

Then Christmas-Day brings up the year,  
 Long looked-for guest is he,  
 With costly gifts and noble cheer  
 And merry company.  
 And all the days that I have sung  
 Are welcome in their way,  
 For, though they very seldom come,  
 They bring a holyday.

But Saturday afternoon, good friend !  
 Thy praises I *must* speak,  
 These saint-days come but once a year,  
 'Thou comest once a week.  
 Then welcome toil which thou canst end,  
 Though thou art past too soon,  
 For gloomy though the week may be,  
 Glad is thine afternoon.

## LAW AND LAWYERS.

Lawsuits were formerly as much prolonged by legal chicanery as now ; and to involve persons in them was a common mode of revenge. In the letters of the Paston Family and the Berkeley MSS. there is evidence that this practice prevailed in the fifteenth century. Among the Harleian collections, at the British Museum, there is an English MS. written about or before the year 1200, containing a satirical ballad on the lawyers.

Montaigne was no friend to the profession. With ample possessions he had no law-suits. "I am not much pleased with his opinion," he says, "who thought by the multitude of laws to curb the authority of judges, by retrenching them. We have more laws in France than in all the rest of the world besides; and more than would be necessary for the regulation of all the worlds of Epicurus. How comes it to pass that our common language, so easy for all other uses, becomes obscure and unintelligible in wills and contracts; and that he who so clearly expresses whatever he speaks or writes, cannot, in the end, find any way of declaring himself, which is not liable to doubt and contradiction, if it be not that the great men of this art (of law), applying themselves with peculiar attention to cull out hard words, and form artful clauses, have so weighed every syllable, and so thoroughly sifted every sort of connexion, that they are now confounded and entangled in the infinity of figures, and so many minute divisions, that they can no longer be liable to any rule or prescription, nor any certain intelligence. As the earth is made fertile the deeper it is ploughed and harrowed, so they, by staring and splitting of questions, make the world fructify and abound in uncertainties and disputes, and hence, as formerly we were plagued with vices, we are now sick of the laws. Nature always gives better than those which we make ourselves; witness the state wherein we see nations live that have no other. Some there are who, for their only judge, take the first passer-by that travels along their mountains to determine their cause; and others who, on their market-day, choose out some one amongst them who decides all their controversies on the spot. What danger would there be if the wiser should thus determine ours, according to occurrences, and by sight, without obligation of example and consequence? Every shoe to its own foot."

The French have it among their old sayings, that "a good lawyer is a bad neighbour," and Montaigne seems to have entertained the notion. He tells what he calls "*A pleasant story against the practice of Lawyers.*—The baron of Copenne in Chalosse, and I, have between us the advowson of a benefice of great extent, at the foot of our mountains, called Lahontan. It was with the inhabitants of this angle, as with those of the vale of Angrougne; they lived a peculiar sort of life, had particular fashions, clothes, and manners, and were ruled and governed by certain particular laws and

usages received from father to son, to which they submitted without other constraint than the reverence due to custom. This little state had continued from all antiquity in so happy a condition that no neighbouring judge was ever put to the trouble of enquiring into their quarrels, no advocate was retained to give them counsel, nor stranger ever called in to compose their differences; nor was ever any of them so reduced as to go a begging. They avoided all alliances and traffic with the rest of mankind, that they might not corrupt the purity of their own government; till, as they say, one of them, in the memory of their fathers, having a mind spurred on with a noble ambition, contrived, in order to bring his name into credit and reputation, to make one of his sons something more than ordinary, and, having put him to learn to write, made him at last a brave attorney for the village. This fellow began to disdain their ancient customs, and to buzz into the people's ears the pomp of the other parts of the nation. The first prank he played was to advise a friend of his, whom somebody had offended by sawing off the horns of one of his she-goats, to make his complaint to the king's judges,—and so he went on in this practice till he spoiled all."

## THE HILL OF LOCHIEL.

Long have I pined for thee,  
 Land of my infancy,  
 Now will I kneel on thee,  
 Hill of Lochiel !  
 Hill of the sturdy steer,  
 Hill of the roe and deer,  
 Hill of the streamlet clear,  
 I love thee well !

When in my youthful prime,  
 Correi or crag to climb,  
 Or tow'ring cliff sublime,  
 Was my delight;  
 Scaling the eagle's nest,  
 Wounding the raven's breast,  
 Skimming the mountain's crest,  
 Gladsome and light.

Then rose a bolder game,—  
 Young Charlie Stuart came,  
 Cameron, that loyal name,  
 Foremost must be !  
 Hard then our warrior meed,  
 Glorious our warrior deed,  
 Till we were doom'd to bleed  
 By treachery !

Then did the red blood stream,  
 Then was the broadsword's gleam  
 Quenched; in fair freedom's beam  
 No more to shine !  
 Then was the morning's brow  
 Red with the fiery glow;  
 Fell hall and hamlet low,  
 All that were mine.

Fair in a hostile land,  
 Stretch'd on a foreign strand,  
 Oft has the tear-drop bland  
 Scorch'd as it fell.  
 Once was I spurn'd from thee,  
 Long have I mourn'd for thee,  
 Now I'm return'd to thee,  
 Hill of Lochiel !