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SCOTIA'S CLASSIC STREAMS.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

WHERE once the border Minstrel strayed,
With ready lays for bower and hall,
And sang of love, or deftly played,
To Knights at courtly festival:

Where once the warder chieftain led
His vassals to the border fray,
Whose doughty deeds of foray shed
Their halo round the Minstrel's lay:

When love and war were all of life,
With lord and vassal, Squire and Knight:
A lady's smile the bow of strife—
Her hand the guerdon of the fight:

Where Yarrow sweeps by Newark's tower,
And Ettrick mingles with its stream,
And Tweed, through many a smiling bower,
Flows as of old the Minstrel's theme:

Where Gala's water still may boast
Of fairer lads than Ettrick's shore:
Where not a memory is lost,
That hallowed all the scene of yore!—

Where Scott has reared his wizard hold,
And still presides the Genius there—
Whence, oft, in many a foray bold,
He sorned on all the realms of air:—

There have I wandered, and it seemed,
On hill and vale and streamlet lay,
As if the light of old that gleamed,
The aspect of a former day.

There have I wandered, seen each stream,
Nor felt the while I gazed on Yarrow.
That all were better yet a dream,
Linked in the mind with love and sorrow.*

The image of the mental eye
Was more than given back to me;
An interest that shall never die,
Still lives within my memory.