

The musical score is written for piano and consists of two systems. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a six-measure rest, followed by a *rall* section, then a *p* section, and finally a *ff* section with a *cres* (crescendo) marking. The second system continues with a *p* section, a *dim* (diminuendo) section, and ends with a *pp* (pianissimo) section. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, accents, and dynamic markings.

(ORIGINAL)

TO SCOTLAND.

How brightly glows on memory's page,
 Home of my chidhood's joy,
 Each stalwart knight and maxim sage,
 Traced whilst a gladsome boy ;
 I've lived in many a sunnier clime ;
 Trod many a prouder hall,—
 Thy rude wind tolled the sweetest chime,
 That roof outshone them all ;
 Ne'er waked the proudest hall such fear,
 Ne'er sunk the softest breeze so sweetly on my ear !

Sea-lakes far loftier mountains bar
 Which dark frown back their gloom ;
 Thy heath-clad hills are dearer far,—
 Their ever fadeless bloom,
 Seen in thy sleeping waters fair,
 Blue skiey mountains seem,
 While, from that shadowy waving air,
 Bright sparkling stars outgleam*—
 Wild scenes that never tire the eye,
 That wrap the enchanted soul in dreams of mystery.

On every storied hill and glen
 A witching spell is laid,
 The souging wind, o'er moor and fen,
 Seems voices from the dead,

*Such has often appeared to me the bloom of the heather reflected in the still waters of some mountain loch.

And visions of the hoary past,
 With wild and solemn air,
 Throng on the spirit thick and fast ;
 Brand, spear and claymore waving high,
 Stern, plaided hosts rush "red wat shod"
 To death or victory ;
 And iron-hearted men pass there,
 Again to do, or die for Liberty and God.

Can I forget thee though I roam,
 Far in this stranger land ?
 Never ! my joyous childhood's home,
 While memory's magic wand
 Can start the blissful days of youth,
 Or toils of manhood's years ;
 'Till my heart steeled shall love not truth—
 'Till dead to hopes and fears,
 I cannot cease to love, whose soul
 Thy very name makes thrill with thoughts that
 spurn control.

RUSSELL.

Montreal, 23d February.

WISDOM: A LACONIC.

NOR men nor days unborn, untold,
 Shall ever witness WISDOM old ;
 For she alone, refreshed by time,
 Still marches onward to her prime ;
 Doomed, like the lines herself can teach,
 T' approach it never—never reach.