

Brigade" is a famous epitaph to inscribe on monumental tablets over the graves of those brave ones who perished beneath cold Russia's sky through Bloody Cardigan's cruel blunder. But we claim for Scotland especial prominence for home poems, for sketches of real life and character, for tributes of warm, glowing affection, for true love idyls, for, in a word, family lyrics setting forth in a proper light, the loves we bear each other in the different spheres through which mankind is viewed. Every true Scotchman loves his own "auld hame" the best, and his heart always yearns for a visit to the old scenes of his early youth. Statistics have proven, repeatedly, that interchange of thought between Scotia and her children scattered all over the globe, has been the greatest of any country in existence, and Ireland comes next on the list. Love of home, love of friends, love of everything ennobling is peculiarly Scottish.

These remarks have been called forth by the receipt of some advance sheets of a new volume of Poems and Songs, handsomely printed on tinted paper, in clear, well-defined type, by Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, which the author, Mr. Wm. Murdoch, has kindly placed at our disposal. At this time of writing, the book is nearly through the press and is "fast advancing towards construction." This work is a new edition of a volume of "Poems and Songs of Scotland," which was issued in 8vo form in 1860, by the author, through the press of Messrs. Barnes & Co. Then it comprised some 160 pages. Since 1860 Mr. M. has written much of a fugitive character, mostly short songs and poems; and has applied the pruning knife to several of his "first fruits." So unsparingly has he been in tuning down, and altering some of his better efforts, that in their new guise the old familiar lines were barely discernible, and they left his hands new poems. We can hardly agree with this altering and amending process, so common now-a-days with authors, particularly our poets. So many good things, written when the inspiration was on the writers, so much of a soothing nature is ruthlessly "cut out" and we fail, invariably, to recognize a poem we once loved so much and which in our early days made so lasting an impression on our minds. "Ik Marvel" found this out when he attempted to revise a new edition of his "Reveries of a Bachelor"—one of the best books ever penned. He had so much to leave out and so much to work in that he had almost before him in alterations, additions and emendations, two new works in an incredibly short time. To lessen his labours he threw to one side his *new* version of the old story and adopted the latter wholly, and printed it in precisely the same style as it was issued to the public years before, unaltered, unabridged and unshorn of its better thoughts. In his own words, in its changed form, it could not be the same work. Mr. Murdoch has, however, left us in the original sufficient of his former poems, to make us relish with a keener zest his new poems. Many of these new thoughts have, at intervals, been before our readers, through the medium of the newspapers and this magazine and all have been greeted with a favourable reception. The author—"the light-house poet"—was born in Paisley, renowned for its famous men, in 1823.