

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

When first elate with youthful dreams,
I wandered from my Scottish home;
Mid early hope's delusive beams,
I thought 'twas sweet the world to roam;
But now again I stem the main,
My native shores appear;
And through the tide, fast dashed aside,
I speed my fleet career.

I left my bowers—the sporting rills,
That bright and clear around them played;
I left my glens and heathery hills,
And fast and far regardless sped.
But in that bower one breathing flower
Yet chained my spirit there;
From her away, how could I stray?
For she was faultless, fair.

My bounding vessel spurned the tide,
My coursers' hoof th' unstable sand;
I viewed the haunts of wealth and pride,
And roamed where polar wastes expand.
But still the tear, unbidden here,
Would dim my glazing eye,
When her dear name, the loved one, came
Across my memory.

And wakeful dreams of Scottish vales,
In fancy's visions rose the while;
The hills, the glens, the summer gales,
The trees, the flowers, and her loved smile.
The quiet lake no winds awake,
The dew the rose-bud laves,
When day is done, and low the sun
Hath kissed the golden waves.

By many a lovely vale I've been,
Where princely domes majestic stand;
And plume-clad hosts of warriors seen
Defile in many a gallant band.
By many a cold and dreary wold,
I've seen the brave and free;
But dear to fame is Scotland's name,
O'er every land and sea.

And many a form of love I've seen,
Where sunny south winds fan the vine—
Where spring eternal glads the scene,
And skies forever cloudless shine.
But oh! though bright with heaven's own light
Might beam their laughing eyes,
My bosom's flame they could not claim,
For *aur* had all its sighs.

But now my native hills I hail,
Their snowy summits wild and bare;
Beyond them lies my own loved vale—
What joy or woe to meet me there!
The stately trees wave in the breeze,
My bowers of bliss I'll view;
And she so bright, their life and light,
Ah! can she still be true?

SUPERSTITIONS.

There was not in later times, perhaps, that boundless faith in spells and transformations still subsisting in the East. But in the earlier ages, and in the gloomy mountain-recesses of Arcadia, events equally strange were supposed to have happened.

Thus Lycæon having sacrificed an infant to Zeus Lycæos, and sprinkled the blood upon the altar, immediately became a wolf; and it was reported that any one who performed this dreadful sacrifice, and afterwards by accident tasted any of the human entrails, when mingled with those of their victims, forthwith underwent the same transformation. Thus we find the gloomy legend of the Breton forests existing in the heart of the Peloponnesos, where there can, I fear, be little doubt, that human victims were habitually offered up. Another ancient superstition, which found its way into Italy, was, that a person first seen by a wolf lost his voice; whereas if the man obtained the prior glimpse of the animal no evil ensued.

The belief in ghosts, coeval no doubt with man, flourished especially among the Greeks. Hesiod entertained peculiar notions on this subject, which some suppose to have been borrowed from the East; that is, he believed that the good men of former times became, at their decease, guardian spirits, and were intrusted with the care of future races. Plato adopts these ghosts, and gives them admission into his Republic, where they perform an important part and receive peculiar honours. When they appeared, as sometimes they would, by day, their visages were pale and their forms unsubstantial like the creations of a dream. But, as among us, they chiefly affected the night for their gambols, and in Arcadia particularly, would appear to honest people returning home late, in cross-roads and such places; whence they were not to be dislodged but by being pelted, apparently by pellets made from bread-crumbs, on which men had wiped their fingers, carefully preserved for this purpose by the good folks about Phigalea.

The most remarkable prank played by any ancient ghosts, however, with whose history I am acquainted, did not take place in Greece, but in the Campagna di Roma; where, after a bloody battle between the Romans and the Huns, in which all but the generals and the staff bit the dust, two spectral armies, the ghosts of the fallen warriors, appeared upon the field to enact the contest over again. During three whole days did these valiant souls of heroes, as the Homeric phrase is, carry on the struggle; and the historian who relates the fact is careful to observe that they did not fall short of living soldiers either in fire or courage. People saw them distinctly charge each other, and heard the clash of their arms. Similar exhibitions were to be seen in different parts of the ancient world. In the great plain of Sugdu, for example, spectral armies of mighty courage, but voiceless, were in the constant habit of engaging in mortal combat at the break of day. Carin likewise possessed a favourite haunt of these warlike phantoms. But here the apparition was only occasional, and all its evolutions were performed in the air; which was the case in England, as we have been assured by very old people, before the breaking out of the American war.—*St. John's Manners and Customs of the Ancient Greeks.*