

After referring to some workingmen whose illustrious careers were worthy of imitation and imparting some excellent advice to his hearers, the eloquent lecturer took his seat amidst great applause.

The Ettrick Shepherd.

* I T seems strange that so little is heard of the poet who wrote one of the finest fairy tales that our literature contains.

We do not intend to give here a large number of facts that are uninteresting; and, with few exceptions, never remembered. Hogg was, at eighteen, a remarkably fine looking young man. His light brown hair, coiled under his bonnet of blue, was the envy of all the country maidens. From all descriptions we should judge that he had the true poetical visage. But that part of a man which education makes, is lacking in him. If he had lived in our day it would not have happened as it then did—that he spent only six months in a school-room. But, like a true poet, he possessed the knack of making use of all he heard or read. By his mother he was told legends connected with his country, and this, together with his occupation as a shepherd, more than any other occurrence influenced his life.

His poetry, as one would expect, is almost wholly the work of imagination. This is true of "The Queen's Wake," which was published when Hogg was forty-one years of age. It consists of a number of tales and ballads which are supposed to have been told and sung before Mary, Queen of Scots, at a royal wake at Holyrood; to prove to her the wondrous power of Scottish song. No one can deny the genius the author shows in this production. It is fanciful in the extreme, and we will print a small part to give an idea of his style. First, let us say that for years the faeries had looked the world over for a maiden absolutely pure, and Kilmeny exactly filled the requirements.

* Bonny Kilmeny.*

(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 cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hang 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;
Land 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 mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell
rang,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was read on a western 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 sot baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
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 declare;
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 lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been.
In yon greenwood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maik
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane:
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane.
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay;