

"IN THE COMPANY OF STRANGERS, SILENCE IS SAFETY."

Review," and whilst labouring on this work he lodged in the house of a washerwoman, and wrote his articles surrounded by her children, with an *inverted wash-tub* for his table. In one small mean room lived the whole of the family, and in the room stood a press, made by Tytler's own hands! But being unable to support this work, it fell into other hands.

Tytler was also the editor of sixteen different works, six of which were periodicals. His last work was of so inflammatory a nature that it made him obnoxious to the government, and being also concerned in the "British Convention," and publishing "A Handbill Addressed to the People"—a warrant was issued for his apprehension, but he evaded being arrested, and escaped to America, and for some time resided in the town of Salem, Massachusetts. Here he established a newspaper in connection with a printer, with which he remained connected until his death, which occurred in the fifty-eighth year of his age, in the year 1836.

THE AUTHORESS OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

(S.)—LADY ANNE BARNARD, the authoress of "*Auld Robin Gray*," was the daughter of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres. She married Mr. Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards secretary, under Lord Macartney, to the colony at the Cape of Good Hope. She died without issue, on the 8th of May, 1825. It has been remarked of "*Auld Robin Gray*" that it "is the most perfect and tender of all our ballads or tales of humble life;" and whilst our language remains, "*Auld Robin Gray*" will be remembered and sung:—

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane, (hame,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e
Unkent by my gudeman wha sleeps sound by me.

"Young Jamie lo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving ae crown piece he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gude to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

"He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea, away,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

"My father couldna wark, my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Robin maintained them baith, and wif' tears in his e'e,
Said, Jennie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry me?

"My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jennie die—
Oh why am I spared to cry, wae is me?

"My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him ray hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.



"I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door
I sae my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said: 'I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.'

"Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and muckle say o' a'
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
For though my heart is broken I'm but young, wae is me!

"I gang like a ghaist and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be
For, oh! Robin Gray, he is kind to me."

Lady Anne composed "*Auld Robin Gray*" in the year 1771—the music being adapted from an ancient air. It immediately became popular, but the lady kept the secret of its authorship silent for the long period of fifty years, when she disclosed it, in 1823, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott—sending at the same time two continuations to the ballad, but which are greatly inferior to the original.

ENNOBLING THE WRONG MAN!

(23.)—SCHEELE, the chemist, discoverer of chlorine and manganese, and to whom the world is indebted for so many other valuable discoveries in chemical science, was a native of Sweden. It is related that when Gustavus III. was in Paris, a deputation of the learned waited upon him to congratulate him on having so illustrious a subject. The king had never heard of him—justifying the adage that "a man is not a prophet in his own country"—but, ashamed of his ignorance, immediately sent off a courier to say that Scheele was to be made a noble. "All very fine!" said his prime minister, on receiving the despatch, "but who is Scheele?" A clerk in the Foreign Office volunteered the information that he was a "Very good fellow—captain in the artillery—great friend of mine—plays billiards divinely." The puzzled minister immediately turned the captain into a count, and the mistake was not discovered till the king's return.

THE COPYRIGHT OF "MORAL PHILOSOPHY."

(26.)—WHEN DR. PALEY had finished his "*Moral Philosophy*," the M.S. was offered to Mr. Faulder, of Bond Street, London, for one hundred guineas; but he declined the risk of publishing it on his own account. When it was published, and the success of the work had been in some degree ascertained, Dr. Paley again offered it to the same bookseller for three hundred pounds; but he refused to give more than two hundred and fifty. While this negotiation was pending, a bookseller from Carlisle happening to call on an eminent publisher in Paternoster Row, was commissioned by him to offer Dr. Paley one thousand pounds for the copyright of this work. The bookseller, on his return to Carlisle, duly executed his commission, which was communicated without delay to the Bishop of Clonfert, who, being at that time in London, had undertaken the management of the affair. "Never did I suffer so much anxious fear," said Dr. Paley, in relating the circumstance, "as on this occasion, lest my friend should have concluded the bargain with Mr. Faulder before my letter could reach him." Luckily he had not; but, on receiving the letter, went immediately into Bond Street, and made his new demand. Mr. Faulder, though in no small degree surprised at the advance, yet thought it advisable to agree for the sum required before the bishop left the house.

THE MIXED PASSAGES OF LIFE!

(29.)—IT may not be uninteresting to quote the view SIR HUMPHRY DAVY entertained of human happiness, and which he entered in his journal, when in the midst of the most triumphant period of his life:—

"Beware of too much prosperity and popularity. Life is made up of mixed passages—dark and bright, sunshine and gloom. The unnatural and excessive greatness of fortune of Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon—the first died after divine honours were paid him; the second gained empire, the consummation of his ambition, and lost his life immediately; the third, from a private individual, became master of continental Europe, and allied to the oldest dynasty, and after his elevation, his fortune immediately began to fall. Even in private life too much prosperity either injures the moral man and occasions conduct which ends in suffering, or is accompanied by the workings of envy, calumny, and malevolence of others."