

juror clergyman of the Scotch Episcopal Church, and son of the Rev. Mr. Skinner who wrote the song "Tullochgorum," and the "Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn." The former song exercised most beneficial influence, in its day, in softening down the asperities of party strife.

At Stonehaven, Burns met with some of his paternal relatives. He breakfasted with one of them at Lawrence Kirk, the birthplace of the philosopher and poet, Beattie.

Our bard speaks respectfully of the stately ruins of Arbroath Abbey, once so great.—Dundee "low lying but pleasant."

"The fair city," (Perth) does not seem to have elicited any remark from the poet. This may have come from his approaching it from the north. The view from the south is very fine and cheering. The Roman soldiery when they reached the summit of the hill to the south and beheld the city sleeping in peace which they came to disturb, with the silver Tay gently flowing by its walls, are reported to have exclaimed: *Ecce Tiberim! Ecce Romam!*

After a tour of 22 days, and having travelled about 600 miles, Burns was, once more, at Edinburgh.

Soon after his return to Edinburgh, Burns undertook the cultivation of a farm in Dumfriesshire. His farming did not prove successful; and he obtained, through his friends, a situation in the excise. The

duties of this office, although far from being congenial to him, he diligently and efficiently fulfilled during the remaining years of his life. This fact is borne witness to by his superior officer, Mr. Findlater, who says: "My connection with Robert Burns commenced immediately after his admission into the excise and continued till the hour of his death. In all that time the superintendence of his behaviour, as an officer of the revenue, was a branch of my special province, and it may be supposed I would not be an inattentive observer of the general conduct of a man and a poet, so celebrated by his countrymen. In the former capacity he was exemplary in his attention; and was even jealous of the least imputation on his vigilance." Mr. Gray's evidence, is to the same purpose. "He was courted by all classes of men for the fascinating powers of his conversation; but over his social scene uncontrolled passion never presided. . . . he superintended the education of his children with a degree of care that I have never seen surpassed by any parent in any rank of life whatever. In the bosom of his family he spent many a delightful hour directing the studies of his eldest son, a boy of uncommon talents." There is much more testimony to the same effect; but, the honest words here quoted must satisfy every candid mind.



LOYALTY.

The king is dead! long live the king! Thus they
 Who dwell in courts renounce and thus renew
 Their loyalty; to past and future true
 They in a moment pass from grave to gay.
 So let us, when we, though reluctant, lay
 The memories of the past to rest, and view,
 Or clothed in rosy tints or sombre hue
 Their fragrant meanings—greet the coming day.

—The *Philadelphia Ledger*.