

Upon this stone I gaze, I weep,
The magic of that name—
“My Mornher”—clothes my soul with fire
And burns through all my frame.
O! could I clasp that blessed form,
Recal the years now fled,
I'd gladly yield me to thy bonds—
Dread City of the Dead.

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Adieu, ye sullen shaded nooks,
Adieu, thou genial gloom ;
Adieu, my long lost kindred's dust,
My friend's untended tomb ;
Adieu, dark City stern and drear—
When time and death have sped,
Then will thy day of reck'ning come—
Proud City of the Dead.”

Mr. Murdoch has not improved upon this good old poem, in his new offering, "The Old Burial Ground." The latter jingles well enough; but the dream which it professes to be is not real. It is a poor imitation of the author's own original, and to our mind should not have been written. Its author's fame should have remained with the *Musings*. They are really and notoriously good. This last emanation is decidedly bad and sorry matter at best. It is a glaring, and too common a fault pursued by authors of various degrees of excellence. They too often attempt to build up a name on the reputation of a former effort. Look, for instance, at "The Heathen Chinee." Flushed with the notoriety it brought its author, Mr. Harte sought still more renown, and gave forth some "further language from Truthful James," who "lived at Table Mountain," and very "flat, stale and unprofitable" stuff it was too. This fault cannot be too strongly condemned and deplored; and we hope we have seen the last of it.

In the lines suggested by a Scottish Spring, we have much to admire and appreciate. These pictures are admirably conceived, shew faultless execution, and present sweetly and prettily much knowledge of the subject. How natural and pointed are these elegant verses and how quaintly they sing of the most beautiful of all seasons :

“The sweet refreshing vernal showers
Ha'e buskit mother earth wi' flowers,
And dressed the woodland fairy bowers
In sweetest green,
Where beauty owns love's magic powers,
Wi' bashful mien.

The trees send forth their sweetest buds,,
The laverock seeks its native cluds,
And pours fre thence, in rapt'rous floods,
 Its heavenly sang ;
Frac brake to brake the maukin whud's,
 Wi' heedless bang.