

sions have already derived from many of their predecessors. May all such in their occupancy of the editorial chair fulfil Mr. Lowell's description of Cromwell:—

"Who lived to make his simple, oaken chair,
More grandly terrible than throne of England's king
Before or since."

W. G. EARNS.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The manuscript of the following poem was found among the papers of the late John Robertson, of "Keswick," Lake Simcoe, formerly of Edinburgh. The author is not known, but as the poem was found, with other manuscripts of value—one of Sir Walter Scott's being among the number—it is to be inferred that the poem is the work of no inferior writer. No trace can be found of its having hitherto been published.

M. R. ROBERTSON.

FIRST PART.

'Twas morn, but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song.

'Twas morn, but mist and clouds hung deep upon the lonely vale,
And shadows like the wings of death were out upon the gale.

For he, whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life,
Who o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife,
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of mind,
Had fled forever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind.

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star;
To drink immortal waters free from every taint of earth,
To breathe before the shrine of life, that source whence worlds had birth.

There was wailing on the early breeze and darkness in the sky,
When with sable plume and cloak and pall a funeral train swept by.
Methought—St. Mary shield us well—that other forms moved there
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young and fair

Was it a dream? How oft in sleep we ask "Can this be true?"
Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view;
Earth's glory seems a tarnished crown to that which we behold
When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold.

Was it a dream? Methought the dauntless *Harold* passed me by,
The proud *Fitzjames*, with martial step and dark intrepid eye,
That *Marmion's* haughty crest was there; a mourner for his sake,
And she the bold, the beautiful, sweet *Lady of the Lake*.

The *Minstrel*, whose last lay was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,
And with him glorious *Waverley*, with glance and step of woe;
And *Stuart's* voice rose there, as when, 'mid fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud and brave *Vich Ian Vohr*.

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the *Dominie* stalked past,
With *Bertram*, *Julia* by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;
Guy Mannerling, too, moved there, o'erpowered by that afflicting sight,
And *Merrilies* as when she wept on *Ellangowan's* height.

Solemn and grave *Monkburns* approached amidst that burial line,
And *Ochiltree* leant o'er his staff and mourned for *Auld Lang Syne*;
Slow marched the gallant *McIntyre*, whilst *Lovel* mused alone,
For once *Miss Wardour's* image left that bosom's faithful throne.

With *Coronach* and arms reversed forth came *McGregor's* clan,
Red *Douglas'* cry pealed shrill and wide, *Rob Roy's* bold brow looked wan;
The fair *Diana* kissed her cross and blessed its sainted ray,
"And was is me," *The Baillie* sighed, "that I should see this day."

Next rode in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, *Laird of Elliestaw*, the far-renowned *Black Dwarf*;
Upon his left in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free,
The pious sculptor of the grave stood *Old Mortality*.

Balfour of Burley, *Clowerhouse*, the *Lord of Evandale*,
And stately *Lady Margaret*, whose woe might not avail,
Fierce Bothwell on his charger black as from the conflict won,
And pale *Habakkuk Mucklewrath*, who cries "God's will be done."

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms 'mid wildest scenes,
Passed she, the modest, eloquent and virtuous *Jeanie Deans*;
And *Dumbiedykes*, that silent *Laird*, with love too deep to smile,
And *Effie*, with her noble friend, the good *Duke of Argyle*.

With lofty brow and bearing high, dark *Ravenswood* advanced,
Who on the false *Lord Kiepe's* mien with eye indignant glanced;
Whilst graceful as a lovely fawn, 'neath covert close and sure,
Approached the beauty of all hearts, the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

Then *Annot Lyle*, the fairy queen of light and song, stepped near,
The *Knight of Araennoh*, and he the gifted *Hieland Seer*;
Du'letty, *Duncan*, *Lord Menteith*, and *Kowald* met my view,
The hapless *Children of the Mist* and bold *Mich-Conal-Dhu*.

On swept *Bois Guilbert*, *Front de Boeuf*, *De Bracy's* plume of woe,
And *Cour de Lion's* crest shone near the valiant *Ivanhoe*;
While soft as glides a summer cloud *Kovena* closer drew,
With beautiful *Rebecca*, peerless daughter of the Jew.

Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral train,
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main,
Where'er the eager gaze might rest, in noble ranks were seen,
Dark plume and glittering mail and crest and woman's beautiful mien.

A sound thrilled through that lengthening host, methought the vault
was closed,
Where in his glory and renown fair *Scotia's* bard reposed;
A sound thrilled through that lengthening host, and forth my vision
fled,
But, ah! the mournful dream proved true, the immortal *Scott* was
dead.

(To be continued.)

PEN PICTURES FROM LIFE.

They were about the same age—just entering on their teens, and, perhaps, in height would have measured the same number of inches, but there the resemblance ended. One was a slight, delicate boy, showing, in the grace and ease of his every movement, as plainly the effect of his French ancestry on the one side, as his fair complexion, inclined to rudiness, gave evidence of the Highland blood on the other. Aristocrat unmistakably, you would have pronounced him, from the top of the carefully-brushed head, with its glint of gold, to the small hands and feet, which seemed to assert their superiority over those of others around them, even when their coverings displayed no difference in form and material. Another thing that struck you about him, was the impossibility of rendering him ill at ease, and the suspicion that he himself perfectly realized the fact; a characteristic, perhaps, derived from generations of ancestors, prominent as public men. The ancestral practice of being closely acquainted with men and things showed itself in the descendant, in a quick, bright mind, readily seizing matters of observation, and keeping them safely for future use.

The other furnished a type seen in every place where emigrants from the present population of Ireland have congregated; the face with its rough masses of dark hair, entirely uncared for, lying low on the forehead; the high cheek-bones, with their prominence emphasized by the ravine-like indentation traversing the cheek diagonally from the ear to the corner of the mouth; the eye-brows perpetually arched high, as if in a state of continual surprise—a surprise which lacked intelligence by reason of the open mouth and utterly expressionless eyes. The figure was heavy, the movements awkward, the garments, which had the inevitable Hibernian absence of outside cloth at the elbows, hung on as if they had been made for any other purpose than to be put on that boy. Added to this, you could see that any intellectual operation was performed by him with infinite difficulty.

Could there be a more striking contrast? Can it be said that all men start with equal chances in the race of life?

MAJEL.