

among us, lest angry fellows run upon thee and thou lose thy life." Mr. Minto's chief poem is *The Howes o' Buchan and Far Awa'*. It contains some stirring narrative and pleasing description, and its author handles Sir Walter Scott's measure fairly well, and frequently rhymes truly. There are strange falls in it from the sublime to the ridiculous, and from the classical to the commonplace. But its grammar is marvellous :

" My protégé had begged to be
My guard, my guest, and *Dominae*;
That he had secrets dearth to give
For poor return that he didst live;
At my request he'll share with me
The gifts great Allah didst decree
That he should wield o'er horse unbarbed,
That roams the desert undisturbed."

This wretched linotype printing prevents my calling attention by italics to the errors in the above; suffice it to note the author's common yet peculiar use of "didst," and his remarkable feminine plural *dominae* applied to a masculine Arab. Mr. Minto's classical pronunciations can hardly have been learnt at school :

" For the wife of Menelaus
Can't be wrote without a clause."

There are many more pieces of verse in this book, all of which exhibit defects in orthography, syntax, and prosody, as well as taste. Here is the beginning of a sonnet taken at chance :

" Come peace eternal to unsettled passions,
Awake thou kinder touch of sweet emotions,
Nor measured be with no dial time,
Unvarying suited to various clime."

Finally, here is a verse from Jamieson's *Call* :

" They were our kith, our brothers,
They were the children of same mothers,
That now beleaguer'd lay:
Whom Joubert's troopers bothers,
And rights all equal smothers,
Till the judgment day."