

And he does not intend to go back; the maple tree, not the heather, will mark his resting place. We would recommend our readers to procure his works, and through them become acquainted with the man. He lives now in Amaranth, Ont., on a homestead presented to him by Canadian admirers.

True Happiness.

Its no in titles nor in rank;
Its no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest;
Its no in making muckle mair;
Its no in books, its no lear;
To make us truly blest;
If happiness hae no her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest;
Nor treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart's aye the part aye,
That makes us right or wrang.
Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
By pining at our state;
And even should misfortune come,
I, here wha sit, hae met we some,
An's thankfu' for them yet.
They gie the wit of age to youth;
They let us ken oursel;
They make us see the naked truth,
The real guid an' ill.

BURNS.

Hurrah for the Dominion.

Let others raise the song, in praise
Of lands renown'd in story;
The land for me, of the maple tree,
And the pine in all its glory.

Hurrah! for the grand old forest land,
Where Freedom spreads her pinion;
Hurrah! with me, for the maple tree,
Hurrah for the New Dominion!

Be her's the light, and her's the might,
Which Liberty engenders?
Sons of the free, come join with me —
Hurrah! for her defenders.

And be their fame in loud acclaim —
In grateful songs ascending;
The fame of those who met her foes,
And died, her soil defending.

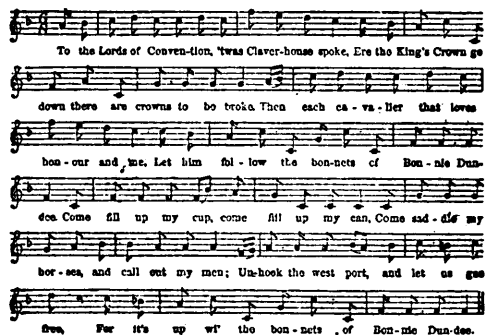
Hurrah! for the grand old forest land,
Where freedom spreads her pinion;
Hurrah! with me, for the maple tree,
Hurrah! for the New Dominion!

—Alexander MacLachlan.

The Auld Scotch Songs.

No. 2.

BONNIE DUNDEE.



'There's land beyond Pentland, and hills beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the South-land, there's chiefs in
the North,
And brave Dinnie-wassels, three thousand times'
three,
Will cry heigh! for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee?'
"Come fill up my cup, etc."

"Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own an usurper I'll crutch with the fox;
So, tremble, false whigs, though triumphant you be,
For ye've no' seen the last o' my bonnets and me."
"Come fill up my cup, etc."

The Bards and Lays of Caledonia.

BY CONA.

PART II.—ANDREW WYNTOUN, BLIND HARRY,
AND SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

Andrew Wyntoun, to whom reference is made in last month's issue, was Prior of St. Serf's Monastery, Lochleven, Kinross. In 1420 he completed, in eight syllabled metre, an *Arygynale Cronykill of Scotland*, a rhymed Chronicle of a class very much in vogue during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In this work the author essays to narrate the history of Scotland from the earliest up to his own time. "His Chronicle 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." His would-be history is, however, far from reliable; while much of it is made up of mere legends, useful only in illustrating the superstition and credulity of the age. A specimen of this latter is seen in his story of *St. Serf's Ram*: