

## THE SAILOR'S SONG.

"When one has seen the ocean, cascades are but little things."—DR. JOHNSON.

I've seen those broad and rapid streams—  
Those wide, expanded lakes,  
Which CANADA so proudly claims,  
Amidst her woods and brakes.

I've heard thy wild and solemn sound—  
I've seen thy headlong march,  
NIAGARA ! in pride rebound  
To Heaven's eternal arch.

But, give to me great Ocean's roar—  
Its billows' cloud-capt crests—  
Its rocky, craggy, shelving shore,  
And kingly eagles' nests.

O give to me its ships that roam,  
And climb the mountain-wave  
From pole to pole, and yet a home  
Are ever for the brave.

And give to me the battle strife,  
And thunder on the main :  
The sailor's bold and daring life,  
On ocean's waves to reign.

Its weals, its woes, its wrecks, and storms—  
Its ever-changing scenes :  
And then—O then !—those graceful forms  
That soften all its pains :

D. C.

## SCOTTISH ANECDOTES,

There formerly lived at Muirkirk, in Ayrshire, a natural fool called Will Brown, of whom many droll anecdotes are related. Whether Will possessed a vein of real wit, or only said good things by chance, is uncertain ; but assuredly some of his sarcasms, if pronounced by a sane man, would have been esteemed in the highest degree pointed.

Will, for instance, was one day present at the edge of a frozen lake near his native town, where some gentlemen, fond of the sport of curling, had assembled, but were in some doubt as to the validity of the ice. Thinking Will an excellent cat's-paw, they asked if he would be the first to go on, and they would immediately follow. "O no," said the natural, "I hae mair manners than to gang afore gentlemen."

On another occasion, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood of Muirkirk were deliberating with a corps of engineers as to the proper place for sinking a coal-pit. In the midst of their anxious deliberations, Will thrust in his advice—"Gentlemen," said he, "what d'ye say to Airmoss ? [a deep morass not far off] ; if ye dinna get coal there, ye're sure o' peat."

It is recorded of Will, that calling once at a farm-house in a moorland part of the country, the good wife feed him with a piece of bread and butter, to conduct to the next town a blind man, who had, in a similar manner, been led to her house that forenoon. Will went away with the mendicant and the piece ; and as long as any part of the latter remained uneaten, the former had no reason to complain. When the piece was done, however, all sense of the duty which he had undertaken was done too ; and he said to his travelling companion, "Blind man, d'ye see yon peat-stack ? haud straight for it, and ye'll find a house." And so the blind man, like Lord Ullin, "was left lamenting ;" Will immediately striking off towards his own home.

In the last age there flourished in Ayrshire two gentlemen of the name of Logan, both of whom were remarkable for *bon mots* and eccentric sayings. The elder of the two, Logan of Logan, near Cumnock, was a rude, ready-witted, and rather home-spun character ; but the other, Major William Logan, the son of a gentleman near Dalmellington, was a man of polish and address, possessing, for one accomplishment, an amazing gift of violin-playing, and fitted to mingle—as he did—in the first circles of society.

The common people at Cumnock, like the other people of Scotland, were very averse to the establishment of the militia, which took place for the first time in 1798 ; and on the day when they were called together to meet the deputy-lieutenants, in order to proceed to the business of balloting, a great riot took place, during which the above officers were severely pelted. Logan of Logan was himself one of the lieutenants ; but, on his entering the town rather late, and finding himself involved in a crowd which was eagerly engaged in lapidating his brethren, he saw it best to put his commission into his pocket and side with the dominant part. "What's the matter ?" he cried ; "what ails ye at them ?"—"O," cried the crowd, "they're going to press us to be sodgers against our will." "Are they really ?" cried the politic laird ; "filthy fallows ! stane them weel, lads—stane them weel !" and, bawling this with all his might, he made his escape from the throng.

One of the two Logans—it is uncertain which—once called for a dram at a tavern, and the landlady, in handing it to him, inquired politely if he would have water along with it ? "I would rather you took the water out of it," said the old gentleman, drily—the house being noted for a practice of reducing spirits.

Major Logan retained the ruling passion to the last, even amidst the agonies of a very painful disorder. A clergyman, visiting him in his latter days, remarked that it would require fortitude to bear up under such distresses. "Ay, it would take *fiftin* tude," said the expiring wit.