

## SONG.

[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

ARISE my love, my fair one,  
 Arise and come away;  
 The rain and storms are over,  
 The earth again is gay.

The flowers beside our walk love  
 Again in fragrance float;  
 The song of birds is sweet love,  
 And soft the turtle's note.

The trees again are green love,  
 And clusters deck the vine;  
 What could fairer make the scene love,  
 Save those bright eyes of thine?

Save thy little hand in mine love,  
 As o'er yon hills we stray,  
 Where the sun's first beams rec'ne love,  
 Then arise, and come away.

HALIFAX, MAY, 1832.

M—Y.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES HOGG,

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

JAMES HOGG, one of the most extraordinary individuals that has appeared in the literary world, was born on the 26th of January, 1771, in a wild pastoral region called Ettrick Forest, in the South of Scotland;—a region uneven, rugged, and romantic,—occasionally beautiful,—always imposing, and often untameable in aspect as the spirit of its early inhabitants. In this district, the father of our poet having been overtaken by unmerited misfortune, rented a very small farm; and its remote situation, with its humble circumstances, prevented him from being able to bestow any other education upon his children than such as himself or his excellent wife were enabled in the evenings to give. What, however, the good man wanted in wealth and literature was added to him in piety; and morning and night he endeavoured to impart it to his family, as they knelt together before the God of their fathers, in their clay-built temple among the mountains. While yet a rosy-headed urchin, our young poet was sent into the bosom of the silent mountains to watch a few cattle. There, buried in the poetry of haunt-