been, my bonnie dow,  
That I hae fed wi' the bread an' wine?  
As roving a' the country through,  
O, saw ye this fause knight o' mine?"

The dow sat down on the window tree,  
An' she carried a lock o' yellow hair;  
Then she perched upon that lady's knee,  
An' carefully she placed it there.

"What can this mean! This lock's the same  
That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,  
This lock I gae to Sir David Graeme,  
The flower of a' the Border side.

"He might hae sent it by squire or page,  
An' no letten the wily dow steal't awa;  
'Tis a matter for the lore and the counsels  
of age,  
But the thing I canna read at a'."

The dow flew east, the dow flew west,  
The dow she flew far ayont the fell,  
An' back she came wi' panting breast  
Ere the ringing o' the castle bell.

She lighted aliche on the holly-tap,  
An' she eried, "eur-dow," an' fluttered her  
wing;  
Then flew into that lady's lap,  
An' there she placed a diamond ring.

"What can this mean? This ring is the same  
That aince was mine. Whate'er betide,  
This ring I gae to Sir David Graeme,  
The flower of a' the Border side.

"He sends me back the love-tokens true!  
Was ever poor nraiden perplexed like me?  
'Twould seem he's reclaimed his faith an' his  
vow,  
But all is fauldit in mystery."

An' she has sat her down an' grat,  
The world to her a desert seemed;  
An' she wyted this, an' she wyted that,  
But o' the real cause never dreamed.

When. lo! Sir David's trusty hound,  
Wi' humbling back, an' a wacfu' ee,<sup>1</sup>  
Came crining in and lookit around,  
But his look was hopeless as could be.

He laid his head on that lady's knee,  
An' he lookit as somebody he would name,  
An' there was a language in his howe ee  
That was stronger than a tongue could frame.

She fed him wi' the milk an' the bread,  
An' ilka good thing that he wad hae;  
He lickit her hand, he coured his head,  
Then slowly, slowly he slunkered away.

But she has eyed her fause knight's hound,  
An' a' to see where he wad gae:  
He whined, an' he bowled, an' lookit around,  
Then slowly, slowly he trudged away.

Then she's casten aff her coal black shoon,  
An' her bonnie silken hose, sae glancin' an'  
sheen;  
She kiltit her wilye coat an' broidered gown,  
An' away she has linkit over the green.

She followed the hound owre muirs an' rocks,  
Through mony a dell and dowie glen,  
Till frae her brow an' bonnie god locks,  
The dewe dreepit down like the drops o' rain.

An' aye she said, "My love may be hid,  
An' darena come to the castle to me;  
But him I will find and dearly I'll chide,  
For laek o' stout heart an' courtesye.

"But ae kind press to his manly breast,  
An' ae kind kiss in the moorland glen,  
Will weel atone for a' that is past:—  
O wae to the paukie snares o' men!"

An' aye she eyed the gray sloth hound,  
As he windit owre Deadwater fell,  
Till he came to the den wi' the moss inbound,  
An' O, but it kythed a lonesome dell!

An' he waggit his tail, an' he fawned about,  
Then he coured him down sae wearilye;  
"Ah! yon's my love, I hae found him out,  
He's lying waiting in the dell for me!

"To meet a knight near the fall of night  
Alone in this untrodden wild,

<sup>1</sup> It is not long ago since a shepherd's dog watched his corpse in the snow among the mountains of this country, until nearly famished, and at last led to the discovery of the body of his disfigured master

It scarcely becomes a lady bright,  
But I'll vow that the hound my steps be-  
guiled."

Alack! whatever a maiden may say,  
True has't been said, an' often been sung,  
The ee her heart's love will betray,  
An' the secret will sirlple frae her tongue.

"What ails my love, that he looks nae roun',  
A lady's stately step to view?  
Ah me! I hae neither stockings nor shoon,  
An' my feet are sae white wi' the moorland dew.

"Sae sound as he sleeps in his hunting gear,  
To waken him great pity would be;  
Deaf is the man that caresna to hear,  
And blind is he wha wantsna to see."

Sae saftly she treads the wee green swaird,  
Wi' the lichens an' the ling a' fringed around:  
"My een are darkened wi' some wul-weird,  
What ails my love he sleeps sae sound?"

She gae ae look, she needit but ane,  
For it left nae sweet uncertainty;  
She saw a wound through his shoulder bane  
An' in his brave breast two or three.

There wasna sic een on the Border green,  
As the piercing een o' Sir David Graeme:  
She glisked wi' her ee where these een should be,  
But the raven had been there afore she came.

There's a cloud that fa's darker than the night,  
An' darkly on that lady it came:  
There's a sleep as deep as the sleep outright,—  
'Tis without a feeling or a name;

'Tis a dull and a dreamless lethargy,  
For the spirit strays owre vale an' hill,  
An' the bosom is left a vacancy,  
An' when it comes back it is darker still.

O shepherd lift that comely corpse,  
Well you may see no wound is there;  
There's a faint rose 'mid the bright dew drops,  
An' they have not wet her glossy hair,

There's a lady has lived in Hoswood tower,  
'Tis seven years past on St. Lambert's day,  
An' aye when comes the vesper hour  
These words an' no more can she say:

"They slew my love on the wild swaird green,  
As he was on his way to me;  
An' the ravens pickel his bonnie blue een,  
An' the tongue that was formed for courtesye.

"My brothers they slew my comely knight,  
An' his grave is red blood to the brim:  
I thought to have slept out the lang, lang night,  
But they've wakened me, and wakened not  
him!"

#### TO THE COMET OF 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,  
As twilight from her vaults so blue  
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,  
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew.

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,  
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!  
And thou, mysterious guest of night,  
Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!  
Shred from the pall of glory riven,  
That flashest in celestial gale,  
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,  
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?  
Art thou the standard of his wrath  
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,  
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,<sup>1</sup>  
No latent evil we can deem,  
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,  
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—  
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,  
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years!  
Why sought these polar paths again,  
From wilderness of glowing spheres,  
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou seal'st the milky way,  
And vanishest from human view,  
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray  
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

O, on thy rapid prow to glide!  
To sail the boundless skies with thee,  
And plough the twinkling stars aside,  
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

<sup>1</sup> It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.

To brush the embers from the sun,  
The icicles from off the pole;  
Then far to other systems run,  
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heaven! O let thine eye  
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;  
Eccentric as thy course on high,  
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray  
Our northern arch at eve adorn;  
Then, wheeling to the east away,  
Light the grey portals of the morn!

LASS, AN' YE LO'E ME, TELL  
ME NOW.

"Afore the muircock begin to craw,  
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now  
The bonniest thing that ever ye saw,  
For I canna come every night to woo."  
"The gowden broom is bonny to see,  
And sae is the milk-white flower o' the haw,  
The daisy's wee freenge is sweet on the lea,  
But the bud of the rose is the bonniest of a'."

"Now, wae light on a' your flow'ry chat,  
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;  
It's no the thing that I would be at,  
An' I canna come every night to woo!  
The lamb is bonny upon the brae,  
The leveret friskin' o'er the knowe,  
The bird is bonny upon the tree—  
But which is the dearest of a' to you?"

"The thing that I lo'e best of a',  
Lass, an' ye lo'e me, tell me now;  
The dearest thing that ever I saw,  
Though I canna come every night to woo,  
Is the kindly smile that beams on me  
Whenever a gentle hand I press,  
And the wily blink frae the dark-blue e'e  
Of a dear, dear lassie that they ca' Bess."

"Aha, young man, but I eou'dna see;  
What I lo'e best I'll tell you now,  
The compliment that ye sought frae me,  
Though ye canna come every night to woo:  
Yet I would rather hae frae you  
A kindly look, an' a word witha',  
Than a' the flowers o' the forest pu',  
Than a' the lads that ever I saw."

"Then, dear, dear Bessie, you shall be mine,  
Sin' a' the truth ye hae tauld me now,  
Our hearts an' fortunes we'll entwine,  
An' I'll aye come every night to woo;  
For O, I canna deserve to thee  
The feeling o' love's and nature's law,  
How dear this world appears to me.  
Wi' Bessie my ain for good an' for a'!"

THE LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,  
Blithesome and cumberless,  
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place:  
O, to abide in the desert with thee!  
Wild is thy lay, and loud,  
Far in the downy cloud;  
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!  
Where, on thy dewy wing,  
Where art thou journeying!  
Thy lay is in heaven—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,  
O'er moor and mountain green,  
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;  
Over the cloudlet dim,  
Over the rainbow's rim,  
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!  
Then, when the gloaming comes,  
Low in the heather blooms,  
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!  
Emblem of happiness,  
Blest is thy dwelling-place,  
O to abide in the desert with thee!

DONALD MACDONALD.

My name it is Donald Macdonald,  
I leeve in the Highlands sae grand;  
I hae follow'd our banner, and will do,  
Wherever my master has land.  
When rankin' amang the blue bonnets,  
Nae danger can fear me ava;  
I ken that my brethren around me  
Are either to conquer or fa':  
Brogues an' brochin an' a',  
Brochin an' brogues an' a';  
An' is nae her very weel aff,  
Wi' her brogues an' brochin an' a'?

What though we befriendit young Charlie?  
To tell it I dinna think shame;

Poor lad! he came to us but barely,  
 An' reekon'd our mountains his bame.  
 'Twas true that our reason forbade us,  
 But tenderness carried the day;  
 Had Geordie come friendless amang us,  
 Wi' him we had a' gane away.  
 Sword an' buckler an' a',  
 Buckler an' sword an' a';  
 Now for George we'll encounter the devil,  
 Wi' sword an' buckler an' a'!

An' O, I wad eagerly press him  
 The keys o' the East to retain;  
 For should he gie up the possession,  
 We'll soon hae to foree them again.  
 Than yield up an inch wi' dishonour,  
 Though it were my finishing blow,  
 He aye may depend on Macdonald,  
 Wi' his Hielanders a' in a row:  
 Knees an' elbows an' a',  
 Elbows an' knees an' a';  
 Depend upon Donald Macdonald,  
 His knees an' elbows an' a'.

Wad Bonaparte land at Fort William,  
 Auld Europe nae langer should grane;  
 I laugh when I think how we'd gall him  
 Wi' bullet, wi' steel, an' wi' stane;  
 Wi' rocks o' the Nevis and Garay  
 We'd rattle him off frae our shore,  
 Or lull him asleep in a cairny,  
 An' sing him—"Lochaber no more!"  
 Stanes an' bullets an' a',  
 Bullets an' stanes an' a';  
 We'll finish the Corsican callan  
 Wi' stanes an' bullets an' a'.

For the Gordon is good in a hurry,  
 An' Campbell is steel to the bane,  
 An' Grant, an' Mackenzie, an' Murray,  
 An' Cameron will hurkle to nane;  
 The Stuart is sturdy an' loyal.  
 An' sae is Macleod an' Mackay;  
 An' I, their gude-brither Macdonald,  
 Shall ne'er be the last in the fray!  
 Brogues an' brochi an' a',  
 Brochi an' brogues an' a';  
 An' up wi' the bonny blue bonnet,  
 The kilt an' the feather an' a'.

—  
 AH, PEGGIE, SINCE THOU'RT GANE  
 AWAY.

Ah, Peggie, since thou'rt gane away,  
 An' left me here to languish,  
 I canna fend anither day  
 In sic regretfu' anguish.

My mind's the aspen o' the vale,  
 In ceaseless waving motion;  
 'Tis like a ship without a sail,  
 On life's unstable ocean.

I downa bide to see the moon  
 Blink owre the glen sae clearly;  
 Aince on a bonny face she shone—  
 A face that I lo'ed dearly!  
 An' when beside yon water clear,  
 At e'en I'm lanely roaming,  
 I sigh and think, if ane was here,  
 How sweet wad fa' the gloaming!

When I think o' thy cheerfu' smile,  
 Thy words sae free an' kindly,  
 Thy pawkie ee's bewitching wile,  
 The unbidden tear will blind me.  
 The rose's deepest blushing hue  
 Thy cheek could eithly borrow,  
 But ae kiss o' thy cherry mou'  
 Was worth a year o' sorrow.

Oh! in the slippery paths of love,  
 Let prudenee aye direct thee;  
 Let virtue every step approve,  
 An' virtue will respect thee.  
 To ilka pleasure, ilka pang,  
 Alak! I am nae stranger;  
 An' he wha aince has wander'd wrang  
 Is best aware o' danger.

May still thy heart be kind an' true,  
 A' ither maids excelling;  
 May heaven distil its purest dew  
 Aroun thy rural dwelling.  
 May flow'rets spring an' wild birds sing  
 Aroun thee late an' early;  
 An' oft to thy remembrance bring  
 The lad that lov'd thee dearly.

—  
 LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddisdale,  
 Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on,  
 The Armstrong's are flying,  
 Their widows are erying,  
 The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone;  
 Lock the door, Lariston,—high on the weather  
 gleam,  
 See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky,  
 Yeoman and carbinceer,  
 Billman and halberdier;  
 Firce is the foray, and far is the cry.

Beweastle brandishes high his broad seimitar,  
 Ridley is riding his fleet-footed gray,  
     Hedly and Howard there,  
     Wandale and Windermere,—  
 Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.  
 Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?  
 Why do the joy-candles gleam in thine eye?  
     Thou bold Border ranger  
     Beware of thy danger—  
 Thy foes are relentless, determined and nigh.

Joek Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,  
 His hand grasp'd the sword with a nervous em-  
     brace;  
     "Ah, welcome, brave foemen,  
     On earth there are no men  
 More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!  
 Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here,  
 Little know you of our moss-trooper's might,  
     Lindhope and Sorby true,  
     Sundhope and Milburn too,  
 Gentle in manner, but lions in fight!

"I've Margerton, Gornberry, Raeburn, and Ne-  
     therby,  
 Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;  
     Come, all Northumberland,  
     Teesdale and Cumberland,  
 Here at the Broken Tower end shall the fray."  
 Seow'l'd the broad sun o'er the links of green  
     Liddisdale,  
 Red as the beacon-light tipp'd he the wold;  
     Many a bold martial eye  
     Mirror'd that morning sky,  
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold!

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warrior  
     shout,  
 Lances and halberts in splinters were borne;  
     Halberd and hauberk then  
     Braved the claymore in vain,  
 Buckler and armet in shivers were shorn.  
 See how they wane, the proud files of Windermere,  
 Howard—ah! woe to thy hopes of the day!  
     Hear the wide welkin rend,  
     While the Scots' shouts ascend  
 "Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!"

THE AULD HIGHLANDMAN.

Hersell pe auehty years and twa,  
     Te twenty-tird o' May, man:  
 She twell amang te Heelan hills,  
     Ayont the reefer Spey, man.  
 Tat year tey foucht the Sherra-muir,  
     She first peheld te licht, man;  
 Tey shot my father in tat stoure—  
     A plaguit, vexin' spite, man.

I've feucht in Scotland here at hame,  
     In France and Shermanie, man;  
 An' eot tree tesputr pluddy oons,  
     Beyond te 'Lantic sea, man.  
 Bot wae licht on te nasty eun,  
     Tat ever she pe porn, man;  
 Phile koot klymore te tristle caird,  
     Her leaves pe never torn, man;

Ae tay I shot, and shot, and shot,  
     Phanc'er it cam my turn, man;  
 Put a' te force tat I could gie,  
     Te powter wadna purn, man.  
 A filty loon cam wi' his eun,  
     Resolyt to te me harm, man;  
 And wi' te tirk upon her nose,  
     Ke me a pluddy arm, man.

I flang my eun wi' a' my micht,  
     And felt his nepour teit, man;  
 Tan drew my swort, and at a straik  
     Hewt aff te haf o's heit, man.  
 Be vain te tell o' a' my tricks;  
     My oons pe nae tistrace, man;  
 Ter no be yin pehint my back,  
     Ter a' before my face, man.

GANG TO THE BRAKENS WI' ME.

I'll sing of yon glen of red heather,  
     An' a dear thing that ca's it her hame,  
 Wha's a' made o' love-life thegither,  
     Frae the tie o' the shoe te the kaime;  
 Love beckons in every sweet motion,  
     Commanding due homage te gie;  
 But the shrine o' my dearest devotion  
     Is the bend o' her bonnie e'ebree.

I fleech'd an' I pray'd the dear lassie  
     To gang te the brakens wi' me;  
 But though neither lordly nor saucy,  
     Her answer was—"Laith wad I be!  
 I neither hae father nor mither,  
     Sage coun-sel or caution te gie;  
 An' prudence has whisper'd me never  
     To gang te the brakens wi' thee."

"Dear lassie, how can ye npraid me,  
     An' try your ain love te beguile?  
 For ye are the richest young lady  
     That ever gaed o'er the kirk-stile.  
 Your smile that is blither than ony,  
     The bend o' your cheerfu' e'ebree,  
 An' the sweet blinks o' love they're sae bonny,  
     Are five hundred thousand te me!"

She turn'd her around and said, smiling,  
 While the tear in her blue e'e shone clear,  
 "Ye'ar welcome, kind sir, to your mailing,  
 For, O, you have valued it dear.  
 Gae make out the lease, do not linger,  
 Let the parson indorse the decree;  
 An' then, for a wave of your finger,  
 I'll gang to the brakens wi' thee!"

There's joy in the bright blooming feature,  
 When love lurks in every young line,  
 There's joys in the beauties of nature,  
 There's joy in the dance and the wine:  
 But there's a delight will ne'er perish,  
 'Mang pleasures all fleeting and vain,  
 And that is to love and to cherish  
 The fond little heart that's our ain!

#### BONNIE JEAN.<sup>1</sup>

Sing on, sing on my bonnie bird,  
 The sang ye sang yestreen, O,  
 When here, aneath the hawthorn wild,  
 I met my bonnie Jean, O.  
 My blude ran prinklin' through my veins,  
 My hair began to steer, O;  
 My heart play'd deep against my breast,  
 As I beheld my dear, O.

O weels me on my happy lot!  
 O weels me on my dearie!  
 O weels me on the charmin' spot  
 Where a' combin'd to cheer me!  
 The mavis liltit on the bush,  
 The laverock on the green, O;  
 The lily bloom'd, the daisy blush'd,  
 But a' was nought to Jean, O.

Sing on, sing on my bonnie thrush,  
 Be neither flee'd or eerie,  
 I'll wad your love sits in the bush  
 That gars ye sing sae cheerie.  
 She may be kind, she may be sweet,  
 She may be neat and clean, O,  
 But oh she's but a drysome mate  
 Compar'd with bonnie Jean, O.

If love would open a' her stores,  
 An' a' her blooming treasures,  
 An' bid me rise, and turn and choose,  
 An' taste her chiefest pleasures;  
 My choice would be the rosy cheek,  
 The modest beaming eye, O,

<sup>1</sup> The heroine of this song was Jane Cunningham, wife of John Sibbald of Borthaugh, near Branksome Castle, Roxburghshire.

The yellow hair, the bosom fair,  
 The lips o' coral dye, O.

A bramble shade around her head,  
 A burnie poplin' by, O;  
 Our bed the swaird, our sheet the plaid,  
 Our canopy the sky, O.  
 An' here's the burn, an' there's the bush  
 Around the flowery green, O,  
 An' this the plaid, an' sure the lass  
 Wad be my bonnie Jean, O.

Hear me, thou bonnie modest moon!  
 Ye sternies twinklin' high, O!  
 An' a' ye gentle powers aboon  
 That roam athwart the sky, O!  
 Ye see me grateful for the past,  
 Ye saw me blest yestreen, O;  
 An' ever till I breathe my last  
 Ye'll see me true to Jean, O.

#### FLORA MACDONALD'S FAREWELL.<sup>2</sup>

Far over yon hills of the heather sae green,  
 An' down by the corrie that sings to the sea,  
 The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,  
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.  
 She look'd at a boat wi' the breezes that swung,  
 Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;  
 An' aye as it lessen'd she sigh'd and she sung,  
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!  
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young,  
 Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

The moorcock that craws on the brows of Ben-  
 Connal,

He kens of his bed in a sweet mossy hame;  
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clan-Ronald,  
 Unawed and un hunted his cryie can claim;  
 The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,  
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,  
 But, ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,  
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he:  
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more—  
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland  
 and me!

The target is torn from the arm of the just,  
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,  
 The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,  
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;

<sup>2</sup> Flora Macdonald's Farewell was composed to an air handed me by the late lamented Neil Gow, junr. He said it was an ancient Skye air, but afterwards told me that it was his own. When I first heard the song sung by Mr. Morrison, I never was so agreeably astonished—I could hardly believe my senses that I had made so good a song without knowing it.



The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,  
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue,  
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,  
 When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?  
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!  
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow!

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CALEDONIA.

Caledonia! thou land of the mountain and rock,  
 Of the ocean, the mist, and the wind —  
 Thou land of the torrent, the pine, and the oak,  
 Of the roebuck, the hart, and the hind;  
 Though bare are thy cliffs, and though barren  
 thy glens,  
 Though bleak thy dim islands appear,  
 Yet kind are the hearts, and undaunted the elans,  
 That roam on these mountains so dear!

A foe from abroad, or a tyrant at home,  
 Could never thy ardour restrain;  
 The marshall'd array of imperial Rome,  
 Essay'd thy proud spirit in vain!  
 Firm seat of religion, of valour, of truth,  
 Of genius unshackled and free,  
 The muses have left all the vales of the south,  
 My loved Caledonia, for thee!

Sweet land of the bay and the wild-winding deeps,  
 Where loveliness slumbers at even,  
 While far in the depth of the blue water sleeps  
 A calm little motionless heaven!  
 Thou land of the valley, the moor, and the hill,  
 Of the storm, and the proud-rolling wave —  
 Yes, thou art the land of fair liberty still,  
 And the land of my forefathers' grave!

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

Cam ye by Athol, lad wi' the philabeg,  
 Down by the Tummel or banks o' the Garry,  
 Saw ye our lads wi' their bonnets and white  
 cockades,  
 Usher their mountains to follow Prince  
 Charlie?  
 Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee!  
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!  
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,  
 King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince  
 Charlie?

I hae but ae son, my gallant young Donald;  
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry!  
 Health to M'Donell and gallant Clan-Ronald  
 For these are the men that will die for their  
 Charlie!

Follow thee! follow thee! &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,  
 Down by Lord Murray, and Roy of Kildarlie;  
 Brave M'Intosh, he shall fly to the field with them,  
 These are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie!  
 Follow thee! follow thee! &c.

Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the  
 Whigamore!  
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely!  
 Ronald and Donald, drive on, wi' the broad clay-  
 more,  
 Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie!  
 Follow thee! follow thee! wha wadna follow thee!  
 Lang hast thou loved and trusted us fairly!  
 Charlie, Charlie, wha wadna follow thee,  
 King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince  
 Charlie?

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WALTER SCOTT.

BORN 1771 — DIED 1832.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., was born Aug. 15, 1771, in one of the duskiest parts of Edinburgh, then called the College Wynd, and now known as Chambers' Street. His father, the first of the race who was not either sailor or soldier, was a highly respectable Writer to the Signet — his mother, a worthy woman who was well acquainted with the poetry of her day, particularly that of Burns and Ramsay. In infancy, by a sudden illness Walter Scott was lamed for

life, the unformed strength of an infant having been stricken by a malady of old age. He, however, attained a good stature and great strength, and either at walking with the aid of a stick, or on horseback, he found few superiors. The Ettrick Shepherd, in his "Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott," says, he "was the best formed man I ever saw, and, laying his weak limb out of the question, a perfect model of a man for strength. The muscles of his

arms were prodigious." After various remedies had been tried without any good result, he was sent from Edinburgh to Sandy-knowe, the residence of a relative, where the country air which invigorated his tottering frame wrought manifestly on his genius. Here his education began, his first teacher being an illiterate shepherd, and his school the rough ground of a Scottish sheepfold. When the old man with his shepherd dog went forth to tend his flocks, the lame child accompanied him, and found delight in rolling "the lee lang day" among the herbage and heather of the hill sides. The fellowship he thus formed with dogs and with sheep impressed his mind with an attachment towards them which was a strong characteristic through life. Scott says that his consciousness of existence dated from Sandy-knowe, and how deep and indelible were its impressions we need not remind the reader of "Marmion," nor of his "Eve of St. John." On the summit of the crags which overhang the farmhouse stands the ruined tower of Smaylho'me, the scene of the fine ballad just alluded to, and the Avenel Castle of *The Monastery*. At a short distance is Mertoun, the principal seat of the Scotts of Harden, celebrated in a hundred Border ballads; across the Tweed, Dryburgh Abbey, surrounded with yew-trees as ancient as itself, and containing within its hallowed walls the remains of the GREAT MINSTREL and his gifted son-in-law Lockhart; the purple peaks of the Eildon Hills; the bleak wilderness of Lammermoor; the broom of the Cowdenknowes; Melrose, clasped amid the windings of the Tweed; Hume Castle, in its desolate grandeur; and in the back-ground the hills of the Gala, Etrick, and Yarrow, and many other scenes celebrated in Border song and story,—such were the objects that painted the earliest images on the eye and in the heart of Walter Scott.

At a proper age he was sent to school, where he did not attain a very high grade, occupying, notwithstanding his lameness, a much higher position among his fellows in the playground. During his vacations he resided with an uncle—a farmer on the Tweed—where he devoted himself to reading everything that came in his way, peopling his mind with old romances and legendary poetry—with the fantastic creations of oriental fiction, the gorgeous gallery of the "Fairie Queen," the miniature world of Shak-

spere, and the solemn majesty of Milton. An interesting evidence of Scott's early readings and remarkable memory may be illustrated by a pleasant anecdote. When Robert Burns paid his first visit to Edinburgh, Walter Scott was a tall lad of fifteen, and was present on one occasion when the peasant bard was entertained by the literary magnates of that city. There happened to be a print in the room representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his widow with a child in her arms on one side, on the other his faithful dog; underneath was written these lines:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;  
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,  
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave the sad presage of his future years—  
The child of misery baptized in tears."

Burns was deeply affected by the print, and inquired after the author of the inscription. None could tell, when Scott whispered to a friend that they were written by Langhorne, and occurred in a neglected poem called the "Justice of Peace." Burns rewarded the future minstrel of Scotland "with a look and a word," which in after days of glory and renown were remembered and cherished with pride.

After an education at various schools, in which, among other things, he acquired a considerable amount of classical information, he entered his father's office as an apprentice, and led the life common at that time among young men of his age and rank. Soon after attaining his majority, Scott was called to the bar, where he made no great figure; for although he could speak fluently, his intellect was not of a forensic cast. He failed to win his first love, whom he has celebrated as *Matilda* in his poem of "Rokeby," and who married his friend Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo. Soon after her marriage Scott met Charlotte Charpentier, the daughter of a French royalist who had died in the beginning of the Revolution, and whose wife escaped to England with her son and daughter. Scott was in his twenty-sixth year when they were married. They spent their winters in the polished circles of Edinburgh—their summers in a beautiful cottage at Lasswade on the banks of the Esk, near the famous abbey and castle of Roslyn.

His appointment as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of £300, together with Mrs. Scott's income, compensated for his want of practice at the bar, and enabled him to devote his time to more congenial pursuits. In their little cottage, surrounded by a beautiful garden, in which Scott delighted to cultivate shrubs and flowers, with its rustic archway overgrown with ivy, they spent many summers, receiving the visits of their chosen friends from the neighbouring city, and wandering at will among some of the most romantic scenes of Scotland.

It had long been Scott's delight to collect the ancient ballads of his native land as they fell from the lips of his companions and acquaintances, or from persons whom he sought out for that purpose. This harvest, which he gleaned at first without any ulterior object, was storing his imagination with the wealth which, at a future day, he was to pay back a thousand-fold increased. The accumulation of these relics at length led to the conception of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the success of that work decided his future career. In January, 1802, the first two volumes of the *Minstrelsy* appeared, which may be said to have first introduced Walter Scott to the world as an author. Three years later the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which naturally grew from the *Minstrelsy*, was published, and at once placed its author in the front rank of the poets of the nineteenth century. With its publication began a career of prolific and prosperous authorship unexampled in the annals of literature. In the history of British poetry perhaps nothing has ever equalled the demand for the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The circulation of the work in Great Britain in its first flush of success was nearly thirty thousand copies. It must be remembered that at that day the reading community was not one-half what it is at present—that books were expensive, and that the great mass of readers resorted to public libraries, unable to indulge in so costly a luxury.

Next came "Marmion," which met with the same kind reception that greeted his first poem, and a few years after the "Lady of the Lake" was published. This charming story, the most successful of Scott's poetical works, in which he peopled the glades and islands of the Perthshire lakes with blue eyed maidens and

gallant warriors, and combined a faithful transcript of the natural beauties of the scenery with a romantic tale, gave an interest to this part of Scotland which otherwise it would probably never have attained. Thousands and tens of thousands visited Scotland, before unknown to the greater part of Europe and America, and made pilgrimages to the wild and picturesque Trossachs. Rocks and caves were pointed out as the spots described by the poet, pathways identified as those traversed by the chivalrous Fitz James, and "fair Ellen's isle" almost denuded of flowers and ferns by enthusiastic tourists.

In 1806 Scott was appointed a clerk of the Court of Session, which sat at Edinburgh about six months in the year; it was an honourable position, which he could hold conjointly with the sheriffdom, and was worth about £800 per annum. After the publication of the "Lady of the Lake," a poem unequal in many respects to "Marmion," but far dearer to the great mass of youthful readers, Scott found his popularity as a poet waning. This discovery set him to work upon an old unfinished manuscript which had lain for years in one of his drawers. That MS. was the first volume of *Waverley*.

There is nothing finer in literary biography than the composure, the magnanimity with which the last of the Border minstrels, aware that he was being supplanted in popular favour by Byron, tranquilly turned his genius into another channel, in which he reigned supreme. The novel which had been thrown aside as a failure was completed, the last two volumes being written in *twenty-six summer afternoons*, and published. Its success was wonderful. There never had been such a sensation book since literature began. Although, except from a few, he preserved a strict incognito, there were not many persons among the literary circles of Edinburgh who did not at once recognize the hand of Walter Scott. Professor Wilson asked if people had forgotten the prose of the *Minstrelsy*, and the Ettrick Shepherd had his copy rebound and lettered *Waverley, by Walter Scott*. A month after the publication of *Guy Mannering*, the second of the series, written in six weeks, he made his second visit to London. "Make up your mind to be stared at only a little less

than the Czar of Muscovy or old Blücher," wrote his friend Joanna Baillie, a few days before he left Scotland. Her prophecy was fulfilled—all classes, from the Prince Regent down, vied with each other in doing him honour. During this visit Scott and Byron met for the first time. Half-yearly letters passed between them ever afterwards, although they met but once again.

It was while correcting the proof-sheets of the *Antiquary*, the third of the series, published in 1816, that he first began to equip his chapters with mottoes of his own fabrication. He happened to ask John Ballantyne, his printer, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. He did as requested, but failed to find the lines. "Hang it, Johnnie," cried Scott, "I believe I can make a motto sooner than you can find one." He accordingly did so, and from that time, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of "old play," or "old ballad." These were, indeed, happy and prosperous days with the great author. His writings were everywhere read with delight, and afforded him an income, with his salary as Sheriff and Clerk of Session, of at least £10,000 per annum. Acre after acre was added to Abbotsford—blooming daughters and stalwart sons spread sunshine under his roof, and princely hospitality was dispensed to all sorts of people. No eminent foreigner visited Scotland without seeing Scott. To those who met him under his own roof it seemed utterly impossible that he could be the author of the *Waverley Novels*, which appeared at the rate of three or four each year, for he devoted all but a hardly perceptible portion of his mornings to visitors, or to out-of-door occupations—with his factotum, Tom Purdie, planting trees, making roads, or removing fences—watching stone upon stone added to his baronial mansion, and now listening to some neighbouring squire's account of parochial plans or grievances, and devoting the whole of his evenings to the entertainment of his guests. But the secret was this: he was an early riser. A private passage conducted him from his chamber to his study, and there, with his door locked, with no other witness but his favourite stag-hound, he wrote page after page of those matchless novels with marvellous rapidity.

In 1820 he was created a baronet, and in the same year his eldest daughter Sophia was married to John Gibson Lockhart, whose name will ever be associated with that of Sir Walter Scott in the pages of that splendid biography, the most enduring monument to both. In 1825, the last year of unclouded prosperity, his eldest son was married to the niece of one of his greatest friends, on which occasion the halls of Abbotsford were displayed in all their splendour for the first time and the last. The whole range of apartments were never opened again for the reception of company, but once—on the day of Sir Walter's funeral. The great author was at this time at the climax of earthly happiness, surrounded by his family and "troops of friends," with wealth apparently inexhaustible, and fame unembittered by a single hostile voice. But before the end of the year the terrible blow fell—he was a bankrupt, and his halls no longer resounded with the merriment of the great and gay. Upon the investigation of the affairs of Constable and the Ballantynes, with whom he was connected in the publishing and printing trade, it appeared that they owed the enormous sum of one hundred and seventeen thousand pounds. Had Sir Walter been willing to go into the *Gazette*, his affairs could have been arranged in a short time by the surrender of the existing copyrights and his life interest in Abbotsford, but he felt that his honour was engaged in seeing every man receive the full amount of his claim. Full of courage and hope he set to work with wonderful industry, almost beyond the power of nature, to pay this enormous debt by the fruits of his pen. The world has never seen a grander spectacle than that old man, nearly threescore years of age, resolutely sitting down to cancel that debt. He went into humble lodgings in Edinburgh, and tasked his brain and body ten, twelve, and even fourteen hours a day, in writing reviews and carrying on his great works. Why did he submit to this terrible toil and drudgery? That his name might go down to posterity untarnished, and that a fantastic mansion and the broad acres that surrounded it might be transmitted to a long line of Scotts of Abbotsford.

On September 21, 1832, surrounded by all his children, the noble Scotchman breathed his last. "It was a beautiful day, so warm that

every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt round his bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes." He was buried within the picturesque ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, the tomb of his ancestors. Near him rest the remains of several members of his family, and his son-in-law Lockhart, who, with an over-worked brain and sorrow-laden heart, sought out Abbotsford—to die, similar causes producing the same disease that brought Sir Walter to the grave. As I stood a few summers since amid those venerable ruins, where the Great Minstrel, who shall strike the lyre no more, is mouldering to dust, I could not but recall his own beautiful lines, which seemed strikingly appropriate to the scene:—

“Call it not vain; they do not err  
Who say that when the poet dies  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies;  
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone  
For the departed bard make moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill,  
That flowers in tears of balm distil;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks in deeper groan reply;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.”

At the unveiling of Steel's bronze statue of Sir Walter, in the Central Park, New York, November, 1872, the venerable American poet Bryant, in the course of an address delivered on the occasion, remarked:

“As I look round on this assembly I perceive few persons of my own age—few who can remember, as I can, the rising and setting of this brilliant luminary of modern literature. I well recollect the time when Scott, then thirty-four years of age, gave to the world his ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel,’ the first of his works which awakened the enthusiastic admiration that afterwards attached to all he wrote. In that poem the spirit of the old Scottish ballads—the most beautiful of their class—lived again. In it we had all their fire, their rapid narrative, their unlaboured graces, their pathos, animating a story to which he had given a certain epic breadth and unity. We read with scarcely less delight his poem of ‘Marmion,’ and soon afterwards the youths and maidens of our

country hung with rapture over his ‘Lady of the Lake.’ I need not enumerate his other poems, but this I will say of them all, that no other metrical narratives in our language seem to me to possess an equal power of enchainning the attention of the reader, and carrying him on from incident to incident with such entire freedom from weariness. These works, printed in cheap editions, were dispersed all over our country; they found their way to almost every fireside, and their popularity raised up both here and in Great Britain a multitude of imitators now forgotten.”

From among several passages of acute criticism on Walter Scott as a poet, by the most eminent critics of the past fifty years, our limits prevent us from introducing more than the following vigorous passage from the pen of Professor John Wilson. “Though greatly inferior,” he writes, “in many things to his illustrious brethren (Byron and Wordsworth) Scott is, perhaps, after all, the most unequivocally original. We do not know of any model after which the form of his principal poems has been moulded. They bear no resemblance, and, we must allow, are far inferior to the heroic poems of Greece; nor do they, though he has been called the Ariosto of the North, seem to me to resemble, in any way whatever, any of the great poems of modern Italy. He has given a most intensely real representation of the living spirit of the chivalrous age of his country. He has not shrouded the figures or the characters of his heroes in high poetical lustre, so as to dazzle us by resplendent fictitious beings shining through the scenes and events of a half imaginary world. They are as much real men in his poetry as the ‘mighty earls’ of old are in our histories and annals. The incidents, too, and events are all wonderfully like those of real life; and when we add to this, that all the most interesting and impressive superstitions and fancies of the times are in his poetry incorporated and intertwined with the ordinary tissue of mere human existence, we feel ourselves hurried from this our civilized age back into the troubled bosom of semi-barbarous life, and made keen partakers in all its impassioned and poetical credulities.

“His poems are historical narrations, true in all things to the spirit of history, but everywhere overspread with those bright and

breathing colours which only genius can bestow on reality: and when it is remembered that the times in which the scenes are laid and his heroes act were distinguished by many of the most energetic virtues that can grace or dignify the character of a free people, and marked by the operation of great passions and important events, every one must feel that the poetry of Walter Scott is, in the noblest sense of the word, national; that it breathes upon us the bold and heroic spirit of perturbed

but magnificent ages, and connects us, in the midst of philosophy, science, and refinement, with our turbulent but high-minded ancestors, of whom we have no cause to be ashamed, whether looked at in the fields of war or in the halls of peace. He is a true knight in all things,—free, courteous, and brave. War, as he describes it, is a noble game, a kingly pastime. He is the greatest of all war-poets. His poetry might make a very coward fearless.”

## A BRIDAL IN BRANKSOME.

(FROM THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.<sup>1</sup>)

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned.

From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentered all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand?  
Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
Think what is now, and what hath been,  
Seems, as to me, of all bereft,  
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;  
And thus I love them better still,  
Even in extremity of ill.  
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;  
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,

Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome hall  
The minstrels came at festive call;  
Trooping they came, from near and far,  
The jovial priests of mirth and war:  
Alike for feast and fight prepared,  
Battle and banquet both they shared.  
Of late, before each martial clan,  
They blew their death-note in the van,  
But now, for every merry mate,  
Rose the portcullis' iron grate:  
They sound the pipe, they strike the string,  
They dance, they revel, and they sing,  
Till the rude turrets shake and ring.

Me lists not at this tide declare  
The splendour of the spousal rite,  
How muster'd in the chapel fair  
Both maid and matron, squire and knight:  
Me lists not tell of owches rare,  
Of mantles green, and braided hair,  
And kirtles furred with miniver;  
What plumage waved the altar round,  
How spurs, and ringing chainlets, sound:  
And hard it were for bard to speak  
The changeful hue of Margaret's cheek,  
That lovely hue which comes and flies,  
As awe and shame alternate rise!

Some bards have sung, the Ladye high  
Chapel or altar came not nigh;  
Nor durst the rites of spousal grace,  
So much she feared each holy place.  
False slanders these: I trust right well  
She wrought not by forbidden spell;  
For mighty words and signs have power

<sup>1</sup> Byron preferred this poem to any other of Scott's metrical romances.—Ed.

O'er sprites in planetary hour;  
Yet scarce I praise their venturous part,  
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

But this for faithful truth, I say,  
The Ladye by the altar stood,  
Of sable velvet her array,

And on her head a crimson hood,  
With pearls embroidered and entwined,  
Guarded with gold, with ermine lined;  
A merlin sat upon her wrist,  
Held by a leash of silken twist.

The sponsal rites were ended soon,  
'Twas now the merry hour of noon,  
And in the lofty arched hall,  
Was spread the gorgeous festival.  
Steward and squire, with heedful haste,  
Marshall'd the rank of every guest;  
Pages, with ready blade, were there,  
The mighty meal to carve and share;  
O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,  
And princely peacock's gilded train.  
And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave,  
And eygnet from St. Mary's wave,  
O'er ptarmigan and venison,  
The priest had spoke his benison.  
Then rose the riot and the din,  
Above, beneath, without, within!  
For, from the lofty balcony,  
Rung trumpet, shalm, and psaltery;  
Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd,  
Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd;  
Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild,  
To ladies fair, and ladies smiled.  
The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam,  
The clamour join'd with whistling scream,  
And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,  
In concert with the stag-hounds' yells.  
Round go the flasks of ruddy wine,  
From Bourdeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine;  
Their tasks the busy sewers ply,  
And all is mirth and revelry.

### THE DEATH OF MARMION.<sup>1</sup>

(FROM MARMION.)

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,  
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:  
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?  
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!

<sup>1</sup> Marmion is generally conceded to be the most powerful of all Scott's poems. "No one," says Allan Cunningham, "since the days of Homer, has sung with such an impetuous and burning breath the muster, the march, the onset, and all the fiery vicissitudes of battle."—ED.

Redeem my pennon—charge again!  
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!  
Last of my race, on battle plain  
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!  
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly;  
To Daere bear my signet ring;  
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.  
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:  
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;  
His life-blood stains the spotless shield—  
Edmund is down—my life is left;  
The admiral alone is left.  
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—  
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
Full upon Scotland's central host,  
Or victory and England's lost.  
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!  
Leave Marmion here alone—to die!"  
They parted, and alone he lay;  
Clare drew her from the sight away  
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan.  
And half he murmured: "Is there none  
Of all my halls have nursed,  
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
Of blessed water from the spring,  
To slake my dying thirst!"

O, woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made:  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!  
Scarce were the pitcons accents said,  
When, with the baron's casque, the maid  
To the high streamlet ran:  
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
Sees but the dying man.  
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,  
But in abhorrence backward drew;  
For, oozing from the mountain side,  
Where raged the war, a dark red tide  
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.  
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark  
A little fountain-cell,  
Where water, clear as diamond spark,  
In a stone basin fell.  
Above, some half-worn letters say,  
DRINK, WEARY, PILGRIM. DRINK, AND PRAY.  
FOR THE KIND SOUL OF SYBIL GREY.  
WHO BUILT THIS CROSS, AND WELL.  
She filled the helm, and back she hied,  
And with surprise and joy espied  
A monk supporting Marmion's head:  
A pious man, whom duty brought  
To dubious verge of battle fought,  
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—  
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"

Then, as remembrance rose—  
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare;  
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"

"Alas!" she said, "the while—

O think of your immortal weal!

In vain for Constance is your zeal;

She — died at Holy Isle."—

Lord Marmion started from the ground,

As light as if he felt no wound;

Though in the action burst the tide,

In torrents, from his wounded side.

"Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew

That the dark presage must be true.

I would the fiend, to whom belongs

The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan,

And priests slain on the altar stone,

Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—

Curse on yon base marauder's lance,

And doubly cursed my failing brand!

A sinful heart makes feeble hand!"

Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,

Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,  
 And strove to stannch the gushing wound:

The monk, with unavailing eyes,

Exhausted all the church's cares;

Ever, he said, that, close and near,

A lady's voice was in his ear,

And that the priest he could not hear,

For that she ever sung,

*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the  
 dying!"*

So the notes rung;

"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,

Shake not the dying sinner's sand!

O look, my son, upon yon sign

Of the Redeemer's grace divine;

O think on faith and bliss!

By many a death-bed I have been,

And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this."

The war, that for a space did fail,

Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,

And—STANLEY! was the cry;

A light on Marmion's visage spread,

And fired his glazing eye:

With dying hand above his head

He shook the fragment of his blade,

And shouted "Victory!

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"

Were the last words of Marmion.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

(FROM MARMION.)

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;

But let it whistle as it will,

We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Each age has deem'd the new-born year

The fittest time for festal cheer;

Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane

At Iol more deep the mead did drain;

High on the beach his galleys drew,

And feasted all his pirate crew;

Then in his low and pine-built hall,

Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,

They gorged upon the half-dressed steer,

Caroused in seas of sable beer;

While round in brutal jest were thrown

The half-gnaw'd rib and marrow-bone,

Or listen'd all in grim delight

While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.

Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,

While wildly loose their red locks fly.

And dancing round the blazing pile,

They make such barbarous mirth the while,

As best might to the mind recall

The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old

Loved when the year its course had roll'd,

And brought blithe Christmas back again,

With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite

Gave honour to the holy night:

On Christmas eve the bells were rung;

On Christmas eve the mass was sung;

That only night in all the year,

Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.

The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;

The hall was dress'd with holly green;

Forth to the wood did merry men go,

To gather in the mistletoe.

Then open'd wide the baron's hall

To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;

Power laid his rod of rule aside,

And Ceremony doff'd his pride.

The heir, with roses in his shoes,

That night might village partner choose.

The Lord, undergating, share

The vulgar game of "post and pair."

All hail'd, with uncontrol'd delight,

And general voice, the happy night,



That to the cottage, as the crown,  
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,  
Went roaring up the chimney wide;  
The huge hall-table's oaken face,  
Serubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,  
Bore then upon its massive board  
No mark to part the squire and lord.  
Then was brought in the lusty brawn  
By old blue-coated serving-man;  
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,  
Crested with bays and rosemary.  
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,  
How, when, and where the monster fell;  
What dogs before his death he tore,  
And all the baiting of the boar.  
The wassail round, in good brown bowls,  
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by  
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas-pie;  
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,  
At such high tide, her savoury goose.  
Then came the merry masquers in,  
And carols roar'd with blithesome din;  
If unmelodious was the song,  
It was a hearty note, and strong.  
Who lists may in their mumming see  
Traces of ancient mystery;  
White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
And smutt'd cheeks the visors made;  
But, O! what masquers, richly dight,  
Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
England was merry England, when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.

### THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.<sup>1</sup>

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,  
He spurr'd his courser on,  
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,  
That leads to Brotherstone.

<sup>1</sup> Smaylho'me or Smallholm Tower, the scene of this ballad, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks called Sandikow Crags. The tower is a high square building surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow

He went not with the bold Buecleuch,  
His banner broad to rear;  
He went not 'gainst the English yew,  
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack<sup>2</sup> was braeed, and his helmet  
was laeed,  
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;  
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,  
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days space  
And his looks were sad and sour;  
And weary was his courser's pace,  
As he reached his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor  
Ran red with English blood;  
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buecleuch,  
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,  
His aceton pierced and tore,  
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—  
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,  
He held him close and still;  
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,  
His name was English Will.

“Come thou hither, my little foot-page,  
Come hither to my knee;  
Though thou art young, and tender of age,  
I think thou art true to me.

“Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,  
And look thou tell me true!  
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,  
What did thy lady do!”—

“My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,  
That burns on the wild Watchfold;  
For, from height to height, the beacons bright  
Of the English foemen told.

stair; on the roof are two bartizans or platforms for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer, an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the Watchfold, and is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. Lewis's *Tales of Wonder*. The catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition.

<sup>2</sup> The plate-jack is coat armour; the vaunt-brace or wau brace, armour for the body; the sperthe, a battle-axe.

“The bittern clamour’d from the moss,  
The wind blew loud and shrill;  
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross  
To the airy Beacon Hill.

“I watch’d her steps, and silent came  
Where she sat her on a stone;—  
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,  
It burned all alone.

“The second night I kept her in sight,  
Till to the fire she came,  
And, by Mary’s might! an armed knight  
Stood by the lonely flame.

“And many a word that warlike lord  
Did speak to my lady there;  
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,  
And I heard not what they were.

“The third night there the sky was fair,  
And the mountain-blast was still,  
As again I watch’d the secret pair,  
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

“And I heard her name the midnight hour,  
And name this holy eve;  
And say, ‘Come this night to thy lady’s bower;  
Ask no bold Baron’s leave.

“‘He lifts his spear with the bold Buceleuch;  
His lady is all alone;  
The door she’ll undo, to her knight so true,  
On the eve of good St. John.’—

“‘I cannot come; I must not come;  
I dare not come to thee;  
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone:  
In thy bower I may not be.’—

“‘Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!  
Thou shouldst not say me nay;  
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,  
Is worth the whole summer’s day.

“‘And I’ll chain the blood-hound, and the warder  
shall not sound,  
And rushes shall be strew’d on the stair;  
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,  
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!’—

“‘Though the blood-hound be mute, and the  
rush beneath my foot,  
And the warder his bugle should not blow,  
Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the  
east,  
And my footstep he would know.’—

“‘O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east,  
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta’en;  
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,  
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.’—

“‘He turn’d him around, and grimly he frown’d;  
Then he laugh’d right scornfully—  
‘He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that  
knight,  
May as well say mass for me:

“‘At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits  
have power,  
In thy chamber will I be.’—  
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,  
And no more did I see.”

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron’s brow,  
From the dark to the blood-red high;  
“Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast  
seen,  
For, by Mary, he shall die!”—

“His arms shone full bright, in the beacon’s red  
light:  
His plume it was scarlet and blue;  
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,  
And his crest was a branch of the yew.”—

“Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,  
Loud dost thou lie to me!  
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,  
All under the Eildon-tree.”—

“Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!  
For I heard her name his name;  
And that lady bright, she called the knight  
Sir Richard of Coldinghame.”—

The bold Baron’s brow then changed, I trow,  
From high blood-red to pale—  
“The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is  
stiff and stark—  
So I may not trust thy tale.

“Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,  
And Eildon slopes to the plain,  
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,  
That gay gallant was slain.

“The varying light deceived thy sight,  
And the wild winds drown’d the name;  
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white  
monks do sing,  
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!”

He pass’d the court-gate, and he oped the tower-  
gate,  
And he mounted the narrow stair,  
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on  
her wait,  
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;  
Look’d over hill and vale;  
Over Tweed’s fair flood, and Mertoun’s wood,  
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—

"Now hail, thou Baron true!  
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?  
What news from the bold Buccleuch!"—

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,  
For many a southern fell;  
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,  
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:  
Nor added the Baron a word:  
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber  
fair,  
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd  
and turn'd,  
And oft to himself he said,—  
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody  
grave is deep. . . .  
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,  
The night was well-nigh done,  
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,  
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,  
By the light of a dying flame;  
And she was aware of a knight stood there—  
Sir Richard of Coldingham!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,  
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—  
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;  
But, lady, he will not awake.

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,  
In bloody grave have I lain;  
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,  
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,  
Most foully slain, I fell;  
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,  
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space,  
I must wander to and fro;  
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,  
Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;  
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?  
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—  
The vision shook his head!

"Who spillet life, shall forfeit life;  
So bid thy lord believe:  
That lawless love is guilt above,  
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;  
His right upon her hand;  
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,  
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,  
Remains on that board impress'd;  
And for evermore that lady wore  
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower  
Ne'er looks upon the sun;  
There is a monk in Melrose tower,  
He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,  
That monk, who speaks to none—  
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,  
That monk the bold Baron.

### THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

(FROM THE LORD OF THE ISLES.<sup>1</sup>)

The King had deem'd the maiden bright  
Should reach him long before the fight,  
But storms and fate her course delay:  
It was on eve of battle-day,  
When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode.  
The landscape like a furnace glow'd,  
And far as e'er the eye was borne,  
The lances waved like autumn-corn.  
In battles four beneath their eye,  
The forces of King Robert lie.  
And one below the hill was laid,  
Reserved for rescue and for aid:  
And three, advanced, form'd vaward line.  
'Twixt Bannock's brook and Niuan's shrine.  
Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh  
As well might mutual aid supply.  
Beyond, the Southern host appears,  
A boundless wilderness of spears,  
Whose verge or rear the anxious eye  
Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy.  
Thick flashing in the evening beam,  
Glaires, lances, bills, and banners gleam:  
And where the heaven join'd with the hill,  
Was distant armour flashing still,  
So wide, so far, the boundless host  
Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd,  
At the wild show of war aghast:

<sup>1</sup> The poem is now, I believe, about as popular as "Rokeby," but it has never reached the same station in general favour with the "Lay," "Marmion," or the "Lady of the Lake."—*John Gibson Lockhart.*

And traversed first the rearward host,  
Reserved for aid where needed most.  
The men of Carrick and of Ayr,  
Lennox and Lanark, too, were there,  
And all the western land:  
With these the valiant of the Isles  
Beneath their chieftains rank'd their files,  
In many a plaided band.

There, in the centre, proudly raised,  
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,  
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore  
A galley driven by sail and oar.  
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made  
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,  
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid  
By these Hebrideans worn;  
But O! unseen for three long years,  
Dear was the garb of mountaineers  
To the fair Maid of Lorn!  
For one she look'd—but he was far  
Busied amid the ranks of war—  
Yet with affection's troubled eye  
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,  
Gave on the countless foe a glance,  
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

To centre of the vaward-line  
Fitz-Louis guided Anadine.  
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears  
A serried mass of glimmering spears.  
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,  
The warriors there of Lodon's land;  
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,  
A band of archers fierce, though few;  
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,  
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale;—  
The dauntless Douglas these obey,  
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.  
North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine,  
Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine  
The warriors whom the hardy North  
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.  
The rest of Scotland's war-array  
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,  
Where Bannock, with his broken bank  
And deep ravine, protects their flank.  
Behind them, screen'd by sheltering wood,  
The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood:  
His men-at-arms bear mace and lance,  
And plumes that wave, and helms that glance.  
Thus fair divided by the King,  
Centre, and right, and left-ward wing,  
Composed his front; nor distant far  
Was strong reserve to aid the war.  
And 'twas to front of this array,  
Her guide and Edith made their way.

Here must they pause; for, in advance  
As far as one might pitch a lance,

The Monarch rode along the van,  
The foe's approaching force to scan,  
His line to marshal and to range,  
And ranks to square, and fronts to change.  
Alone he rode—from head to heel  
Sheathed in his ready arms of steel;  
Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight,  
But, till more near the shock of fight,  
Reining a palfrey low and light.  
A diadem of gold was set  
Above his bright steel basinet,  
And clasp'd within its glittering twine  
Was seen the glove of Argentine;  
Truncheon or leading staff he lacks,  
Bearing, instead, a battle-axe.  
He ranged his soldiers for the fight,  
Accoutred thus, in open sight  
Of either host.—Three bowshots far,  
Paused the deep front of England's war,  
And rested on their arms awhile,  
To close and rank their warlike file,  
And hold high council, if that night  
Should view the strife, or dawning light.  
O gay, yet fearful to behold,  
Flashing with steel and rough with gold,

And bristled o'er with bills and spears,  
With plumes and pennons waving fair,  
Was that bright battle-front! for there  
Rode England's King and peers:  
And who, that saw that monarch ride,  
His kingdom battled by his side,  
Could then his direful doom foretell!—  
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,  
And in his sprightly eye was set  
Some spark of the Plantagenet.  
Though light and wandering was his glance,  
It flash'd at sight of shield and lance.  
“Know'st thou,” he said, “De Argentine,  
You knight who marshals thus their line?”—  
“The tokens on his helmet tell  
The Bruce, my Liege: I know him well.”—  
“And shall the audacious traitor brave  
The presence where our banners wave?”—  
“So please my Liege,” said Argentine,  
“Were he but horsed on steed like mine,  
To give him fair and knightly chance,  
I would adventure forth my lance.”—  
“In battle-day,” the King replied,  
“Nee tonrney rules are set aside.  
—Still must the rebel dare our wrath?  
Set on him—sweep him from our path!”  
And, at King Edward's signal, soon  
Dash'd from the ranks Sir Henry Bonne.

Of Hereford's high blood he came,  
A race renown'd for knightly fame.  
He burn'd before his Monarch's eye  
To do some deed of chivalry.

He spurr'd his steed, he couch'd his lance,  
 And darted on the Bruce at once.  
 —As motionless as rocks, that bide  
 The wrath of the advancing tide,  
 The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,  
 And dazzled was each gazing eye—  
 The heart had hardly time to think,  
 The eyelid scarce had time to wink,  
 While on the King, like flash of flame,  
 Spurr'd to full speed the war-horse came!  
 The partridge may the falcon mock,  
 If that slight palfrey stand the shock—  
 But, swerving from the Knight's career,  
 Just as they met, Bruce shunn'd the spear.  
 Onward the baffled warrior bore  
 His course—but soon his course was o'er!—  
 High in his stirrups stood the King,  
 And gave his battle-axe the swing.  
 Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd,  
 Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—  
 Such strength upon the blow was put,  
 The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut;  
 The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,  
 Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp.  
 Springs from the blow the startled horse,  
 Drops to the plain the lifeless corse:  
 —First of that fatal field, how soon,  
 How'sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

One pitying glance the Monarch sped,  
 Where on the field his foe lay dead;  
 Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head,  
 And, pacing back his sober way,  
 Slowly he gain'd his own array.  
 There round their King the leaders crowd,  
 And blame his recklessness advent,  
 That risk'd 'gainst each adventurous spear  
 A life so valued and so dear.  
 His broken weapon's shaft survey'd  
 The King, and careless answer made,—  
 "My loss may pay my folly's tax;  
 I've broke my trusty battle-axe."  
 'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low,  
 Did Isabel's commission show;  
 Edith, disguised at distance stands,  
 And hides her blushes with her hands.  
 The Monarch's brow has changed its hue,  
 Away the gory axe he threw,  
 While to the seeming page he drew,  
 Clearing war's terrors from his eye.  
 Her hand with gentle ease he took,  
 With such a kind protecting look,  
 As to a weak and timid boy  
 Might speak, that elder brother's care  
 And elder brother's love were there.

"Fear not," he said, "young Amadine!"  
 Then whisper'd, "Still that name be thine,

Fate plays her wonted fantasy,  
 Kind Amadine, with thee and me,  
 And sends thee here in doubtful hour.  
 But soon we are beyond her power;  
 For on this chosen battle-plain,  
 Victor or vanquish'd, I remain.  
 Do thou to yonder hill repair;  
 The followers of our host are there,  
 And all who may not weapons bear.—  
 Fitz-Louis, have him in thy care.—  
 Joyful we meet, if all go well;  
 If not, in Arran's holy cell  
 Thou must take part with Isabel;  
 For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn,  
 Not to regain the Maid of Lorn,  
 (The bliss on earth he covets most,)  
 Would he forsake his battle-post,  
 Or shun the fortune that may fall  
 To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all.—  
 But, hark! some news these trumpets tell;  
 Forgive my haste—farewell!—farewell!"—  
 And in a lower voice he said,  
 "Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet maid!"—

"What train of dust, with trumpet-sound  
 And glimmering spears, is wheeling round  
 Our leftward flank?"—the Monarch cried,  
 To Moray's Earl who rode beside.  
 "Lo! round thy station pass the foes!  
 Randolph, thy wreath has lost a rose."  
 The Earl his visor closed, and said,  
 "My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.—  
 Follow, my household!"—And they go  
 Like lightning on the advancing foe.  
 "My Liege," said noble Douglas then,  
 "Earl Randolph has but one to ten:  
 Let me go forth his band to aid!"—  
 —"Stir not. The error he hath made,  
 Let him amend it as he may;  
 I will not weaken mine array."  
 Then loudly rose the conflict-cry.  
 And Douglas's brave heart swell'd high,—  
 "My Liege," he said, "with patient ear  
 I must not Moray's death-knell hear!"—  
 "Then go—but speed thee back again."—  
 Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:  
 But, when they won a rising hill,  
 He bade his followers hold them still.—  
 "See, see! the routed Southern fly!  
 The Earl hath won the victory.  
 Lo! where yon steeds run masterless,  
 His banner towers above the press.  
 Rein up; our presence would impair  
 The fame we come too late to share."  
 Back to the host the Douglas rode,  
 And soon glad tidings are abroad,  
 That, Dayneourt by stout Randolph slain,  
 His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—

That skirmish closed the busy day,  
And couch'd in battle's prompt array,  
Each army on their weapons lay.

It was a night of lovely June,  
High rode in cloudless blue the moon.

Demayet smiled beneath her ray;  
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,  
And, twined in links of silver bright,  
Her winding river lay.

Ah, gentle planet! other sight  
Shall greet thee next returning night,  
Of broken arms and banners tore,  
And marshes dark with human gore,  
And piles of slaughter'd men and horse,  
And Forth that floats the frequent corse,  
And many a wounded wretch to plain  
Beneath thy silver light in vain!  
But now, from England's host, the cry  
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,  
While from the Scottish legions pass  
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass!—  
Here, numbers had presumption given;  
There, bands o'er-match'd sought aid from  
Heaven.

On Gillie's hill, whose height commands  
The battle-field, fair Edith stands,  
With serf and page unfit for war,  
To eye the conflict from afar.

O! with what doubtful agony  
She sees the dawning tint the sky!—  
Now on the Ochils gleams the sun,  
And glistens now Demayet dun:

Is it the lark that carols shrill,  
Is it the bittern's early hum?

No!—distant, but increasing still.

The trumpet's sound swells up the hill,  
With the deep murmur of the drum.

Responsive from the Scottish host,  
Pipe-clang and bugle sound were toss'd,  
His breast and brow each soldier cross'd,

And started from the ground;  
Arm'd and array'd for instant fight.  
Rose archer, spearman, squire and knight,  
And in the pomp of battle bright  
The dread battalia frown'd.

Now onward, and in open view,  
The countless ranks of England drew,  
Dark rolling like the ocean-tide,  
When the rough west hath chafed his pride,  
And his deep roar sends challenge wide

To all that bars his way!

In front the gallant archers trode,  
The men-at-arms behind them rode,  
And midmost of the phalanx broad  
The Monarch held his sway.

Beside him many a war-horse fumes,  
Around him waves a sea of plumes,  
Where many a knight in battle known,  
And some who spurs had first braced on,  
And deem'd that fight should see them won,  
King Edward's bests obey.

De Argentine attends his side,  
With stout De Valence, Pembroke's pride,  
Selected champions from the train,  
To wait upon his bridle-rein.

Upon the Scottish foe he gazed—  
—At once, before his sight amazed.

Sunk banner, spear, and shield;  
Each weapon-point is downward sent,  
Each warrior to the ground is bent.  
"The rebels, Argentine, repent!

For pardon they have kneel'd."—  
"Aye!—but they bend to other powers,  
And other pardon sue than ours!  
See where yon bare-foot Abbot stands,  
And blesses them with lifted hands!  
Upon the spot where they have kneel'd,  
These men will die, or win the field."—  
—"Then prove we if they die or win!  
Bid Gloster's Earl the fight begin."

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high,  
Just as the Northern ranks arose,  
Signal for England's archery

To halt and bend their bows.  
Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace,  
Glanced at the intervening space,  
And raised his left hand high;  
To the right ear the cords they bring—

—At once ten thousand bow-strings ring,  
Ten thousand arrows fly!

Nor paused on the devoted Scot  
The ceaseless fury of their shot;  
As fiercely and as fast,

Forth whistling came the gray-goose wing  
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring  
Adown December's blast.

Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,  
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;  
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,

If the fell shower may last!  
Upon the right, behind the wood,  
Each by his steed dismounted, stood

The Scottish chivalry:—  
With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,  
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain  
His own keen heart, his eager train,  
Until the archers gain'd the plain:

Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"  
He cried; and, vaulting from the ground,  
His saddle every horseman found.  
On high their glittering crests they toss,  
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;

The shield hangs down on every breast,  
Each ready lance is in the rest,

And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—  
“Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe!  
We'll tame the terrors of their bow,  
And cut the bow-string loose!”

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,  
They rush'd among the archer ranks.  
No spears were there the shock to let,  
No stakes to turn the charge were set;  
And how shall yeoman's armour slight  
Stand the long lance and mace of might?  
Or what may their short swords avail.  
'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?  
Amid their ranks the chargers sprung,  
High o'er their heads the weapons swung,  
And shriek and groan and vengeful shout  
Give note of triumph and of rout!  
Awhile, with stubborn hardihood,  
Their English hearts the strife made good.  
Borne down at length on every side,  
Compell'd to flight, they scatter wide.—  
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,  
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!  
The broken bows of Bannock's shore  
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!  
Round Wakefield's merry May-pole now,  
The maids may twine the summer bough,  
May northward look with longing glance.  
For those that wot to lead the dance,  
For the blithe archers look in vain!  
Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en,  
Pierced through, trode down, by thousands  
slain,  
They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

The King with scorn beheld their flight.  
“Are these,” he said, “our yeomen wight?  
Each braggart churl could boast before,  
Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!  
Fitter to plunder chase or park,  
Than make a manly foe their mark.—  
Forward, each gentleman and knight!  
Let gentle blood show generous might,  
And chivalry redeem the fight!”  
To rightward of the wild affray,  
The field show'd fair and level way:

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care  
Had bored the ground with many a pit.  
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,  
That form'd a ghastly snare.  
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,  
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,  
That panted for the shock!

With blazing crests and banners spread,  
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,  
The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,

As far as Stirling rock.

Down! down! in headlong overthrow,  
Horseman and horse, the foremost go,  
Wild floundering on the field!  
The first are in destruction's gorge,  
Their followers wildly o'er them urge:—  
The knightly helm and shield,  
The mail, the atton, and the spear,  
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!  
Loud from the mass confused the cry  
Of dying warriors swells on high,  
And steeds that shriek in agony!  
They came like mountain-torrent red,  
That thunders o'er its rocky bed:  
They broke like that same torrent's wave  
When swallow'd by a darksome cave.  
Billows on billows burst and boil,  
Maintaining still the stern turmoil,  
And to their wild and tortured groan  
Each adds new terrors of his own!

Too strong in courage and in might  
Was England yet, to yield the fight.

Her noblest all are here:  
Names that to fear were never known,  
Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,  
And Oxford's famed De Vere.  
There Gloster plied the bloody sword,  
And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford,  
Bottetourt and Sanzavere,  
Ross, Montague, and Manley, came,  
And Courtenay's pride, and Percy's fame—  
Names known too well in Scotland's war,  
At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar,  
Blazed broader yet in after years,  
At Cressy red and fell Poitiers,  
Pembroke with these, and Argentine,  
Brought up the rearward battle-line.  
With caution o'er the ground they tread,  
Slippery with blood and piled with dead,  
Till hand to hand in battle set,  
The bills with spears and axes met,  
And, closing dark on every side,  
Raged the full contest far and wide.  
Then was the strength of Douglas tried,  
Then proved was Randolph's generous pride,  
And well did Stewart's actions grace  
The sire of Scotland's royal race!  
Firmly they kept their ground;  
As firmly England onward press'd,  
And down went many a noble crest,  
And rent was many a valiant breast,  
And Slaughter revell'd round.

Unflinching foot 'gainst foot was set,  
Unceasing blow by blow was met;  
The groans of those who fell  
Were drown'd amid the shriller clang

That from the blades and harness rang,  
 And in the battle-yell.  
 Yet fast they fell, unheard, forgot,  
 Both Southern fierce and hardy Scot;  
 And O! amid that waste of life,  
 What various motives fired the strife!  
 The aspiring Noble bled for fame,  
 The Patriot for his country's claim;  
 This Knight his youthful strength to prove,  
 And that to win his lady's love;  
 Some fought from ruffian thirst of blood,  
 From habit some, or hardihood.  
 But ruffian stern, and soldier good,  
 The noble and the slave,  
 From various cause the same wild road,  
 On the same bloody morning, trode,  
 To that dark inn, the grave!

The tug of strife to flag begins,  
 Though neither loses yet nor wins.  
 High rides the sun, thick rolls the dust,  
 And feebler speeds the blow and thrust.  
 Douglas leans on his war-sword now,  
 And Randolph wipes his bloody brow;  
 Nor less had toil'd each Southern knight,  
 From morn till mid-day in the fight.  
 Strong Egremont for air must gasp,  
 Beauchamp undoes his visor-clasp,  
 And Montague must quit his spear,  
 And sinks thy falchion, bold De Vere!  
 The blows of Berkley fall less fast.  
 And gallant Pembroke's bugle-blast  
 Hath lost its lively tone;  
 Sinks, Argentine, thy battle-word,  
 And Percy's shout was fainter heard,  
 "My merry-men, fight on!"

Bruce, with the pilot's wary eye,  
 The slackening of the storm could spy.  
 "One effort more, and Scotland's free!  
 Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee  
 Is firm as Ailsa Rock;  
 Rush on with Highland sword and targe,  
 I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge;  
 Now, forward to the shock!"  
 At once the spears were forward thrown,  
 Against the sun the broadswords shone;  
 The pibroch lent its maddening tone,  
 And loud King Robert's voice was known—  
 "Carrick, press on—they fail, they fail!  
 Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,  
 The foe is fainting fast!  
 Each strike for parent, child, and wife,  
 For Scotland, liberty, and life,—  
 The battle cannot last!"

The fresh and desperate onset bore  
 The foes three furlongs back and more,

Leaving their noblest in their gore.  
 Alone, De Argentine  
 Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,  
 Gathers the relics of the field,  
 Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,  
 And still makes good the line.  
 Brief strife, but fierce,—his efforts raise  
 A bright but momentary blaze.  
 Fair Edith heard the Southron shout,  
 Beheld them turning from the rout,  
 Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,  
 In notes 'twixt triumph and lament.  
 That rallying force, combined anew,  
 Appear'd in her distracted view,  
 To hem the Islesmen round;  
 "O God! the combat they renew,  
 And is no rescue found!  
 And ye that look thus tamely on,  
 And see your native land o'erthrown,  
 O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

The multitude that watch'd afar,  
 Rejected from the ranks of war,  
 Had not unmoved beheld the fight,  
 When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;  
 Each heart had caught the patriot spark,  
 Old man and stripling, priest and clerk,  
 Bondsman and serf; even female hand  
 Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;  
 But, when mute Amadine they heard  
 Give to their zeal his signal-word,  
 A frenzy fired the throng;  
 "Portents and miracles impeach  
 Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—  
 And he that gives the mute his speech,  
 Can bid the weak be strong.

To us, as to our lords, are given  
 A native earth, a promised heaven;  
 To us, as to our lords, belongs  
 The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;  
 The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms  
 Our breasts as theirs—"To arms, to arms!"  
 To arms they flew,—axe, club, or spear,—  
 And mimic ensigns high they rear,  
 And, like a banner'd host afar,  
 Bear down on England's wearied war.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain,  
 Reproof, command, and counsel vain,  
 The rearward squadrons fled away,  
 Or made but doubtful stay:—  
 But when they mark'd the seeming show  
 Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,  
 The boldest broke array.  
 O give their hapless prince his due,  
 In vain the royal Edward threw  
 His person 'mid the spears,  
 Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair,



Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And cursed their caitiff fears;  
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle-rein,  
And forced him from the fatal plain.  
With them rode Argentine, until  
They gain'd the summit of the hill,  
But quitted there the train:—

“In yonder field a gage I left,—  
I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again.  
Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace  
The fiery Douglas takes the chase,  
I know his banner well.

God send my sovereign joy and bliss,  
And many a happier field than this!—  
Once more, my Liege, farewell.”

Again he faced the battle-field,—  
Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield.  
“Now then,” he said, and couch'd his spear,  
“My course is run, the goal is near;  
One effort more, one brave career,  
Must close this race of mine.”

Then in his stirrups rising high,  
He shouted loud his battle-ery,  
“Saint James for Argentine!”  
And, of the bold pursuers, four  
The gallant knight from saddle bore;  
But not unharin'd—a lance's point  
Has found his breastplate's loosen'd joint,

An axe has razed his crest;  
Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,  
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,  
He rode with spear in rest,  
And through his bloody tartans bored,  
And through his gallant breast.  
Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer  
Yet writhed him up against the spear,  
And swung his broadsword round!

—Stirrup, steel-boot, and enish gave way,  
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway.

The blood gush'd from the wound;  
And the grim Lord of Colonsay  
Hath turn'd him on the ground.  
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade  
The mortal thrust so well repaid.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle done,  
To use his conquest boldly won;  
And gave command for horse and spear  
To press the Southron's scatter'd rear,  
Nor let his broken force combine,  
—When the war-ery of Argentine

Fell faintly on his ear:  
“Save, save his life,” he cried, “O save  
The kind, the noble, and the brave!”  
The squadrons round free passage gave,  
The wounded knight drew near;

He raised his red-cross shield no more,  
Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream'd with  
gore,

Yet, as he saw the king advance.  
He strove even then to couch his lance—  
The effort was in vain!

The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the horse;  
Wounded and weary, in mid course  
He stumbled on the plain.

Then foremost was the generous Bruce  
To raise his head, his helm to loose;—  
“Lord Earl, the day is thine!

My Sovereign's charge, and adverse fate,  
Have made our meeting all too late:  
Yet this may Argentine,  
As boon from ancient comrade, crave—  
A Christian's mass, a soldier's grave.”

Bruce press'd his dying hand—its grasp  
Kindly replied; but, in his clasp,

It stiffen'd and grew cold—  
“And, O farewell!” the victor cried,  
“Of chivalry the flower and pride,  
The arm in battle bold,  
The courteous mien, the noble race,  
The stainless faith, the manly face!—  
Bid Ninian's convent light their shrine,  
For late-wake of De Argentine.  
O'er better knight on death-bier laid,  
Torch never gleam'd nor mass was said!”

Nor for De Argentine alone,  
Through Ninian's church these torches shone,  
And rose the death-prayer's awful tone,  
That yellow lustre glimmer'd pale,  
On broken plate and bloodied mail,  
Rent crest and shatter'd coronet,  
Of Baron, Earl, and Banneret;  
And the best names that England knew,  
Claim'd in the death-prayer dismal due.

Yet mourn not, Land of Fame!  
Though ne'er the leopards on thy shield  
Retreated from so sad a field,  
Since Norman William came.

Oft may thine annals justly boast  
Of battles stern by Scotland lost;  
Grudge not her victory,  
When for her freeborn rights she strove;  
Rights dear to all who freedom love,  
To none so dear as thee!

Turn we to Bruce, whose curious ear  
Must from Fitz-Louis tidings hear;  
With him, a hundred voices tell  
Of prodigy and miracle,

“For the mute page had spoke.”—  
“Page!” said Fitz-Louis, “rather say,  
An angel sent from realms of day,  
To burst the English yoke.”

I saw his plume and bonnet drop,  
When hurrying from the mountain top;  
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,  
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,  
A step as light upon the green,  
As if his pinions waved unseen!"—  
"Spoke he with none?"—"With none—one  
word

Burst when he saw the Island Lord,  
Returning from the battle-field."—  
"What answer made the Chief?"—"Hekneel'd,  
Durst not look up, but mutter'd low.  
Some mingled sounds that none might know,  
And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear,  
As being of superior sphere."

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain,  
Heap'd then with thousands of the slain,  
'Mid victor monarch's musings high,  
Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye.  
"And bore he such angelic air,  
Such noble front, such waving hair?  
Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said,  
"Then must we call the church to aid—  
Our will be to the Abbot known,  
Ere these strange news are wider blown,  
To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,  
And deck the church for solemn mass,  
To pay for high deliverance given,  
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.  
Let him array, besides, such state,  
As should on princes' nuptials wait.  
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,  
That once broke short that spousal rite,  
Ourself will grace, with early morn,  
The bridal of the Maid of Lorn."

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### CARLE, NOW THE KING'S COME.<sup>1</sup>

BEING NEW WORDS TO AN AULD SPRING.

#### PART FIRST.

The news has flown frae mouth to mouth,  
The North for ance has bang'd the South;  
The deil a Scotsman's die o' drouth,  
Carle, now the King's come!

#### CHORUS.

Carle, now the King's come!  
Carle, now the King's come!  
Thou shalt dance, and I will sing,  
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld England held him lang and fast;  
And Ireland had a joyfu' cast;  
But Scotland's turn is come at last—  
Carle, now the King's come!

Auld Reekie, in her rokelay gray,  
Thought never to have seen the day;  
He's been a weary time away—  
But, Carle, now the King's come!

She's skirling frae the Castle-hill;  
The Carlinc's voice is grown sae shrill,  
Ye'll hear her at the Canon-mill—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Up, bairns!" she cries, baith grit and sma',  
And busk ye for the weapon-shaw!  
Stand by me, and we'll bang them a'—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come from Newbattle's ancient spires,  
Bauld Lothian, with your knights and squires,  
And match the mettle of your sires—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"You're welcome hame, my Montagu!  
Bring in your hand the young Buccleuch;  
I'm missing some that I may rue—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Haddington, the kind and gay,  
You've graced my causeway mony a day;  
I'll weep the cause if you should stay—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, premier Duke, and carry down  
Frac yonder craig his ancient crown;  
It's had a lang sleep and a soun'—  
But, Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Athole, from the hill and wood,  
Bring down your clansmen like a clud;  
Come, Morton, show the Douglas' blood,—  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Tweeddale, true as sword to sheath;  
Come, Hopetonn, fear'd on fields of death;  
Come, Clerk, and give your bugle breath;  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, Wemyss, who modest merit aids;  
Come, Rosebery, from Dalmeny shades;  
Breadalbane, bring your belted plaids;  
Carle, now the King's come!

"Come, stately Niddrie, auld and true,  
Girt with the sword that Minden knew;  
We have o'er few such lairds as you—  
Carle, now the King's come!

<sup>1</sup> This imitation of an old Jacobite ditty was written on the appearance, in the Frith of Forth, of the fleet which conveyed his Majesty King George IV. to Scotland, in August, 1822; and was published as a broadside.—*Ed.*

“ King Arthur’s gown a common crier,  
He’s heard in Fife and far Cantire,—  
‘ Fie, lads, behold my crest of fire!’  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Saint Abb roars out. ‘ I see him pass,  
Between Tantallon and the Bass!’  
Calton, get out your keeking-glass—  
Carle, now the King’s come!”

The Carline stopp’d; and, sure I am,  
For very glee had ta’en a dwam,  
But Oman help’d her to a dram.—  
Cogie, now the King’s come!

Cogie, now the King’s come!  
Cogie, now the King’s come!  
I’se be fou’ and ye’s be toom,  
Cogie, now the King’s come!

## PART SECOND.

A Hawick gill of mountain dew,  
Heised up Auld Reekie’s heart, I trow,  
It minded her of Waterloo—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

Again I heard her summons swell,  
For, sic a dirdum and a yell,  
It drown’d Saint Giles’s jowing bell—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ My trusty Provost, tried and tight,  
Stand forward for the Good Town’s right,  
There’s waur than you been made a knight—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ My reverend Clergy, look ye say  
The best of thanksgivings ye ha’e,  
And warstle for a sunny day—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ My Doctors, look that you agree,  
Cure a’ the town without a fee;  
My Lawyers, dinna pike a plea—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Come forth each sturdy Burgher’s bairn,  
That dints on wood or clanks on airn,  
That fires the o’en, or winds the pirn—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Come forward with the Blanket Blue,  
Your sires were loyal men and true,  
As Scotland’s foemen oft might rue—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Scots downa loop, and rin, and rave,  
We’re steady folks and something grave,

We’ll keep the causeway firm and brave—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Sir Thomas, thunder from your rock,  
Till Pentland dinnales wi’ the shock,  
And lace wi’ fire my snood o’ smoke—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Melville, bring out your bands of blue,  
A’ Louden lads, baith stout and true,  
With Elcho, Hope, and Cockburn, too—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ And you, who on yon bluidy braes  
Compell’d the vauquish’d despot’s praise,  
Rank out—rank out—my gallant Grey’s—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Cock o’ the North, my Huntly bra’,  
Where are you with the Forty-twa?  
Ah! wae’s my heart that ye’re awa’—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ But yonder come my canty Celts,  
With durk and pistols at their belts,  
Thank God, we’ve still some plaids and kilts—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Lord, how the pibrochs groan and yell!  
Maedonnell’s ta’en the field himsell,  
Macleod comes branking o’er the fell—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Bend up your bow each archer spark,  
For you’re to guard him light and dark:  
Faith, lads, for ance ye’ve hit the mark—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Young Errol, take the sword of state,  
The sceptre, Panie-Morarchate;  
Knight Mareschal, see ye clear the gate—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ Kind cunner, Leith, ye’ve been mis-set,  
But dinna be upon the fret—  
Ye’se hae the handsel of him yet,  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ My daughters, come with een sac blue,  
Your garlands weave, your blossoms strew;  
He ne’er saw fairer flowers than you—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“ What shall we do for the propine—  
We used to offer something fine,  
But ne’er a groat’s in pouch of mine—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“Deil care—for that I’se never start,  
We’ll welcome him with Highland heart;  
Whate’er we have he’s get a part—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“I’ll show him mason-work this day—  
Name of your bricks of Babel clay,  
But towers shall stand till Time’s away—  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“I’ll show him wit, I’ll show him lair,  
And gallant lads and lasses fair,  
And what wad kind heart wish for mair?  
Carle, now the King’s come!

“Step out, Sir John, of projects rife,  
Come win the thanks of an auld wife,  
And bring him health and length of life—  
Carle, now the King’s come!”

#### THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

“O tell me, Harper, wherefore flow  
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,  
Far down the desert of Glencoe,  
Where none may list their melody?  
Say, harp’st thou to the mists that fly,  
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,  
Or to the eagle, that from high  
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?”—

“No, not to these, for they have rest,—  
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,  
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,  
Abode of lone security.  
But those for whom I pour the lay,  
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain gray,  
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,  
Could screen from treach’rous cruelty.

“Their flag was furl’d, and mute their drum,  
The very household dogs were dumb,  
Unwont to bay at guests that come  
In guise of hospitality.  
His blithest notes the piper plied,  
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,  
The dame her distaff flung aside,  
To tend her kindly housewifery.

“The hand that mingled in the meal,  
At midnight drew the felon steel,  
And gave the host’s kind breast to feel  
Need for his hospitality!  
The friendly hearth which warm’d that hand,  
At midnight arm’d it with the brand,  
That bade destruction’s flames expand  
Their red and fearful blazonry.

“Then woman’s shriek was heard in vain,  
Nor infancy’s unpitied plain,  
More than the warrior’s groan, could gain  
Respite from ruthless butchery!  
The winter wind that whistled shrill,  
The snows that night that cloked the hill,  
Though wild and pitiless, had still  
Far more than Southern clemency.

“Long have my harp’s best notes been gone,  
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,  
They can but sound in desert lone  
Their gray-hair’d master’s misery.  
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,  
Each chord should imprecations fling,  
Till startled Scotland loud should ring.  
‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’”

#### LOCHINVAR.

##### LADY HERON’S SONG (FROM MARMION).

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had  
none,  
He rode all unarm’d, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp’d not for  
stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was  
none;  
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter’d the Netherby Hall,  
Among bride’s-men, and kinsmen, and brothers,  
and all:  
Then spoke the bride’s father, his hand on his  
sword,  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a  
word.)

“O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar!”

“I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied;  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine,  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Loch-  
invar.”

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took  
it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the  
cup.  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to  
sigh,  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Loch-  
invar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did  
fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet  
and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, " 'Twere  
better by far,  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young  
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger  
stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and  
scour;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth  
young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Gremes of the  
Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode  
and they ran:  
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Loch-  
invar!

#### HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.<sup>1</sup>

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,  
Out from the land of bondage came,  
Her father's God before her moved,  
An awful guide in smoke and flame.  
By day, along the astonish'd lands  
The cloudy pillar glided slow;  
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands  
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

<sup>1</sup> This song of Rebecca's, from "Ivanhoe," was a great favourite with the American poet Fitz Greene Halleck, and with Professor Wilson, who considered it a perfect gem, in which dignity, pathos, and a religious spirit, at once pure and fervid, are admirably combined.—Ed.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,  
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen,  
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,  
With priest's and warrior's voice between,  
No portents now our foes amaze,  
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:  
Our fathers would not know *THY* ways,  
And *THOU* hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!  
When brightly shines the prosperous day,  
Be thoughts of *THEE* a cloudy screen  
To temper the deceitful ray.  
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path  
In shade and storm the frequent night,  
Be *THOU*, long-suffering, slow to wrath,  
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,  
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;  
No censer round our altar beams,  
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.  
But *THOU* hast said, The blood of goat,  
The flesh of rams I will not prize;  
A contrite heart, a humble thought,  
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

#### THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,  
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;  
The westland wind is hush and still,  
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.  
Yet not the landscape to mine eye  
Bears those bright hues that once it bore:  
Though evening, with her richest dye,  
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

With listless look along the plain.  
I see Tweed's silver current glide,  
And coldly mark the holy fane  
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.  
The quiet lake, the balmy air,  
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,—  
Are they still such as once they were?  
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board,  
How can it bear the painter's dye!  
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,  
How to the minstrel's skill reply!  
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,  
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;  
And Araby's or Eden's bowers  
Were barren as this moorland hill.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.<sup>1</sup>

“Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?  
 Why weep ye by the tide?  
 I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
 And ye sall be his bride:  
 And ye sall be his bride, ladie,  
 Sae comely to be seen” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“Now let this wilfu' grief be done,  
 And dry that cheek so pale;  
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,  
 And lord of Langley-dale;  
 His step is first in peaceful ha',  
 His sword in battle keen” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

“A chain of gold ye sall not lack,  
 Nor braid to bind your hair;  
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair;  
 And you, the foremost o' them a',  
 Shall ride our forest queen” —  
 But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
 For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,  
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;  
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,  
 And dame and knight are there,  
 They sought her baith by bower and ha';  
 The ladie was not seen!  
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'  
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean,

MACGREGOR'S GATHERING.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,  
 And the clan has a name that is nameless by day;  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach,  
 Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, that from monarchs we drew,  
 Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!  
 Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!  
 Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach! &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and  
 her towers,  
 Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;

<sup>1</sup> The first stanza of this ballad is ancient. The others were written for *Albyn's Anthology*.

We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!  
 Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,  
 Macgregor has still both his heart and his word;  
 Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!  
 Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to  
 the eagles!  
 Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gri-  
 galach!  
 Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on  
 the river,  
 Macgregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!  
 Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach!  
 Come then, come then, come then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed  
 shall career,  
 O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,  
 And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt,  
 Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!  
 Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!  
 Gather, gather, gather, &c.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

(FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.)

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!  
 Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green pine!  
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,  
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!  
 Heaven send it happy dew,  
 Earth lend it sap anew,  
 Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,  
 While every Highland glen  
 Sends our shout baek agen,  
 “Roderigh! Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroc!”

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,  
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;  
 When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on  
 the mountain,

The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.  
 Moor'd in the rifted rock,  
 Proof to the tempest's shock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;  
 Meuteith and Breadalbane, then,  
 Echo his praise agen,  
 “Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroc!”

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,  
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;

<sup>1</sup> Black Roderick, the de cendant of Alpine.

Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,  
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her  
side.

Widow and Saxon maid  
Long shall lament our raid,  
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;  
Lennox and Leven-Glen  
Shake when they hear agen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!  
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine!  
O! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands  
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!  
O that some seedling gem,  
Worthy such noble stem,  
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might  
grow!  
Loud should Glen-Alpine then  
Ring from her deepest glen,  
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

---

### SOLDIER, REST!

(FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.)

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
Dream of battle fields no more.  
Days of danger, nights of waking.  
In our isle's enchanted hall,  
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,  
Fairy strains of music fall,  
Every sense in slumber dewing.  
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,  
Dream of fighting fields no more:  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
Trump nor pibroch summon here  
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
At the daybreak from the fallow,  
And the bittern sound his drum,  
Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
Ruder sounds shall none be near,  
Guards nor warders challenge here,  
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,  
Shouting clans, or squadrons' stamping.

Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done.  
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,  
Dream not, with the rising sun.  
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.

Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
Think not of the rising sun,  
For at dawning to assail ye.  
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

---

### SONG.

(FROM THE PIRATE.)

Love wakes and weeps  
While Beauty sleeps!  
O for music's softest numbers,  
To prompt a theme,  
For Beauty's dream,  
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!  
  
Through groves of palm  
Sigh gales of balm,  
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;  
While through the gloom  
Comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!  
No dream can give  
A shadow'd bliss the real excelling;  
No longer sleep,  
From lattice peep,  
And list the tale that love is telling!

---

### THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

(FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE.)

The heath this night must be my bed,  
The bracken curtain for my head,  
My lullaby the warder's tread,  
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary:  
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,  
My couch may be my bloody plaid,  
My vesper song, thy wail, sweet maid!  
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now  
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,  
I dare not think upon thy vow.

And all it promised me, Mary.  
No fond regret must Norman know;  
When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe,  
His heart must be like bended bow,  
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,  
 For, if I fall in battle fought,  
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought  
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.  
 And if return'd from conquer'd foes,  
 How blithely will the evening close,  
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,  
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

---

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Pibroch of Donuil,  
 Wake thy wild voice anew,  
 Summon Clan-Conuil.  
 Come away, come away,  
 Hark to the summons!  
 Come in your war array,  
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and  
 From mountain so rocky,  
 The war-pipe and pennon  
 Are at Inverlocky.  
 Come every hill-plaid, and  
 True heart that wears one,  
 Come every steel blade, and  
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,  
 The flock without shelter:  
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,  
 The bride at the altar;  
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,  
 Leave nets and barges;  
 Come with your fighting gear,  
 Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when  
 Forests are rended;  
 Come as the waves come, when  
 Navies are stranded:  
 Faster come, faster come,  
 Faster and faster,  
 Chief, vassal, page and groom,  
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;  
 See how they gather!

Wide waves the eagle plume,  
 Blended with heather.  
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,  
 Forward each man set!  
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,  
 Knell for the onset!

---

ALLEN-A-DALE.

(FROM ROKEBY.)

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
 Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale!  
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.  
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame;  
 Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,  
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as  
 bright;  
 Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;  
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-  
 Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;  
 The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:  
 "Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on  
 the hill,  
 My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;  
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent  
 so pale,  
 And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone,  
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone;  
 But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry:  
 He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black  
 eye.  
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!



## JAMES MONTGOMERY.

BORN 1771 — DIED 1854.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, the Christian poet, was born at Irvine in Ayrshire, November 4th, 1771. His father, John Montgomery, was a Moravian missionary, who died while propagating Christianity in the island of Tobago. James was educated at the Moravian settlements of Gracehill, Ireland, and Fulneck, in Yorkshire. In his sixteenth year he was placed in the shop of a baker at Mirfield in the vicinity of Fulneck, where, notwithstanding the occupation was uncongenial, he remained for a year and a half, when he obtained a situation with a shopkeeper at Wath, in the same county. This he relinquished at the expiration of a year, and proceeded to London. He had previously sent a manuscript to Harrison, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, who, while declining to publish it, praised his talents and took him into his establishment.

In 1792 he went to Sheffield as assistant in the office of the *Register* newspaper, conducted by Mr. Gales, and two years later, through the aid of a wealthy friend, became the proprietor of the paper, the name of which he changed to the *Sheffield Iris*. Amidst the excitement of that agitated period he was tried for printing a ballad celebrating the fall of the Bastille, which was interpreted into a seditious libel. Notwithstanding the perfect innocence of the poet's intentions he was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the castle of York and to pay a fine of £20. During the same year he was condemned to a second imprisonment of six months for inserting in the columns of the *Iris* an account of a riot, in which he was considered to have cast aspersions on one of the Sheffield magistrates. "All the persons," says the poet writing in 1840, "who were actively engaged in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795, are dead, and without exception they died at peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly in the sequel I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kind-

ness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers."

The mind of the amiable poet did not sink under the persecutions to which he was subjected; *au contraire*, some of his best productions were written during his confinement in York Castle. In 1797 appeared a series of beautiful pieces entitled "Prison Amusements." In 1805 he published his poem "The Ocean," and the year following appeared "The Wanderer in Switzerland, and other Poems." The *Edinburgh Review* denounced the volume in a style of "such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive;" yet it rapidly passed through four editions. The next production of Montgomery's was "The West Indies," a poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave-trade by the British legislature in 1807. In 1813 he published a more elaborate performance, "The World before the Flood," a poem in the heroic couplet, and extending to ten cantos. His pictures of the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley are particularly touching and beautiful.

Our author's next poetical publication was "Greenland," a poem in five cantos, giving a sketch of the Moravian Church in ancient days, its revival in the eighteenth century, and the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland. His last volume, "The Pelican Island, and other Poems," appeared in 1827. The principal poem is in blank verse, and was suggested by a passage in Captain Flinders' voyage to Terra Australis, describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small

islands on the coast of Australia. It is characterized by great felicity of diction and expression, and altogether possesses more power than any of his earlier productions, although it never attained the same degree of popularity as his "Wanderer in Switzerland," which, notwithstanding the dictum of the *Edinburgh Review* at the date of its publication, "that in less than three years nobody would know the name of its author," has passed through sixteen editions.

On his retirement in 1825 from the "invidious station" of editor of the *Sheffield Iris*, which he had maintained for the long period of thirty years, a public dinner, at which Earl Fitzwilliam presided, was given in his honour. On this happy occasion the poet "ran through the story of his life, even from his boyish days," when he came among them friendless and unknown, and spoke with pardonable pride of his success as an author. The general character and tendency of his poems were thus described in the course of his address: "I sang of war, but it was the war of freedom, in which death was preferred to chains. I sang the abolition of the slave-trade, that most glorious decree of the British legislature at any period since the Revolution, by the first parliament in which you, my lord, sat as the representative of Yorkshire. Oh, how should I rejoice to sing the abolition of slavery itself by some parliament of which your lordship shall yet be a member! This greater act of righteous legislation is surely not too remote to be expected even in our own day. Renouncing the slave-trade was only 'ceasing to do evil,' extinguishing slavery will be 'learning to do well.' Again, I sang of love—the love of country, the love of my own country; for,

'Next to heaven above,  
Land of my fathers! thee I love;  
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,  
With all thy faults I love thee still.'

I sang likewise the love of home—its charities, endearments, and relationships—all that makes 'Home, Sweet Home,' the recollection of which, when the air of that name was just now played from yonder gallery, warmed every heart throughout this room into quicker pulsations. I sang the love which man ought to bear towards his brother, of every kindred, and country, and clime upon earth. I sang

the love of virtue, which elevates man to his true standard under heaven. I sang, too, the love of God, who is love. Nor did I sing in vain. I found readers and listeners, especially among the young, the fair, and the devout; and as youth, beauty, and piety will not soon cease out of the land, I may expect to be remembered through another generation at least, if I leave anything behind me worthy of remembrance. I may add, that from every part of the British empire, from every quarter of the world where our language is spoken—from America, the East and West Indies, from New Holland (Australia) and the South Sea Islands themselves—I have received testimonials of approbation from all ranks and degrees of readers, hailing what I had done, and cheering me forward. I allude not to criticisms and eulogiums from the press, but to voluntary communications from unknown correspondents, coming to me like voices out of darkness, and giving intimation of that which the ear of a poet is always hearkening onward to catch—the voice of posterity."

In 1830 and 1831 Mr. Montgomery was invited to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, on poetry and general literature, which he prepared for the press, and published in 1833. In addition to the works we have enumerated, he published *Thoughts on Wheels, Climbing Boy's Soliloquy*, and *Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion*, which appeared in 1853. A pension of £150 was conferred upon the poet as an acknowledgment of his great services, literary and philanthropic, which he was long spared to enjoy. He died suddenly at his residence, The Mount, Sheffield, April 30, 1854, at the advanced age of eighty-three. He bequeathed liberal legacies to various public charities.

As a man Montgomery was gentle and conciliatory; a warm friend, a generous promoter of benevolent institutions, and of irreproachable character; and as a poet, he is conspicuous for the smoothness of his versification and fervent piety pervading his productions. His fame was long confined to what is termed the religious world, till he showed, by his cultivation of different styles of poetry, that neither his language nor taste was restricted to purely spiritual themes. Many of Montgomery's smaller poems enjoy a

popularity exceeded by but few contemporary productions.

“He is essentially a religious poet,” writes William Howitt; who adds, “It is what of all things upon earth we can well believe he would most desire to be; and that he is in the truest sense of the word. In all his poems the spirit of a piety profound and beautifully benevolent is instantly felt. Perhaps there are no lyrics in the language which are so truly Christian,—that is, which breathe the same glowing love to God and man, without one tinge of the bigotry that too commonly eats into zeal, as rust into the finest steel. . . . The longer his fame endures, and the wider it spreads, the better it will be for virtue and for man.” Another writer says, “With the exception perhaps of Moore, Campbell, and Hemans, I doubt if an equal number of the lyrics of any other modern poet have so completely found their way to the national

heart, there to be enshrined in hallowed remembrance. One great merit which may be claimed for James Montgomery is, that he has encroached on no man’s property as a poet: he has staked off a portion of the great common of literature for himself, and cultivated it according to his own taste and fancy.”

Mrs. Sigourney, an American poetess, who visited England in 1840, and made the acquaintance of Montgomery, described him as “small of stature, with an amiable countenance, and agreeable, gentlemanly manners. His conversation was unassuming, though occasionally enlivened by a vein of pleasantry. Some one of the company present happening to remark that they were not aware of his having been born in Scotland, he replied that he had left it in his early years, adding with naïveté, ‘You know that Dr. Johnson has said there is hope of a Scotchman if you catch him young.’”

## GREENLAND.<sup>1</sup>

(EXTRACT.)

The moon is watching in the sky; the stars  
Are swiftly wheeling on their golden cars;  
Ocean, outstretched with infinite expanse,  
Serenely slumbers in a glorious trance;  
The tide, o’er which no troubling spirits breathe,  
Reflects a cloudless firmament beneath;  
Where, poised as in the centre of a sphere,  
A ship above and ship below appear;  
A double image, pictured on the deep,  
The vessel o’er its shadow seems to sleep;  
Yet, like the host of heaven, that never rest,  
With evanescent motion to the west  
The pageant glides through loneliness and night,  
And leaves behind a rippling wake of light.

Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,

<sup>1</sup> In “Greenland” Mr. Montgomery appears for the first time to have found a theme at once calculated to be popular from the richness and variety of the poetical development of which it was susceptible, and from being perfectly in unison with his own strongly devotional cast of mind. . . . The descriptions are animated by the same spirit of reality and truth which dictated the idea of the poem. The vagueness which pervades the sketches of scenery in “The Wanderer in Switzerland” has vanished. Every line is expressive; every feature is clear and sharply defined as the objects themselves against the sky.—*Edinburgh Review*.

Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,  
Celestial music swells along the air!  
—No!—’tis the evening hymn of praise and prayer  
From yonder deck: where, on the stern retired,  
Three humble voyagers, with looks inspired,  
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame  
Than ever lit to empire or to fame,  
Devoutly stand:—their choral accents rise  
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;  
And, ’midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,  
Day without night, to their immortal King,  
These simple strains,—which erst Bohemian hills  
Echo’d to pathless woods and desert rills,  
Now heard from Shetland’s azure bound,—are  
known  
In heaven; and He, who sits upon the throne  
In human form, with mediatorial power,  
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour  
When, by the Almighty Father’s high decree,  
The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,  
And, won by love, an untamed rebel-ace  
Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.  
Then to *his* eye, whose instant glance pervades  
Heaven’s heights, earth’s circle, hell’s profoundest  
shades,  
Is there a group more lovely than those three  
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea!  
Or to *his* ear, that gathers in one sound

The voices of adoring worlds around,  
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise  
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,  
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,  
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?

They sleep: but memory wakes; and dreams  
array

Night in a lively masquerade of day.  
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,  
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind:  
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,  
That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye;  
The other opens, with prophetic view,  
Perils, which e'en their fathers never knew,  
(Though school'd by suffering, long inured to toil,  
Outcast and exiles from their natal soil;)  
Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried  
distress;

Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,  
Diseases; death in every hideous form,  
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;  
Wild beasts and wilder men;—unmoved with fear,  
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,  
May they but hope a Saviour's love to show,  
And warn one spirit from eternal woe:  
Nor will they faint; nor can they strive in vain,  
Since thus—to live is Christ, to die is gain.

Tismorn:—the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;  
Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds,  
That spans the ocean;—while the infant dawn  
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn,  
That ruffled by an April gale appears,  
Between the gloom and splendour of the spheres,  
Dark-purple as the moorland heath, when rain  
Hangs in low vapours o'er the autumnal plain:  
Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,  
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;  
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,  
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.  
—Where is the vessel!—Shining through the light,  
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight,  
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way  
Through refluxent foam and iridescent spray.

Lo! on the deck with patriarchal grace,  
Heaven in his bosom opening o'er his face,  
Stands Christian David;—venerable name!  
Bright in the records of celestial fame,  
On earth obscure;—like some sequester'd star,  
That rolls in its Creator's beams afar,  
Unseen by man, till telescopic eye,  
Sounding the blue abysses of the sky,  
Draws forth its hidden beauty into light,  
And adds a jewel to the crown of night.  
Though hoary with the multitude of years,  
Unshorn of strength, between his young compeers  
He towers;—with faith, whose boundless glance  
can see

Time's shadows brightening through eternity;  
Love—God's own love in his pure breast enshrined;  
Love—love to man the magnet of his mind;  
Sublimar schemes maturing in his thought  
Than ever statesman plann'd or warrior wrought:  
While, with rejoicing tears, and rapturous sighs,  
To heaven ascends their morning sacrifice.<sup>1</sup>

Whence are the pilgrims? whither would they  
roam!

Greenland their port;—Moravia *was* their home.  
Sprung from a race of martyrs; men who bore  
The cross on many a Golgotha of yore;  
When first Selavonian tribes the truth received,  
And princes, at the price of thrones, believed;  
When Waldo, flying from the apostate west,  
In German wilds his righteous cause confess'd;  
—When Wickliffe, like a rescuing angel, found  
The dungeon where the Word of God lay bound,  
Unloosed its chains, and led it by the hand,  
In its own sunshine, through his native land:  
When Huss—the victim of perfidious foes,  
To heaven upon a fiery chariot rose;  
And, ere he vanish'd, with a prophet's breath,  
Foretold the immortal triumphs of his death:  
—When Ziska, burning with fanatic zeal,  
Exchanged the Spirit's sword for patriot steel,  
And through the heart of Austria's thick array  
To Tabor's summit stabb'd resistless way;  
But there (as if transfixed on the spot  
The world's Redeemer stood) his rage forgot;  
Deposed his arms and trophies in the dust,  
Wept like a babe, and placed in God his trust,  
While prostrate warriors kiss'd the hallow'd  
ground,

And lay, like slain, in silent ranks around:  
—When mild Gregorius, in a lowlier field,  
As brave a witness, as unwont to yield,  
As Ziska's self, with patient footsteps trod  
A path of suffering, like the Son of God,  
And nobler palms by meek endurance won,  
Than if his sword had blazed from sun to sun:  
Though nature fail'd him on the racking wheel,  
He felt the joys which parted spirits feel;  
Rapp'd into bliss from ecstacy of pain,  
Imagination wander'd o'er a plain:  
Fair in the midst, beneath a morning sky,  
A Tree its ample branches bore on high,  
With fragrant bloom, and fruit delicious hung,  
While birds beneath the foliage fed and sung;  
All glittering to the sun with diamond dew,  
O'er sheep and kine a breezy shade it threw;  
A lovely boy, the child of hope and prayer,  
With crook and shepherd's pipe, was watching  
there;  
At hand three venerable forms were seen,  
In simple garb, with apostolic mien,

<sup>1</sup> The names of the first three Moravian missionaries to Greenland were Christian David, Matthew Stach, and Christian Stach.

Who'd mark the distant fields convulsed with strife,

—The guardian cherubs of that Tree of Life;  
Not arm'd, like Eden's host, with flaming brands,  
Alike to friends and foes they stretch'd their hands  
In sign of peace, and, while Destruction spread  
His path with carnage, welcomed all who fled:  
—When poor Comenius, with his little flock,  
Escaped the wolves, and, from the boundary  
rock,

Cast o'er Moravian hills a look of wee,  
Saw the green vales expand, the waters flow,  
And happier years revolving in his mind,  
Caught every sound that murmur'd on the wind;  
As if his eye could never thence depart,  
As if his ear were seated in his heart,  
And his full soul would thence a passage break,  
To leave the body, for his country's sake;  
While on his knees he pour'd the fervent prayer,  
That God would make that martyr-land his care,  
And nourish in its ravaged soil a root  
Of Gregor's tree, to bear perennial fruit.

His prayer was heard:—that Church, through  
ages past,  
Assail'd and rent by Persecution's blast;  
Whose sons no yoke could crush, no burthen tire,  
Unawed by dungeons, tortures, sword, and fire,  
(Less proof against the world's alluring wiles,  
Whose frowns have weaker terrors than its smiles;)  
—That Church o'erthrown, dispersed, unpeopled,  
dead,

Of from the dust of ruin raised her head,  
And rallying round her feet, as from their graves,  
Her exiled orphans, hid in forest-caves;  
Where, 'midst the fastnesses of rocks and glens,  
Banded like robbers, stealing from their dens,  
By night they met, their holiest vows to pay,  
As if their deeds were dark, and shunn'd the day;  
While Christ's revilers, in his seamless robe,  
And parted garments, flaunted round the globe;  
From east to west while Priesteraft's banners  
flew,

And harness'd kings his iron chariot drew:  
—That Church advanced, triumphant o'er the  
ground  
Where all her conquering martyrs had been  
crown'd,

Fearless her foes' whole malice to defy,  
And worship God in liberty,—or die:  
For truth and conscience, oft she pour'd her blood,  
And firmest in the fiercest conflicts stood,  
Wresting from bigotry the proud control  
Claim'd o'er the sacred empire of the soul,  
Where God, the judge of all, should fill the throne,  
And reign, as in His universe, alone.

'Twas thus through centuries she rose and fell;  
At length victorious seem'd the gates of hell;  
But founded on a rock, which cannot move—  
The eternal rock of her Redeemer's love—

That Church, which Satan's legions thought de-  
stroy'd,

Her name extinct, her place for ever void,  
Alive once more, respir'd her native air,  
But found no freedom for the voice of prayer:  
Again the cowl'd oppressor clank'd his chains,  
Flourish'd his scourge, and threaten'd bonds and  
pains,

(His arm enfeebled could no longer kill,  
But in his heart he was a murderer still:)  
Then Christian David, strengthen'd from above,  
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove;  
Bold as a lion on his Master's part,  
In zeal a seraph, and a child in heart;  
Pluck'd from the gripe of antiquated laws,  
(Even as a mother from the felon-jaws  
Of a lean wolf, that bears her babe away,  
With courage beyond nature, rends the prey,)  
The little remnant of that ancient race:  
—Far in Lusatian woods they found a place:  
*There*—where the sparrow builds her busy nest,  
And the clime-changing swallow loves to rest,  
Thine altar, God of hosts!—*there* still appear  
The tribes to worship, unassail'd by fear;  
Not like their fathers, vex'd from age to age  
By blatant Bigotry's insensate rage,  
Abroad in every place,—in every hour  
Awake, alert, and ramping to devour.  
No; peaceful as the spot where Jacob slept,  
And guard all night the journeying angels kept,  
Herrnhut yet stands amidst her shelter'd bowers;  
—The Lord has set his watch upon her towers!  
Soon, homes of humble form, and structure  
rude,

Raised sweet society in solitude:  
And the lorn traveller there, at fall of night,  
Could trace from distant hills the spangled light  
Which now from many a cottage window stream'd.  
Or in full glory round the chapel beam'd;  
While hymning voices, in the silent shade,  
Music of all his soul's affections made;  
Where through the trackless wilderness, crewhile,  
No hospitable ray was known to smile,—  
Or if a sudden splendour kindled joy,  
'Twas but a meteor dazzling to destroy:  
While the wood echo'd to the hollow owl,  
The fox's cry, or wolf's lugubrious howl.

Unwearied as the camel, day by day,  
Tracks through unwater'd wilds his doleful way,  
Yet in his breast a cherish'd draught retains,  
To cool the fervid current in his veins,  
While from the sun's meridian realms he brings  
The gold and gems of Ethiopian kings:  
So Christian David, spending yet unspent,  
On many a pilgrimage of mercy went;  
Through all their haunts his suffering brethren  
sought,  
And safely to that land of promise brought;  
While in his bosom, on the toilsome road,  
A secret well of consolation flow'd,

Fed from the fountain near th' eternal throne,—  
Bliss to the world unyielded and unknown.

In stillness thus the little Zion rose :  
But scarcely found those fugitives repose,  
Ere to the west with pitying eyes they turn'd ;  
Their love to Christ beyond the Atlantic burn'd .  
Forth sped their messengers, content to be  
Captives themselves, to cheer captivity ;  
Soothe the poor Negro with fraternal smiles,  
And preach deliverance in those prison-isles  
Where man's most hateful forms of being meet,—  
The tyrant, and the slave that licks his feet.

O'er Greenland next two youths in secret wept:  
And where the sabbath of the dead was kept,  
With pious forethought, while their hands pre-  
pare

Beds which the living and unborn shall share  
(For man so surely to the dust is brought,  
His grave before his cradle may be wrought,)  
They told their purpose, each o'erjoyed to find  
His own idea in his brother's mind.  
For council in simplicity they pray'd,  
And vows of ardent consecration made :  
—Vows heard in heaven; from that accepted hour,  
Their souls were clothed with confidence and  
power,

Nor hope deferr'd could quell their heart's desire;  
The bush once kindled grew amidst the fire :  
But ere its shoots a tree of life became,  
Congenial spirits caught the electric flame ;  
And for that holy service, young and old  
Their plighted faith and willing names enroll'd ;  
Eager to change the rest, so lately found,  
For life-long labours on barbarian ground ;  
To break, through barriers of eternal ice,  
A vista to the gates of Paradise,  
And light beneath the shadow of the pole  
The tenfold darkness of the human soul :  
To man,—a task more hopeless than to bless  
With Indian fruits that arctic wilderness ;  
With God,—as possible when unbegun  
As though the destined miracle were done.

Three chosen candidates at length went forth,  
Heralds of mercy to the frozen north ;  
Like mariners with seal'd instructions sent,  
They went in faith, (as childless Abram went  
To dwell, by sufferance, in a land, decreed  
The future birthright of his promised seed,)  
Unknowing whither;—inquiring why  
Their lot was cast beneath so strange a sky,  
Where cloud nor star appear'd, to mortal sense  
Pointing the hidden path of Providence,  
And all around was darkness to be felt ;  
—Yet in that darkness light eternal dwelt :  
They knew—and 'twas enough for them to know—  
The still small voice that whisper'd them to go ;  
For He, who spake by that mysterious voice,  
Inspired their will, and made his call their choice.

See the swift vessel, bounding o'er the tide,  
That wafts, with Christian David for their guide,  
Two young apostles on their joyful way  
To regions in the twilight verge of day :  
Freely they quit the clime that gave them birth,  
Home, kindred, friendship, all they loved on earth ;  
What things were gain before, accounting loss,  
And, glorying in the shame, they bear the cross ;  
—Not as the Spaniard, on his flag unfurl'd,  
A bloody omen through a Pagan world ;  
—Not the vain image, which the devotee  
Clasps as the god of his idolatry ;—  
But in their hearts, to Greenland's western shore,  
That dear memorial of their Lord they bore ;  
Amidst the wilderness to lift the sign  
Of wrath appeased by Sacrifice Divine ;  
And bid a serpent-stung and dying race  
Look on their Healer, and be saved by grace.

### THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
And aching heart beneath the soil,  
To slumber in that dreamless bed  
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,  
And cast me helpless on the wild :  
I perish: O my mother earth!  
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined  
Shall gently moulder into thee ;  
Nor leave one wretched trace behind  
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;  
My pulse,—my brain runs wild—I rave ;  
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?  
“I am the grave!

“The grave, that never spake before,  
Hath found at length a tongue to chide ;  
O listen!—I will speak no more:—  
Be silent, pride!

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,  
 The victim of consuming care?  
 Is thy distracted conscience torn  
     By fell despair?  
 "Do foul misdeeds of former times  
 Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?  
 And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
     Murder thy rest?  
 "Lash'd by the furies of the mind,  
 From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?  
 Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find  
     A friend in me.  
 "By all the terrors of the tomb,  
 Beyond the power of tongue to tell;  
 By the dread secrets of my womb;  
     By death and hell;  
 "I charge thee, live!—repent and pray:  
 In dust thine infamy deplore;  
 There yet is mercy:—go thy way,  
     And sin no more.  
 "Art thou a mourner?—Hast thou known  
 The joy of innocent delights,  
 Endearing days for ever flow,  
     And tranquil nights?  
 "O live!—and deeply cherish still  
 The sweet remembrance of the past:  
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will  
     For peace at last.  
 "Art thou a wanderer?—Hast thou seen  
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?  
 A ship-wreck'd sufferer, hast thou been,  
     Misfortune's mark?  
 "Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
 Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,  
 Live!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
     A quiet home.  
 "To friendship didst thou trust thy fame,  
 And was thy friend a deadly foe,  
 Who stole into thy breast to aim  
     A surer blow?  
 "Live!—and repine not o'er his loss,  
 A loss unworthy to be told:  
 Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
     For friendship's gold.  
 "Seek the true treasure seldom found,  
 Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,

And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
     With heavenly balm.  
 "Did woman's charms thy youth beguile,  
 And did the fair one faithless prove?  
 Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,  
     And sold thy love?  
 "Live!—'twas a false bewildering fire:  
 Too often love's insidious dart  
 Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,  
     But kills the heart.  
 "Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,  
 To gaze on listening beauty's eye;  
 To ask,—and pause in hope and fear  
     Till she reply,  
 "A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,  
 A brighter maiden faithful prove:  
 Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest  
     In woman's love.  
 "—Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—  
 Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,  
 And in thy chastening sorrows see  
     The hand of God.  
 "A bruised reed he will not break;  
 Afflictions all his children feel:  
 He wounds them for his mercy's sake,  
     He wounds to heal.  
 "Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
 Prostrate his Providence adore:  
 'Tis done!—Arise!—He bids thee stand,  
     To fall no more.  
 "Now, traveller in the vale of tears,  
 To realms of everlasting light,  
 Through time's dark wilderness of years,  
     Pursue thy flight.  
 "There is a calm for those who weep,  
 A rest for weary pilgrims found:  
 And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
     Low in the ground,  
 "The soul, of origin divine,  
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,  
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
     A star of day!  
 "The sun is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky;  
 The soul, immortal as its sire,  
     Shall never die."

## CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(FROM THE WEST INDIES.<sup>1</sup>)

Then first Columbus, with the mighty hand  
Of grasping genius, weigh'd the sea and land;  
The floods o'erbalanced:—where the tide of light,  
Day after day, roll'd down the gulf of night,  
There seem'd one waste of waters:—long in vain  
His spirit brooded o'er the Atlantic main;  
When sudden, as creation burst from nought,  
Sprang a new world through his stupendous  
thought,

Light, order, beauty! While his mind explored  
The unveiling mystery, his heart adored;  
Where'er sublime imagination trod,  
He heard the voice, he saw the face of God!

Far from the western cliffs he cast his eye  
O'er the wide ocean stretching to the sky;  
In calm magnificence the sun declined,  
And left a paradise of clouds behind:  
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,  
The billows in a sea of glory roll'd.

“Ah! on this sea of glory might I sail,  
Track the bright sun, and pierce the eternal veil  
That hides those lands, beneath Hesperian skies,  
Where daylight sojourns till our morrow rise!”

Thoughtful he wander'd on the beach alone;  
Mild o'er the deep the vesper planet shone,  
The eye of evening, brightening through the west  
Till the sweet moment when it shut to rest:  
“Whither, O golden Venus! art thou fled?  
Not in the ocean-chambers lies thy bed;  
Round the dim world thy glittering chariot drawn  
Pursues the twilight, or precedes the dawn;  
Thy beauty noon and midnight never see,  
The morn and eve divide the year with thee.”

Soft fell the shades, till Cynthia's slender bow  
Crested the farthest wave, then sank below:  
“Tell me, resplendent guardian of the night,  
Circling the sphere in thy perennial flight,  
What secret path of heaven thy smiles adorn,  
What nameless sea reflects thy gleaming horn?”

Now earth and ocean vanish'd, all serene  
The starry firmament alone was seen;  
Through the slow, silent hours, he watch'd the  
host

Of midnight suns in western darkness lost,  
Till Night himself, on shadowy pinions borne,  
Fled o'er the mighty waters, and the morn  
Danced on the mountains:—“Lights of heaven!”  
he cried,

“Lead on;—I go to win a glorious bride;  
Fearless o'er gulfs unknown I urge my way,  
Where peril prowls, and shipwreck lurks for prey:

Hope swells my sail;—in spirit I behold  
That maiden-world, twin-sister of the old,  
By Nature nursed beyond the jealous sea,  
Denied to ages, but betrothed to me.”

The winds were prosperous, and the billows bore  
The brave adventurer to the promised shore;  
Far in the west, array'd in purple light,  
Dawn'd the New World on his enraptured sight!  
Not Adam, loosen'd from the encumbering earth,  
Waked by the breath of God to instant birth,  
With sweeter, wilder wonder gazed around,  
When life within and light without he found;  
When, all creation rushing o'er his soul,  
He seem'd to live and breathe throughout the  
whole.

So felt Columbus, when, divinely fair,  
At the last look of resolute despair,  
The Hesperian isles, from distance dimly blue,  
With gradual beauty open'd on his view.  
In that proud moment his transported mind  
The morning and the evening worlds combined,  
And made the sea, that sunder'd them before,  
A bond of peace, uniting shore to shore!

## ROBERT BURNS.

What bird, in beauty, firm, or song,  
Can with the Bard compare,  
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong,  
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could Burns  
For whim or pleasure change:  
He was not one, but all by turns,  
With transmigration strange.

The Blackbird, oracle of spring,  
When flow'd his moral lay;  
The Swallow wheeling on the wing,  
Capriciously at play:

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,  
Inhaling heavenly balm;  
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;  
The Hallyon, in the calm:

In “auld Kirk Alloway,” the Owl,  
At witching time of night;  
By “bonnie Doon,” the earliest Fowl,  
That caroll'd to the light.

He was the Wren amidst the grove,  
When in his homely vein;  
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,  
With thunder in his train:

<sup>1</sup> A poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave-trade by the British legislature in 1807.—*Ed.*



The Woodlark, in his mournful hours;  
The Goldfinch, in his mirth;  
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,  
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,  
Contemplative and still;  
But roused,—no Falcon, in the chase,  
Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,  
In tenderness the Dove;  
But more than all beside was he  
The Nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,  
Nor lent a charm to vice,  
How had Devotion loved to name  
That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir  
Of minstrels great and small,  
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,  
The Phoenix of them all.

“FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH.”

When “Friendship, Love, and Truth” abound  
Among a band of brothers,  
The cup of joy goes gaily round,  
Each shares the bliss of others:  
Sweet roses grace the thorny way  
Along this vale of sorrow;  
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day  
Shall bloom again to-morrow:  
How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy “Friendship, Love, and Truth!”

On haleyon wings our moments pass,  
Life's cruel cares beguiling;  
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,  
In gay good-humour smiling:  
With ermine beard and forelock gray,  
His reverend front adorning,  
He looks like Winter turn'd to May,  
Night soften'd into morning.  
How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy “Friendship, Love, and Truth!”

From these beautiful fountains flow  
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:  
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,  
A more resplendent treasure?  
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,  
We'll form a constellation,

Where every star, with modest light,  
Shall gild his proper station.  
How grand in age, how fair in youth,  
Are holy “Friendship, Love, and Truth!”

THE RECLUSE.

A fountain issuing into light  
Before a marble palace, threw  
To heaven its column, pure and bright,  
Returning thence in showers of dew;  
But soon a humble course it took,  
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,  
Flies o'er its eddying surface played,  
Birds 'midst the older branches sang,  
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;  
The weary there lay down to rest,  
And there the haleyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch  
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,  
And from the sky such colours catch  
As if 'twere raining diadems;  
Yet all was cold and curious art,  
That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream  
Whose unimprisoned waters run,  
Wild as the changes of a dream,  
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;  
Its lovely links had power to bind  
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face  
By happy portraiture revealed,  
Of one adorned with every grace,  
Her name and date from me concealed,  
But not her story; she had been  
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court.  
And frolicked in the gayest ring,  
Where fashion's high-born minions sport  
Like sparkling fire-flies on the wing:  
But thence, when love had touched her soul,  
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry and strife,  
Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,  
She treads the paths of lowly life,  
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,—  
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,  
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

## VERSES TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST,

WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON  
EVERY DAY.

Welcome, pretty little stranger!  
Welcome to my lone retreat!  
Here, secure from every danger,  
Hop about, and chirp, and eat:  
Robin! how I envy thee,  
Happy child of liberty!

Now, though tyrant winter, howling,  
Shakes the world with tempests round,  
Heaven above with vapours scowling,  
Frost imprisons all the ground;  
Robin! what are these to thee?  
Thou art blessed with liberty.

Though yon fair majestic river  
Mourns in solid icy chains,  
Though yon flocks and cattle shiver  
On the desolated plains:—  
Robin! thou art gay and free,  
Happy in thy liberty.

Hunger never shall distress thee,  
While my cates one crumb afford;  
Colds nor cramps shall e'er oppress thee;  
Come and share my humble board:  
Robin! come and live with me,  
Live—yet still at liberty.

Soon shall spring, in smiles and blushes,  
Steal upon the blooming year;  
Then, amid the enamour'd bushes,  
Thy sweet song shall warble clear:  
Then shall I, too, join'd with thee,  
Swell the hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough, unfeeling dobbin,  
In this iron-hearted age,  
Seize thee on thy nest, my robin,  
And confine thee in a cage,  
Then, poor prisoner! think of me,  
Think—and sigh for liberty.

## THE FIELD OF THE WORLD

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow;  
The highway furrows stock;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow:  
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not here nor there;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found:  
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou knowest not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown:  
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,  
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And heaven cry—"Harvest home."

## VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day:—  
When sullen darkness lowers,  
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,  
Cheer up, cheer up;  
Ere long the opening flowers,  
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:—  
When over land and ocean  
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,  
Cheer up, cheer up;  
The voice of wild commotion  
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes spring:—  
When icy blasts are blowing  
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,  
Cheer up, cheer up;  
All beautiful and glowing,  
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

War ends in peace:—  
Though dread artillery rattle,

And ghostly curses load the ground,  
 Cheer up, cheer up;  
 Where groan'd the field of battle,  
 The song, the dance, the feast, go round.

Toil brings repose:—  
 With noontide fervours beating,  
 When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,  
 Cheer up, cheer up;  
 Gray twilight, cool and fleeting,  
 Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:—  
 Though brief and sad thy story,  
 Thy years all spent in care and gloom,  
 Look up, look up;  
 Eternity and glory  
 Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

THE COMMON LOT.

Once, in the flight of ages past,  
 There lived a man:—and who was he?—  
 Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,  
 That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,  
 The land in which he died unknown:  
 His name has perish'd from the earth;  
 This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,  
 Alternate triumph'd in his breast;  
 His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—  
 Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,  
 The changing spirits' rise and fall:  
 We know that these were felt by him,  
 For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;  
 Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;  
 Had friends—his friends are now no more—  
 And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave  
 Hath lost in its unconscious womb:  
 O, she was fair!—but nought could save  
 Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;  
 Encounter'd all that troubles thee:  
 He was—whatever thou hast been;  
 He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,  
 Erewhile his portion, life and light,  
 To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye  
 That once their shades and glory threw,  
 Have left in yonder silent sky  
 No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,  
 Their ruins, since the world began,  
 Of him afford no other trace  
 Than this,—there lived a man!

GERMAN WAR-SONG.

Heaven speed the righteous sword,  
 And freedom be the word;  
 Come, brethren, hand in hand,  
 Fight for your fatherland.

Germania from afar  
 Invokes her sons to war;  
 Awake! put forth your powers,  
 And victory must be ours.

On to the combat, on!  
 Go where your sires have gone;  
 Their might unspent remains,  
 Their pulse is in our veins.

On to the battle, on!  
 Rest will be sweet anon:  
 The slave may yield, may fly,—  
 We conquer, or we die!

O Liberty! thy form  
 Shines through the battle-storm,  
 Away with fear, away!  
 Let justice win the day.

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
 And milder moons enparadise the night;  
 A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;  
 The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,  
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;

In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;  
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;  
There woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,  
An angel guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?  
Art thou a man? a patriot?—look around,  
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

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#### SLAVERY THAT WAS.

Ages, ages have departed,  
Since the first dark vessel bore  
Afric's children, broken hearted,  
To the Caribbean shore;  
She, like Rachel,  
Weeping, for they were no more.

Millions, millions have been slaughter'd,  
In the fight and on the deep;  
Millions, millions more have watered,  
With such tears as captives weep.  
Fields of travail,  
Where their bones till doomsday sleep.

Mercy, mercy, vainly pleading,  
Rent her garments, smote her breast,  
Till a voice from Heaven proceeding,  
Gladden'd all the gloomy west,—  
"Come, ye weary,  
Come, and I will give you rest!"

Tidings, tidings of salvation!  
Britons rose with one accord,  
Purged the plague-spot from our nation,  
Negroes to their rights restored;  
Slaves no longer,  
*Freemen,—freemen of the Lord.*

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#### NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest!—  
How sweet, when labours close,  
To gather round an aching breast  
The curtain of repose,—

Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head  
Down on our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams!—  
The gay romance of life,  
When truth that is, and truth that seems,  
Mix in fantastic strife:  
Ah! visions less beguiling far  
Than waking dreams, by daylight, are!

Night is the time for toil!—  
To plough the classic field,  
Intent to find the buried spoil  
Its wealthy furrows yield:  
Till all is ours that sages taught,  
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep!—  
To wet with unseen tears  
Those graves of memory, where sleep  
The joys of other years,—  
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,  
But died when young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch!—  
O'er ocean's dark expanse,  
To hail the Pleiades,—or eath  
The full moon's earliest glance;  
That brings into the home-sick mind  
All we have loved, and left behind!

Night is the time for care!—  
Brooding on hours misspent,  
To see the spectre of despair  
Come to our lonely tent,—  
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,  
Summoned to die by Caesar's ghost!

Night is the time to think!—  
When, from the eye, the soul  
Takes flight,—and, on the utmost brink  
Of yonder starry pole,  
Discerns, beyond the abyss of night,  
The dawn of uncreated light!

Night is the time to pray!—  
Our Saviour oft withdrew  
To desert mountains far away;—  
So will his follower do;  
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,  
And commune there alone with God!

Night is the time for death!—  
When all around is peace,  
Calmly to yield the weary breath,—  
From sin and suffering cease,—  
Think of heaven's bliss—and give the sign  
To parting friends.—Such death be mine!

TO A DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,  
 With silver crest and golden eye,  
 That welcomes every changing hour,  
 And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
 In gay but quick succession shine,  
 Race after race their honours yield,  
 They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,  
 While moons and stars their courses run,  
 Wreathes the whole circle of the year,  
 Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
 To sultry August spreads its charm,  
 Lights pale October on his way,  
 And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom  
 On moory mountains catch the gale,  
 O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,  
 The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,  
 Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
 Plays on the margin of the rill,  
 Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round  
 It shares the sweet carnation's bed;  
 And blooms on consecrated ground  
 In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
 The wild bee murmurs on its breast,  
 The blue-fly bends its pensile stem  
 Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page;—in every place,  
 In every season fresh and fair,  
 It opens with perennial grace,  
 And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
 Its humble buds unheeded rise;  
 The rose has but a summer reign,  
 The Daisy never dies!

EVENING IN THE ALPS.

Come, golden evening! in the west  
 Enthroned the storm-dispelling sun,  
 And let the triple rainbow rest  
 O'er all the mountain tops. 'Tis done:—

The tempest ceases; bold and bright,  
 The rainbow shoots from hill to hill;  
 Down sinks the sun; on presses night;—  
 Mount Blanc is lovely still!

There take thy stand, my spirit; spread  
 The world of shadows at thy feet;  
 And mark how calmly overhead  
 The stars, like saints in glory, meet.  
 While hid in solitude sublime,  
 Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,  
 And hear the passing foot of time  
 Step through the silent gloom.

All in a moment, crash on crash,  
 From precipice to precipice,  
 An avalanche's ruins dash  
 Down to nethermost abyss.  
 Invisible, the ear alone  
 Pursues the uproar till it dies;  
 Echo to echo, groan for groan,  
 From deep to deep replies.

Silence again the darkness seals,  
 Darkness that may be felt;—but soon  
 The silver-clouded east reveals  
 The midnight spectre of the moon.  
 In half eclipse she lifts her horn,  
 Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme  
 Brings the faint semblance of a morn,  
 With her awakening beam.

Ah! at her touch these Alpine heights  
 Unreal mockeries appear;  
 With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,  
 Emerging as she climbs the sphere:  
 A crowd of apparitions pale!  
 I hold my breath in child suspense—  
 They seem so exquisitely frail—  
 Lest they should vanish thence.

I breathe again, I freely breathe:  
 Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,  
 Like Dian's crescent, far beneath,  
 As beautiful as Dian's face:  
 Pride of the land that gave me birth!  
 All that thy waves reflect I love,  
 Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,  
 Looks fairer than above.

Safe on thy banks again I stray;  
 The trance of poesy is o'er,  
 And I am here at dawn of day,  
 Gazing on mountains as before,  
 Where all the strange mutations wrought  
 Were magic feats of my own mind;  
 For, in that fairy land of thought,  
 Whate'er I seek, I find.

Yet, O ye everlasting hills!  
Buildings of God, not made with hands,  
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,  
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;  
Can there be eyes that look on you,  
Till tears of rapture make them dim,  
Nor in his works the Maker view,  
Then lose his works in Him?

By me, when I behold Him not,  
Or love Him not when I behold,  
Be all I ever knew forgot—  
My pulse stand still, my heart grow cold;  
Transformed to ice, 'twixt earth and sky,  
On yonder cliff my form be seen,  
That all may ask, but none reply,  
What my offence hath been.

## HAMILTON PAUL.

BORN 1773—DIED 1854.

In the classic county of Ayr there are not a few cottages of which it can be said that within their walls a poet was born. But on the fairy-haunted banks of the Girvan, at a point in the parish of Dailly about a quarter of a mile from the old manor house of Bargeny, there is a cottage still standing distinguished from all other dwellings in that lovely land of song. Within that finely situated but humble home *two* poets first saw the light. There, in the month of April, 1792, the venerable Hew Ainslie was born, and there, on April 10, 1773, little more than a hundred years ago, Hamilton Paul first opened his eyes. He received the elements of his education at the parish school, and completed it at the University of Glasgow, where he had for a friend and classmate Thomas Campbell, from whom he carried off a poetical prize. Several of Paul's first poetical efforts, composed while a student, attracted a great deal of attention, particularly one entitled "Paul's First and Second Epistles to the Dearly Beloved the Female Disciples or Female Students of Natural Philosophy in Anderson's Institution, Glasgow," an Svo brochure which appeared anonymously in the year 1800. Another of his productions of this period, a witty description of one of the college classes, enjoyed a wide popularity; as was the case with his ballad "The Maid of Inverary," written in honour of Lady Charlotte Campbell.

After leaving the university Paul became tutor to a family in Argyleshire, Campbell obtaining a similar position in the family of General Napier, then residing on the romantic

banks of Lochgoil. The friends then, as well as previously during the college vacations, carried on a humorous correspondence, chiefly in verse, which was continued for several years, until both returned to Glasgow, Campbell to enter upon the career of a man of letters, Paul to prepare for the ministry. The latter, during his residence in the Highlands as well as on his return to Glasgow, continued to indulge his poetic predilections, contributing verses of variable quality to several journals and magazines. On obtaining his license to preach the poet returned to Ayrshire, and during a probation of thirteen years he was an assistant to several ministers. At the age of forty he obtained ordination in the pastoral office in the united parish of Broughton, Kilbueho, and Glenholm, in Peebleshire. He maintained during a lengthened incumbency the character of an able and affectionate pastor, and amidst his clerical duties still found time to engage in literary pursuits. In 1819 his admirable edition of Burns, accompanied by a memoir of the poet from his pen, was published at Ayr, and very highly commended by Professor Wilson.

It is, however, rather as a humorist than as a poet that Paul is best remembered at Ayr and Broughton, where many amusing anecdotes are still told about him. Ainslie relates that when the Burns Club was founded at Alloway Paul furnished an annual ode; and when Chalmers, who was then engaged on his *Caledonia*, saw one of them in the Ayr newspaper, he wrote from London to a friend, saying that

he would give "all Ayrshire" for copies of the previous eight odes. "I would be contented with a single farm," said the impecunious Paul, when he was told of Chalmers' request. On another occasion, knowing that a lady to whom he was attached would be present—a certain Lydia with whom his suit had not prospered—the preacher took for his text, "And a certain woman named *Lydia*, which worshipped God, heard us, whose heart the Lord opened, and she attended unto the things which were spoken of *Paul*." His eloquence was in vain, the maiden's heart was obdurate to the poet and preacher, and Hamilton Paul lived and died a bachelor.

Many more anecdotes could be told of his facetious selections of texts, but another must suffice. It is certainly a practice that cannot be justified, although many distinguished divines, such as Dean Swift, Dr. Paley, and Sydney Smith, have indulged in the habit. When Paul was about to leave for his new field of labour he was invited to deliver a farewell discourse in the parish church of Ayr—in which town he had occasionally preached during his residence there, though he had no charge in the place—and on this occasion his troops of friends and admirers, including a large number of ladies, gathered together to listen to the departing poet. He accordingly took for his text, "And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck and kissed him!"

When by reason of advancing years the poet became too infirm to properly discharge the duties of his charge, an assistant was employed, somewhat to the annoyance of Mr. Paul. The young preacher soon became popular in the parish, his pulpit services being greatly enjoyed by the congregation, to whom the change was an agreeable one. The large crowds attracted by his lieutenant were not viewed with unmingled satisfaction by the superannuated incumbent. "So you think yourself a very great man because ye're followed by the multitudes," remarked Mr. Paul; "a still greater crowd, let me tell you, my man, would gather to see you hanged."

Hamilton Paul composed with rapidity and ease, many of his effusions being dashed off at a sitting. His verses are characterized by tenderness and simplicity, and it is to be regretted that so many of his productions have been lost.

No collection of his prose and verse has been published, and they are only to be found in the periodicals and papers of his day. He died February 28, 1854, aged eighty-one years. One who knew him well writes: "His society was courted by rich and poor, the learned and unlearned. In every company he was alike affable and unostentatious; as a companion he was the most engaging of men; he was the best storyteller of his day."

Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his pleasant volume entitled *Our Old Home*, says he never saw a lovelier scene than the one at the Brig o' Doon. "The ivy-grown ancient bridge," he writes, "with its high arch, through which we had a picture of the river and green banks beyond, was absolutely the most picturesque object, in a quiet and gentle way, that ever pleased my eyes. Bonny Doon, with its wooded banks, and the boughs dipping into the water! The memory of them, at this moment, affects me like the song of birds, and Burns crooning some verses, simple and wild, in accordance with their native melody! It was impossible to depart without crossing the very bridge of Tam's adventure; so we went thither, over a now disused portion of the road, and standing on the centre of the arch gathered some ivy leaves from that sacred spot." It ought to be remembered gratefully that Hamilton Paul did much to keep the Auld Brig o' Doon in existence. While he was resident at Ayr the road trustees actually sold the old bridge as a quarry to the contractor for the new one. No sooner was he informed of this intended act of sacrilege than Paul at once wrote the "Petition of the Auld Brig o' Doon," which was printed and circulated over the county, and in two or three days a sufficient sum was subscribed to repurchase the materials of the old bridge, and also to keep it in repair. A good many years afterwards, the waters of the Doon had so much undermined the buttresses of the old bridge as to threaten its speedy overthrow. David Auld, a hairdresser of Ayr, who had made a fortune by the exhibition of Thom's statues of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, and who built the inn and shell palace in the vicinity of Burns' Monument, applied to the new set of trustees for money to prevent the menaced ruin of the ancient fabric; but they told him that as it was only a private footpath, they would not

be justified in applying any portion of the public funds to such a purpose. Thereupon Mr. Auld procured a copy of the poetical petition which had formerly saved the bridge, and of

which the new trustees were ignorant; and on reading Paul's production they at once contributed out of their own means a sufficient sum to complete the required repairs.

#### THE BONNIE LASS OF BARR.

Of streams that down the valley run,  
Or through the meadow glide,  
Or glitter to the summer sun,  
The Stinchar is the pride.  
'Tis not his banks of verdant hue,  
Though famed they be afar;  
Nor grassy hill, nor mountain blue,  
Nor flower bedropt with diamond dew:  
'Tis she that chiefly charms the view.  
The bonnie lass of Barr.

When rose the lark on early wing,  
The vernal tide to hail;  
When daisies deck'd the breast of spring,  
I sought her native vale.  
The beam that gilds the evening sky,  
And brighter morning star,  
That tells the king of day is nigh,  
With mimic splendour vainly try  
To reach the lustre of thine eye,  
Thou bonnie lass of Barr.

The sun behind yon misty isle  
Did sweetly set yestreen;  
But not his parting dewy smile  
Could match the smile of Jean.  
Her bosom swell'd with gentle woe,  
Mine strove with tender war.  
On Stinchar's banks, while wild-woods grow,  
While rivers to the ocean flow,  
With love of thee my heart shall glow,  
Thou bonnie lass of Barr.

#### HELEN GRAY.

Fair are the fleecy flocks that feed  
On yonder heath-clad hills,  
Where wild meandering crystal Tweed  
Collects his glassy rills.  
And sweet the buds that scent the air,  
And deck the breast of May;  
But none of these are sweet or fair  
Compared to Helen Gray.

You see in Helen's face so mild,  
And in her bashful mien,

The winning softness of the child,  
The blushes of fifteen.  
The witching smile, when prone to go,  
Arrests me, bids me stay;  
Nor joy, nor comfort can I know,  
When 'reft of Helen Gray.

I little thought the dark-brown moors,  
The dusky mountain's shade,  
Down which the wasting torrents pours,  
Conceal'd so sweet a maid;  
When sudden started from the plain  
A sylvan scene and gay,  
Where, pride of all the virgin train,  
I first saw Helen Gray.

May never Envy's venom'd breath  
Blight thee, thou tender flower!  
And may thy head ne'er droop beneath  
Affliction's chilling shower!  
Though I, the victim of distress,  
Must wander far away;  
Yet till my dying hour I'll bless  
The name of Helen Gray.

#### PETITION OF THE AULD BRIG O' DOON.

Must I, like modern fabrics of a day,  
Decline, unwept, the victim of decay?  
Shall my bold arch, which proudly stretches o'er  
Doon's classic stream, from Kyle to Carriek's shore,  
Be suffer'd in oblivion's gulf to fall,  
And hurl to wreck my venerable wall?  
Forbid it, every tutelary power,  
That guards my keystone at the midnight hour;  
Forbid it ye, who, charm'd by Burns's lay,  
Amid those scenes can linger out the day,  
Let Nanny's sark and Maggie's mangled tail  
Plead in my cause, and in the cause prevail.  
The man of taste who comes my form to see,  
And curious asks, but asks in vain, for me,  
With tears of sorrow will my fate deplore,  
When he is told "the Auld Brig is no more."  
Stop then; stop the more than Vandal rage  
That marks this revolutionary age,  
And bid the structure of your fathers last,  
The pride of this, the boast of ages past;  
For never let your children's children tell  
By your decree the fine old fabric fell.



## ROBERT TANNAHILL.

BORN 1774 — DIED 1810.

Since the days of Robert Burns, no Scottish poet has written so many lyrics that have been sung both in hall and cottage throughout the land "where blooms the red heather and thistle sae green," as Robert Tannahill. If, as was said by Fletcher of Saltoun, song-writers are to be classed above lawgivers, then may we hail Tannahill as one of the foremost Scottish legislators—ruling by the sceptre of song. He was born at Paisley, June 3, 1774, and was the fourth child of a poor silk-gauze weaver there, named James Tannahill, and Janet Pollock, a farmer's daughter. Both of the poet's parents were much respected for their intelligence and worth; the mother, in particular, was a woman of more cultivation than is usually met with among persons of her station in life. From her Tannahill inherited the poetic temperament, and when a school-boy distinguished himself by writing verses, many of which have been preserved as literary curiosities by the poet's family and friends. On a well-known character, who used daily to parade the streets of Paisley during the last quarter of the last century—old grumbling Peter Anderson—he composed the following juvenile lines:

"My colour's brown, my shape's uncouth,  
On ilka side I hae a mouth;  
And, strange to tell, I will devour  
My bulk of meat in half an-hour."

This enigma, on being solved, was discovered to allude to the big, brown, unshapely nose of the notorious Peter, who consumed enormous quantities of snuff.

From the school Robert was sent to the loom, the high wages then realized from weaving inducing parents to teach their children the handiwork at a very early age, so that their apprenticeships were generally finished by the time they were sixteen years of age. It was young Tannahill's custom, while at work, to occupy his thoughts with the composition of verses, which he jotted down upon a rude desk he had attached to his loom. In this way he was enabled, without rising from his seat, to compose some

of his most celebrated songs. He had an excellent ear for music, and was an expert with the fife and flute; and whenever an air greatly pleased him, it immediately became his ambition to wed it to words of his own. The first poem of Tannahill's which appeared in print was in praise of Ferguslee Wood, which was one of his favourite haunts, and often rang in the summer evenings to the notes of his flute. The lines were sent to a Glasgow magazine, and obtained immediate insertion, accompanied by a request for other contributions of a similar character.

For a period of two years at the commencement of the century he pursued his vocation at Bolton, England, to which place he was attracted by the increased wages paid for figured loom-work, then beginning to be manufactured there. His stay in England was cut short by the intelligence of the fatal illness of his father. He hurried home, and arrived in time to receive his dying blessing. Filial duty was perhaps the strongest of all Tannahill's traits; and it is recorded to his honour, that the vow which he made in those energetic lines beginning—

"Why heaves my mother oft the deep drawn sigh?"

were most faithfully kept to the last hour of his life.

He was now offered the situation of overseer of a manufacturing establishment, but he preferred to resume his labours at the loom, and remain master of his own thoughts, that he might continue to cultivate his poetic gifts. Very soon after his return to Paisley he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Robert Archibald Smith, the celebrated musical composer, which was the means of stimulating him to still higher efforts. Wedded to his music, some of Tannahill's songs were now known and sung from one end of Scotland to the other; among them, "Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane," "The Braes o' Balquhither," "The Lass o' Arrantecnie," and "London's Bonnie Woods and Braes." In 1807 he published the first edition of his "Songs and Poems," which

was favourably received, the previous popularity of his lyrics making it eagerly sought for. The poems, indeed, properly so called, are few in number, and are inferior to the songs contained in the volume, which are the very perfection of that species of composition, so far as it consists in the simple and natural expression of feelings common to all. "The lyre of Scotland in his hand retained its native, artless, sweet, and touching notes, and the hills and valleys of Scotland recognized and welcomed the Doric strain."

Tannahill made another collection of his poems, which he offered to Constable & Co., of Edinburgh, for a very moderate sum. At the time the hands of this famous firm were full, and they declined to become his publishers. Their refusal preyed deeply on a soul far too sensitive for this "working-day world," and brought on that melancholy which was soon to bring his life to a deplorable end. He formed the rash resolution of destroying everything which he had written. All his songs, to the number of above one hundred, including many that had never been printed, and improved and corrected versions of those that were printed, he put in the fire; and so anxious was he that nothing should escape, that he requested his friends and correspondents to return any manuscript which they had ever got from him.

Among others who saw the poet at this time—the spring of 1810—was the Ettrick Shepherd, who visited Paisley for the sole purpose of forming his acquaintance. Tannahill was naturally highly gratified with such homage to his genius. The poets spent a night together; and in the morning Tannahill accompanied the shepherd half-way to Glasgow, mournfully exclaiming before they parted, "Farewell, we shall never meet again!" The day previous to his death Tannahill went to Glasgow, where he displayed such unequivocal proofs of mental derangement, that one of his friends considered it necessary to accompany him back to Paisley. On being apprised of the condition of his mind, his brothers, who were married, and resided in different parts of the town, hastened to their mother's house, where they found that he had gone to bed, and was apparently asleep. Returning about two hours later to inquire for him and their mother, who lay sick in the next apartment, they found

that Robert had left the house. Arousing the neighbours, an immediate search was instituted, and at length the lifeless body of the unfortunate poet was discovered in a pool in the neighbourhood. This melancholy event occurred May 17, 1810, before he had completed his thirty-sixth year.

Although neither a great man nor a great poet, Tannahill has left some simple songs, distinguished by elevation and tenderness of sentiment, richness of rural imagery, and beauty of diction, which promise to live as long as the language in which they are written; and it is gratifying to know that the poet was in a measure witness of his success, and lived to hear his songs sung by all classes of his countrymen. Many tributes were also paid to his genius while he lived, but none pleased him so much, not even the visit of the "Ettrick Shepherd," as during a solitary walk, on one occasion, when his musings were disturbed by the voice of a bonnie country lassie in an adjoining field singing by herself one of his own sweet songs—

"We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burnside."

In 1838 an edition of Tannahill's "Poems and Songs," with memoirs of the author and of his friend R. A. Smith, by Philip A. Ramsay, was issued at Glasgow; and in 1874 there appeared a centenary edition of Tannahill's poetical works, which went out of print within a few days of its publication.

The good people of Paisley have cherished the memory of Tannahill. The house in which he was born has inserted in its front wall a granite memorial-stone recording the circumstance. His brother, when old age compelled him to cease from labour, was provided with a competency by his fellow-citizens, who long ago formed a Tannahill Club, which always celebrated the anniversary of the poet's birth. The centenary of the "prince of Paisley poets," as he has been called, was celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm by the inhabitants of Paisley. A general holiday was held, and the town was decorated with flags and flowers. More than 15,000 persons assembled on the Braes o' Gleniffer to listen to addresses spoken in the poet's honour, and to the singing of his own sweet songs—songs that are a priceless heritage to his native land.





## TOWSER: A TRUE TALE.

“Dogs are honest creatures,  
Ne'er fawn on any that they love not;  
And I'm a friend to dogs,  
They ne'er betray their masters.”

In mony an instance, without doubt,  
The *man* may copy frae the *brute*,  
And by th' example grow much wiser;  
Then read the short memoirs of Towser.

With deference to our great Lavaters,  
Wha judge o' mankind by their features,  
There's mony a smiling, pleasant-fac'd cock  
That wears a heart no worth a custock,  
While mony a visage, antic, droll,  
O'er veils a noble, gen'rous soul.  
With Towser this was just the case,  
He had an ill-faur'd, tawtic face,  
His make was something like a messin,  
But big, and quite unprepossessin'.  
His master coft him frae some fallows,  
Wha had him doom'd unto the gallows,  
Because (sae happ'd poor Towser's lot)  
He wadna tear a comrade's throat;  
Yet in affairs of love or honour  
He'd stand his part amang a hun'er,  
An' whare'er fighting was a merit,  
He never failed to shaw his spirit.

He never girn'd in neighbour's face,  
Wi' wild ill-natur'd seant o' grace,  
Nor e'er accosted ane wi' smiles,  
Then, soon as turn'd, wad bite his heels;  
Nor ever kent the courtier art,  
To fawn wi' rancour at his heart,  
Nor aught kent he o' cankert quarreling,  
Nor snarlin' just for sake o' snarlin'.  
Ye'd pinch him sair afore he'd growl,  
Whilk shows he had a mighty soul.

But what adds maistly to his fame,  
An' will immortalize his name—  
“Immortalize!—presumptuous wight!  
Thy lines are dull as darkest night,  
Without ae spark o' wit or glee,  
To licht them through futurity.”  
E'en be it; sae poor Towser's story,  
Though lamely tauld, will speak his glory.

'Twas in the month o' cauld December,  
When Nature's fire seem'd just an ember,  
An' growlin' winter bellow'd forth  
In storms and tempests frae the north—  
When honest Towser's loving master,  
Regardless o' the surly bluster,

Set out to the neist burrow town,  
To buy some needments o' his own;  
An' ease some purse-pest should waylay him,  
He took his trusty servant wi' him.

His business done, 'twas near the gloamin',  
An' aye the king o' storms was foamin',  
The doors did ring—lum-pigs down tumbld',  
The straws gush'd big, the sinks loud rumbl'd.  
Auld grannies spread their looves, an' sigh'd,  
Wi' “O, sirs! what an awfu' night!”  
Poor Towser shook his sides a' draigl'd,  
And's master grudged that he had taigl'd;  
But wi' his merchandizing load,  
Come weal, come wae, he took the road.  
Now clouds drave o'er the fields like drift,  
Night flung her black cleuk o'er the lift:  
An' through the naked trees and hedges  
The horrid storm redoubled rages;  
An' to complete his piteous case,  
It blew directly in his face.—  
Whiles 'gainst the footpath stabs he thumped,  
Whiles o'er the coots in holes he plumped;  
But on he gaed, and on he waded;  
Till he at length turn'd faint and jaded:  
To gang he could nae langer bide,  
But lay down by the bare dyke-side.—  
Now, wife an' bairns rush'd on his soul,  
He groan'd—poor Towser loud did howl,  
An' mourning cower'd down aside him.  
But, oh! his master couldna heed him.  
For now his senses 'gan to dozen,  
His vera life-streams maist were frozen,  
An't seemed as if the cruel skies  
Exulted o'er their sacrifice;  
For fierce the winds did o'er him hiss,  
An' dashed the sleet on his cauld face.

As on a rock, far, far frae land,  
Twa shipwreck'd sailors shiv'ring stand,  
If chance a vessel they desery,  
Their hearts exult with instant joy.  
Sae was poor Towser joy'd to hear  
The tread o' travellers drawing near:  
He ran an' yowl'd, and fawn'd upon 'em,  
But couldna make them understand him,  
Till tugging at the foremost's coat,  
He led them to the mournfu' spot  
Where, cauld and stiff, his master lay,  
To the rude storm a helpless prey.

Wi' Caledonian sympathy,  
 They bore him kindly on the way,  
 Until they reach'd a cottage bein,  
 They tauld the case, were welcom'd in—  
 The rousin' fire, the cordial drop,  
 Restor'd him soon to life and hope;  
 Fond raptures beam'd in Towser's eye,  
 An' antic gambols spake his joy.

Wha reads this simple tale may see  
 The worth of sensibility,  
 And learn frae it to be humane—  
 In Towser's life he sav'd his ain.

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#### GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

“Gloomy winter's now awa',  
 Saft the westlin' breezes blaw,  
 'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw  
 The mavis sings fa' cheery, O!  
 Sweet the crawflower's early bell  
 Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,  
 Blooming like thy bonnie sel',  
 My young, my artless dearie, O!

Come, my lassie, let us stray  
 O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,  
 Blithely spend the gowden day  
 'Midst joys that never weary, O!  
 Towering o'er the Newton woods,  
 Laverocks fan the snaw-white clouds,  
 Siller saughs, wi' downy buds,  
 Adorn the banks sae briery, O!

Round the sylvan fairy nooks  
 Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,  
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,  
 And ilka thing is cheery, O!  
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,  
 Flowers may bloom and verdure spring,  
 Joy to me they canna bring,  
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O!

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#### LOUDOUN'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.

“Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes,  
 I maun lea' them a', lassie;  
 Wha can thole when Britain's faes  
 Wad gi'e Britons law, lassie?  
 Wha would shun the field o' danger?  
 Wha frae fame wad live a stranger?  
 Now when Freedom bids avenge her,  
 Wha wad shun her ca', lassie?”

Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes  
 Hae seen our happy bridal days,  
 And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes  
 When I am far awa', lassie.”

“Hark! the swelling bugle sings,  
 Yielding joy to thee, laddie,  
 But the dolefu' bugle brings  
 Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.  
 Lanely I maun climb the mountain,  
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,  
 Still the weary moments countin',  
 Far frae love and thee, laddie.  
 O'er the gory fields of war,  
 Where vengeance drives his crimson car,  
 Thou'lt maybe fa', frae me afar,  
 And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.”

“O! resume thy wonted smile!  
 O! suppress thy fears, lassie!  
 Glorious honour crowns the toil  
 That the soldier shares, lassie;  
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover  
 Till the vengeful strife is over,  
 Then we'll meet nae mair to sever,  
 Till the day we die, lassie;  
 'Midst our bonnie woods and braes  
 We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,  
 As blithe's yon lightsome lamb that plays  
 On Loudoun's flowery lea, lassie.”

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#### MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn;  
 The dews begin to fa';  
 The pairtricks down the rushy holm  
 Set up their e'euing ca'.  
 Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang  
 Rings through the briery shaw,  
 While fitting gay, the swallows play  
 Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloaming sky  
 The mavis mends her lay;  
 The redbreast pouis his sweetest strains  
 To charm the ling'ring day;  
 While weary yeldrins seem to wail  
 Their little nestlings torn,  
 The merry wren, frae den to den,  
 Gae jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,  
 The foxglove shuts its bell;  
 The honeysuckle and the birk  
 Spread fragrance through the dell.

Let others crowd the giddy court  
Of mirth and revelry,  
The simple joys that Nature yields  
Are dearer far to me.

---

### JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomon,  
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,  
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin'  
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dum-  
blane.

How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft faulding bos-  
som,

And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;  
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,  
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny;  
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;  
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,

Wha'd blight, in its bloom, the sweet flower o'  
Dumblane.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the  
e'ning,

Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;  
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,  
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dum-  
blane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,  
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;  
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,  
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o'  
Dumblane.

Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,  
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain;  
And reckon as naething the height o' its splen-  
dour,

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

---

### THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,  
The auld castle's turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;  
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my  
lover

Among the broom bushes by Stanley-green  
shaw:

The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae  
bonnie,

The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;  
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear  
Johnnie,

And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blythesome and  
cheery,

Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;  
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling  
dreary,

And naething is seen but the wide-spreading  
snaw.

The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and  
dowie,

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as  
they flee,

And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my  
Johnnie,

'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs along the bleak  
mountain,

And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae;  
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded  
fountain,

That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me,  
'Tis no its loud roar on the wintry winds swellin',  
'Tis no the cauld blast brings the tears i' my e'e,  
For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scotch callan',  
The dark days o' winter were summer to me!

---

### GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY.

The evening sun's gaen down the west,

The birds sit nodding on the tree;

All nature now prepares for rest,

But rest prepared there's none for me.

The trumpet sounds to war's alarms,

The drums they beat, the fifes they play,—

Come, Mary, cheer me wi' thy charms,

For the morn I will be far away.

Good night, and joy—good night, and joy.

Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!

For since it's so that I must go,

Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!

I grieve to leave my comrades dear,

I mourn to leave my native shore;

To leave my aged parents here,

And the bonnie lass whom I adore.

But tender thoughts maun now be hushed.

When danger calls I must obey,

The transport waits us on the coast,

And the morn I will be far away.

Good night, and joy, &c.

Adieu, dear Scotia's sea-beat coast!

Though bleak and drear thy mountains be,

When on the heaving ocean tost

I'll cast a wishful look to thee!

And now, dear Mary, fare thee well,

May Providence thy guardian be!

Or in the camp, or on the field,  
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee!  
Good night, and joy, &c.

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THE WOOD OF CRAIGIE LEA.

Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea!  
Thou bonny wood of Craigie Lea!  
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,  
And won my Mary's heart in thee.

The broom, the brier, the birken bush,  
Bloom bonny o'er thy flowery lea,  
And a' the sweets that ane can wish  
Frae Nature's hand, are strew'd on thee.

Far ben thy dark green am'tain's shade  
The cushat croodles am'rously,  
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,  
Gars echo ring frae every tree.  
Thou bonny wood, &c.

Awa, ye thoughtless, murd'ring gang,  
Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee!  
They'll sing you yet a canty sang,  
Then, O! in pity, let them be!  
Thou bonny wood, &c.

When winter blaws in sleety showers  
Frae aff the Norlan' hills sae hie,  
He lightly skills thy bonny bowers,  
As laith to harm a flower in thee.  
Thou bonny wood, &c.

Though Fate should drag me south the line.  
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea;  
The happy hours I'll ever mind  
That I, in youth, hae spent in thee.  
Thou bonny wood, &c.

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THE LAMENT OF WALLACE,

AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Thou dark winding Carron, once pleasing to see,  
To me thou canst never give pleasure again,  
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea,  
And thy streams are deep tinged with the blood  
of the slain.

Ah! base-hearted treach'ry has doom'd our un-  
doing,—

My poor bleeding country, what more can I do!  
Even valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,  
And freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!  
Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,

Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,  
And your names be enrolled with the sons of  
the brave.

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,  
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!  
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I  
ponder,—

Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must  
fly!

---

THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,  
To the braes o' Balquhither,  
Where the blaeberries grow  
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;  
Where the deer and the rae,  
Lightly bounding together,  
Sport the lang summer day  
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower  
By the clear siller fountain,  
And I'll cover it o'er  
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain;  
I will range through the wilds,  
And the deep glens sae dreary,  
And return wi' their spoils  
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'  
Idly raves round our dwelling,  
And the roar of the linn  
On the night breeze is swelling;  
So merrily we'll sing,  
As the storm rattles o'er us,  
Till the dear shieling ring  
Wi' the light liltling chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,  
Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,  
And the wild mountain thyme  
A' the moorlands perfuming;  
To our dear native scenes  
Let us journey together,  
Where glad innocence reigns  
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

---

CLEAN PEASE-STRAE.

When John an' me were married  
Our handin' was but sma',  
For my minnie, canker't earlin,  
Would gie us nocht ava;



I wair't my fee wi' canny care,  
As far as it would gae,  
But weel I wat, our bridal bed  
Was clean pease-strae.

Wi' workin' late an' early  
We're come to what ye see,  
For fortune thrive aneath our hands,  
Sae eident aye were we:  
The lowe o' luvè made labour light,  
I'm sure you'll find it sae,  
When kind ye cuddle down at e'en  
'Mang clean pease-strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,  
As weel's in birken shaw,  
An' luvè will lowe in cottage low,  
As weel's in lofty ha'.  
Sae, lassie, take the lad ye like,  
Whate'er your minnie say,  
Tho' ye should make your bridal bed  
O' clean pease-strae.

#### THE DEAR HIGHLAND LADDIE.

Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my  
father, O,  
Happy were the days when we herded thegither, O,  
Sweet were the hours when he row'd me in his  
plaidie, O,  
And vow'd to be mine, my dear Highland laddie, O.

But, ah! wae's me! wi' their sodgering sae  
gaudy, O,  
The laird's wys'd awa' my braw Highland laddie, O,  
Misty are the glens and the dark hills sae  
cloudy, O,  
That aye seem'd sae blythe wi' my dear High-  
land laddie, O.

The blaeberry banks now are lonesome and  
dreary, O,  
Muddy are the streams that gush'd down sae  
clearly, O,  
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,  
The wild melting strains o' my dear Highland  
laddie, O.

He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,  
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy  
glen,  
He pu'd me the rowan, frae the wild steep sae  
giddy, O,  
Sae loving and kind was my dear Highland  
laddie, O.

Fareweel, my ewes, and fareweel, my doggie, O,  
Fareweel, ye knowes, now sae cheerless and  
seroggie, O,

Fareweel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and my daddie,  
O,  
I will leave you a' for my dear Highland laddie, O.

#### O, ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
O, are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
Let me in, for loud the linn  
Is roaring o'er the warlock craigie!

Mirk and rainy is the night;  
No a starn in a' the carry:  
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,  
And winds drive on wi' winter's fury.

Fearfu' soughs the bour-tree bank;  
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;  
Loud the iron yett does clank:  
And ery o' howlets maks me eerie.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,  
For fear I raise your waukriefe daddy;  
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek:  
O rise, rise, my bonnie lady!

She oped the door; she let him in:  
He euis't aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',  
Since, Maggie, now I'm in beside ye!

Now, since ye're waukin', Maggie,  
Now, since your waukin', Maggie,  
What care I for howlet's cry,  
For bour-tree bank and warlock craigie?

#### LANGSYNE, BESIDE THE WOODLAND BURN.

Langsyne, beside the woodland burn,  
Among the broom sae yellow,  
I lean'd me 'neath the milk-white thorn,  
On nature's mossy pillow;  
A' round my seat the flowers were strew'd  
That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,  
To weave mysel' a summer snood,  
To pleasure my dear fellow.

I twined the woodbine round the rose,  
Its richer hues to mellow:  
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose  
To busk the sedge sae yellow.  
The crow-flow'r blue, and meadow pink,  
I wove in primrose-braided link;

But little, little did I think  
I should have wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was fore'd afar,  
Tost on the raging billow;  
Perhaps he's fa'en in bloody war,  
Or wrecked on rocky shallow.  
Yet aye I hope for his return,  
As round our wonted haunts I mourn;  
And often by the woodland burn  
I pu' the weeping willow.

#### THE HARPER OF MULL.<sup>1</sup>

When Rosie was faithful, how happy was I!  
Still gladsome as summer the time glided by:  
I play'd my harp cheery, while fondly I sang  
Of the charms of my Rosie the winter nights lang;  
But now I'm as waefu' as waefu' can be,  
Come simmer, come winter, 'tis a' ane to me,

For the dark gloom of falsehood sac clouds my  
sad soul,  
That cheerless for aye is the Harper of Mull.

I wander the glens and the wild woods alane,  
In their deepest recesses I make my sad mane;  
My harp's mournful melody joins in the strain,  
While sadly I sing of the days that are gane.  
Though Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,  
And the thoughts of her beauty but feed my  
despair:

With painful remembrance my bosom is full,  
And weary of life is the Harper of Mull.

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,  
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream;  
I thought her still kind, and I ne'er was sae blest,  
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph to my breast:  
Thou false fleeting vision, too soon thou wert o'er;  
Thou wak'dst me to tortures unequal'd before:  
But death's silent slumbers my griefs soon shall  
hull,  
And the green grass wave over the Harper of Mull.

## MRS. MARGARET M. INGLIS.

BORN 1774 — DIED 1843.

MARGARET MAXWELL was the youngest daughter of Dr. Alexander Murray, and was born at Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, October, 27, 1774. She received a good education, and from an early age exhibited a taste for music and poetry. Several of her juvenile compositions were much admired by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances. She was married first to a

Mr. Finlay, who held a subordinate position in the navy; and on the death of her husband she again resided with her father's family until 1803, when she married Mr. John Inglis, only son of the Rev. John Inglis, D.D., minister of Kirknabreck in Galloway. Her second husband died in 1826. In 1838 she was induced by her friends to publish a volume of her com-

<sup>1</sup> The following abridgment of the story of the "Harper of Mull," on which Tamahill founded this song, will interest such readers as are not familiar with the pathetic story:—"In the Island of Mull there lived a harper who was distinguished for his professional skill and the affectionate simplicity of his manners. He was attached to Rosie, the fairest flower of the island, and soon made her his bride. Not long afterwards he set out on a visit to some low-country friends, accompanied by his Rosie, and carrying his harp, which had been his companion in all his journeys for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night in a solitary part of the country, a cold faintness fell upon Rosie, and she sank almost lifeless into the harper's arms. He hastily wrapped his plaid round her shivering frame, but to no purpose. Distracted, he hurried from place to place in search of fuel to revive the dying embers of life. None could be found. His harp lay on the grass, its

neglected strings vibrating to the blast. The harper loved it as his own life, but he loved his Rosie better than either. His nervous arms were applied to its sides, and ere long it lay crackling and blazing on the heath. Rosie soon revived under its genial influence, and resumed the journey when morning began to purple the east. Passing down the side of a hill, they were met by a hunter on horseback, who addressed Rosie in the style of an old and familiar friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspecting of others, paced slowly along, leaving her in converse with the stranger. Wondering at her delay, he turned round and beheld the faithless fair seated behind the hunter on his steed, which speedily bore them out of sight. The unhappy harper, transfixed in astonishment, gazed at them. Then slowly turning his steps homewards, he sighing exclaimed, 'Fool that I was to burn my harp for her!'—Ed.

positions, entitled "Miscellaneous Collection of Poems, chiefly Scriptural Pieces." Mrs. Inglis died in Edinburgh, December 21, 1843, leaving a very large number of unpublished songs and poems. She was eminently gifted as a musi-

cian, and could boast of having been complimented by Robert Burns on the grace and sweetness with which she had, in his presence, sung "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," and others of his own matchless songs and ballads.

### SWEET BARD OF ETTRICK'S GLEN.

Sweet bard of Ettrick's glen!  
Where art thou wandering?  
Miss'd is thy foot on the mountain and lea.  
Why round yon craggy rocks  
Wander thy heedless flocks,  
While lambies are list'ning and bleating for thee?  
Cold as the mountain stream,  
Pale as the moonlight beam,  
Still is thy bosom, and closed is thine e'e.  
Wild may the tempest's wave  
Sweep o'er thy lonely grave:  
Thou art deaf to the storm—it is harmless to thee.

Like a meteor's brief light,  
Like the breath of the morning,  
Thy life's dream hath pass'd as a shadow gone by;  
Till thy soft numbers stealing  
O'er memory's warm feeling,  
Each line is embalmed with a tear or a sigh.  
Sweet was thy melody,  
Rich as the rose's dye,  
Shedding its odours o'er sorrow or glee;  
Love laugh'd on golden wing,  
Pleasure's hand touch'd the string,  
All taught the strain to sing, shepherd, by thee.

Cold on Benlomond's brow  
Flickers the drifted snow,  
While down its sides the wild cataracts foam;  
Winter's mad winds may sweep  
Fierce o'er each glen and steep,  
Thy rest is unbroken, and peaceful thy home.  
And when on dewy wing  
Comes the sweet bird of spring,  
Chanting its notes on the bush or the tree:  
The Bird of the Wilderness,  
Low in the waving grass,  
Shall, cowering, sing sadly its farewell to thee.

### BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

When the morning's first ray saw the mighty in  
arms,  
And the tyrant's proud banners insultingly  
wave,

And the slogan of battle from beauty's fond arms  
Roused the war-crested chieftain, his country  
to save;  
The sunbeam that rose on our mountain-clad  
warriors,  
And reflected their shields in the green rippling  
wave,  
In its course saw the slain on the fields of their  
fathers,  
And shed its last ray on their cold bloody  
graves.  
O'er those green beds of honour our war-song  
prepare,  
And the red sword of vengeance triumphantly  
wave,  
While the ghosts of the slain cry aloud, Do not  
spare,  
Lead to victory and freedom, or die with the  
brave;  
For the high soul of freedom no tyrant can fetter,  
Like the unshackled billows our proud shores  
that lave;  
Though oppressed, he will watch o'er the home  
of his fathers,  
And rest his wan cheek on the tomb of the  
brave.

To arms, then! to arms! Let the battle-cry rise  
Like the raven's hoarse croak, through their  
ranks let it sound;  
Set their knell on the wing of each arrow that  
flies,  
Till the shouts of the free shake the mountains  
around;  
Let the cold-blooded, faint-hearted changeling  
now tremble,  
For the war-shock shall reach to his dark-  
centered cave,  
While the laurels that twine round the brows of  
the victors  
Shall with rev'rence be strew'd o'er the tombs  
of the brave.

### HEARD YE THE BAGPIPE?

Heard ye the bagpipe, or saw ye the banners  
That floated sae light o'er the fields o' Kildairlie;  
Saw ye the broad-swords, the shields, and the  
tartan hose,

Heard ye the muster-roll sworn to Prince  
Charlie?

Saw ye brave Appin, wi' bonnet and belted plaid,  
Or saw ye the Lords o' Seaforth and Airlie;  
Saw ye the Glengarry, M'Leod, and Clandonachil,  
Plant the white rose in their bonnets for  
Prince Charlie?

Saw ye the halls o' auld Holyrood lighted up,  
Kenn'd ye the nobles that revell'd sae rarely;  
Saw ye the chiefs of Loebiel and Clanronald,  
Wha rush'd frae their mountains to follow  
Prince Charlie?

But saw ye the blood-streaming fields of Culloden,  
Or kenn'd ye the banners were tatter'd sae  
sairly;

Heard ye the pibroch sae wild and sae wailing,  
That mourn'd for the chieftains that fell for  
Prince Charlie?

Wha in yon Highland glen, weary and shelterless,  
Pillows his head on the heather sae barely;  
Wha seeks the darkest night, wha maunna face  
the light,

Borne down by lawless might—gallant Prince  
Charlie?

Wha, like the stricken deer, chased by the hun-  
ter's spear,

Fled frae the hills o' his father sae searedly;

But wha, by affection's chart, reigns in auld  
Scotland's heart—

Wha but the royal, the gallant Prince Charlie?

#### WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

When shall we meet again,  
Meet ne'er to sever?  
When shall Peace wreath her chain  
Round us for ever?  
When shall our hearts repose,  
Safe from each breath that blows,  
In this dark world of woes?  
Never! oh! never!

Fate's unrelenting hand  
Long may divide us,  
Yet in one holy land  
One God shall guide us.  
Then, on that happy shore,  
Care ne'er shall reach us more,  
Earth's vain delusions o'er,  
Angels beside us.

There, where no storms can chill,  
False friends deceive us,  
Where, with protracted thrill,  
Hope cannot grieve us;  
There with the pure in heart,  
Far from fate's venom'd dart,  
There shall we meet to part  
Never! oh, never!

## ROBERT ALLAN.

BORN 1774—DIED 1841.

ROBERT ALLAN, a friend and companion of Tannahill, was born at Kibbarchan, Renfrewshire, November 4, 1774. Inheriting a taste for music, he early evinced talent in the composition of song, which was afterwards fostered by the encouragement of the poet Tannahill. His occupation was that of a muslin weaver in his native place, and many of his best songs were composed at the loom. A number of them he contributed to the *Scottish Minstrel*, published by R. A. Smith. Several of Allan's songs also appeared in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. In 1836 a volume of his poems was published under the editorial revision of Robert Burns Hardy of Glasgow, and attracted a great deal of attention among

lovers of Scottish song, although financially the publication proved a sufficient failure to deter him from putting forth another volume. Several of Allan's lyrics will compare very favourably with the best specimens of the minor poets of his native land. In his more advanced years he became possessed with the idea that he was not appreciated in Scotland as a poet, and determined, in opposition to the wishes of friends, to join his youngest son in the United States. He accordingly sailed for the New World, April 28, 1841, at the age of sixty-seven, and only survived the passage six days, having died in New York, June 1, 1841. His funeral was attended by a large number of his son's friends, including several prominent

American literary men, as well as his own countrymen residing in New York city. Many of Allan's unpublished poems and songs were left in MS. in his son's possession.

On November 4, 1874, the inhabitants of the village that gave birth to Robert Allan, with the praiseworthy spirit of reverence for departed worth which has latterly prevailed throughout Scotland, enthusiastically observed his centennial anniversary by a public soir e

in their principal hall, and by other meetings of a festive and social character. At the same time they set on foot a movement for erecting in Kilbarchan some suitable monument to the poet's memory, to which doubtless many natives of that place in Canada and the United States will cheerfully contribute, thus manifesting a tangible sympathy with their countrymen at home in honouring the memory of a simple leal-hearted Scotchman.

### THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE.

There grew in bonnie Scotland  
A thistle and a brier,  
And aye they twined and elasp'd,  
Like sisters kind and dear.  
The rose it was sae bonnie,  
It could ilk bosom charm;  
The thistle spread its thorny leaf,  
To keep the rose frae harm.

A bonnie laddie tended  
The rose baith ear' an late;  
He water'd it, and fann'd it,  
And wove it with his fate;  
And the leal hearts of Scotland  
Pray'd it might never fa',  
The thistle was sae bonny green.  
The rose sae like the snaw.

But the weird sisters sat  
Where Hope's faulr emblems grew;  
They drapt a drap upon the rose  
O' bitter, blasting dew;  
And aye they twined the mystic thread,—  
But ere their task was done,  
The snaw-white shade it disappear'd,  
And withered in the sun.

A bonnie laddie tended  
The rose baith ear' an late;  
He water'd it, and fann'd it.  
And wove it with his fate;  
But the thistle tap it withered,  
Winds bore it far awa',  
And Scotland's heart was broken,  
For the rose sae like the snaw!

### THE TWA MARTYRS' WIDOWS.

Sit down, sit down by thy martyr's side,  
And l'se sit down by mine;

And I shall speak o' him to my Gude,  
And thou may speak o' thine.

It's wae to thee, and it's wae wi' me,  
For our day o' peace is gane,  
And we maun sit wi' a tearfu' e'e,  
In our bouroch-ha' alane.

O Scotland! Scotland, it's wae to thee,  
When thy lights are ta'en awa';  
And it's wae, it's wae to a sinfu' han'  
When the richteous sae maun fa'.

It was a halie covenant aith  
We made wi' our Gude to keep;  
And it's for the halie covenant vow  
That we maun sit and weep.

O wha will gang to yon hill-side,  
To sing the psalm at e'en?  
And wha will speak o' the love o' our Gude?  
For the covenant reft hath been.

The gerse may grow on yon bonnie hill-tap,  
And the heather sweetly blume;  
But there nae mair we sall sit at e'en,  
For our hearts are in the tomb.

The hectic glow is upo' my cheek,  
And the lily hue on thine;  
Thou sune will lie by thy martyr's side,  
And sune I sall sleep by mine.

### BONNIE LASSIE.

Bonnie lassie, blythesome lassie,  
Sweet's the sparkling o' your e'e;  
Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,  
Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

Fondly wooing, fondly sueing,  
Let me love, nor love in vain,

Fate shall never fond hearts sever,  
Hearts still bound by true love's chain.

Fancy dreaming, hope bright beaming,  
Shall each day life's feast renew;  
Ours the treasure, ours the pleasure,  
Still to live and love more true.

Mirth and folly, joys unholy,  
Never shall our thoughts employ;  
Smiles inviting, hearts uniting,  
Love and bliss without alloy.

Bonnie lassie, blythesome lassie,  
Sweet's the sparkling o' your e'e;  
Aye sae wyling, aye beguiling,  
Ye ha'e stown my heart frae me.

#### A LASSIE CAM' TO OUR GATE.

A lassie cam' to our gate yestreen,  
An' low she curtsied down;  
She was lovelier far, an' fairer to see  
Than a' our ladies roun'.

Oh, whar do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?  
An' whar may your dwelling be?  
But her heart, I trow, was liken to break,  
An' the tear-drap dimm'd her e'e.

I haena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—  
I haena a hame, nor ha';  
Fain here wad I rest my weary feet,  
For the night begins to fa'.

I took her into our tapestry ha',  
An' we drank the ruddy wine;  
An' aye I strave, but fand my heart  
Fast bound wi' love's silken twine.

I ween'd she might be the fairies' queen,  
She was sae jimp and sma';  
And the tear that dimm'd her bonnie blue e'e  
Fell owre twa heaps o' snaw.

Oh, whar do ye wend, my sweet winsome doo?  
An' whar may your dwelling be?  
Can the winter's rain an' the winter's wind  
Blaw cauld on sic as ye!

I haena a hame, quo' the bonnie lassie—  
I haena a ha' nor hame;  
My father was aye o' "Charlie's" men,  
An' him I daurna name.

Whate'er be your kith, whate'er be your kin,  
Frac this ye mauna gae;

An' gin ye'll consent to be my ain,  
Nae marrow ye shall hae.

Sweet maiden, tak' the siller cup,  
Sae fu' o' the damask wine,  
An' press it to your cherry lip,  
For ye shall aye be mine.

An' drink, sweet doo, young Charlie's health,  
An' a' your kin sae dear;  
Culloden has dimm'd mony an e'e  
Wi' mony a saut, saut tear.

#### LIFE'S A FAUGHT.

That life's a faught there is nae doubt,  
A steep and slippy'ry brae,  
And wisdom's sel', wi' a' its rules,  
Will aften find it sae.  
The truest heart that e'er was made  
May find a deadly fae.  
And broken aiths and faithless vows  
Gi'e lovers mickle wae.

When poortith looks wi' sour disdain,  
It frights a body sair,  
And gars them think they ne'er will meet  
Delight or pleasure mair.  
But though the heart be e'er sae sad,  
And prest wi' joyless care,  
Hope lightly steps in at the last,  
To fly awa' despair.

For love o' wealth let misers toil,  
And fret baith late and air',  
A cheerfu' heart has aye enough,  
And whiles a mite to spare:  
A leal true heart's a gift frae Heav'n,  
A gift that is maist rare;  
It is a treasure o' itsel',  
And lightens ilka care.

Let wealth and pride exalt themsel's,  
And boast o' what they ha'e,  
Compared wi' truth and honesty,  
They are nae worth a strae.  
The honest heart keeps aye aboon,  
Whate'er the world may say,  
And laughs and turns its shafts to scorn,  
That ithers would dismay.

Sae let us mak' life's burden light,  
And drive ilk care awa':  
Contentment is a dainty feast,  
Although in hamely ha';

It gi'es a charm to ilka thing,  
 And mak's it look fa' braw,  
 The spendthrift and the miser herd,  
 It soars aboon them a'.

But there's ae thing amang the lave  
 To keep the heart in tune,  
 And but for that the weary spleen  
 Wad plague us late and soon;  
 A bonnie lass, a canty wife,  
 For sic is nature's law;  
 Without that charmer o' our lives  
 There's scarce a charm ava.

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### BLINK OVER THE BURN.

Blink over the burn, my sweet Betty,  
 Blink over the burn, love, to me;  
 O, lang hae I look'd, my dear Betty,  
 To get but a blink o' thine e'e.  
 The birds are a' sporting around us,  
 And sweetly they sing on the tree;  
 But the voice o' my bonny sweet Betty,  
 I trow, is far dearer to me.

The ringlets, my lovely young Betty,  
 That wave o'er thy bonnie e'ebree,  
 I'll twine w' the flowers o' the mountain,  
 That blossom sae sweetly, like thee.  
 Then come o'er the burn, my sweet Betty,  
 Come over the burn, love, to me;  
 O, sweet is the bliss, my dear Betty,  
 To live in the blink o' thine e'e.

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### CALEDONIA.

The simmer sweetly smiles in Caledonia,  
 The simmer sweetly smiles in Caledonia,  
 Where the scented hawthorns blaw,  
 White as the drifted snaw,  
 'Mang the bonnie woods and wilds o' Caledonia.

There's mountain, hill, and dale in Caledonia,  
 There's mountain, hill, and dale in Caledonia;  
 There's mountain, hill, and dale,  
 Where lovers tell their tale,  
 By the bonnie siller streams o' Caledonia.

The twilight hour is sweet in Caledonia,  
 The twilight hour is sweet in Caledonia;  
 The twilight hour is sweet,  
 When fa's the dewy weat  
 On the bonnie banks and braes o' Caledonia.

The glens are wild and steep in Caledonia,  
 The glens are wild and steep in Caledonia;  
 The glens are wild and steep,  
 And the ocean's wide and deep  
 That encircles thee, my native Caledonia.

There's a bonnie, bonnie lass in Caledonia,  
 There's a bonnie, bonnie lass in Caledonia;  
 Ilka airt the wind can blaw  
 She's fairest o' them a',  
 An' the dearest ane to me in Caledonia.

---

### TO A LINNET.

Chaunt no more thy roundelay,  
 Lovely minstrel of the grove,  
 Charm no more the hours away  
 With thine artless tale of love:  
 Chaunt no more thy roundelay,  
 Sad it steals upon mine ear;  
 Leave, O leave thy leafy spray  
 Till the smiling moru appear.

Light of heart thou quitt'st thy song,  
 As the welkin's shadows lower;  
 Whilst the beetle wheels along,  
 Humming to the twilight hour.  
 Not like thee I quit the scene,  
 To enjoy night's balmy dream;  
 Not like thee I wake again,  
 Smiling with the morning beam.

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### THE SUN IS SETTING ON SWEET GLENGARRY.

The sun is setting on sweet Glengarry,  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;  
 O, bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Doun yon glen ye never will weary,  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;  
 Bonnie lassie, ye maun be my dearie,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

Birds are singing fu' blythe and cheery,  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green,  
 Bonnie lassie, on bank sae briery,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

In yonder glen there's naething to fear ye,  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;  
 Ye canna be sad, ye canna be eerie,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at e'en.

The water is wimpling by fu' clearly,  
 The flow'rs are fair and the leaves are green;  
 Oh! ye sall ever be my dearie,  
 And the rose is sweet in the dew at c'en.

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THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT.

There's nae Covenant noo, lassie!  
 There's nae Covenant noo!  
 The Solemn League and Covenant  
 Are a' broken through!  
 There's nae Renwick noo, lassie!  
 There's nae gude Cargill:  
 Nor holy Sabbath preaching  
 Up on the Martyrs' Hill.

It's naething but a sword, lassie!  
 A bluidy, bluidy ane,  
 Waving owre puir Scotland  
 For her rebellious sin.  
 Scotland's a' wrang, lassie!  
 Scotland's a' wrang —  
 It's neither to the hill nor glen,  
 Lassie, we daur gang.

The Martyrs' Hill's forsaken  
 In simmer's dusk sae calm;  
 There's nae gathering noo, lassie,  
 To sing the sacred psalm!  
 But the martyr's grave will rise, lassie,  
 Aboon the warrior's cairn;  
 And the martyr sound will sleep, lassie,  
 Anecath the waving fern!

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JOHN LEYDEN.

BORN 1775 — DIED 1811.

JOHN LEYDEN, a poet and distinguished classical and oriental scholar, was born at Denholm, in the parish of Cavers, Roxburghshire, in September, 1775. His ancestors for generations had been small farmers, and his father was but a poor shepherd, yet the sturdy and ardent Borderer fought his way to learning and fame. His parents, observing his desire for instruction, determined to make any sacrifice in order to educate their son for the church. He received the rudiments of knowledge from his paternal grandmother, attended the parish school of Kirkton, where his parents then resided, was afterwards placed under the tutorship of a Cameronian clergyman, and in his fifteenth year entered the University of Edinburgh. Leyden made wonderful progress, mastering Greek and Latin as well as French, German, Italian, and Spanish, besides studying Arabic, Hebrew, and Persian. He was also a proficient in mathematics and various branches of science, and during his college days numbered among his friends some of the most eminent literary and scientific men of Edinburgh.

On the expiration of his studies Leyden accepted a situation as tutor, and accompanied

his pupils to the University of St. Andrews, where, in 1798, he was licensed as a probationer of the Scottish Church. Here he pursued his researches connected with oriental learning, and the following year published in a small volume "An Historical and Philosophical Sketch of the Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Central Africa, at the close of the Eighteenth Century." In 1800 he was ordained, but the opposition of the aged incumbent prevented his obtaining the position of assistant and successor in his native parish of Cavers. An effort on the part of several influential friends, including Richard Heber, Henry Mackenzie, Walter Scott, and Lord Woodhouselee, to obtain for him the position of professor of rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, also failed. Leyden however continued to study and write, composing verses and translations from the Scandinavian and oriental languages for the *Edinburgh Magazine*—which had then passed from the editorial charge of James Sibbald to that of Dr. Robert Anderson, with whom the Borderer was on terms of intimacy—and contributing to Lewis's *Tales of Wonder* and Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*. So eager was he in



assisting Sir Walter, that on a certain occasion he walked nearly fifty miles and back, to visit an aged person who could recite an old ballad.

Leyden's second publication was a new edition of "The Complaynt of Scotland," which he enriched with an introduction, copious notes, and a glossary. He also undertook for six months the editorship of the *Scots Magazine*, with which the *Edinburgh Magazine* was incorporated by Archibald Constable in 1802. His well-known passion for oriental travel and for the languages and literatures of the East induced his friends to endeavour to obtain for him from the government some appointment by which these tastes might be gratified. In this they failed, but procured for him the appointment of an assistant-surgeon in the East India Company's service, for which he qualified himself by intense study in less than six months. About the same time the degree of M. D. was conferred upon him by the University of St. Andrews. The somewhat sudden change of his profession afforded very great amusement to his troops of friends.

Before his departure (December, 1802) from Scotland, to which he was never to return, Leyden finished his longest poem, "The Scenes of Infancy," descriptive of his loved native vale, and intrusted its publication to his friend Dr. Thomas Brown. The poem was published in Edinburgh in 1803, and during the same year there appeared another 12mo volume from his pen, entitled "Scottish Descriptive Poems, with some Illustrations of Scottish Literary Antiquities."

Dr Leyden's last winter in Great Britain was spent in London, where he enjoyed the society of many distinguished men of letters. He sailed for India, April 7, 1803, arriving at Madras, August 19th. His health soon gave way, and he was obliged to go to Prince of Wales Island, where he resided for some time. He also visited Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca, and collected much information concerning the languages, literature, and relationship of the Indo-Chinese tribes. On this subject he wrote a dissertation for the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. He left Prince of Wales Island on being appointed professor of Hindostanee in the Bengal College. This was however soon exchanged for a more lucrative

appointment—that of judge of the twenty-four Pergunnahs of Calcutta, followed by the position of commissioner of the court of requests, and assay master of the mint. Every moment that Leyden could spare from his official duties was devoted to the study of oriental MSS. and antiquities. "I may die in the attempt," he wrote to a friend, "but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundred-fold in oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a Borderer."

Leyden's literary services being required by the governor-general, he left Calcutta for Madras, and afterwards proceeded with the army in the expedition against Java. "His spirit of romantic adventure," says Sir Walter Scott, "led him literally to rush upon death: for with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movement of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever." The presage was too just; he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British Empire. His untimely death was the subject of general lamentation in England and Scotland, as well as in India. Sir John Malcolm, Sir Walter Scott, and many learned societies honoured his memory with notices of his life and genius. In the "Lord of the Isles" occurs the following lines as a tribute to the distinguished Scottish scholar, patriot, and poet, which evidently came warm from the heart:—

"Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore  
Still rings to Corrieveikin's roar,  
And lonely Colonsay,—  
Scenes sung by him who sings no more!

His brief and bright career is o'er,  
 And mute his tuneless strains;  
 Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,  
 That loved the light of song to pour;  
 A distant and a deadly shore  
 Has Leyden's cold remains."

The poetical remains of Leyden were published in 1819, with a memoir by the Rev. James Morton; and a new edition of his principal poem was issued in September, 1875, as a contribution to the centennial celebration of his birth in Roxburghshire, entitled "Scenes of Infancy, descriptive of Teviotdale, by John Leyden, M.D., with a biographical sketch of the author, by the Rev. W. W. Tulloch, B.D., Parish Church, Kelso." His ballads are much superior to his "Scenes of Infancy." Scott has said that the opening verses of "The Mermaid" exhibit a melody of sound which has seldom been excelled in English poetry. Leyden left numerous MSS. on subjects connected with oriental literature, in a thorough knowledge of which he was unrivalled. Next to his passion for learning was his passion for athletic sports, in which he took the greatest delight, and desired fame not less for feats of running and leaping than in the pursuits of literature—a fit companion for Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd. Eusthuastic love of Scotland, and especially of his own district of Teviotdale, was also a prominent characteristic

of his character. Lord Cockburn, in his agreeable *Memorials of his Time*, remarks that Leyden's "love of Scotland was delightful. It breathes through all his writings and all his proceedings, and imparts to his poetry its most attractive charm." Dr. Leyden's intense abstraction whenever he had a book in his hand is said to have suggested to his friend Sir Walter the amusing character of Dominie Samson; and Allan Cunningham has remarked, "I never heard Scott name Leyden, but with an expression of regard and a moistening eye."

The writer cannot omit from this brief memoir the conclusion of a charming biography of Leyden, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1811, and which, from its "careless inimitable grace," is evidently the composition of Sir Walter. After quoting his friend's affecting farewell to the graves of his ancestors, in the solemn passage which concludes the "Scenes of Infancy," Scott continues: "But the best epitaph is the story of a life engaged in the practice of virtue and the pursuit of honourable knowledge: the best monument the regret of the worthy and the wise: and the rest may be summed up in the sentiment of Sanazzaro:—

"Hæcine te fessum tellus extrema manebat  
 Hospitii post tot terræque marisque labores?  
 Pone tamen gemitus, nec te monumenta parentum  
 Aut maneat sperata tuis tibi funera regnis;  
 Grata quies patriæ, sed et omnis terra sepulchrum."

## SCENES OF INFANCY.

### PART I.

Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,  
 Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear,  
 When, in the soften'd light of summer-skies,  
 Full on my soul life's first illusions rise!

Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain!  
 I come, to trace your soothing haunts again,  
 To mark each grace that pleas'd my stripling  
 prince,

By absence hallow'd, and endear'd by time,  
 To lose amid your winding dells the past:—  
 Ah! must I think this lingering look the last?  
 Ye lovely vales, that met my earliest view!  
 How soft ye suil'd, when Nature's charms were  
 new!

Green was her vesture, glowing; fresh, and warm,  
 And every opening grace had power to charm;

While as each scene in living lustre rose,  
 Each young emotion wak'd from soft repose.

E'en as I muse, my former life returns,  
 And youth's first ardour in my bosom burns.  
 Like music melting in a lover's dream,  
 I hear the murmuring song of Teviot's stream:  
 The crisping rays, that on the waters lie,  
 Depict a paler moon, a fainter sky;  
 While through inverted alder boughs below  
 The twinkling stars with greener lustre glow.

On these fair banks thine ancient bards no more,  
 Enchanting stream! their melting numbers pour;  
 But still their viewless harps, on poplars hung,  
 Sigh the soft airs they learn'd when time was  
 young:  
 And those who tread with ho'y feet the ground,  
 At lonely midnight, hear their silver sound;

When river breezes wave their dewy wings,  
And lightly fan the wild enchanted strings.

What earthly hand presumes, aspiring bold,  
The airy harp of ancient bards to hold,  
With ivy's sacred wreath to crown his head,  
And lead the plaintive chorus of the dead—  
He round the poplar's base shall nightly strew  
The willow's pointed leaves, of pallid blue,  
And still restrain the gaze, reverted keen,  
When round him deepen sighs from shapes unscen,  
And o'er his lonely head, like summer bees,  
The leaves self-moving tremble on the trees.  
When morn's first rays fall quivering on the  
strand,  
Then is the time to stretch the daring hand,  
And snatch it from the bending poplar pale,  
The magic harp of ancient Teviotdale.

If thou, Aurelia, bless the high design,  
And softly smile, that daring hand is mine!  
Wild on the breeze the thrilling lyre shall fling  
Melodious accents from each elfin string.  
Such strains the harp of haunted Merlin threw,<sup>1</sup>  
When from his dreams the mountain-sprites with-  
drew;  
While, trembling to the wires that warbled shrill,  
His apple-blossoms wav'd along the hill.  
Hark! how the mountain-echoes still retain  
The memory of the prophet's boding strain!

“Once more, begirt with many a martial peer,  
Victorious Arthur shall his standard rear,  
In ancient pomp his mailed bands display;  
While nations wondering mark their strange array,  
Their proud commanding port, their giant form,  
The spirit's stride, that treads the northern storm.  
Where fate invites them to the dread repast,  
Dark Cheviot's eagles swarm on every blast;  
On Camlan bursts the sword's impatient roar;  
The war-horse wades with clamping hoofs in gore;  
The scythed ear on grating axle rings;  
Broad o'er the field the ravens join their wings;  
Above the champions in the fateful hour  
Floats the black standard of the evil power.”

Though many a wondrous tale of elder time  
Shall grace the wild traditional rhyme,  
Yet, not of warring hosts and faulchion-wounds  
Again the harp of ancient minstrels sounds:  
Be mine to sing the meads, the pensile groves,  
And silver streams, which dear Aurelia loves.

From wilds of tawny heath and mosses dun,  
Through winding glens scarce pervious to the sun,  
Afraid to glitter in the noon-tide beam,  
The Teviot leads her young, sequester'd stream;

Till, far retiring from her native rills,  
She leaves the covert of her sheltering hills,  
And, gathering wide her waters on their way,  
With foamy force emerges into day.

Where'er she sparkles o'er her silver sand,  
The daisied meads in glowing hues expand;  
Blue osiers whiten in their bending rows;  
Broad o'er the stream the pendent alder grows:  
But, more remote, the spangled fields unfold  
Their bosoms, streak'd with vegetative gold;  
Gray downs ascending dimple into dales;  
The silvery birch hangs o'er the sloping vales;  
While, far remote, where flashing torrents shine,  
In misty verdure towers the tapering pine,  
And dusky heathis in sullen languor lie,  
Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky.

As every prospect opens on my view,  
I seem to live departed years anew;  
When in these wilds a jocund, sportive child,  
Each flower self-sown my heedless hours beguill'd;  
The wabret leaf,<sup>2</sup> that by the pathway grew,  
The wild-briar rose, of pale and bluish hue,  
The thistle's rolling wheel, of silken down,  
The blue-bell, or the daisy's pearly crown,  
The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,  
That, like a living pea-flower, skinn'd the ground.

Again I view the cairn, and moss-gray stone,  
Where oft at eve I went to muse alone,  
And vex with curious toil mine infant eye,  
To count the gems that stud the nightly sky.  
Or think, as playful fancy wander'd far,  
How sweet it were to dance from star to star!

Again I view each rude romantic glade,  
Where once with tiny steps my childhood stray'd!  
To watch the foam-bells of the bubbling brook,  
Or mark the motions of the clamorous rook,  
Who saw her nest, close thatch'd with ceaseless  
toil,  
At summer-eve become the woodman's spoil.

How lightly then I chas'd from flower to flower  
The lazy bee, at noon-tide's languid hour,  
When, pausing faint beneath the sweltering heat,  
The hive could scarce their drowsy hum repeat!

Nor scenes alone with summer-beauties bright,  
But winter's terrors brought a wild delight,  
With fringed flakes of snow that idly sail,  
And windows tinkling shrill with dancing hail:  
While, as the drifting tempest darker blew,  
White showers of blossoms seem'd the fields to  
strew.

Again, beside this silver riv'let's shore,  
With green and yellow moss-flowers mottled o'er,

<sup>1</sup> Merlin of Caledonia, from his habits of life named “The Wild,” is said to have been one of the earliest poets of the south of Scotland whose name is preserved by history or tradition.

<sup>2</sup> *Wabret*, or *Wabran*, a word of Saxon origin, is the common name for the plantain-leaf in Teviotdale.

Beneath a shivering canopy reclin'd  
 Of aspen leaves, that wave without a wind,  
 I love to lie, when lulling breezes stir  
 The spiry cones that tremble on the fir,  
 Or wander mid the dark-green fields of broom,  
 When peers in scatter'd tufts the yellow bloom,  
 Or trace the path with tangling furze o'er-run;  
 When bursting seed-bells crackle in the sun,  
 And pittering grasshoppers, confus'dly shrill,  
 Pipe giddily along the glowing hill.

Sweet grasshopper, who lov'st at noon to lie  
 Serenely in the green-ribb'd clover's eye,  
 To sun thy filmy wings and emerald vest,  
 Unseen thy form, and undisturb'd thy rest!  
 Oft have I listening mus'd the sultry day,  
 And wonder'd what thy chirping song might say:  
 When nought was heard along the blossom'd lea,  
 To join thy music, save the listless bee.

Since with weak step I trac'd each rising down,  
 Nor dream'd of worlds beyond yon mountains  
 brown,  
 These scenes have ever to my heart been dear;  
 But still, Aurelia, most when thou wert near!

On Eden's banks, in pensive fit reclin'd,  
 Thy angel-features haunted still my mind;  
 And oft, when ardent fancy spurn'd control,  
 The living image rush'd upon my soul,  
 Fill'd all my heart, and mid the bustling crowd  
 Bade me forgetful muse or think aloud;  
 While, as I sigh'd thy favourite scenes to view,  
 Each lingering hour seemed lengthening as it flew.  
 As Ovid, banish'd from his favourite fair,  
 No gentle melting heart his grief to share,  
 Was wont in plaintive accents to deplore  
 Campania's scenes, along the Getic shore;  
 A lifeless waste, unfann'd by vernal breeze,  
 Wheresnow-flakes hung like leaves upon the trees:  
 The fur-clad savage lov'd his aspect mild,<sup>1</sup>  
 Kind as a father, gentle as a child,  
 And though they pitied, still they bless'd the  
 doom,  
 That bade the Getæ hear the songs of Rome.

Sweet scenes, conjoin'd with all that most en-  
 dears  
 The cloudless morning of my tender years!  
 With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,  
 And wondering feel myself the child no more:  
 Your forms, your sunny tints, are still the same;—  
 But sad the tear which lost affections claim.

Aurelia! mark yon silver clouds unroll'd,  
 Where far in ether hangs each shining fold,  
 That on the breezy billow idly sleeps,  
 Or climbs ambitious up the azure steeps!  
 Their snowy ridges seem to heave and swell  
 With airy domes, where parted spirits dwell;

Untainted souls, from this terrestrial mould  
 Who fled, before the priest their names had told.

On such an eve as this, so mild and clear,  
 I follow'd to the grave a sister's bier.  
 As sad by Teviot I retir'd alone,  
 The setting sun with silent splendour shone;  
 Sublime emotions reach'd my purer mind;  
 The fear of death, the world was left behind.  
 I saw the thin-spread clouds of summer lie,  
 Like shadows, on the soft cerulean sky:  
 As each its silver bosom seem'd to bend,  
 Rapt fancy heard an angel-voice descend,  
 Melodious as the strain which floats on high,  
 To soothe the sleep of blameless infancy;  
 While, soft and slow, aerial music flow'd,  
 To hail the parted spirit on its road.  
 "To realms of purer light," it seem'd to say,  
 "Thyself as pure, fair sufferer, come away!  
 The moon, whose silver beams are bath'd in dew,  
 Sleeps on her mid-way cloud of softest blue;  
 Her watery light, that trembles on the tree,  
 Shall safely lead thy viewless steps to me."  
 As o'er my heart the sweet illusions stole,  
 A wilder influence charm'd and aw'd my soul;  
 Each graceful form that vernal nature wore  
 Rous'd keen sensations never felt before;  
 The woodland's sombre shade that peasants fear,  
 The haunted mountain-streams that murmur'd  
 near,  
 The antique tombstone, and the church-yard  
 green,  
 Seem'd to unite me with the world unseen.  
 Oft, when the eastern moon rose darkly red,  
 I heard the viewless paces of the dead,  
 Heard on the breeze the wandering spirits sigh,  
 Or airy skirts unscen that rustled by.  
 The lyre of woe, that oft had sooth'd my pain,  
 Soon learn'd to breathe a more heroic strain,  
 And bade the weeping birch her branches wave  
 In mournful murmurs o'er the warrior's grave.

Where rising Teviot joins the Frostylee,  
 Stands the huge trunk of many a leafless tree.  
 No verdant wood-bine wreaths their age adorn;  
 Bare are the boughs, the gnarled ropts uporn.  
 Here shone no sun-beam, fell no summer dew,  
 Nor ever grass beneath the branches grew,  
 Since that bold chief who Henry's power defied,<sup>1</sup>  
 True to his country, as a traitor died.

Yon mouldering cairns, by ancient hunters  
 plac'd,  
 Where blends the meadow with the marshy waste,  
 Mark where the gallant warriors lie:—but long  
 Their fame shall flourish in the Scotian song;  
 The Scotian song, whose deep impulsive tones  
 Each thrilling fibre, true to passion, owns,

<sup>1</sup> Johnnie Armstrong, a famous Border warrior. He was hanged, with all his retinue, by James V. about 1530.

<sup>1</sup> See Ovid, "De Ponto," lib. iv. eleg. 9, 13.

When, soft as gales o'er summer seas that blow,  
The plaintive music warbles love-lorn woe,  
Or, wild and loud, the fierce exulting strain  
Swell's its bold notes triumphant o'er the slain.

Such themes inspire the Border shepherd's tale,  
When in the gray thatch sounds the fitful gale,  
And constant wheels go round with whirling din,  
As by red ember-light the damsels spin:  
Each chaunts by turns the song his soul approves,  
Or bears the burthen to the maid he loves.

Still to the surly strain of martial deeds,  
In cadence soft, the dirge of love succeeds,  
With tales of ghosts that haunt unhallow'd ground;  
While narrowing still the circle closes round,  
Till, shrinking pale from nameless shapes of fear,  
Each peasant starts his neighbour's voice to hear.

What minstrel wrought these lays of magic  
power,  
A swain once taught me in his summer-bower,  
As round his knees in playful age I hung,  
And eager listen'd to the lays he sung.

Where Bortha<sup>1</sup> hoarse, that loads the meads  
with sand,  
Rolls her red tide to Teviot's western strand,  
Through slaty hills whose sides are shagg'd with  
thorn,  
Where springs in scatter'd tufts the dark-green  
corn,  
Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale;  
And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail.  
A hardy race, who never shrunk from war,  
The Scott, to rival realms a mighty bar,  
Here fix'd his mountain-home;—a wide domain,  
And rich the soil, had purple heath been grain;  
But, what the niggard ground of wealth denied,  
From fields more bless'd his fearless arm supplied.

The waning harvest-moon shone cold and  
bright;  
The warder's horn was heard at dead of night;  
And, as the massy portals wide were flung,  
With stamping hoofs the rocky pavement rung.  
What fair, half-veil'd, leans from her lattic'd hall,  
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?  
Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who through the  
gloom

Looks wistful for her lover's dancing plume.  
Amid the piles of spoil that strew'd the ground,  
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound;  
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew,  
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew:  
Scar'd at the light, his little hands he flung  
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung;  
While beauteous Mary sooth'd in accents mild  
His fluttering soul, and clasp'd her foster-child.  
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,  
Nor lov'd the scenes that scar'd his infant view.  
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,  
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war;  
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,  
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

His are the strains, whose wandering echoes  
thrill

The shepherd lingering on the twilight hill,  
When evening brings the merry folding-hours,  
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.  
He liv'd, o'er Yarrow's Flower to shed the tear,  
To strew the holly's leaves o'er Harden's bier;  
But none was found above the minstrel's tomb,  
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom:  
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung  
Sav'd other names, and left his own unsung.

Nurs'd in these wilds, a lover of the plains,  
I sing, like him, the joys of inland swains,  
Who climb their loftiest mountain-peaks, to view  
From far the cloud-like waste of ocean blue.  
But not, like his, with unperceiv'd decay  
My days in fancy's dreams shall melt away;  
For soon yon sun, that here so swiftly gleams,  
Shall see me tossing on the ocean-streams.  
Yet still 'tis sweet to trace each youthful scene,  
And conjure up the days which might have been,  
Live o'er the fancied suns which ne'er shall roll,  
And woo the charm of song to soothe my soul,  
Paint the fair scenes which charm'd when life  
began,  
And in the infant stamp'd the future man.

From yon green peak black haunted Slata<sup>2</sup>  
brings  
The gushing torrents of unfathom'd springs:  
In a dead lake, that ever seems to freeze,  
By sedge inclos'd from every ruffling breeze,

the peasants to be bottomless; to disturb the waters of which, by throwing stones into it, is reckoned offensive to the spirits of the mountain. Tradition relates that, about the middle of last century, a stone having been inadvertently cast into it by a shepherd, a deluge of water burst suddenly from the hill, swelled the rivulet Sletrig, and inundated the town of Hawick. However fabulous be this assigned cause of the inundation, the fact of the inundation itself is ascertained, and was probably the consequence of the bursting of a water-spout on the hill of Wineburgh. Lakes and pits on the tops of mountains are regarded in the Border with a degree

<sup>1</sup> Bortha, the rivulet Borthwick, which falls into the Teviot a little above Hawick. The vale was formerly inhabited by a race of Scotts, retainers of the powerful family of Harden.

<sup>2</sup> Slata is the Sletrig, which rises on the skirts of Wineburgh, runs through a wild romantic district, and falls into the Teviot at Hawick. Wineburgh, from which it derives its source, is a green hill of considerable height, regarded by the peasants as a resort of the fairies, the sound of whose revels is said to be often heard by the shepherd, while he is unable to see them. On its top is a small, deep, and black lake, believed by

The fountains lie; and shuddering peasants shrink  
 To plunge the stone within the fearful brink: ,  
 For here, 'tis said, the fairy hosts convene,  
 With noisy talk, and bustling steps unseen;  
 The hill resounds with strange, unearthly cries;  
 And moaning voices from the waters rise.  
 Here oft in sweetest sounds is heard the chime  
 Of bells unholy from the fairy clime;  
 The tepid gales, that in these regions blow,  
 Off on the brink dissolve the mountain-snow;  
 Around the deep that seeks the downward sky,  
 In mazes green the haunted rieglets lie.  
 Woe to the upland swain who, wandering far,  
 The circle treads beneath the evening star!  
 His feet the witch-grass green impels to run  
 Full on the dark descent he strives to shun;  
 Till, on the giddy brink, o'erpower'd by charms,  
 The fairies clasp him in unhallow'd arms,  
 Doom'd with the crew of restless foot to stray  
 The earth by night, the nether realms by day;  
 Till seven long years their dangerous circuit run,  
 And call the wretch to view this upper sun.  
 Nor long the time, if village-saws be true,  
 Since in the deep a hardy peasant threw  
 A ponderous stone; when, measuring from below,  
 With gushing sound he heard the lake o'erflow.  
 The mighty torrent, foaming down the hills,  
 Call'd with strong voice on all her subject rills;  
 Rocks drove on jagged rocks with thundering  
 sound,  
 And the red waves impatient rent their mound;  
 On Hawick burst the flood's resistless sway,  
 Plough'd the pav'd streets, and tore the walls  
 away,  
 Floated high roofs, from whelming fabrics torn;  
 While pillar'd arches down the wave were borne.

Boast! Hawick,<sup>1</sup> boast! Thy structures, rear'd  
 in blood,  
 Shall rise triumphant over flame and flood,  
 Still doom'd to prosper, since on Flodden's field  
 Thy sons, a hardy band, unwont to yield,  
 Fell with their martial king, and (glorious boast!)  
 Gain'd proud renown where Scotia's fame was lost.

Between red ezlar banks, that frightful scowl,  
 Fring'd with gray hazel, roars the mining Roull;  
 Where Turnbulls<sup>2</sup> once, a race no power could awe,

of superstitious horror, as the porches or entrances of the subterraneous habitations of the fairies; from which confused murmurs, the cries of children, moaning voices, the ringing of bells, and the sounds of musical instruments, are often supposed to be heard. Round these hills the green fairy circles are believed to wind in a spiral direction, till they reach the descent to the central cavern, so that if the unwary traveller be benighted on the charmed ground he is inevitably conducted by an invisible power to the fearful descent.

<sup>1</sup> Few towns in Scotland have been so frequently subjected to the ravages of war as Hawick. Its inhabitants were famous for their military prowess. At the fatal

Lin'd the rough skirts of stormy Ruberslaw.  
 Bold was the chief, from whom their line they  
 drew,  
 Whose nervous arm the furious bison slew;  
 The bison, fiercest race of Scotia's breed,  
 Whose bounding course outstripp'd the red deer's  
 speed.  
 By hunters chaf'd, encircled on the plain,  
 He frowning shook his yellow lion-mane,  
 Spurn'd with black hoof in bursting rage the  
 ground,  
 And fiercely toss'd his moony horns around.  
 On Scotia's lord he rush'd with lightning speed,  
 Bent his strong neck, to toss the startled steed;  
 His arms robust the hardy hunter flung  
 Around his bending horns, and upward wrung,  
 With writhing force his neck retorted round,  
 And roll'd the panting monster on the ground,  
 Crush'd with enormous strength his bony skull:  
 And courtiers hail'd the man who *turn'd the ball*.

How wild and harsh the moorland music floats,  
 When clamorous curlews scream with long-drawn  
 notes,  
 Or, faint and piteous, wailing plovers pipe,  
 Or, loud and louder still, the soaring snipe!  
 And here the lonely lapwing whoops along,  
 That piercing shrieks her still-repeated song,  
 Flaps her blue wing, displays her pointed crest,  
 And covering lures the peasant from her nest.  
 But if where all her dappled treasure lies  
 He bend his steps, no more she round him flies;  
 Forlorn, despairing of a mother's skill,  
 Silent and sad, she seeks the distant hill.

The tiny heath-flowers now begin to blow;  
 The russet moor assumes a richer glow;  
 The powdery bells, that glance in purple bloom,  
 Fling from their scented cups a sweet perfume;  
 While from their cells, still moist with morning  
 dew,  
 The wandering wild bee sips the honeyed glue:  
 In wider circle wakes the liquid hum,  
 And far remote the mingled murmurs come.

Where, panting, in his chequer'd plaid invol'd,  
 At noon the listless shepherd lies dissolv'd,

battle of Flodden they were nearly exterminated; but the survivors gallantly rescued their standard from the disaster of the day.

<sup>2</sup> The valley of the Roull or Rule was till a late period chiefly inhabited by the Turnbells, descendants of a hardy, turbulent clan, that derived its name and origin from a man of enormous strength, who rescued King Robert Bruce, when hunting in the forest of Callender, from the attack of a Scottish bison. The circumstance is mentioned by Boece in his history of Scotland. . . . From this action the name of the hero was changed from Rule to Turnbull, and he received a grant of the lands of Bedrule.

Mid yellow crow-bells, on the riv'let's banks,  
Where knotted rushes twist in matted ranks,  
The breeze, that trembles through the whistling  
bent,

Sings in his placid ear of sweet content,  
And wanton blows with eddies whirling weak  
His yellow hair across his ruddy cheek.  
His is the lulling music of the rills,  
Where, drop by drop, the scanty current spills  
Its waters o'er the shelves that wind across,  
Or filters through the yellow, hairy moss.  
'Tis his, recumbent by the well-spring clear,  
When leaves are broad, and oats are in the ear,  
And marbled clouds contract the arch on high,  
To read the changes of the flecker'd sky;  
What bodes the fiery drake at sultry noon:  
What rains or winds attend the changing moon,  
When circles round her disk of yellowish hue  
Portentous close, while yet her horns are new;  
Or, when the evening sky looks mild and gray,  
If crimson tints shall streak the opening day.  
Such is the science to the peasant dear,  
Which guides his labour through the varied year;  
While he, ambitious mid his brother swains  
To shine, the pride and wonder of the plains,  
Can in the pimpernel's red-tinted flowers,  
As close their petals, read the measur'd hours,  
Or tell, as short or tall his shadow falls,  
How clicks the clock within the manse's walls.

Though with the rose's flaring crimson dye  
The heath-flower's modest blossom ne'er can vie,  
Nor to the bland caresses of the gale  
Of morn, like her, expand the purple veil,  
The swain, who mid her fragrance finds repose,  
Prefers her tresses to the gaudy rose,  
And bids the wild bee, her companion, come  
To soothe his slumbers with her airy hum.

Sweet, modest flower, in lonely deserts dun  
Retiring still for converse with the sun,  
Whose sweets invite the soaring lark to stoop,  
And from thy cells the honied dew-bell scoop,  
Though unobtrusive all thy beauties shine,  
Yet boast, thou rival of the purpling vine!  
For once thy mantling juice was seen to laugh  
In pearly cups, which monarchs lov'd to quaff;  
And frequent wake the wild inspired lay,  
On Teviot's hills, beneath the Pietish sway.

When clover-fields have lost their tints of green,  
And beans are full, and leaves are blanch'd and lean,  
And winter's piercing breath prepares to drain  
The thin green blood from every poplar's vein,  
How grand the scene yon russet down displays,  
While far the withering heaths with moor-burn  
blaze!  
The pillar'd smoke ascends with ashen gleam;  
Aloft in air the arching flashes stream;  
With rushing, crackling noise the flames aspire,

And roll one deluge of devouring fire;  
The timid flocks shrink from the smoky heat,  
Their pasture leave, and in confusion bleat,  
With curious look the flaming billows scan,  
As whirling gales the red combustion fan.

So, when the storms through Indian forests  
rave,  
And bend the pliant canes in curling wave,  
Grind their silicious joints with ceaseless ire,  
Till bright emerge the ruby seeds of fire,  
A brazen light bedims the burning sky,  
And shuts each shrinking star's refulgent eye:  
The forest roars, where crimson surges play,  
And flash through lurid night infernal day;  
Floats far and loud the hoarse, discordant yell  
Of ravening pards, which harmless crowd the dell  
While boa-snakes to wet savannahs trail  
Awkward a lingering, lazy length of tail;  
The barbarous tiger whets his fangs no more,  
To lap with torturing pause his victim's gore;  
Curb'd of their rage, hyenas gaunt are tame,  
And shrink, begirt with all-devouring flame.

But far remote, ye careful shepherds, lead  
Your wanton flocks to pasture on the mead,  
While from the flame the bladed grass is young,  
Nor crop the slender spikes that scarce have  
sprung;  
Else your brown heaths to sterile wastes you doom,  
While frisking lambs regret the heath-flower's  
bloom!  
And ah! when smiles the day and fields are fair,  
Let the black smoke ne'er clog the burden'd air!  
Or soon, too soon, the transient smile shall fly,  
And chilling mildews ripen in the sky,  
The heartless flocks shrink shivering from the  
cold,  
Reject the fields, and linger in the fold.

Lo! in the vales, where wandering riv'lets run,  
The fleecy mists shine gilded in the sun,  
Spread their loose folds, till now the lagging gale  
Unfurls no more its lightly skimming sail,  
But through the hoary flakes that fall like snow  
Gleams in ethereal hue the watery bow.  
'Tis ancient Silence, robb'd in thistle-down,  
Whose snowy locks its fairy circles crown;  
His vesture moves not, as he hovers lone,  
While curling fogs compose his airy throne;  
Serenely still, self-pois'd, he rests on high.  
And soothes each infant breeze that fans the  
sky.  
The mists ascend—the mountains scarce are free,  
Like islands floating in a billowy sea;  
While on their chalky summits glimmering dance  
The sun's last rays across the gray expanse:  
As sink the hills in waves that round them grow,  
The hoary surges scale the cliff's tall brow;  
The fleecy billows o'er its head are hurl'd,  
As ocean once embrac'd the prostrate wor'

So round Caffraria's cape the polar storm  
 Collects black spiry clouds of dragon form:  
 Flash livid lightnings o'er the blackening deep,  
 Whose mountain-waves in silent horror sleep;  
 The sanguine sun, again emerging bright,  
 Darts through the clouds long watery lines of  
 light;  
 The deep, congeal'd to lead, now heaves again,  
 While foamy surges furrow all the main;  
 Broad shallows whiten in tremendous row;  
 Deep gurgling murmurs echo from below;  
 And o'er each coral reef the billows come and go.

Oft have I wander'd in my vernal years  
 Where Ruberslaw his misty summit rears,  
 And, as the fleecy surges clos'd amain,  
 To gain the top have trac'd that shelving lane,  
 Where every shallow stripe of level grain,  
 That winding runs the shatter'd crags between,  
 Is rudely notch'd across the grassy rind  
 In awkward letters by the rural hind.  
 When fond and faithful swains assemble gay,  
 To meet their loves on rural holiday,  
 The trace of each obscure, decaying name  
 Of some fond pair records the secret flame.  
 And here the village maiden bends her way,  
 When vows are broke and fading charms decay,  
 Sings her soft sorrow to the mountain gale,  
 And weeps that love's delusions e'er should fail.  
 Here too the youthful widow comes, to clear  
 From weeds a name to fond affection dear:  
 She pares the sod, with bursting heart, and cries,  
 "The hand that trac'd it in the cold grave lies!"

Ah, dear Aurelia! when this arm shall guide  
 Thy twilight steps no more by Teviot's side,  
 When I to pine in eastern realms have gone,  
 And years have pass'd, and thou remain'st alone,  
 Wilt thou, still partial to thy youthful flame,  
 Regard the turf where first I carv'd thy name,  
 And think thy wanderer, far beyond the sea,  
 False to his heart, was ever true to thee?  
 Why bend so sad that kind, regretful view,  
 As every moment were my last adieu?  
 Ah! spare that tearful look, 'tis death to see,  
 Nor break the tortur'd heart that bleeds for thee.  
 That snowy cheek, that moist and gelid brow,  
 Those quivering lips that breathe the unfinish'd  
 vow,  
 These eyes, that still with dimming tears o'erflow,  
 Will haunt me when thou canst not see my woe.  
 Not yet, with fond but self-accusing pain,  
 Mine eyes reverted linger o'er the main;  
 But, sad, as he that dies in early spring,  
 When flowers begin to blow and larks to sing,  
 When nature's joy a moment warms his heart,  
 And makes it doubly hard with life to part,  
 I hear the whispers of the dancing gale,  
 And fearful listen for the flapping sail,  
 Seek in these natal shades a short relief,  
 And still a pleasure from maturing grief.

Yes, in these shades this fond, adoring mind  
 Had hop'd in thee a dearer self to find,  
 Still from thy form some lurking grace to glean,  
 And wonder it so long remain'd unseen;  
 Hop'd those seducing graces might impart  
 Their native sweetness to this sterner heart,  
 While those dear eyes, in pearly light that shine,  
 Fond thought! should borrow manlier beams  
 from mine.

Ah, fruitless hope of bliss, that ne'er shall be!  
 Shall but this lonely heart survive to me?  
 No! in the temple of my purer mind  
 Thine imag'd form shall ever live enshrin'd,  
 And hear the vows, to first affection due,  
 Still breath'd—for love that ceases ne'er was true.

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LINES TO MRS. CHARLES BULLER.<sup>1</sup>

That bonnet's pride, that tartan's flow,  
 My soul with wild emotion fills,  
 Methinks I see in fancy's glow  
 A princess from the land of hills.

O! for a fairy's hand to trace  
 The rainbow tints that rise to view,  
 That slender form of sweeter grace  
 Than e'er Malvina's poet drew.

Her brilliant eye, her streaming hair,  
 Her skin's soft splendour to display,  
 The finest pencil must despair,  
 Till it can paint the solar ray.

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THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell  
 The murmurs of the mountain bee!  
 How softly mourns the writhed shell  
 Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer floating o'er the deep,  
 The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,  
 That charmed the dancing waves to sleep  
 Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,  
 As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,  
 From Morven's wars, the seamen brave  
 Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

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<sup>1</sup> These hitherto unpublished verses were addressed to Mrs. Charles Buller by Dr. Leyden on seeing her, about 1805, in a Highland dress at a ball in Calcutta. This lady, *née* Barbara Isabella Kirkpatrick, was the second daughter of Colonel William Kirkpatrick of the British army, and the mother of the celebrated Charles Buller. — Ed.



In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail  
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;  
For her he chid the flagging sail,  
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

“And raise,” he cried, “the song of love  
The maiden sung with tearful smile,  
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,  
We left afar the lonely isle!

“When on this ring of ruby red  
Shall die,” she said, “the crimson hue,  
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,  
Or proves to thee and love untrue.”

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar  
Disperses wide the foamy spray,  
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,  
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

“Softly blow, thou western breeze,  
Softly rustle through the sail!  
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas  
Before my love, sweet western gale!

“Where the wave is tinged with red,  
And the russet sea-leaves grow,  
Mariners, with prudent dread,  
Shun the shelving reefs below.

“As you pass through Jura's sound,  
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;  
Shun, O! shun the gulf profound,  
Where Corrievreckin's surges roar!

“If from that unbottomed deep,  
With wrinkled form and writhed train,  
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,  
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

“Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,  
Sea-green sisters of the main,  
And in the gulf where ocean boils,  
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

“Softly blow, thou western breeze,  
Softly rustle through the sail!  
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas  
Before my love, sweet western gale!”

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,  
Far from the maid he loved so dear,  
The song arose, so soft and slow,  
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,  
Impatient for the rising day,  
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore  
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the eurling surge  
That streaks with foam the ocean green:  
While forward still the rowers urge  
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea maid's form, of pearly light,  
Was whiter than the downy spray,  
And round her bosom, heaving bright,  
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,  
She reached amain the bounding prow.  
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,  
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,  
The monks the prayers of death shall say,  
And long for thee, the fruitless tear,  
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay.

But downwards, like a powerless corse,  
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;  
He only heard the moaning hoarse  
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,  
No more the surges round him rave;  
Lulled by the music of the seas,  
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,  
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,  
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song  
Far in the crystal cavern rose.

Soft as that harp's unseen control  
In morning dreams that lovers hear,  
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,  
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,  
When clouds dissolve in dews unscen,  
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,  
And fields that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell:  
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—  
“Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes well?  
Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay.”

Like one that from a fearful dream  
Awakes, the morning light to view,  
And joys to see the purple beam,  
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,  
Which bade his torpid languor fly;  
He feared some spell had bound his feet,  
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

“This yellow sand, this sparry cave,  
 Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;  
 Canst thou the maiden of the wave  
 Compare to her of Colonsay?”

Roused by that voice of silver sound,  
 From the paved floor he lightly sprung,  
 And glancing wild his eyes around  
 Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung.

No form he saw of mortal mould;  
 It shone like ocean's snowy foam;  
 Her ringlets waved in living gold,  
 Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,  
 And careless bound her tresses wild;  
 Still o'er the mirror stole her look,  
 As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,  
 Again she raised the melting lay;  
 “Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,  
 And leave the maid of Colonsay?”

“Fair is the crystal hall for me  
 With rubies and with emeralds set;  
 And sweet the music of the sea  
 Shall sing, when we for love are met.

“How sweet to dance with gliding feet  
 Along the level tide so green,  
 Responsive to the cadence sweet  
 That breathes along the moonlight scene

“And soft the music of the main  
 Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,  
 While moonbeams o'er the watery plain  
 Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

“How sweet, when billows heave their head,  
 And shake their snowy crests on high,  
 Serene in Ocean's sapphire-bed  
 Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

“To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,  
 Where pearly drops of frozen dew  
 In concave shells unconscious sleep,  
 Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

“Then shall the summer sun, from far,  
 Pour through the wave a softer ray;  
 While diamonds in a bower of spar,  
 At eve shall shed a brighter day.

“Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,  
 That o'er the angry ocean sweep,  
 Shall e'er our coral groves assail,  
 Calm in the bosom of the deep.

“Through the green meads beneath the sea,  
 Enamoured we shall fondly stray—  
 Theu, gentle warrior, dwell with me,  
 And leave the maid of Colonsay!”

“Though bright thy locks of glistening gold,  
 Fair maiden of the foamy main!  
 Thy life-blood is the water cold,  
 While mine beats high in every vein;

“If I, beneath thy sparry cave,  
 Should in thy snowy arms recline,  
 Inconstant as the restless wave,  
 My heart would grow as cold as thine.”

As cygnet-down, proud swelled her breast,  
 Her eye confessed the pearly tear;  
 His hand she to her bosom pressed,  
 “Is there no heart for rapture here?”

“These limbs sprung from the lucid sea,  
 Does no warm blood their currents fill,  
 No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,  
 To joy, to love's delirious thrill?”

“Though all the splendour of the sea  
 Around thy faultless beauty shine,  
 That heart, that riots wild and free,  
 Can hold no sympathy with mine.

“These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,  
 They swim not in the light of love;  
 The beauteous maid of Colonsay,  
 Her eyes are milder than the dove!

“E'en now, within the lonely isle,  
 Her eyes are dim with tears for me;  
 And canst thou think that siren smile  
 Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?”

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,  
 Unfolds in length her scaly train;  
 She tossed in proud disdain her head,  
 And lashed with webbed fin the main.

“Dwell here alone!” the mermaid cried,  
 “And view far off the sea-nymphs play;  
 The prison-wall, the azure tide,  
 Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

“Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,  
 I cleave with rapid fin the wave,  
 Far from the daughter of the flood,  
 Conceal thee in this coral cave.

“I feel my former soul return,  
 It kindles at thy cold disdain,  
 And has a mortal dared to spurn  
 A daughter of the foamy main?”

She fled; around the crystal cave  
 The rolling waves resume their road;  
 On the broad portal idly rave,  
 But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,  
 As in the lonely cave he lay;  
 And many a sun rolled through the sky,  
 And poured its beams on Colonsay.

And oft beneath the silver moon  
 He heard afar the mermaid sing:  
 And oft to many a melting tune  
 The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring.

And when the moon went down the sky,  
 Still rose, in dreams, his native plain:  
 And oft he thought his love was by,  
 And charmed him with some tender strain.

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,  
 When ceased that voice of silver sound,  
 And thought to plunge him in the deep  
 That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,  
 Retained its vivid crimson hue,  
 And each despairing accent fled,  
 To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,  
 The mermaid to his cavern came,  
 No more misshapen from the zone,  
 But like a maid of mortal frame.

“O give to me that ruby ring  
 That on thy finger glances gay,  
 And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing  
 The song thou lov'st of Colonsay.”

“This ruby ring, of crimson grain,  
 Shall on thy finger glitter gay,  
 If thou wilt bear me through the main  
 Again to visit Colonsay.”

“Except thou quit thy former love,  
 Content to dwell for aye with me,  
 Thy scorn my finny frame might move  
 To tear thy limbs amid the sea.”

“Then bear me swift along the main,  
 The lonely isle again to see;  
 And when I here return again,  
 I plight my faith to dwell with thee.”

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,  
 While slow unfolds her scaly train;  
 With gluey fangs her hands were clad;  
 She lashed with webbed fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,  
 As with broad fin she oars her way;  
 Beneath the silent moon she glides,  
 That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last  
 To lure him with her silver tongue,  
 And, as the shelving rocks she passed,  
 She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,  
 Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,  
 When light to land the chieftain sprung,  
 To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,  
 And sadly sink remote at sea!  
 So sadly mourns the writhed shell  
 Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns  
 The charm-bound sailors know the day:  
 For sadly still the mermaid mourns  
 The lovely chief of Colonsay.

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#### ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!  
 What vanity has brought thee here?  
 How can I love to see thee shine  
 So bright, whom I have bought so dear?  
 The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear  
 For twilight converse, arm in arm;  
 The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear  
 When mirth and music went to charm.

By Chéricál's dark wandering streams,  
 Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,  
 Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams  
 Of Tevot loved while still a child,  
 Of castled rocks stupendous piled  
 By Esk or Eden's classic wave,  
 Where loves of youth and friendship smiled,  
 Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!  
 The perished bliss of youth's first prime,  
 That once so bright on fancy played,  
 Revives no more in after-time.  
 Far from my sacred natal clime,  
 I haste to an untimely grave;  
 The daring thoughts that soared sublime  
 Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light  
 Gleams baleful as the tomb fire drear.

A gentle vision comes by night  
 My lonely widowed heart to cheer;  
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,  
 That once were guiding stars to mine;  
 Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!  
 I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,  
 I left a heart that loved me true!  
 I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,  
 To roam in climes unkind and new.  
 The cold wind of the stranger blew  
 Chill on my withered heart; the grave  
 Dark and untimely met my view—  
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock  
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,  
 Now that his frame the lightning shock  
 Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?  
 From love, from friendship, country, torn,  
 To memory's fond regrets the prey;  
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!  
 Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

---

#### ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,  
 Fair star! to love and lovers dear;  
 While trembling on the falling dew,  
 Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or hanging o'er that mirror stream,  
 To mark that image trembling there,  
 Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,  
 To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,  
 The moon thy timid beams outshine  
 As far as thine each starry light,  
 Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours  
 When twilight lingers on the plain,  
 And whispers to the closing flowers  
 That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland  
 As music, wafts the lover's sigh,

And bids the yielding heart expand  
 In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair star! though I be doom'd to prove  
 That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,  
 Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love—  
 But sweeter to be lov'd again.

---

#### THE RETURN AFTER ABSENCE.

(FROM THE PERSIAN OF RUDEKI.)

Oh! the breeze of the mountain is soothing and  
 sweet,  
 Warm breathing of love, and the friends we shall  
 meet;  
 And the rocks of the desert, so rough where we  
 roam,  
 Seem soft, soft as silk, on the dear path of home;  
 The white waves of the Jeikon, that foam through  
 their speed,  
 Seem scarcely to reach to the girth of my steed.

Rejoice, O Bokhara, and flourish for aye!  
 Thy king comes to meet thee, and long shall he  
 stay.  
 Our king is our moon, and Bokhara our skies,  
 Where soon that fair light of the heavens shall  
 rise—  
 Bokhara our orchard, the eypress our king,  
 In Bokhara's fair orchard soon destined to spring.

---

#### SONNET ON SABBATH MORN.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,  
 That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;  
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,  
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,  
 And echo answers softer from the hill;  
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;  
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.  
 Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!  
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove;  
 The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;  
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove  
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose.  
 The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move;  
 So snil'd the day when the first morn arose!

JAMES SCADLOCK.

BORN 1775 — DIED 1818.

JAMES SCADLOCK, one of the minor minstrels of Scotland, and a friend of Robert Tannahill, was born at Paisley, October 7, 1775. He was at first apprenticed to a weaver, but feeling dissatisfied with the vocation selected for him, he abandoned it after a year's trial, and obtained employment in a bookbinder's establishment. Before attaining his majority he turned himself to copperplate engraving, and became an accomplished engraver. From his boyhood he had been addicted to verse-making, and having made the acquaintance of Tannahill, he became ambitious to distinguish himself, as his friend had already done by his beautiful lyrics. Scadlock, by his judicious praise and excellent judgment, also stimulated his friend Tannahill to greater efforts. He

continued to pursue the business of copperplate engraving until he was thrown out of employment by a general stagnation of trade. After a period of inactivity he obtained work at Perth, where he remained a year, returning again to Paisley. He continued to write songs, and to improve himself in drawing and painting and by the study of classical literature and the modern languages, as well as by cultivating the society of Tannahill and other kindred spirits. He died of fever July 4, 1818, leaving a wife and four children, for whose benefit his poems and songs were collected and published. "October Winds," and several other lyrics by Scadlock, still enjoy no small degree of popularity in his native land.

HARK, HARK, THE SKYLARK  
SINGING.

Hark, hark, the skylark singing,  
While the early clouds are bringing  
Fragrance on their wings;  
Still, still on high he's soaring,  
Through the liquid haze exploring,  
Fainter now he sings.  
Where the purple dawn is breaking,  
Fast approaches morning's ray,  
From his wings the dew he's shaking  
As he joyful hails the day,  
While echo, from his slumbers waking,  
Imitates his lay.

See, see the ruddy morning,  
With his blushing locks adorning  
Mountain, wood, and vale;  
Clear, clear the dewdrop's glancing,  
As the rising sun's advancing  
O'er the eastern hill;  
Now the distant summits clearing,  
As the vapours steal their way,  
And his heath-clad breast's appearing,  
Tinged with Phœbus' golden ray,

Far down the glen the blackbird's cheering  
Morning with her lay.

Come, then, let us be straying,  
Where the hazel boughs are playing  
O'er yon summits gray;  
Mild now the breeze is blowing,  
And the crystal streamlet's flowing  
Gently on its way.  
On its banks the wild rose springing,  
Welcomes in the sunny ray,  
Wet with dew its head is hinging,  
Bending low the prickly spray;  
Then haste, my love, while birds are singing  
To the new-born day.

OCTOBER WINDS.

October winds, wi' biting breath,  
Now nip the leaves that's yellow fading;  
Nae gowans glint upon the green,  
Alas! they're co'er'd wi' winter's cleading.  
As through the woods I musing gang  
Nae birdies cheer me frae the bushes,  
Save little robin's lanely sang,  
Wild warbling where the burnie gushes

The sun is jogging down the brae,  
 Dimly through the mist he's shining,  
 And cranreugh hoar creeps o'er the grass  
 As day resigns his throne to evening.  
 Oft let me walk at twilight gray,  
 To view the face of dying nature,  
 Till spring again, wi' mantle green,  
 Delights the heart o' ilka creature.

---

ALONG BY LEVERN STREAM.

Along by Lavern stream so clear,  
 When spring adorns the infant year,  
 And music charms the listening ear,  
 I'll wander with my Mary,  
 My bonny, blooming Mary;  
 Not spring itself to me is dear.  
 When absent from my Mary.

When summer's sun pours on my head  
 His sultry rays I'll seek the shade.

Unseen upon a primrose bed  
 I'll sit with little Mary,  
 My bonny, blooming Mary;  
 Where fragrant flowers around are spread,  
 To charm my little Mary.

She's mild's the sun through April  
 shower,  
 That glances on the leafy bower,  
 She's sweet as Flora's fav'rite flower,  
 My bonny little Mary,  
 My blooming little Mary;  
 Give me but her, no other dower  
 I'll ask with little Mary.

Should fickle fortune frown on me,  
 And leave me bare's the naked tree,  
 Possess'd of her how rich I'd be,  
 My lovely little Mary,  
 My bonny, blooming Mary;  
 From gloomy care and sorrow free  
 I'd ever keep my Mary.

---

ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

BORN 1775 — DIED 1822.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL, Bart., the author of a number of very popular Scottish songs, was the eldest son of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, and a grandson of Lord Auchinleck. He was born October 9, 1775, and received his education at Westminster School and the University of Oxford. On the death of his father in 1795 he succeeded to the paternal estate of Auchinleck, and after a tour of Europe took up his residence in the family mansion. Inheriting his father's love of literature, and deriving from his mother a taste for elegant accomplishments, he by reading and study became a highly cultivated gentleman. From his boyhood he had been passionately fond of the ballad poetry of his native land, and indulged in the pastime of poetic composition, the results of which appeared in a small volume published anonymously in 1803, and entitled "Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect." Subsequently he contributed to "Thomson's Collection," and Campbell's "Albyn's An-

thology." In 1810 appeared an amusing poem, "Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty, a sketch of Former Manners, with notes, by Simon Gray," followed the year after by "Clan-Alpin's Vow, a Fragment." The latter poem, founded upon a terrible tragedy connected with the clan Macgregor, was perhaps the most popular of all his productions. Boswell's latest poetical work, entitled "Skeldon Haughs, or the Sow is Flitted," is a tale founded on a traditional story regarding an Ayrshire feud of the fifteenth century between the Crawfords and the Kennedys. It appeared in 1816. From his private printing-press at Auchinleck appeared various fragmentary poems, ballads, burlesques, and songs of his own composition, besides reprints of a number of rare and curious brochures, chiefly tracts preserved in the Auchinleck library. One of these was the disputation between John Knox and Quentin Kennedy at Maybole in 1562, of which at that time his own was the only copy known; another

has since been discovered. A complete edition of Boswell's Poems, with a memoir by Robert Howie Smith, was issued in 1871.

To Sir Alexander Boswell we are chiefly indebted for the erection of the Burns Monument on the banks of the classic Doon. With a friend who like himself was an enthusiastic admirer of Scotland's greatest poet, and who warmly approved of the design, he advertised in the papers that a meeting would be held at Ayr on a certain day, to take into consideration the proposal of erecting a monument to Robert Burns. The day and hour arrived, but save the projectors not a single individual was present. Nothing disheartened, Boswell took the chair, and his friend proceeded to act as clerk; resolutions were proposed, seconded, and recorded, thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting adjourned. These resolutions being published and circulated, were the means of raising by public subscription nearly two thousand pounds. Sir Alexander laid the foundation stone January 25, 1820.

At a time of great political excitement he unfortunately wrote and published some personal pasquinades, for one of which he received a challenge from James Stuart of Duncarn, a leading member of the Liberal party in Edinburgh, which was promptly accepted, the parties meeting near the village of Auchtertool in Fifeshire, March 26, 1822. Feeling himself in the wrong, Sir Alexander resolved not to fire at his antagonist; but Stuart's shot took effect; the unfortunate baronet fell, mortally wounded. He was carried to Balmuto in the vicinity, where he expired the following day, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His remains were deposited in the family vault at Auchinleck.

Sir Alexander was a member of parliament for his native county, and lieutenant-colonel of

the Ayrshire Yeomanry Cavalry, devoting much time to drilling and disciplining his troops. The corps afterwards acknowledged his services by presenting him with a handsome testimonial. In 1821 his zeal and patriotism were rewarded by the honour of a baronetcy. He was much devoted to elegant pursuits, was a member of the celebrated Roxburgh Club, and in his earlier years was fond of field sports. He was full of anecdote and humour, and a general favourite in society. Had he been a poorer and socially humbler man than he was—had he had his bread and position to make like so many of Scotland's sweetest singers—he would probably have achieved immortality. Some of his songs are as familiar as household words, though their author is comparatively unknown—as, for instance, the song of parental farewell beginning—

"Gude night, and joy be wi' ye a',  
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart,"

and ending with this fine and genial touch:—

"The auld will speak, the young maun hear;  
Be cantie, but be gude and leal;  
Yer ain ill's aye hae heart to bear,  
Anither's aye hae heart to feel:  
So, ere I set I'll see you shine,  
I'll see ye triumph ere I fa';  
My parting breath shall boast you mine—  
Gude night, and joy be wi' ye a'."

Boswell's "Jenny dang the Weaver," "Auld Gudeman, ye'rea Drucken Carle," and "Jenny's Bawbee," are of another character, and display considerable comic humour, as well as the peculiar spirit of the man, which consisted in hitting off the deeper and typical characteristics of Scottish life with an easy touch that brings it all home at once. His compositions seem as if they were the spontaneous expressions of nature, rather than the result of efforts of talent or genius.

## THE HIGH STREET OF EDINBURGH.

(FROM EDINBURGH, OR THE ANCIENT ROYALTY.)

Tier upon tier I see the mansions rise,  
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;  
There, from the earth, the labouring porters bear  
The elements of fire and water high in air;  
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,

The dripping barrel madifies your head;  
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,  
A rising porter greets you with his creel!  
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,  
The lady gay received her gayer spark,

Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,  
Trembled at opening casements overhead;  
But when in safety at her porch he trod,  
He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.  
No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,  
Link'd, six a row, six hours in Princes Street;  
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,  
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;

Then at the Cross each joined the motley mob—  
“How are ye, Tam? and how's a' wi' ye, Bob?”  
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,  
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired.

O'er draughts of wine the beau would mourn his love;

O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove;  
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will;  
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill.

Yes, mark the street, for youth the great resort,  
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.

There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven,

Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.  
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,  
Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked;  
There romping miss the rounded slate may drop,  
And kick it out with persevering hop.

There, in the dirty current of the strand,  
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,  
And, wading through the puddle with slow pace,  
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!

And there an active band, with frequent boast,  
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post.

Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,  
Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight.  
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,  
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.

The rival hosts in close engagement mix,  
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.

The bicker rages, till some mother's fears  
Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.

Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,  
And, from that corps which hapless Porteous led,  
A brave detachment, probably of two,  
Rush, like two kites, upon the warlike crew,  
Who, struggling, like the fabled frogs and mice,  
Are pounced upon, and carried in a trice.

But mark that motley group, in various garb—  
There vice begins to form her rankling barb;  
The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch-and-toss;  
And brawl, successive, tells disputed loss.

From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,  
And, every copper gone, they fly to brass.  
Those polished rounds which decorate the coat,  
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,  
Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,  
Now from the faithful button-holes depart.

To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,  
And enterprise again essays the field.

So, when a few fleet years of his short span  
Have ripened this dire passion in the man,  
When thousand after thousand takes its flight  
In the short circuit of one wretched night,  
Next shall the honours of the forest fall,  
And ruin desolate the chieftain's hall;  
Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain;  
Then in a mendicant behold a thane!

### JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,  
Wi' lingin' lugs and faces lang;  
I spier'd at neighbour Bauldy Strang,  
Wha's they I see?

Quo' he, “Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel'  
Thought himsel' cunnin' as the deil,  
And here they cam awa' to steal  
Jenny's bawbee.”

The first, a Captain till his trade,  
Wi' skull ill-lined, and back weel clad,  
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,

And papped on his kuce:  
Quo' he, “My goddess, nymph, and queen,  
Your beauty's dazzled bairn my een!”  
But deil a beauty he had seen  
But Jenny's bawbee.

A Lawyer neist, wi' bleth'rin' gab,  
Wha speeches wove like ony wab;  
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,  
And a' for a fee;  
Accounts he had through a' the toon,  
But tradesmen's tongues nae mair could  
droom;

Haith now he thought to clout his gown  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland Laird neist trotted up,  
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup;  
Cried, “There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,  
Or tie it till a tree.

What's gowd to me? I've walth o' lan',  
Bestow on ane o' worth your han'.”  
He thought to pay what he was awn  
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'-boxes and tubs,  
A Thing came neist (but life has rnsb):  
Foul were the roads, and fu' the dubs,  
Ah! wae's me!

A' elatty, squintin' through a glass,  
He girued “I' faith, a bonnie lass!”  
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,  
Jenny's bawbee.



She bade the Laird gang comb his wig,  
The Sodger no to strut sae big,  
The Lawyer no to be a prig;  
The Fool cry'd, "Te-hec!  
I kent that I could never fail!"  
She prin'd the dishelout till his tail,  
And cool'd him wi' a water pail,  
And kept her bawbee.

Then Johnnie came, a lad o' sense,  
Although he had na mouny pence,  
And took young Jenny to the spence,  
Wi' her to crack a wee.  
Now Johnnie was a clever chiel',  
And here his suit he press'd sae weel  
That Jenny's heart grew saft as jeel,  
And she birl'd her bawbee.

## AULD GUDEMAN.

Auld gudeman, ye're a drucken carle, drucken  
carle;  
A' the lang day ye are winkin', drinkin', gapin',  
gauntin';  
O' sottish loons ye're the pink and pearl, pink  
and pearl,  
Ill-faur'd, doited ne'er-do-weel.

Hech, gudewife! ye're a flytin' body, flytin' body;  
*Will* ye ha'e walth, troth; but, Gude be praised!  
the *wit's* awantin'.  
The puttin' cow should be aye a doddy, aye a  
doddy.  
Mak na sic an awesome reel.

Ye're a sow, auld man;  
Ye get fou, auld man;  
Eye shame, auld man,  
To your wame, auld man;  
Pinch'd I win, wi' spinnin' tow,  
A plack to cleid your back and pow.

It's a lie, gudewife;  
It's your tea, gudewife;  
Na, na, gudewife,  
Ye spend a', gudewife.  
fa' on me pell-mell,  
Ye like a drap fu' weel yersel.

Ye's rue, auld gowk, yer jest and frolic, jest  
and frolic.

Dare ye say, goose, I ever lik'd to tak a drappy?  
In't werena just aibhins to cure the cholick, cure  
the cholick,  
Deil a drap wad weet my mou'.

Troth, auld gudewife, ye wadna swither, wadna  
swither,  
Soon—soon to tak a cholick, whan it brings a  
cappy;

But twascore o' years we ha'e fought thegither,  
fought thegither;  
Time it is to gree, I trow.

I'm wrang, auld John,  
Ower lang, auld John;  
For nought, gude John,  
We ha'e fought, gude John;  
Let's help to bear ilk ither's weight,  
We're far ower feckless now to fecht.

Ye're richt, gudewife;  
The nicht, gudewife,  
Our eup, gude Kate,  
We'll sup, gude Kate;  
Thegither frae this hour we'll draw,  
And toom the stoup atween us twa.

## GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Gude night, and joy be wi' ye a',  
Your harmless mirth has cheer'd my heart:  
May life's fell blasts out o'er ye blaw;  
In sorrow may ye never part!  
My spirit lives, but strength is gone,  
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain;  
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,  
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan,  
Frae boasting foes their banners tore;  
Wha show'd himself a better man,  
Or fiercer waded the red claymore?  
But when in peace—then mark me there—  
When through the glen the waud'rer came,  
I gave him of our hardy fare—  
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young man hear:  
Be cantie, but be gude and leal;  
Yer ain ills aye hae heart to bear,  
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.  
So ere I set I'll see you shine;  
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';  
My parting breath shall boast you mine—  
Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'!

## BANNOCKS O' BARLEY MEAL.

Argyle is my name, and you may think it strange  
To live at a court, and yet never to change;  
To faction, or tyranny, equally foe,  
The good of the land's the sole motive I know.  
The foes of my country and king I have faced,  
In city or battle I ne'er was disgraced;

I've done what I could for my country's weal,  
Now I'll feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

Ye riots and revels of London, adieu!  
And folly, ye foplings, I leave her to you!  
For Scotland I mingled in bustle and strife;  
For myself I seek peace and an innocent life:  
I'll haste to the Highlands, and visit each scene,  
With Maggie, my love, in her rockley o' green;  
On the banks of Glenary what pleasure I'll feel,  
While she shares my bannocks o' barley meal!

And if it chance Maggie should bring me a son,  
He shall fight for his king, as his father has done;  
I'll hang up my sword with an old soldier's pride—  
O! may he be worthy to wear't on his side!  
I pant for the breeze of my loved native place;  
I long for the smile of each welcoming face;  
I'll aff to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,  
And feast upon bannocks o' barley meal.

#### TASTE LIFE'S GLAD MOMENTS.

Taste life's glad moments,  
Whilst the wasting taper glows;  
Pluck, ere it withers,  
The quickly fading rose.

Man blindly follows grief and care,  
He seeks for thorns, and finds his share,  
Whilst violets to the passing air  
Unheeded shed their blossoms.  
Taste life's, &c.

Though tim'rous Nature veils her form,  
And rolling thunder spreads alarm,  
Yet, ah! how sweet, when lull'd the storm,  
The sun smiles forth at even.  
Taste life's, &c.

To him who spleen and envy flies,  
And meek contentment well can prize,  
The humble plant a tree shall rise  
Which golden fruit will yield him.  
Taste life's, &c.

Who fosters faith in upright breast,  
And freely gives to the distressed,  
There shall contentment build her nest,  
And flutter round his bosom.  
Taste life's, &c.

And when life's path grows dark and strait,  
And pressing ills on ills await,  
Then friendship, sorrow to akate,

The helping hand will offer.  
Taste life's, &c.

She dries his tears, she strews his way,  
E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay,  
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,  
And pleasure still increases.  
Taste life's, &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,  
Joins brothers truly hand in hand,  
Thus onward to a better land,  
Man journeys light and cheer'y.  
Taste life's glad moments,  
Whilst the wasting taper glows;  
Pluck, ere it withers,  
The quickly fading rose.

#### JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

At Willie's wedding o' the green,  
The lassies, bonnie witches!  
Were lusked out in aprons clean,  
And snaw-white Sunday's mittes;  
And Maysie bade the lads tak tent,  
But Jock wad na believe her;  
But soon the fool his folly kent,  
For Jenny dang the weaver.  
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,  
Jenny dang the weaver:  
But soon the fool his folly kent,  
For Jenny dang the weaver.

In ilka countra dance and reel,  
Wi' her he wad be babbin';  
When she sat down, then he sat down,  
And till her wad be gabbin';  
Whare'er she gaed, or butt or ben,  
The coof wad never leave her;  
Aye caeklin' like a clockin' hen,  
But Jenny dang the weaver.

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,  
Gude haith, I needna swither;  
Ye've bonnie een, and gif ye're kind  
I needna court anither;  
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried,  
Phuegh,  
And bade the fool no deave her;  
Then crack'd her thumb, and lap and leugh,  
And dang the silly weaver.  
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang;  
Jenny dang the weaver;  
Then crack'd her thumb, and lap and  
leugh,  
And dang the silly weaver.

## COME, REST YE HERE.

Come, rest ye here, Johnnie; what news frae the south?

Here's whey in a luggie to sloeken your drouth;  
Our soldiers are landed, my hopes are maist deeing,  
I'm fear'd, John, to spier if my Jamie's in being?

Aye, troth, lass, they're landed, and norward they're comin',

In braw order marching, wi' fifing and drummin':  
I sell't my gray plaid, my cauld winter's warm happin',

To cheer their leal hearts wi' a gill and a chappin.  
Your father's gude-brither, the serjeant, wi' glee  
Pu'd a crown frae his pouch, and loud laughing,  
quo' he,

"Ye're owre auld to list, or ye'd rug this fast frae me—

Mair drink here!"

But, John, O, nae news o' poor Jamie?

The deil's i' the lassie! there's nought in her noddle

But Jamie, ay Jamie; she cares na ae boddle  
For gray-headed heroes; weel, what should I say now,

The chiel's safe and weel, and what mair wad ye hae now?

He's weel! Gude be praised, my dear laddie is weel!

Sie news! hech man, John, ye're a sonsy auld chiel!

I'm doited!—or daiz'd!—it's fu' time I were rinnin'—

The wark might be done or I think o' beginnin';  
I'll rin like a mawkin, and busk in my braws,  
And link owre the hills where the caller wind blaws,

And meet the dear lad, wha was true to me ever,  
And dorty nae mair—O I'll part wi' him never!

## EWEN MACLACHLAN.

BORN 1775—DIED 1822.

EWEN MACLACHLAN, a Highland poet and philologist, was born at Torracalltuinn, in Lochaber, in the year 1775. While yet a child his parents removed to Fort-William, where he had an opportunity of attending the grammar-school of that village. Ewen soon took rank among the first five on the master's list of merit in a school attended by 150 scholars, and on the completion of his studies he spent several years as a tutor in Lochaber. Devoted to classical learning, and cultivating the Gaelic muse, his career was at this period a peaceful and happy one, to which in after years he looked back with delight. In 1798 there was published at Edinburgh a volume of poetry by Allan MacDougal, to which MacLachlan contributed several pieces, including a translation of Pope's "Messiah," "Dain nan Aimsirean," and "Dan mu Chonaltradh." The same year he entered the University of St. Andrews, where he took the degree of A.M. with honours. Entering the divinity hall he distinguished himself there also as an ardent and successful student. On completing his theological studies,

instead of following the usual course, and taking a license as a preacher, MacLachlan became assistant-librarian of King's College, and head-master of the grammar-school of Old Aberdeen, positions which he occupied till his death, March 29, 1822, in the forty-seventh year of his age. In conformity with the prevailing feature of his character, the poet on his death-bed directed that his body should be buried with the ashes of his ancestors at the foot of his native mountains: *et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos*. Every mark of respect was paid to his memory at Aberdeen, and on the 15th of April the mortal remains of Ewen MacLachlan, preceded by the wild wail of the pibroch, and escorted by an immense assemblage of his Lochaber friends and admirers, were laid by the side of his father's grave. There, "near the noise of the sounding dirge," sleeps the sweet Highland poet, without a stone to mark his last resting-place.

MacLachlan was the compiler of the Gaelic-English department of the Highland Society's Gaelic Dictionary, a work of immense labour,

and an abiding monument of his thorough knowledge, not only of Scottish Gaelic and its cognate dialects, but of the Arabic, Chaldaic, Hebrew, Persian, and other oriental tongues. He also enjoys an enviable reputation as a poet. His Greek and Latin odes have been by competent judges pronounced as second only to

George Buchanan's, while the same authorities consider his translation into Gaelic heroic verse of the "Iliad" of Homer to be "deserving of great praise for its fidelity to the original, at the same time that the versification, in its fulness and freeness, its eloquence and grandeur, is truly Homeric."

## A DREAM.<sup>1</sup>

"Dreams descend from Jove."—POPE'S HOMER.

Late was the hour. With weary toil oppress  
My spirits crav'd the fresh'ning balm of rest.  
On the soft down with outstretcht limbs I lay,  
When thought through devious glooms began to  
stray:

'Twas thus I mus'd:—"Great God! how vain is  
man!

His strength, a moth's! his term of life, a span!  
His hopes, a bubble! all his fairy schemes  
Confusion's tow'r, a moon-struck maniac's  
dreams!

O fool! on earthly props to build his trust,  
When the next hour may blend those props with  
dust!

Dear BEATTIE! soul of worth! for ever gone!  
Heav'n's planet quench'd, ere half its glory  
shone!—

Just as a grateful country wove the bays,  
To crown thee with the well-earn'd meed of  
praise!

Ah! who could dream that fate had form'd the  
snare

For manhood's blooming prime—for worth so  
rare!

The precious lodge of that transcendent mind  
By all the golden stores of wit refin'd,  
Reason's own Fane—a mass of lifeless clay,  
And those exalted powers—a vapour flown away!  
But Nature, Conscience, and the God above  
Proclaim my fears absurd: for God is *Love!*

The wondrous fates that rule the earth and skies  
Are God's supreme decrees: and God is wise!  
He gives and takes his own! then, thought, be  
still,

And learn submission to the sov'reign will!

As thus I ponder'd, thoughts came crowding  
fast,

Empty and vagrant as the veering blast;  
A thousand forms th' illusive imps assume  
By Fancy textur'd in her magic loom;  
Sporting along, th' unnumber'd phantoms glide,

In no determin'd channel flow'd the tide;  
Thick-streaming swarms all op'ning portals send;  
These, in one undistinguish'd whirlpool blend;  
Till Reason left her charge, and sleep profound  
In its soft chains th' abstracted senses drown'd.  
In vision tranç'd, methought I roam'd alone  
Through dismal wastes where not a starlet shone:  
Down the tall forests rush'd the winds amain,  
Heav'n pour'd its torrents o'er the floated plain:  
The rest, my verse, unfold, along thy changeful<sup>2</sup>  
strain.

## ODE.

What thick'ning glooms o'erspread the dreary  
scene!

Black-vested Darkness on his throne of clouds,  
Apparent monarch of the vast domain,  
Hath stretch'd his veil o'er mountains, fields,  
and floods!

Fierce Boreas raves athwart the starless skies,  
Before him driving all the vap'ry world:  
In mountains see the battling deeps arise,  
A roaring waste, in wild confusion hur'd!

See! see! whence yon keen-dazzling flash?  
Creation in one blaze of fire!  
Yon horrid, heart-appalling crash  
To conscience speaks th' Eternal's ire!  
Flash after flash, and peal on peal  
Add tenfold horror to the gloom!  
The mountains on their bases reel,  
All Nature's works the tumult feel.  
And Chaos gaping threatens a gen'ral tomb!

Anon! upon the whirlwind's blast,  
From orb to orb Jehovah's tow'r's!  
Creation, through its boundless vast  
Did homage to the Pow'r of pow'r's!  
"Hush, uproar!" said all nature's Lord;  
Uproar obeyed th' Omnific word!  
Fierce turbulence was calm'd to peace,  
The bolts expire, the thunders cease:

<sup>1</sup> Written subsequent to the death of James Beattie, professor of humanity and natural history in Marischal College, Aberdeen, who died Oct. 4, 1810.—Ed.

<sup>2</sup> The measure of the ode is irregular, excepting in the two antithemes.

The hurricane's all-rending breath,  
Hush'd by the voice, was still as death!  
The ocean's billowy empire strown  
Like a great glassy pavement shone:  
Aloft the vap'ry columns rise  
In thin white flakes dispers'd o'er all the skies,  
The azure dome high swelling to the view,  
While Night's red-trembling fires illum'd th' un-  
measur'd blue.

When lo! where Jove the space adorns,  
Girt by his circumvolving fires,  
Between the Bull's refulgent horns,  
And the gay Pleiads' dancing choirs,  
Methought there shot a lucid tide  
Effusive billowing o'er the sky,  
As a huge ocean, far and wide  
O'erflowing all the tracts on high;  
Thick, and more thick, the inundation roll'd,  
It seem'd descending to our world below,  
Myriads of figures fleg'd with wings of gold,  
Rank above rank, the circling orders glow:  
Myriads of spirits, once who bore  
The cumb'ring load of mortal clay,  
Now starry crowns in triumph wore,  
And look'd like blazing orbs of day:  
Of ev'ry creed, of ev'ry tongue,<sup>1</sup>  
Of ev'ry age, from pole to pole,  
The first-born church,<sup>2</sup> in one harmonious throng,  
One gracious Father of the world extol:  
From the five zones of our terrestrial ball,  
Jews, Brahmins, Turks, and Christians, side  
by side,  
In one great host ador'd the God of all,  
And Him who for the worst offenders died.

That moment, in my wond'ring view,  
Just issu'd from the mortal frame,  
Ascending on th' aerial blue,  
(BEATTIE was once his earthly name;)  
With a fair angel,<sup>3</sup> such as guards the good,  
High on the vapour's ridgy breast he stood:  
Aloft to meet the radiant pomp they sail'd;  
A general shout the soul's arrival hail'd,  
Loud as of thunder roll'd through turbid clouds,  
Or the hoarse roar of Ocean's rushing floods!  
All heav'n's melodious minstrelsy was strung,  
While harp and voice attuned, this anthem sung:

Welcome, welcome, earthly guest!  
Welcome from thy home of clay!  
Welcome to Immanuel's feast!  
Welcome to the thrones of day!

Bid adieu to trembling fears,  
Merey blots each guilty stain;  
Bid adieu to grief and tears;  
Sin and death no more can pain!

Welcome to the realm of love  
Purchas'd by Immanuel's blood!  
Welcome to th' excursive rove  
Through the boundless works of God!

Welcome from the stormy main!  
Welcome to the peaceful shore!  
Welcome to thy friends again,  
Now rejoin'd, to part no more!

Welcome to the vital tree,  
Fraught with sweets that never cloy!  
Welcome to the mystic Three!  
Welcome to perennial joy!

So hymn'd the choral bands. Th' enraptur'd  
guest,

At once transform'd, a spirit<sup>4</sup> of light became:  
A crown of sparkling stars his temples grac'd;  
Redundant round him wav'd his train of flame!  
An awful majesty adorn'd his brow;  
His cheeks with morning's loveliest blushes glow!  
He breath'd celestial sweets; his angel-eye  
Outshone the planet of the ev'ning sky;  
What late convulsive throbb'd in feverish clay,  
Now bloom'd immortal youth amidst the hosts of  
day!

A globe of shining forms inclos'd him round,  
Palms in their hands, their heads with garlands  
crown'd;

These deck'd him with a wreath that burn'd like  
fire,

And there, with Christ's elect, he tun'd his  
golden lyre!

At once, th' august assembly sail'd along  
Through the great void, on clouds of radiance  
borne,

Numbers, unnumber'd as the flow'ry throng.  
The stars of night, or glitt'ring dews of morn!  
The pomp ascending on th' aerial gales,  
O'er all the sky the floating music swells:  
Heav'n's arch their peals of "Hallelujah!" rings,  
While thus, in choir, they praise the King of kings:

Ethereal thrones! with one accord,  
"Now let us join and praise the Lord!"<sup>5</sup>  
Through all his spacious works ador'd,  
Jehovah's might be sung!  
When Darkness brooded o'er the wild,  
Effulgence at his mandate smil'd,  
And Beauty, Order's loveliest child,  
From dire confusion sprung.

He launch'd upon the voids of space  
The hosts of rolling orbs that trace

<sup>4</sup> "And chiefly, O thou *Spirit*, who dost prefer  
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure."  
—Milton.

<sup>5</sup> These were almost the last words uttered by an  
amiable pupil of the author's, who died in old Aber-  
deen, May 6, 1810, after two days' illness. Eben! quam  
tenni pendent mortalia filo!

<sup>1</sup> Genesis xii. 3—xv. 5; Rev. viii. 9, 10—xxi. 24—26;  
Acts x. 28—34, 35.

<sup>2</sup> Heb. xii. 22—24.

<sup>3</sup> Ps. xxxiv. 7.

From age to age the destin'd race  
 Their central suns around:  
 His arm supports the mighty frame!  
 He smiles! Creation shouts acclaim!  
 He frowns! red bolts disruptive flame,  
 And all her spheres confound!

Æthereal thrones! adore the plan  
 Whose depths in vain we try to scan,  
 The work of sov'reign grace for man,  
 A fallen world to save!  
 The glories of the cross resound,  
 The streaming blood, the gaping wound,  
 In brazen chains the dragon bound,  
 The triumph o'er the grave!

When, answer'ing to the notes sublime  
 That spheres along their orbits chime,  
 The hours began to measure time,  
 We sung Immanuel's praise!  
 His name shall with Jehovah's blend,  
 When time hath reach'd his destin'd end,  
 And suns and planets all ascend  
 In one devouring blaze!

Then death, and sin, and hell shall die,  
 His ransom'd, then, shall mount on high,  
 Along the wide empyreal sky,  
 With angel-hosts to rove:  
 A new creation rise again,  
 Exempt from darkness, guilt, and pain,  
 And all existence sing the reign  
 Of universal love!

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!

As thus they chanted to their harps of gold,  
 And wide thro' echoing space their music roll'd,  
 Behold a wondrous scene! from either end  
 The vast-disparting concave seem'd to rend!  
 A blaze as of ten thousand thousand suns,  
 From GLORY'S SOURCE in dreadful effluence runs,  
 Kindling th' immense! In this abyss of light  
 The host was wrapt—thick darkness veil'd my  
 sight,  
 And all the splendid dream, dissolving, mix'd  
 with night.

#### THE MAVIS OF THE CLAN.<sup>1</sup>

Clan Lachlan's tuneful mavis, I sing on the  
 branches early,  
 And such my love of song, I sleep but half the  
 night-tide rarely;  
 No raven I, of greedy maw, no kite of bloody  
 beak,

<sup>1</sup> In this allegorical composition the poet assumes the character of a song-bird, a not uncommon custom among the Gaelic bards, several of whom assume the character of the "mavis" of their own clan.—Ed.

No bird of devastating claw, but a woodland  
 songster meek.

I love the apple's infant bloom, my ancestry have  
 fared

For ages on the nourishment the orchard hath  
 prepared.

Their hey-day was the summer, their joy the  
 summer's dawn,  
 And their dancing-floor it was the green leaf's  
 velvet lawn.

Their song it was the carol that defiance bade to  
 care,

And their breath of life it was the summer's  
 balmiest air.

The sun is on his flashing march, his golden hair  
 abroad,

It seems as on the mountain-side of beams a fur-  
 nace glow'd.

Now melts the honey from all flowers, and now a  
 dew o'erspreads

(A dew of fragrant blessedness) all the grasses of  
 the meads.

Nor least in my remembrance is my country's  
 flowering heather,

Whose russet crest nor cold, nor sun, nor sweep  
 of gale may wither;

Dear to my eye the symbol wild, that loves, like  
 me, the side

Of my own Highland mountains, that I climb in  
 love and pride.

Dear tribes of nature! co-mates ye of nature's  
 wandering son—

I hail the lambs that on the floor of milky pas-  
 tures run;

I hail the mother flocks, that, wrapp'd in warm  
 and sheltering fleece,

Defy the landward tempest's roar, defy the sea-  
 ward breeze.

The streams they drink are waters of the ever-  
 gushing well,

Those streams, oh, how they wind around the  
 swellings of the dell!

The flowers they browse are mantles spread o'er  
 pastures wide and far,

As mantle o'er the firmament the stars, each  
 flower a star!

I will not name each sister beam, but clustering  
 there I see

The beauty of the purple-bell, the daisy of the  
 lea.—

Of every hue I mark them, the many-spotted kine,  
 The dun, the brindled, and the dark, and blends  
 the white its shine;

And 'mid the Highlands rude I see the frequent  
 furrows swell,

With the barley and the corn that Scotland loves  
 so well.

And now I close my clannish lay, with blessings  
 on the shade  
 That bids the mavis sing her song, well-nurtured,  
 undismay'd—  
 The shade where bloom and cresses, and the ear-  
 honey'd heather,  
 Are smiling fair, and dwelling in their brother-  
 hood together;  
 For the sun is setting largely, and blinks my eye  
 its ken;  
 'Tis time to loose the strings, I ween, and close  
 my wildwood strain.

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THE MELODY OF LOVE.<sup>1</sup>

Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the  
 shore,  
 Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore;  
 Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the  
 pail,  
 Or the snow that is shower'd from the boughs of  
 the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's  
 high brow,  
 The locks of my fair one redundantly flow;  
 Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,  
 When they glitter with dew on the morning of  
 May.

As the planet of Venus, that gleams o'er the grove.  
 Her blue rolling eyes are the symbols of love;  
 Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,  
 Like the moon when the stars are bedimm'd with  
 her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,  
 Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn;  
 But the mavis is tuneless, the lark strives in vain.  
 When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet  
 strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape with  
 flowers,  
 While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from  
 the bowers,  
 Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella  
 I'll rove,  
 And feast, unrestrained, on the smiles of my love.

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THOMAS M. CUNNINGHAM.

BORN 1776 — DIED 1834.

THOMAS MOUNSEY CUNNINGHAM was born at Culfand, Kirkeudbright, June 25, 1776. He received his education at the village school of Kellieston, not far from Dumfries, and subsequently at the Dumfries Academy. His father's circumstances being much reduced by unfortunate farming speculations, it became needful that Thomas should learn some trade, and he was accordingly apprenticed by his own desire to a mill-wright. It was during intervals of leisure, while acquiring a knowledge of his laborious occupation, that he first composed verses, which, being submitted to his father's notice, were highly praised. In 1797 he obtained employment at Rotherham, near Sheffield, and a few years later entered the establishment of Rennie, the celebrated London engineer. He afterwards became foreman to Mr. Dickson, also an engineer, and superin-

tendent of Fowler's chain-eable manufactory. In 1812 he returned to Rennie's establishment as a clerk, and was ultimately promoted to the position of chief clerk, with a liberal salary. He was much esteemed by his employer, being noted for his regularity and industry.

On leaving his father's house to seek his fortune, Thomas Cunningham had been advised by friends to abjure his poetical proclivities, and he seems for a time to have followed their advice. For a period of nine years nothing appeared from his pen. At length, in 1806, he became a contributor to the *Scots Magazine*, the editor of which was enthusiastic in praising his compositions. James Hogg, also a contributor, took pains to discover the author, and sent him an epistle expressive of his admiration. An intimacy ensued between the poets, which ever after continued, and when the Shepherd planned the *Forest Minstrel* he made application to his friend Cunningham for contributions. No less than twenty-five of the songs contained

<sup>1</sup> The first verse of this lyric was composed by a lady. The poet completed it in Gaelic, and then translated the whole into English.—ED.

in that collection were from the pen of Cunningham. Just as his name was becoming known by his lyrics he took offence at a criticism in the *Scots Magazine*, and for a second time ceased writing for a period of nine years, until discovering one of his songs in a collection entitled the *Nithsdale Minstrel*, he was induced to resume his pen, and wrote a severe poetical castigation of the publishers of the *Minstrel* for their unauthorized appropriation.

On the origin of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, in 1817, he became a contributor, and under the title of the "Literary Legacy," wrote many curious sketches, as well as songs and ballads, for its pages. During his latter years, his brother Allan relates, he unfortunately committed to the flames a poem entitled "Braken

Fell," on which he had bestowed great labour, and which contained a humorous description of the scenes and characters familiar to his early days. Cunningham died of Asiatic cholera October 28th, 1834, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Some of his productions, like those of other Scottish poets of distinction who published their lyrics anonymously, had the honour of being attributed to Robert Burns. No better evidence of their quality could be adduced. His first and last volume of poems, entitled *Har'st Kirn, and other Poems and Songs*, appeared in 1797. The principal piece, which furnishes the title to the book, was written during the year of its publication, and is descriptive of the fun and frolic of a harvest-home in a farm-house of Scotland.

#### FAREWELL, YE STREAMS.

Farewell, ye streams, sae dear to me,  
My bonny Clonden, Nith, and Dee;  
Ye burns that row sae bonnily,  
Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.  
Yet though frae your green banks I'm driven,  
My saul away could ne'er be riven;  
For still she lifts her e'en to heaven,  
An' sighs to be again wi' thee.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,  
Your skins wi' claes o' tartan cleed,  
An' lilt along the verdant mead,  
Or blythely on your whistles blaw;  
An' sing auld Scotia's barns an' ha's,  
Her bourtree dykes an' mossy wa's,  
Her faulds, her bughts, an' birken shaws,  
Whar love an' freedom sweeten a'.

Sing o' her earles tench an' auld,  
Her earlines grim that flyte an' scauld,  
Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld,  
Her flocks an' herds sae fair to see.  
Sing o' her mountains bleak an' high;  
Her fords, whar neighrin' kelpies ply;  
Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy;  
Her lasses, liltin' o'er the lea.

To you the darling theme belongs,  
That frae my heart exulting spangs;  
Oh, mind, among your bonnie sangs,  
The lads that bled for liberty.  
Think on our auld forbears o' yore,  
Wha dyed the muir wi' hostile gore;

Wha slavery's bands indignant tore,  
An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,  
Wha haud the pleugh or wake the fauld,  
Until your dearest bluid rin cauld  
Aye true unto your country be.  
Wi' daring look her dirk she drew,  
An' coost a mither's e'e on you;  
Then let na ony spulzie crew  
Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee.

#### THE BEGGAR.

Wha's this, bedight in tatter'd claes,  
Comes loutin' owre a sturdy rung,  
Wi' eloutit wallets fore and aft,  
And at his belt a gully hung?  
Deep is the glen wi' drifted snaw,  
And keen the wind blaws owre the hill:  
Ye downa up Borinairoch gang,  
The nippin' cauld your bluid will chill.

Come in, an' share the kindly bleeze,  
Whare feckless eild his bouk may warm;  
Come in, an' share the frien'ly beild,  
To shield thee frae the bitter storm.  
Ye mauna trow that ilka Scot  
Is reft o' pity's holy flame:  
Auld neiber, gie's your shiverin' neive,  
An' mak' my lanely ha' your hame.

Now, though the scone our Leczy beuk  
Was toastit nice as scone cou'd be,



An' though our Crummy's aften roos'd,  
The milk nor scone he doughtna pree;  
But glowr'd, as gin the awsome hour  
Drew near to close his yirthly woe;  
Like some auld aik, before the storm  
Has laid its ancient honours low.

Tell me, auld neiber, where ye wan  
That rusty blade an' honest scar?  
I trow you've been on mony a field,  
Amid the horrid din o' war?  
He couldna speak—a deadly smile  
Play'd on his looks serenely dour!  
An' ere we wist, the vet'ran auld,  
A lifeless corse lay on the floor!

#### THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

Amang the birks, sae blythe an' gay,  
I met my Julia hameward gann;  
The linties chantit on the spray,  
The lammies loupit on the lawn;  
On ilka swaird the hay was mawn,  
The braes wi' gowans buskit bra';  
An' ev'ning's plaid o' gray was thrawn  
Out-owre the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,  
An' fragrance wing'd along the lea,  
As down we sat the flowers amang,  
Upon the banks o' stately Dec.  
My Julia's arms encircled me,  
An' saftly slade the hours awa',  
Till dawning coost a glimmerin' e'e  
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, and kye,  
It isna gowd, it isna gear,  
This lifted e'e wad hae, quoth I,  
'The world's drumlie gloom to cheer;  
But gie to me my Julia dear,  
Ye powers wha row this yirthen ba',  
An' oh, sae blythe through life I'll steer  
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' danders up the hill,  
An' our gudeman ea's hame the yowes,  
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill  
That through the muir meand'ring rows;  
Or, tint amang the scroggie knowes,  
My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,  
An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,  
The hills and dales o' Gallowa'.

An' whan auld Scotland's heathy hills,  
Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,

Her flowery wilds an' wimpling rills,  
Awake nae mair my canty strains;  
Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,  
Where heather blooms an' muir-cocks craw,  
Oh, dig my grave, and lay my banes  
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

#### MARY'S GRAVE.

Ye briery fields, where roses blaw!  
Ye flow'ry fells, an' sunny braes!  
Whase scroggie bosoms foster'd a'  
The pleasures o' my youthfu' days.  
Amang your leafy simmer claes,  
And blushin' blooms, the zephyr flies,  
Synce wings awa', and wanton plays  
Around the grave whar Mary lies.

Nae mair your bonnie birken bowers,  
Your streamlets fair, and woodlands gay,  
Can cheer the weary winged hours  
As up the glen I joyless stray:  
For a' my hopes ha'e flown away,  
And when they reach'd their native skies,  
Left me, amid the world o' wae,  
To weet the grave whar Mary lies.

It is na beauty's fairest bloom,  
It is na maiden charms consigned  
And hurried to an early tomb,  
That wrings my heart and clouds my mind;  
But sparkling wit, and sense refin'd,  
And spotless truth without disguise,  
Make me with sighs enrich the wind  
That fans the grave whar Mary lies.

#### THE UNCO GRAVE.

Bonnie Clouden, as ye wander  
Hills, an' haughs, an' muirs amang,  
Ilka knowe an' green meander,  
Learn my sad, my dulefu' sang!  
Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,  
Howms whare rows the gowden wave:  
Blissful scenes, farewell for ever!  
I maun seek an unco grave.

Sair I pled, though fate, unfriendly,  
Stang'd my heart wi' waes and dules,  
That some faithfu' hand might kindly  
Lay't amang my native mools.  
Cronies dear, wha late an' early  
Aye to soothe my sorrows strave,

Think on ane wha lo'es you dearly,  
Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa' frae Scotia's mountains,  
Far frae a' that's dear to dwell,  
Mak's my e'en twa gushin' fountains,  
Dings a dirk in my puir saul.  
Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,  
Howms whar rows the gowden wave,  
Blissful scenes, farewell for ever!  
I maun seek an unco grave.

#### THE BRAES OF BALLAHUN.

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze,  
Soft whispering, fans the leafy trees;  
The linnet greets the rosy morn,  
Sweet in yon fragrant flowery thorn:  
The bee hums round the woodbine bower,  
Collecting sweets from every flower;  
And pure the crystal streamlets run  
Among the braes of Ballahun.

Oh, blissful days for ever fled,  
When wandering wild, as fancy led,  
I ranged the bushy bosom'd glen,  
The scroggie shaw, the rugged linn,  
And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush,  
Where nestling sat the speckled thrush;  
Or, careless roaming, wander'd on  
Among the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,  
When hills and dales rebound with joy?  
The flowery glen and lily'd lea  
In vain display their charms to me.  
I joyless roam the heathy waste,  
To soothe this sad, this troubled breast;  
And seek the haunts of men to shun,  
Among the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,  
The angel smile of artless truth,  
This breast illum'd with heavenly joy,  
Which lyart time can ne'er destroy.  
Oh, Julia, dear! the parting look,  
The sad farewell we sorrowing took,  
Still haunt me as I stray alone  
Among the braes of Ballahun.

## JOHN STRUTHERS.

BORN 1776 — DIED 1853.

JOHN STRUTHERS, the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath" and other pleasant pictures of Scottish life, was born in the parish of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, July 18, 1776. He was the son of a country shoemaker, who was too poor to send him to school; and to his excellent mother he was indebted for a knowledge of the elementary branches. Mrs. Baillie, mother of the gifted Joanna, then residing in the vicinity, took an interest in the delicate boy, and often invited him to her house to read to her and her daughters. At the early age of eight he was employed on a farm chiefly as a cow-herd, and when at the expiration of several years he was sent to school, his progress was so rapid that his parents were urged to educate him for the ministry. This, however, they resolved not to do, and the boy, after some further service on a farm, was sent to Glasgow for the purpose of learning his

father's occupation of shoemaker; and this being fully attained, he returned to East Kilbride and was busily employed in his new calling. During these various changes he had also diligently pursued the task of self-education, in which he made himself acquainted with the best writers of the day.

Having removed once more from his native place to Glasgow, which he now made his permanent home, Struthers in 1803 published his poem entitled "Anticipation." The great success of this war ode, issued at the time when the dread of a French invasion was at its height, encouraged him in the year following to publish his principal poetical work, "The Poor Man's Sabbath." It appeared several weeks in advance of Grahame's "Sabbath," a fact which disposes of the charge of plagiarism which was attempted to be brought against it. The poem was well received, and

rapidly passed through several editions, the third, through the instrumentality of Sir Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie, being issued by Archibald Constable of Edinburgh. It made the author well known in Scotland, and obtained for him literary employment, for which he found time while pursuing his vocation of a shoemaker. Lockhart remarks that "it made his name and character known, and thus served him far more essentially; for he wisely continued to cultivate his poetical talents, without neglecting the opportunity thus afforded him through them of pursuing his original calling under better advantages."

Struthers' next poem, which was as favourably received as its predecessor, was intended as a sequel to "The Poor Man's Sabbath," and was entitled "The Peasant's Death." This was followed in 1811 by "The Winter," a poem in irregular measure, and in 1814 by a small volume bearing the title of *Poems, Moral and Religious*. Four years later he published the poem of "The Plough," in the Spenserian stanza. This was succeeded in 1819 by a collection of songs, published in three volumes, with the title of *The Harp of Caledonia*, to which Miss Baillie, Mrs. Anne Hunter, and others contributed original lyrics. Soon after the appearance of this work he obtained employment as a proof-reader in the printing-office of Khull, Blackie, & Co. During his connection with this establishment he assisted in preparing an edition of Wodrow's *History*, and produced a *History of Scotland* from the union to the year 1827, the date of its publication. He was afterwards employed to prepare a third volume, continuing the narrative until after the Disruption, so that it might be a complete history of the Scottish Church; but he died ere it was quite finished.

In the year 1833 he was appointed to the charge of the Stirling's Library in Glasgow, in which situation he remained for fifteen years; and, returning in the serene and yellow leaf of his days to his first love, he resumed his poem entitled "Dychmont," begun in early life, which he completed and published in his sixty-third year. He died suddenly in Glasgow, July 30, 1853. In addition to the works already named, Struthers published, in 1816, a pamphlet on the state of the labouring poor, followed some years later by a brochure in favour of National Church Establishments; contributed memoirs of James Hogg, minister of Carnock, and Principal Robertson to the *Christian Inquirer*, and prepared sketches of deceased worthies for Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. His poetical works, which appeared at various dates, were republished in 1850, in two volumes, accompanied by an interesting autobiographical sketch. The *Scottish Guardian*, alluding to Struthers and his writings, says: "They are good works, and the works of a good man, who deserves well of his country, and whose name will not soon pass into oblivion." Another authority, the renowned editor of the *Quarterly Review*, in his memoir of Sir Walter, remarks, "It is said that the solitary and meditative generation of cobblers have produced a larger list of murders and other domestic crimes than any other mechanical trade except the butchers; but the sons of Crispin have, to balance their account, a not less disproportionate catalogue of poets; and foremost among these stands the pious author of 'The Poor Man's Sabbath,' one of the very few that have had sense and fortitude to resist the innumerable temptations to which any measure of celebrity exposes persons of their class."

### THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

Amidst the winds that blustering, hollow howl,  
The frosts, that creep cold on the budding spray;  
The fires that glare, the clouds that deepening  
scowl,

In life's low vale with soul-depressing sway;  
Say, Muse, what lights the poor man on his way—  
Gives him to drink at cool contentment's  
spring—

Sheds on his weary soul a cheering ray—  
And bids him soar on Hope's angelic wing?  
The Sabbath day divine, the Poor Man's Sabbath  
sing.

Hail, holy day! of heav'n the certain pledge,  
And pleasing prelibation here below;  
'Tis thine the groans of nature to assuage,

And bind with balmy hand her wounds of woe,  
Rejoicing in the morn'g's ruddy glow,  
The labouring ox, all wet with pearly dew,  
The clover'd dale at will traverses slow,  
While idly gleams upon the distant view,  
Far o'er the fallow field, the glittering soil-worm  
plough.

Yea, e'en the simple ass, the daily drudge  
Of yonder wandering, houseless, homeless train,  
The thistle champs along the common's edge,  
And lightsome ease obliterates all his pain.  
But chief, in freedom from the weary wain  
Exulting, roams at large the bounding steed;  
Light floats upon the breeze his flowing mane;  
He snorts, he paws, he skins the flow'ry mead—  
The Sabbath day to him a day of joy indeed.

His milky charge there too, the farmer feeds,  
While yet his family lie reel'd in sleep;  
This, on the part of labour, mercy pleads—  
Labour, that still an early hour must keep—  
And he that would to meditation deep,  
Or exercise devout, his mind apply,  
Nor blooms of hope, nor fruits of faith will reap,  
If drowsy slumbers hang upon his eye,  
And nature unrefresh'd pour forth the languid  
sigh.

And down the vale where yet unmelted lie  
The morning clouds around his humble home,  
With careless step, in musing transport high,  
Behold the week-worn cottar slowly roam.  
On every hand the fragrant flow'rets bloom,  
A hymn of joy in every thicket rings—  
Earth breathes a grateful off'ring of perfume;  
While blithe the lark extends his dewy wings,  
And soaring up to heaven, a Heaven-taught sonnet  
sings.

All this he ponders o'er with silent joy—  
With gratitude and love his heart o'erflows,  
Yet grieved to think that still with base alloy  
Is mix'd the tribute which his soul bestows.  
In rev'rence deep his head he humbly bows,  
And lifts to Heav'n a supplicating eye;  
Great are his wants, but words their utterance  
lose;  
Dumb on his tongue his mighty cravings lie,  
And burden'd sore, his soul pours forth a broken  
sigh.

And sighs are language in th' all-gracious ear  
Of Him who sits supreme on Mercy's throne,  
Who kindly marks the penitential tear,  
And of the broken sp'rit the faintest groan.  
The meltings of the heart will he disown?  
The heart enraptured with his goodness? No—  
A gracious answer to his sigh comes down,  
Warm on his soul the streams of mercy flow,  
And kindling in his breast, Heav'n's holy ardours  
glow.

Now in his love his friends and family share,  
Before his God he spreads their every case,  
Implores that he would make them all his care,  
And fold them ever in his warm embrace;  
But chiefly for his little infant race,  
As yet unpractised in the world's vile ways,  
That, by the influence of his special grace,  
Conducted through life's dark and troubl'd  
maze,  
Their last end may be peace, their whole lives  
speak his praise.

Nor end his fervours here—his native land,  
Tho' owning not a foot-breadth of her soil,  
He prays that in the hollow of God's hand  
She still may rest, the lov'd, the lovely isle;  
That in her valleys peace may ever smile,  
And jubilant the song her mountains raise,  
While woods and streams the chorus join the  
while,

With active man, to swell the notes of praise,  
Till yonder orbs surcease t' admeasure nights  
and days.

Untutor'd he, with philosophic ken,  
Round the wide limits of the world to sweep,  
To mark the manners strange of ruder men,  
And, sage-like, tell what mystic rites they keep:  
But he has heard that o'er the pathless deep,  
Beneath th' unbroken shade of forests brown,  
The naked tribes, save that they wildly leap,  
Like moody madness to the changing moon,  
No blissful day of rest, no sacred service own.

That blind, at superstition's awful shrine,  
Others laid prostrate, drench'd in human gore,  
The direful fiends of hell, supposed divine,  
With fear and awful reverence adore;  
While lying flammens, boasting wizard lore,  
In vain essay to read their future doom—  
The rite abhorr'd, the harsh rhyme mutter'd  
o'er,  
Cheer not the lonely dwelling of the tomb,  
Which trembling doubt invests with horror's  
deepest gloom.

And with th' assembly great of the first-born,  
Whose names are writ in heaven, in spirit join'd,  
He prays that God upon their case forlorn  
Would cast a healing look in mercy kind;  
And call his gracious covenant to mind,  
His promise from the times of old given forth,  
That in the bonds of amity combin'd,  
Through Him divine, the woman's wond'rous  
birth,  
Men jubilant shall join, from th' utmost ends of  
earth.

But from his little cot a curling cloud  
Of smoke ascending, homeward tempts his way,  
To bless his family, and to serve his God  
In all the sacred duties of the day.

As fanciful let none despise the lay—  
Sweet peace in all her forms Devotion brings;  
But doubly sweet her animating ray,  
When, round the social hearth, Heaven's an-  
them rings,  
And Hope exulting smiles, and Faith expands  
her wings.

The soothing satisfaction who can tell,  
Th' emotions dear that warm the father's heart,  
As, rising sweet, these strains of Zion swell  
Around his little ring, devoid of art?  
Perhaps how God beneath oppression's smart  
Beholds the poor, and listens to their sighs;  
Or, how in wilds and deserts far apart,  
To glad the thirsty soul that fainting lies,  
He bids the flowerets spring, and bubbling streams  
arise.

Or what, when read,—while all attentive hear,  
Is some marked portion of the sacred word;  
Perhaps in Sinai's thirsty desert drear,  
Or Arnon's brooks, the doing of the Lord.  
Or how, when Persecution's cruel sword  
Awoke in fury, burning to devour,  
By Cherith's brook conceal'd, the prophet's  
board,  
The ravens, mission'd by Almighty power,  
With bread and flesh supplied at morn and  
evening's hour.

Or, when amidst the drought-consumed soil,  
Their empty urns the fainting brooks deplore,  
How the poor widow's little cruse of oil  
For many a day supplied the unailing store;  
Or how the weeping Bard the briny shower  
Poured for the children of his people slain,  
While low on earth, with ashes covered o'er,  
Zion for help stretched forth her hands in vain,  
A hissing and a scorn to spiteful foes profane.

Perhaps, when this green earth in morning  
prime,  
To run its destin'd course had scarce begun,  
How righteous Abel fell before his time,  
By meekness, faith, and charity undone—  
And how the haughty, overbearing one,  
Though pitying earth the ruthless deed de-  
plor'd,  
Harden'd in pride and hate, in daring tone,  
Braving the anger of th' Omniscient Lord,  
Was driven out from man a vagabond abhor'd.

Or how the peaceful Enoch walked with God,  
Amidst a world of wickedness and strife;  
And how he was not found in earth's abode,  
Caught up immediate to eternal life.  
Or how, a comfort when his cares were rife,  
And foam'd the curse in wrath's o'er-brimming  
horn,  
To woe-worn Lamech by his faithful wife,

Noah, amidst the ungodly scoffs and scorn  
Of a rejected world, a Preacher bold was born.

Whom, when the day of slighted patience clos'd,  
And wrath's dark night arose in starless gloom,  
A miracle of mercy interpos'd  
To save amidst the all-o'erwhelming doom.  
And how, when on a lost world's closing tomb,  
Its relic and its orphan poor he stood,  
His grateful offering's savoury perfume,  
Through precious faith in the Messiah's blood,  
Rose with acceptance meet before the throne of  
God.

Who on his weakness turn'd a pitying eye,  
Resolv'd in such sort never to contend  
Again with sinful flesh—but wet and dry,  
In measure meet, with heat and cold to send.  
And seasons, round the rolling earth to blend  
Beauty and grandeur in successive rise;  
And day and night, until th' appointed end  
Of all within man's visive range that lies,  
The garniture of earth, the glory of the skies.

And how he bade him love and multiply,  
And fill the earth, yet fair for him outspread,  
And rule o'er all that run, creep, swim, or fly;  
The rightful owner, and the sovereign head.  
And how, lest in his breast a secret dread  
Might harbour, and his better thoughts confine,  
Of wrath remov'd, and reconilement made,  
The glorious symbol, dipp'd in dyes divine,  
Bright on the rising cloud he bade the rainbow  
shine.

Beneath his oak, in Mamre's fertile vale,  
His browsing flocks around him peaceful spread,  
Abram they see God's messengers regale,  
And hear him warm for Sodom intercede.  
Awe-struck they mark that careless city laid.  
Full fed upon the wanton lap of ease,  
Fast closing o'er her wrath's eternal shade,  
Yet hoarse her tumult, rising on the breeze,  
Wild as the boreal winds, or tempest-stricken  
seas.

Her doom how dread! the gray dawn's placid  
beam  
Has scarcely still'd the madden'd night's uproar;  
Sloth on her pillow grasps the feverish dream.  
And gorg'd intemperance begins to snore.  
The rising sun glints soft on tree and tower,  
And love and joy awakes the woodland choir—  
When lo! it bursts one sulphurous flash of  
power,  
And, in a tempest of eternal fire,  
In one dread moment whelm'd the ungodly  
race expire.

Unhappy Lot, didst thou not now reflect  
Upon thy selfish choice, thy love of gain;  
Thy comfort, and thy dutiful respect

For generous Abram sacrific'd in vain,  
That rich, well-water'd, ever-verdant plain,  
So captivating to thy carnal eye,  
With all upon it, swallow'd up amain—  
Leaves thee in widow'd solitude to sigh,  
The weeping child of woe and cheerless poverty.

Or Isaac meek, come forth at eventide  
To meditate at La-hai-roi well,  
By fair Rebekah met in maiden pride,  
Awakes their pious feeling's gentler swell.  
And Jacob, how they lingering love to dwell  
On portions of thy strangely-varied tale,  
Thy patient toil, thy faith that did excel,  
Thy strength with th' angel wrestling to pre-  
vail,  
Whence came, a prince with God, thy new name  
Israel.

Or Pisgah Mount with Moses they ascend,  
The distant land of promise to survey;  
That goodly land, where hills and valleys blend,  
Woods wave, streams glide, and living foun-  
tains play.  
A land for which God careth every day—  
Refreshed with rain and fertilized with dew;  
A land whereon his strong right hand for aye  
Shall rest conspicuous in creation's view,  
Astonishing in grace, in judgment fearful too!

Or of th' Eternal One, a child of days,  
All lowly in a humble manger laid;  
Or toil-consum'd in life's laborious ways,  
A man of sorrows, wanting daily bread;  
Nor having where to lay his aching head  
In his own world—by his own chosen race,  
His love with heartless apathy repaid,  
His office power malign'd, and, to his face,  
Charg'd with demoniac aid his highest acts of  
grace.

Or, through the frail humanity he wore,  
How brightly to the eye of faith it shone,  
Although at times with more or less of power,  
The glory of th' alone begotten Son.  
Image express of him th' unseen One,  
He made his pathway the wide weltering wave;  
He spoke—the winds were still, disease was  
gone,  
And, yielding up its charge, th' oblivious grave  
Proclaim'd him Lord of all, omnipotent to save.

Perhaps they read, while rapture-speaking  
tears  
Like dew-drops o'er their sun-burnt faces stray,  
How freed from all his woes and all his fears,  
Death's bands he burst upon this hallow'd day:  
And gracious, as his friends pursu'd their way  
Towards Emmaus, their faith and hope nigh  
gone,  
Reviv'd their spirits with a rich display

From his own word how all that had been done  
Must needs have met on him, as from the first  
foreshown.

Foreshown in Eden by the bruised heel  
The woman's seed was destin'd to sustain;  
And by his faith's accepted sign and seal,  
Good Abel's firstlings for an off'ring slain—  
And by the door-posts sprinkled, not in vain,  
With blood, when vengeance Egypt's first-born  
slew;—  
And by the serpent, rear'd on Petra's plain  
By Moses, in the congregation's view,  
On which when bit they look'd, and looking liv'd  
anew.

In David, from the haunts of man exil'd,  
Pursu'd by Saul, and that vile Edomite,  
Doeg, God's priests who unrelenting kill'd,  
Fourscore and five men in his causeless spite;—  
And by the prophets, in the sacred light  
Of inspiration rising strong and clear,  
Who hail'd the prospect with intense delight,  
And, humbly searching, as the time drew near,  
To Daniel 'twas vouchsaf'd to tell th' auspicious  
year.

Then on their knees with fervour deep they pour  
Out all their hearts into his gracious ear,  
Who, having prov'd temptation's evil hour,  
Feels all the sorrows of his people here.  
And o'er their sinful lives, their wanderings  
drear  
From that which all their better thoughts  
approve,  
They deep lament, with many a bitter tear,  
Imploring, all his other gifts above,  
An increase to their faith, their charity, and love.

But not to mourning nor requests alone  
Confin'd—their grateful adorations rise  
For countless mercies daily to them shown,  
For life and all its bountiful supplies;  
For all those tender and endearing ties  
That link them in affection's golden chain—  
For hope, that anchoring far above the skies,  
Gives them the soul's calm sunshine to maintain,  
Though daily prest with toil, with poverty and  
pain.

And humbled to the dust, they ardent pray  
His promis'd Spirit still to be their guide,  
Amidst the snares in life's bewildering way,  
That, watchful, lurk unseen on every side.  
And in their lot, whatever may betide,  
The sunny calm, or tempest howling high,  
He in the cloudy-skirted storm may ride,  
And whisper soft, as fainting low they lie,  
“My friends, be not afraid, for see, behold, 'tis I!”

The humble meal is now in haste brought forth,  
No dainties smile upon their humble board,

One homely dish each morn rewards their  
worth,  
Tis all they ask, and all they can afford.  
Yet still, within their frugal pantry stor'd,  
A savoury cheese remains, to grace the day  
Of holy rest and joy, when Care abhorr'd,  
Wrapt in his cloud of darkness, shrinks away  
Before the radiant rise of Hope's high-streaming  
ray.

Then forth they go, for now before the door  
The short'ning shadow marks the hour of nine;  
And by the broomy hill are coming o'er  
Their village neighbours, glittering, clean, and  
fine.

Upon the road with neighbours neighbours join,  
And converse sweet beguiles the tedious way—  
Some trace in Nature's works the hand divine,  
Some through the flowery fields of Scripture  
stray,  
And some, alas! retail the nonsense of the day.

The sun burns bright—wide through the fervid  
air,  
Of insect wings the hum unceasing flows;  
And stretch'd around, beneath th' oppressive  
glare,  
The flowery field with dazzling splendour glows.  
Adown the vale, beneath the shady boughs,  
The herd seeks shelter from the sultry beam,  
Or under yon tall rock, that, rising, throws  
All hoary through the trees a dusky gleam,  
Their panting sides they lave deep in the silver  
stream.

The peaceful valley smiles; with wanton glee  
The hare leaps playful in the broomy shade;  
And clear the wild-wood strains of liberty,  
All rapt'rous, sweep along the sunny glade.  
With eyes of jet, and swelling bosom red,  
The little robin, flutt'ring, flits on high;  
The russet wren, beneath the brushwood hid,  
Patters unseen, or on the careless eye  
Comes like a falling leaf in air light wavering by.

Sweet Nature's children! these your haunts  
enjoy,  
Nor yet for me one sportive round decline;  
No ruffian I, your pleasures to destroy;  
No, brethren, no! the God ye praise is mine.  
But ah! what bands approach with fell design!  
Their faces dark, with guilty horror brown;  
Nor song nor service is to them divine.  
Nor holy times, nor tender ties they own,  
The base, degenerate dregs of yonder smoky town.

Within their bosoms quenched the light of  
Heaven,  
In vain would Pity cross their guilty way;  
The harmless creatures fly, in terror driven,  
As dark they sweep along with ruthless sway.  
The warbling linnet drops the unfinish'd lay,

Frantic to see her little nestlings torn  
For ever from her eyes:— full many a day,  
With feathers ragged, drooping, all forlorn,  
Her plaintive note shall flow from yonder milk-  
white thorn.

Nor there will wanton cruelty in peace  
Her woe-fraght strains allow her time to pour;  
Crashes the bush, wide floats its flowery fleece,  
As, aimed at her, resounds the stony shower:—  
Thus oft the bard in silence must endure  
The prideful pelting of the ruffian throng,  
Who spurn his holy flame, his feelings pure.  
And arm'd in self-adoring maxims, strong,  
Despise the charms of wit and energies of song.

Ye reckless ones, why will ye scatter pain,  
And carry wailing into scenes so fair?  
Let nature plead, the barbarous act refrain,  
The toil-built nest, the little nestlings spare.  
The flood of song shall well reward your care,  
While glide the life-renewing months of spring;  
Through summer leafy many a grateful pair  
Shall cheer your lonely walks with social wing;  
Yea there, through winter wild, the redbreast  
sweet shall sing.

But now at length in view the church appears,  
An ancient pile, with moss-grown turrets gray,  
The venerable work of other years,  
Which Time's swift lapse hath placed far away.  
There oft the sons, to prayer on such a day,  
In troublous times, the fathers fond have led,  
Who, peaceful now, beneath the silent clay,  
Lie with the congregation of the dead,  
Their feet for aye from toil, their eyes from  
sorrow hid.

How solemn to the eye the scene appears!  
The yew—the porch, with pale Death's em-  
blems crown'd,  
And sable-railed, bedecked with pompous tears,  
The rich men's tombs, that gloomy rise around;  
Of some the smooth-hewn slab marks out the  
bound,  
Preserving still the poor possessor's name,  
Perhaps his years; while level with the ground  
Many, by friendship mourned, unknown to fame,  
Beneath the grass-green sod no frail memorial  
claim.

Here, wrapt in thought, the poor man wanders  
wild,  
And dark the days of other years return;  
For underneath that turf his darling child,  
His first-born son, lies in the mould'ring urn.  
He heaves a sigh, his heart begins to burn  
The rough gray stone still marks his fav'rite's  
head;  
And o'er him, beauteous in the breath of morn,  
To all her children, Nature's bounteous meal,  
With scarlet gaily tipt, the lowly daisies spread.

"Child of my love, confess'd before my eye  
Thou standest, fair in all thy blooming grace;  
Wild on the wind thy sunny ringlets fly,  
And dawning goodness brightens on thy face.  
I see, I see thee in the sportive race,  
Lur'd by the bright son of the summer beam;  
I see thee, panting, drop the fruitless chase—  
For, glittering, far adown the silver stream,  
He floats on air away, as fades the nightly dream.

"So fadest thou! for never sportive more,  
Bloated and black, upon thy bed of pain  
I see thee laid: thy short, short span is o'er—  
A mournful proof that earth-born hopes are  
vain.  
Yet let me never pour the tear profane—  
Well hast thou 'scap'd a wicked world of woe;  
The spurn of pride—Misfortune's driving rain,  
And creeping chill, the baleful blast of snow,  
From poverty's cold sky, hath never laid thee low.

"Thou hast not heard the child of deep distress  
In bitterness pour forth the anguish'd groan;  
Thou hast not seen, and yet couldst not redress  
Poor Misery, pining, friendless and alone.  
Nor was it thine in sorrow to bemoan  
A wandering childhood and a wanton youth—  
Ere sin had gathered strength, lo, thou wast  
gone!  
Devotion's first note trembling in thy mouth,  
Raptures for aye to drink before the throne of  
truth."

While thus he meditative pours the tear  
Of pious resignation o'er his dead,  
The rising psalm it swells upon his ear,  
A psalm that made Israel's sweet singer glad:  
Because to dwell in Hades' dismal bed  
His soul would not be left, he felt secure;  
His flesh, besides, to rest in hope was made,  
A joyful hope, even in death's darksome hour,  
Plac'd far beyond the reach of foul corruption's  
power.

Perhaps the song is of creative might,  
How this huge mass in shapeless darkness rose,  
And God said, Let light be! and there was light,  
Till misty evening made the first day's close.  
For thus, in wisdom infinite, He chose  
To mark creation's age, the march of time,  
While yet with life no creature living glows,  
But over all the wide and watery elime,  
Vast, on the shoreless sea, sat solitude sublime.

Once more he said, and from the womb of earth,  
Minute and vast, most wondrously combined,  
The bestial tribes, exulting, bounded forth,  
Each fully grown and perfect in its kind.  
But still there wanted, in the Almighty mind,  
Th' extreme of power and wisdom shown in one,  
Matter with spirit, soul with body join'd,

A somewhat to complete th' eternal plan—  
Come let us make, he said, and the result was  
Man!

Man, fram'd of dust, but by Jehovah's hand  
Compounded, and thy soul a breath divine,  
Such as the love of angels to command,  
How high and holy was that place of thine!  
Thou wast of this magnificent design,  
That in the bosom of the Triune God  
Lay forming from an unbeginning line,—  
The consummation. Now he pausing stood,  
Revised the glorious whole, and all was very good!

He rested and refreshed beheld, well pleased,  
His own Eternal Godhead thus displayed;  
And now, his vast idea realized,  
He ceased from making all that he had made.  
And let the day be holiness, he said,  
A weekly witness how the world began—  
A bulwark to religion—reason's aid,  
What time creation's dawn she aims to scan,  
A blest seventh day's release to labour-laden man.

Or mediately they sing, by laws imprest  
On nature, how he worketh out his will;  
Each element, beneath his high behest,  
Awake and active, or inert and still.  
And how for promised good or threatened ill,  
The ready means in order ranked they stand—  
The rain, the dew, the air have powers to kill;  
Death points the sunbeam, and if he command,  
A breath, a worm, a fly shall waste the wealthiest  
land.

Or, if need be, with all his world of waves,  
The sea upon the sinful land shall rise;  
The solid earth shall gape with open graves  
Before Rebellion's fury-flashing eyes.  
From its broad base o'erturn'd the mountain  
lies,  
Deep burying every monument of man,  
Or shoots an arch of fire o'er half the skies,  
That terror blanch'd through all their signs  
look wan,  
While rueful ruin smokes beneath its awful span.

Or, sweeter, and with holier ecstasy,  
They sing how glorious all his name above  
Expands his mercy's vast infinity,  
The boundless riches of redeeming love!  
The flood of joy which all his creatures prove  
In instincts, passions, habits, feelings fine,  
When peaceful, each in course, the seasons  
move,  
And, all exultant in their breath divine,  
The vales flow out with milk, the hills with oil  
and wine.

Or, how they joy, in meek humility,  
Once more to stand within the house of God,



Where flows the stream of life, out-welling free,  
 And He himself delights to make abide—  
 Gracious, from him, worn out in life's rough  
 road,  
 His hope, it may be, ready to expire,  
 To lift, insensibly, the galling load,  
 Rewaken faith, draw out the strong desire,  
 Till like a furnace glows his soul with heavenly  
 fire.

Then rising all, the minister to heaven,  
 In suppliant mood, lifts up his hands on high,  
 Rich with the light six thousand years have  
 given,  
 The fire of genius brightens in his eye:  
 But on his brow sits meek humility,  
 With ardent love and awful reverence join'd,  
 In sight of Him who, bending from the sky,  
 Regards the contrite heart with aspect kind,  
 But spurns, with loathing deep, the self-elated  
 mind.

With him their souls in adoration rise,  
 Through him their deep contrition they express  
 For countless follies, grave iniquities,  
 Abused mercy, and neglected grace.  
 For churlish discontent and thanklessness  
 Beneath the joy which every day renews;  
 For obstinate and heartless pride of face,  
 Through which th' obedient shoulder they  
 refuse,  
 Though law, and light, and love have left them  
 no excuse.

But while the power and prevalence of sin  
 With tears of genuine sorrow they bemoan,  
 They think of Him their advocate, within  
 The highest heaven, a priest upon his throne,  
 Which by obedience to the death he won,  
 With power o'er all existences conjoin'd,  
 Eternal life to give to every one,  
 Who, in the purpose of th' All-seeing Mind,  
 For that vocation high was to his care consign'd.

And now, that he would graciously shed down  
 His Spirit on their souls, they humbly plead,  
 That so the word, from faith to faith made  
 known,  
 May prove to them the true life-giving bread.  
 That, the great Shepherd, he would stand and  
 feed  
 This day in all the majesty of God,  
 Administering, to all who sow, the seed,  
 Breathing of grace the fructifying cloud,  
 And waking warm to blow the south wind soft  
 abroad.

And as he stills the forest-rending wind,  
 Of seas, and all their waves the wild uproar,  
 So speak conviction to the sinner's mind,  
 And bid corruption rage and rule no more:  
 And on the soul, in grief afflicted sore,

Temptation toss'd, in darkness all forlorn,  
 The healing balm of consolation pour,  
 While rises bright, his pathway to adorn,  
 Heaven-breathing hope, arrayed in all the hues  
 of morn.

Prayer ended—now the Scripture page is read  
 And brief expounded to the simple hind:  
 How, by the serpent's guileful speech betray'd,  
 Our first grand parents from the truth declined,  
 By one rash act themselves, yea all their kind,  
 To sorrow, toil, and death delivering o'er,  
 Hence wide o'er earth diffused the hateful  
 mind,—  
 Hence groans the forest track'd with living  
 gore,  
 And war with baleful breath has blasted every  
 shore.

Hence wrathful ruin sweeps the troubled sky,  
 Or slumbers in the congregating clouds,  
 Or in the depths of earth, from every eye  
 Conceal'd, the fell resolve in silence broods,—  
 In cheerless gloom the face of day she shrouds,  
 Her breath is thunder, or with frost burns froze,  
 Beneath her feet the trembling earth explodes  
 With direful crash, prelude to the hour  
 When wrapt in flame the world shall sink beneath  
 her power.

The love of God this painful theme relieves,—  
 A love which doth all knowledge far transcend,  
 Which yet the babe in knowledge, who believes,  
 In some degree is taught to comprehend:  
 Whence came the lowly one, the poor man's  
 friend,  
 And from his lips snatch'd wrath's red cup of  
 gall,  
 Which drinking, he had labour'd without end,  
 In direful din shut up stern justice' thrall,  
 Debarr'd the light of hope or soothing mercy's  
 call.

But he, though frowning Death stood inter-  
 posed,  
 At one full draught the dregs unshrinking  
 wrung,  
 While round him fierce, in fiery phalanx, closed  
 Princedoms and powers, rulers of darkness  
 strong;  
 Who saw him laid the long-lost dead among,  
 And number'd him with malefactors vile,  
 Presuming to have marr'd for aye the song,  
 Through life that soothed the mourner's weary  
 toil,  
 And even in death's dread hour gave him the  
 victor's smile.

Presumption vain!—although the insatiate tomb  
 Was closed upon him with the seal of power,  
 And men of war, the invincibles of Rome,  
 Set sentinels to make his prison sure.

God's angel, as it came the appointed hour,  
Another watcher, clothed in flame, descends,  
Rolls back, and sits upon the huge stone door;—  
Blood-erudling fear each soldier's breath sus-  
pends,

While earth's foundations deep the heaving  
earth-quake rends.

And Jesus, self-reviving, takes again  
That life for man he in his love laid down,  
Up with him, too, he brings a glorious train,  
First-fruits to gem his mediatorial crown;  
And trophies of eternal victory, won  
On that dark shore wash'd by oblivion's wave—  
Sure pledges that he holds them for his own,  
The keys of death and of the dismal grave,  
Omnipotent, alike or to condemn or save.

Now, having died once, he dies no more,  
But sits a Priest and King upon his throne;  
The head of principality and power  
Throughout all worlds supreme, th' Anointed  
One.

Because he made himself man's feeble son,  
Heir to his grief, his penury, and pain,  
He, by the high decree, and he alone,  
With office power is vested, to sustain  
Wrath's adamantine bars, and mercy's golden  
chain.

In faith of this, sublime the Sabbath song  
The ancient church raised to the Righteous One,  
Which now far lands and distant isles prolong,  
And ever shall, till time's last sands are run.  
And, when on earth the work of God is done,  
And tears, and sighs, with sin have fled away,  
The same glad notes shall rise before the throne,  
No voice discordant, and no heart astray,  
Still new, and still the same, through glory's end-  
less day.

Stranger to this consolatory theme,  
Beware the atheist's hiss, the sceptic's sneer;  
Here, plain to all, as with a sunbright beam,  
A future judgment-day is written clear.  
Yes, as he went, again he shall appear,  
With clouds and darkness round about his  
throne;

His voice shall yet resound in every ear  
That lives, or e'er hath liv'd the earth upon;  
To him each knee shall bow, him every tongue  
shall own.

Once, deem'd the meanest of the mean, he stood  
At Caiaphas' and Herod's partial bar;  
Was spit on by a base and brutal crowd,  
And set at naught by ruffian men of war;  
Nor did that truckling Roman, Pilate, dare,  
Though awe-struck with his spotless innocence,  
Aught better for his safety to prepare,  
Than rods and scourging, on the vile pretence,  
In sordid minds, by wrong, t' awaken moral sense.

Then he was in the greatness of his strength,  
Humiliation's dreary vale within,  
Wrath's ample winepress treading out at length,  
Beneath the burden of his people's sin.  
Now he is come, in majesty, to win  
The full reward of all his travail sore,  
A new career of glory to begin—  
Glory with God the Father, kept in store  
Unseen, yea, unconceived in earth or heaven  
before.

Now it shines out, that glory all his own,  
Ere time his silent course began to run—  
That glory to the world's wise ones unknown,  
Th' eternal glory of th' Eternal Son.  
Nor comes he glorious as the sun alone,  
With that of the Eternal Father seal'd,  
But glorious as the Economic One,  
By whom, in every age, have been reveal'd  
The counsels high of Heaven, and in him all ful-  
fill'd.

Think thou, his grace who dares to despise,  
How thou wilt meet him on this day of ire,  
When conscience, with demoniac strength,  
shall rise  
To dash thy soul with accusations dire?  
Creation burns immense, one sea of fire,  
Worlds—suns, and stars, and systems are no  
more:  
Where wilt thou fly? how will thy dreams  
expire,  
Cast out thy boundless folly to deplore,  
Where death's dark waters lave despair's still  
darker shore.

For thee in vain new heavens and earth arise,  
The abodes of peace, of love, and holiness;  
This found no favour in thy blinded eyes,  
And these of course thou never canst possess.  
Ah! yet bethink thee, while, with peaceful voice,  
He stands, th' atoning High Priest, full in view;  
His precious blood, his sanctifying grace  
Proffering to all, with admonition due  
To faith, repentance, love, and prompt obedience  
new..

The preacher thus, with that impressive air  
Subjects so awfully sublime require,  
Adjures his audience all, with many a tear,  
To 'scape the vengeance of eternal fire;  
To rest on God, who is the warm desire  
Of those that fear him, faithful to fulfil:  
Who oft to rapture tunes the mourner's lyre,  
Even when the rain of sorrow, falling chill,  
Hath drench'd the flowers of hope, that bloom  
on Faith's green hill.

The sermon closed, again in prayer they join,  
Prayer not prefer'd for sordid, selfish ends,  
But, drinking at the fount of love divine,

Wide as the world their soul's warm wish  
extends.

And sweet the grand prophetic song ascends—  
"Mercy is built for ever firm and sure;"

On God her strong stability depends,  
And still her seel, brought forth refined and  
pure,

Shall, as the sun in heaven, from age to age  
endure.

Now westward driving far, with prone career,  
The red-hair'd sun rolls on his fiery road;  
Gay, golden hues the green-topp'd mountains  
wear,

And deeper shades invest the waving wood.  
When clos'd the sacred work, they come abroad,  
Devoutly rais'd to holy rapture some;

Some pond'ring dark the fix'd decrees of God,  
His awful wrath, the sinner's final doom,  
With all the shadowy shapes that frown behind  
the tomb.

From church return'd, our simple cotter see,  
His babes around him innocently smile;  
His spouse, with looks of kind complacency,  
Hastes to present again the frugal meal.  
And as they eat, what text was read he'll tell;  
What doctrines thence deduc'd, what sins re-  
prov'd,

What motives given to cherish holy zeal,  
What views to faith of Him, her best belov'd,  
By whom upheld, she stands in fiery storms  
unmov'd.

To him, their guide, they lend a willing ear,  
While he at large instructs them as he can,  
The path of truth to tread, their God to fear,  
And thus fulfil the great design of man.

Nor sneer, ye sages—though unfit to scan  
Your systems jarring, intricate, and wild;  
Some previous outlines of salvation's glory,  
How man far, far from happiness exil'd,  
By grace may be restor'd, he yet can teach his  
child.

Nor can the simplest here be at a loss,  
Thanks to our great forefathers' pious care,  
Who, shunning doctrines ernde, and customs  
gross,

Built up our church compact, a fabric fair;  
With formularies rich beyond compare,  
In all the elements of truth divine,  
Especially the Shorter Compend, where,  
Concise and neat, in each perspicuous line,  
Great thoughts with simplest words felicitously  
join.

Rang'd in due order, there the little ones—  
A sight which seraphs stoop from heaven to see—  
Each in its gravest mood and firmest tone  
The ruming question answers full and free.  
Even he, the infant on his mother's knee,

A lisping lamiter of feeble frame,  
Distinguish'd as his elders, too, must be,  
To speak the Spirit's grace, the Saviour's fame,  
Although 'tis but by halves he can pronounce  
the name.

And one whose life seems drawing near the  
grave,

Darken'd her day, her nights with pain oppress,  
She too her cus om'd place and say must have,  
Leaning her head upon a sister's breast.

A psalm, too, she has got as well's the rest.  
Though ears do now the want of eyes supply—  
"How truly every humble soul is blest  
Who can by faith on Jacob's God rely,  
Who made and peopl'd earth, the sea, and heaven  
high.

"Who giveth, gracious, to the blind their sight,  
And leads them by a way they do not know;  
The bowed down doth make to walk upright,  
And the pale cheek with roseate health to glow.  
In whom compassions never ceasing flow,  
And mercy reigns an attribute supreme,  
Long-suffering, to aught like anger slow,  
And bounteous in the trying hour extreme,  
From all iniquity his Israel to redeem."

Thus from the mouth of babes the song of praise  
Ascends to heaven, at eve or dewy morn:  
Hence honest honour, with unborrow'd rays,  
In humble life the meanest may adorn.  
Yes, oft the hind, thus taught, can laugh to  
scorn

The varnish'd vices of the vulgar great,  
And, on the wings of faith and reason borne,  
Above the mists that cloud his mean estate,  
Turn them to blessings rare the rigours of his fate.

Parental teaching clos'd with family prayer,  
Each seeks, for soft repose, the peaceful bed:  
The sire except, who, by the evening fair,  
To muse along the greenwood side is led.  
The setting sun, in robes of crimson red  
And purple gorgeous, clothes the glowing west;  
While sober eve, in misty mantle clad,  
One bright star lovely beaming on her breast,  
With feet all bathed in dew, comes slowly from  
the east.

Now clos'd, the daisy droops its dewy head.—  
Hush'd are the woods, the breathing fields are  
still,  
And soft beneath the meadow's flowery pride  
Creeps gurgling on its way the mossy rill.  
Sublimely solemn rolls the mingling swell,  
At times with many a mournful pause between,  
Of streams rude, rushing down the sounding  
dell,

Re-echo'd wide from distant wilds unseen,  
And lambs that softly bleat far o'er the flowery  
green.

Fast follows on the cloud of night's dark noon,  
 And bright the fires of heaven begin to blaze;  
 While o'er the misty mountain's head the moon  
 Pours, in a streaming flood, her silver rays.  
 White on the pool her radiance, flickering, plays  
 Where shadows, faintly glimmering, shadows  
 mar;

And clear the cottage window, to the gaze  
 Of solitary wanderer, gleaming far  
 Up yonder green hill side, appears a glittering  
 star.

Our poor man here, in converse with the sky,  
 Lone o'er the uplands holds his wandering way;  
 His bosom swells, he heaves the frequent sigh,  
 And tears start sudden ere he well knows why.  
 'Tis nature stirs him—verging to decay,  
 Through all her works, she pours the weary  
 groan;

Even now by faith he hails th' eventful day—  
 He hears the trump of God—the great white  
 throne

Is rais'd—creation melts—lo, heaven and earth  
 are gone!

“And thou, my soul!” he cries; “shalt thou  
 survive,

When quenched in years these living fires shall  
 fade?”

Yes, in immortal vigour thou shalt live,  
 And soar and sing when every star is fled.  
 For so hath God—God, thy Redeemer, said:  
 A higher song than seraph's shall be thine;  
 Yea, though in mould'ring clay this flesh be  
 laid,

These very lips, with energy divine,  
 Heaven's high-resounding harp in holy hymns  
 shall join.

“To God for ever let thy song ascend,  
 Though stormy howlings sweep thy rugged  
 path;

Though weeping woe thy straiten'd steps attend,  
 And sin thy green leaves soil with burning  
 breath;

There yet remains a rest reveal'd to faith,  
 A rest from sin and all its dire distress;  
 A Sabbath sweet, beyond the realm of death,  
 Bright with the beams of God's all-gracious face,

The gift of sovereign love, the rich reward of  
 grace.”

Sooth'd with this sweet idea, he retires,  
 His brow serene with calm contentment's smile,  
 To rest, till ruddy morning's glowing fires  
 Again awake him to his weekly toil.

Fountain of Good! grant me to keep, the while  
 My span extends, thy Sabbaths thus away;  
 My reason clear, my spirit free from guile:  
 And of thy light still shed a purer ray,  
 Till glory's sun arise in bright refulgent day!

## THE SICK CHILD.

I pass'd the cot but yesterday,  
 'Twas neat and clean, its inmates gay,  
 All pleas'd and pleasing, void of guile,  
 Pursuing sport or healthful toil.

To-day the skies are far more bright,  
 The woods pour forth more wild delight,  
 The air seems all one living hum,  
 And every leaflet breathes perfume.

Then why is silence in the cot,  
 Its wonted industry forgot,  
 The fire untrimmed, the floor unred,  
 The chairs with clothes and dishes spread,  
 While, all in woeful dishabille,  
 Across the floor the children steal?  
 Alas! these smothered groans! these sighs!  
 Sick, sick the little darling lies;  
 The mother, while its moan ascends,  
 Pale, o'er the cradle, weeping bends;  
 And, all absorbed in speechless woe,  
 The father round it paces slow.  
 Behind them close, with clasped hands,  
 The kindly village matron stands,  
 Bethinking what she shall direct;  
 For all night long, without effect,  
 Her patient care has been applied,  
 And all her various simples tried,  
 And glad were she could that be found  
 Would bring the baby safely round.

Meanwhile, the little innocent,  
 To deeper moans gives ampler vent,  
 Lifts up its meek but burden'd eye,  
 As if to say, “Let me but die,  
 For me your cares, your toils give o'er,  
 To die in peace, I ask no more.”

But who is there with aspect kind,  
 Where faith, and hope, and love are joined,  
 And pity sweet? The man of God,  
 Who soothes, exhorts, in mildest mood,  
 And to the pressure of the case  
 Applies the promises of grace—  
 Then lifts his pleading voice and eye  
 To Him enthron'd above the sky,  
 Who, compass'd once with pains and fears,  
 Utter'd strong cries, wept bitter tears—  
 Whence still the sympathetic glow  
 He feels for all his people's woe—  
 For health restored, and length of days,  
 To the sweet babe he humbly prays;  
 But 'specially that he may prove  
 An heir of faith, a child of love;  
 That, when withdrawn from mortal eyes,

May bloom immortal in the skies;  
 And for the downcast parent pair,  
 Beneath this load of grief and care  
 That grace divine may bear them up,  
 And sweeten even this bitter cup,  
 Which turns to gall their present hopes,  
 With consolation's cordial drops.  
 He pauses—now the struggle's done,

His span is closed—his race is run:  
 No—yet he quivers—ah! that thrill!  
 That wistful look—ah! now how still!

But yesterday the cot was gay,  
 With smiling virtue's seraph train!  
 There sorrow dwells with death to-day,  
 When shall the cot be gay again!

## RICHARD GALL.

BORN 1776—DIED 1801.

RICHARD GALL, the friend of Robert Burns and Hector Maeneill, was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in December, 1776. His father, being in poor circumstances, could give his son but a limited education in a school at Haddington, and at the age of eleven Richard was apprenticed to a relative who was a builder and house carpenter. During his apprenticeship he took lessons from a private teacher, and courted the Muses with sufficient success to attract the notice of Burns and Maeneill, with the former of whom he maintained a correspondence. The drudgery of heavy manual labour proving ungenial, the apprentice suddenly disappeared, and proceeding to Edinburgh, obtained employment with David Ramsay, of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*. Poor Gall's career was very brief: an abscess in the breast, which medical skill failed to subdue, caused his death after a lingering illness, May 10th, 1801, at the early age of twenty-five. He was a member of a Highland

volunteer regiment; and his remains were accompanied to the Calton burial-ground by his fellow-volunteers, and there interred with military honours.

Richard Gall was possessed of a lively fancy and warm temperament, and gave great promise of occupying an honourable position in the first rank of Scottish poets. Thomas Campbell, whose friendship he enjoyed, had a very high opinion of his poetic talents. His love of poetry was a leading characteristic of the man, and it is related that during his last illness he inscribed verses with a pencil when he was no longer able to use a pen. His songs became very popular, but were not published in a collected form until 1819, when a selection of his writings was issued in one small volume, with a memoir from the pen of Alexander Balfour. Two of Gall's songs—"The bonny blink o' Mary's e'e" and "Farewell to Ayrshire," the latter being included in Currie's edition—were at one time attributed to Burns.

## THE BRAES O' DRUMLEE.

Ere eild wi' his blatters had warsled me down,  
 Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,  
 How aft hae I gane, wi' a heart louping light,  
 To the knowes yellow tappit wi' broom!  
 How aft hae I sat i' the bield o' the knowe,  
 While the laverock mounted sae hie,  
 An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings  
 around.  
 On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

But, ah! while we daff in the sunshine o' youth,  
 We see na the blasts that destroy;  
 We count na upon the fell waes that may come,  
 An' eithy o'ereloud a' our joy.  
 I saw na the fause face that fortune can wear,  
 Till forced from my country to flee:  
 Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed "Fare-  
 well,  
 To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee!"

"Farewell, ye dear haunts o' the days o' my youth,

Ye woods and ye valleys sae fair;  
Ye'll bloom when I wander abroad like a ghaist,  
Sair midder'd wi' sorrow an' care.

Ye woods an' ye valleys, I part wi' a sigh,  
While the flood gushes down frae my e'e;  
For never again shall the tear weet my cheek  
On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

"O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee!  
Na, na, for they flit like the wind!"

Sae I took my departure, an' saunter'd awa',  
Yet aften look'd wistfu' behind,  
Oh! sair is the heart of the mither to twin  
Wi' the baby that sits on her knee;  
But sairer the pang when I took a last peep  
O' the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

I hefit 'mang strangers years thretty an' twa,  
But naething could banish my care;  
An' aften I sigh'd when I thought on the past,  
Whar a' was sae pleasant an' fair.  
But now, wae's my heart! whan I'm lyart an' auld,  
An' fu' lint-white my haffet locks flee,  
I'm hamewards return'd wi' a remnant o' life  
To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

Poor body! bewilder'd, I scarcely do ken  
The haunts that were dear ane to me;  
I yirded a plant in the days o' my youth,  
An' the mavis now sings on the tree.  
But, haith! there's nae scenes I wad niffer wi'  
thae;  
For it fills my fond heart fu' o' glee,  
To think how at last my auld banes they will rest  
Near the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

#### MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.<sup>1</sup>

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,  
My only jo and dearie, O;  
Thy neck is o' the siller dew  
U'pon the bank sae brierie, O.  
Thy teeth are o' the ivory;  
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee;  
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn  
Its sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O,

<sup>1</sup> I remember when this song was exceedingly popular; its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigour, might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank, and some sweet, soft school-girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung—*Allan Cunningham*.

Rejoicing in the simmer morn,  
Nae care to mak' it eerie, O;  
Ah! little kens the sangster sweet  
Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,  
That gars my restless bosom beat,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,  
And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,  
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,  
Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.  
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lee,  
And round about the thorny tree;  
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha'e a wish I canna tine,  
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O,  
A wish that thou wert ever mine,  
And never mair to leave me, O;  
Then I would dawt thee night and day,  
Nae ither worldly care I'd hae,  
Till life's warm stream forgat to play,  
My only jo and dearie, O.

#### ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

There's wae'fu' news in yon town,  
As e'er the world heard ava;  
There's dolefu' news in yon town,  
For Robbie's gane an' left them a'.

How blythe it was to see his face  
Come keeking by the hallan wa'!  
He ne'er was sweir to say the grace,  
But now he's gane an' left them a'.

He was the lad wha made them glad,  
Whenever he the reed did blaw;  
The lasses there may drap a tear,  
Their funny friend is now awa'.

Nae daffin now in yon town;  
The browster-wife gets leave to draw  
An' drink hersel', in yon town,  
Sin' Robbie gaed and left them a'.

The lawin's canny counted now,  
The bell that tinkled ne'er will draw,  
The king will never get his due,  
Sin' Robbie gaed and left them a'.

The squads o' chieft that lo'ed a splore  
On winter e'enings, never ea';  
Their blythesome moments a' are o'er  
Sin' Robbie's gane an' left them a'.

Frac a' the een in yon town  
 I see the tears o' sorrow fa',  
 An' weel they may in yon town,  
 Nae canty sang they hear ava.

Their e'ening sky begins to lour,  
 The murky clouds thegither draw;  
 'Twas but a blink afore a shower,  
 Ere Robbie gaed and left them a'.

The landwart hizzy winna speak;  
 Ye'll see her sitting like a eraw  
 Among the reek, while rattons squeak—  
 Her dawtit bard is now awa'.

But could I lay my hand upon  
 His whistle, keenly wad I blaw,  
 An' screw about the auld drone,  
 An' lilt a lightsome spring or twa.

If it were sweetest aye whan wat,  
 Then wad I ripe my pouch an' draw,  
 An' steep it weel among the mant,  
 As lang's I'd saxpence at my ca'.

For world's gear I dinna care,  
 My stock o' that is unco sma'.  
 Come, friend, we'll pree the barley-brce  
 To his braid fame that's now awa'.

#### FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at Gloamin',  
 Fare-thee-weel before I gang;  
 Bonny Doon, where, early roamin',  
 First I weaved the rustic sang.

Bowers, adieu! where, love decoying,  
 First enthral'd this heart o' mine;  
 There the saftest sweets enjoying,  
 Sweets that memory ne'er shall tinc.  
 Friends sae near my bosom ever,  
 Ye hae render'd moments dear;  
 But, alas! when forced to sever,  
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,  
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me;  
 Could I think I did deserve it,  
 How much happier would I be.  
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,  
 Now a sad and last adieu!

#### GLENDOCHART VALE.

As I came through Glendochart vale,  
 Whar mists o'ertap the mountains gray,  
 A wee bit lassie met my view,  
 As cantily she held her way;  
 But O sie love each feature bore,  
 She made my saul wi' rapture glow!  
 An' aye she spake sae kind and sweet,  
 I couldna keep my heart in tow.  
 O speak na o' your courtly queans!  
 My wee bit lassie fools them a';  
 The little enttie's done me skaith,  
 She's stown my thoughtless heart awa'.

Her smile was like the gray-e'ed morn,  
 Whan spreading on the mountain green;  
 Her voice saft as the mavis' sang,  
 An' sweet the twinkle o' her een;  
 Aboon her brow, sae bonnie brent,  
 Her raven locks wad o'er her ce;  
 An' ilka slee bewitching glance  
 Conveyed a dart o' love to me.  
 O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

The lasses fair in Scotia's isle,  
 Their beauties a' what tongue can tell?  
 But o'er the fairest o' them a',  
 My wee bit lassie bears the bell.  
 O had I never mark'd her smile,  
 Nor seen the twinkle o' her ee!  
 It might na been my lot the day  
 A waefu' lade o' care to dree.  
 O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

#### I WINNA GANG BACK TO MY MAMMY AGAIN.

I winna gang back to my mammy again,  
 I'll never gae back to my mammy again;  
 I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,  
 But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.  
 I've held by her apron, &c.

Young Johnnie cam' down i' the gloamin' to woo,  
 Wi' plaidie sae bonny, an' bannet sae blue;  
 "O come awa', lassie, ne'er let mammy ken;"  
 An' I flew, wi' my laddie, o'er meadow an' glen.  
 "O come awa', lassie," &c.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his doo,  
 An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my  
 mou';

While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichter'd an' fain,  
An' sigh'd out, "O, Johnnie, I'll aye be your  
aim!"

While I fell on his bosom, &c.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,  
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;  
Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stapping-stane,  
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

Wi' Johnnie I stood, &c.

For mony lang year sin' I play'd on the lea,  
My mammy was kind as a mither could be;  
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,  
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

I've held by her apron, &c.

### THE CRADLE SONG.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,  
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!  
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,  
For thou art doubly dear to me  
Thy daddie now is far awa',  
A sailor laddie, o'er the sea;  
But hope aye hechts his safe return  
To you, my bonny lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,  
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!  
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,  
For thou art doubly dear to me.  
Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,  
Like ony simmer e'enin' fa';  
Thy sparklin' e'e is bonnie black;  
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,  
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!  
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,  
For thou art doubly dear to me.  
O, but thy daddie's absence, lang,  
Might break my dowie heart in twa,

Wert thou na left, a dautit pledge,  
To steal the eerie hours awa'!

### THE WAITS.

Wha's this, wi' voice o' music sweet,  
Sae early wakes the weary wight?  
O weel I ken them by their sough,  
The wandering minstrels o' the night.  
O weel I ken their bonnie lilt,  
Their sweetest notes o' melody,  
Fu' aft they've thril'd out through my saul,  
And gart the tear fill ilka e'e.

O, sweetest minstrels! weel your pipe  
A tender, soothin' note to blaw;  
Syn'e souf the "Broom o' Cowdenknowes,"  
Or "Rosslyn Castle's" ruin'd wa',  
They bring to mind the happy days  
Fu' aft I've spent wi' Jenny dear:—  
Ah! now ye touch the very note  
That gars me sigh, and drap a tear.

Your fremit lilt I downa bide,  
They never yield a charm for me:  
Unlike our ain, by nature made,  
Unlike the saft delight they gi'e;  
For weel I ween they warm the breast,  
Though sair oppress'd wi' poortith cauld;  
An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,  
He tines the thought that he is auld.

O, sweetest minstrels! halt awce,  
Anither lilt afore ye gang;  
An' syne I'll close my waukrife e'e,  
Enraptured wi' your bonnie sang.  
They're gane! the moon begins to dawn;  
They're weary, paidlin' through the weat;  
They're gane! but on my ravished ear  
The dyin' sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.



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