

The soul-stirring bag-pipes which pipe so harshly to English ears "tuneful lays," come in for a full meed of celebrity, and a very neatly turned poem our poet gives us. This last stanza is happy :

" And when on death's cold bier I'm laid,
 Let Pipers round me serenade ;
 And wrap me in a Scottish plaid
 For sheet and shroud ;
 And o'er my grave be tribute paid,
 ONE PIERROCH LOUD."

The *Highlander's Wife* is an affecting story of Scottish life, and the Scottish character is admirably described. The husband heard his country's cry for men to beat back beyond their own frontiers the bloody Muscovitish foe, and he left his wife and loved bairns in his lowly cot home ayeont the Frith, and marched with gallant bands of warriors to the stern Crimea. A presentiment or phantasy sweeps the mental horizon of that loved heart in the bleak Highlands ; she hears her own Donald's sweet voice, calm and unperturbed, "borne along on the wings o' the blast," and she sees through the filmy air his mangled corse and pale, sad face sink down on the blood-red plains of snow and ice, and with a loud wail the pent-up feelings get utterance and she too, falls back, and the Heavens smile on the upturned face of the devoted dead, and the quiet hearthstone of the little "cot'mong the heather-clad cairns," is desolate, and orphaned bairns clasp to their hearts the chilled bosom, lifeless and cold, of that mother whose voice once stilled the fireside tempest and whose smile gladdened the morning meal as a ray of bright, glorious sunshine, and young hearts refuse to be comforted because she is not. This poem is one of the noblest in the book, and it reflects highly on the head and heart of its author. The conception is a fine one and the versification is as praiseworthy. It seems a little constrained in one or two places, as if the bard wanted to fly higher and make his poem a war song instead of a homely Highland etching—as if he would rather describe the martial career of the husband, instead of the apparently more tame, though nobler theme, of a wife's devotion. This constraint detracts but very little from the extraordinary merit of the whole, however, and we would ask a careful perusal of this story in verse, from our readers. It will well repay an attentive examination in all its component parts.

The "Fall of Delhi" reads too much like a newsboy's address to be of any permanent value, neither does it tend to add to the military lustre of Brave Havelock and his hardy Highlanders. This couplet is not very soul-inspiring, to say the least :

" Strike with puissance, till those devils reel
 And sue for mercy o'er the grave of NEILL."

Nor is this

"'Tis charity to strike their funeral knell,
 And sweep such demons to their native Hell."

Dear, dear, why did you admit these lines which surely do not "fall