

vous fraternity, he admitted the inaptness of the denomination, 'seeing they were always leaping and kicking about for some mischief.' In Gaelic, it seems they are called 'funshies' or 'kelpies.' A funshy once, my guide said, met in the forest, a poor smuggler, who was carrying down to the Lowlands a cask of whiskey that he had been distilling in some mountain glen. The funshy bade him put down his cask for a moment, and have a dance with her. He did so, and danced for more than an hour, without feeling a bit tired. He then went down, sold his whiskey and trotted off to his home. When he got there he was surprised to find that his young wife had turned into an old woman, while his boys had grown into strapping young men. The funshy had kept him dancing with her for several years together, and had thus cheated him out of an important portion of his life."

Our author soon turns his face to the south, and the remainder of the work is filled with an account of his return through Stirling to Edinburgh, and thence to merry England. He leaves Scotland with a parting tribute of praise to one of its sweetest vallies.

"Neither rain nor mist could drive me from my outside place, as we were passing through the beautiful Eskdale, and approaching the Scottish border. I rubbed my eyes, and tried to remember whether I had ever before seen a valley of equal beauty. The mighty oaks and beeches seemed all of primeval date, of primeval vigour, and of eternal youth. I saw many thousands of them, yet there was not one that I would not willingly have stopped to sketch. Each seemed to have chosen for itself a picturesque position, and to have spread out its mighty boughs according to the most approved rules of good taste. At times the valley widened, and displayed a number of beautiful meadows spreading out amid the umbrageous trees, while here and there the ruined turret of some border chief served to remind of bygone days."

We never part with Mr. Kohl without regret. He has, perhaps, in the present instance, not done justice either to himself or the country he describes, from the hurried and partial inspection he has made of its varied beauties. Had he extended his excursion to the more remote, but loftier and wilder grandeur of the North, his Work would have been more complete. But we are content to take it as it is. No one can ever accuse its Author of a heavy style or a somniferous pen; and we are happy to say, that the present volume is almost free from that straining after effect in mere expression, which marked some of his former productions. Nay, the very faults and defects to which we have felt bound to allude, are of such a nature as not to interfere with the general interest of a narrative, which, though it should not augment, will certainly not detract from the established reputation of its author.

SPRING.

BY DR. HASKINS.

Oh! spring! thou art a season of delight;
All round is beauty, all above is bright;
In garb of loveliness the earth is drest,
Sweet fragrant flow'rs are blooming on her breast;
More vivid, hourly, grows that garb of green;
Burst forth the buds behind their velvet screen,
The forest spreads its leaflets to the sky,
Gilt with a radiant glory from on high;
The tender dews descend in tears of bliss,
And all night long the humid herbage kiss;
And thence arise at dawn of early morn
To nurse the infant blossoms newly born.
Freed from its icy bonds, the merry stream
Laughs, dances, sparkles in the golden beam;
Then bounds along to greet the fresh'ning grass,
That waves a welcome as its waters pass;
Close to his mate, each minstrel of the grove,
Fond nestling, breathes his song of ardent love.
Creation smiles, like dreams at dawn of day,
Winter, with all his gloom, hath pass'd away.
Oh! spring! thou art a time when tears should cease
Save those of joy—an hour for love and peace;
Yet comes a shade of sadness o'er my mind,—
I gaze around and think upon the blind!
I think upon the darkness and the gloom
That hang o'er such, like shadows of the tomb;
No sky for them, no verdure and no light,
No beauteous morn, but one long moonless night.
"Oh! dark, dark, dark,"* well might the poet say—
The Bard sublime,† on whom this sorrow lay;
From nature's charms, earth's ever varying scene,
Cut off, "shut out," by the "thick drop serene."‡
Yet—yet—for this, as for all earthly woes
A healing balm from blest religion flows;
No eye is dark in heav'n; no shadow dim,
There shrouds the soul; but, bright as seraphim,
It revels in immortal glory's ray,
And drinks the light of everlasting day.

DEATH SONG.

BY H. J. K.

As you red sun sinks to his rest,
Soon to the bright land of the blest,
My soul will travel—free as air,
To meet my father's spirit there,
He beckons me beyond the grave.
To join him with the just and brave;
This victim stake at which I bleed
Shall be my bridled, bounding steed.

Then come with torture—maim and cut,
With flint and knife, from head to foot,
Then fire, and pitch-pine knot apply,
And, tameless, I will yet defy.
Take off my scalp and blind my eyes,
And still your vengeance I'll despise
When ancient torments fail—invent
New modes of pain and punishment.

* See the pathetic lament in Samson Agonistes.
† Milton.
‡ Paradise Lost.