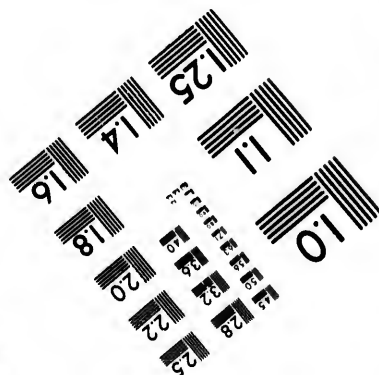
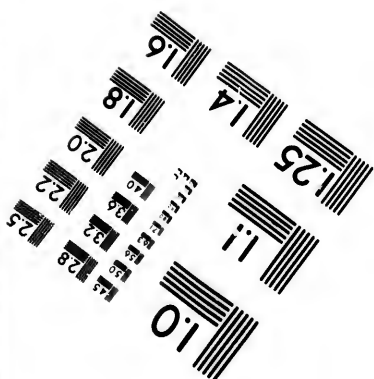
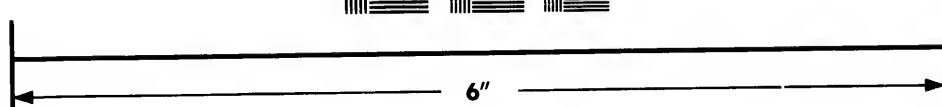
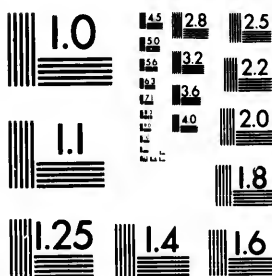


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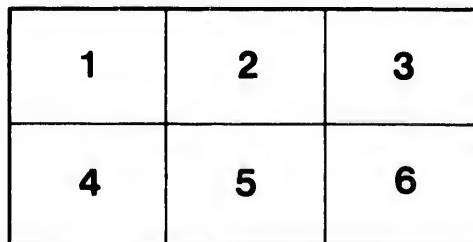
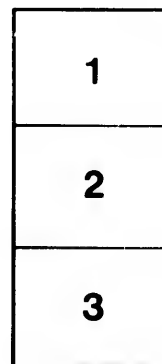
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POEMS AND SONGS;

WITH

LECTURES ON THE GENIUS AND WORKS

OF

BURNS, AND THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN;

AND

LETTER ON SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

AND THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BY PETER LIVINGSTON,

DUNDEE.

———“ A wish— I mind its power,
A wish that to my latest hour,
Shall strongly heave my breast :
That I for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least.”

Eighth Edition.

DUNDEE :
PUBLISHED FOR WILLIAM LIVINGSTON,
AND
PRINTED BY JOHN DURHAM.

1852.

TO GEO. DUNCAN, ESQ., M.P., FOR DUNDEE.

DUNDEE. *26th January 1852.*

HONOURED SIR,

IN Dedicating to you the Eighth Edition of the Poems and Songs of my Son, Peter Livingston, and also his Lecture on the Genius and Works of Burns, as well as his Oration on the Rev. George Gilfillan, his genius and criticism, I mentioned to you, that one of my reasons for the publication was, in consequence of having to relinquish an extensive business in the book-trade, occasioned by severe personal affliction, during a period of more than ten years; and also to do justice to my own feelings, as well as to fulfil a wish of the Author; your honour having formerly become his first Subscriber for the original edition, the sale of which was considerable;—the Seven Editions extending to upwards of 6000 copies.

These are some of the reasons which have induced me to solicit your indulgence; and I shall never forget the kind and generous manner in which you not only permitted the Dedication, but feelingly expressed, that if your consent could be of any service in forwarding my design, it would afford you the utmost pleasure.

Allow me, dear Sir, simply to say, that I sincerely thank you for this expression of your kindness. And I beg leave to add, that so long as Dundee is screened from the northern blast by the beautiful hill behind it—so long as grass grows on the Magdalen Green—so long as the border of that green is adorned by the *Vine**—so long as your school shall exist for the instruction of poor children—so long will the name of George Duncan be held in grateful remembrance;—and, that you may live long to enjoy that popularity and esteem which you have so honourably earned, is,

HONOURED SIR,

The earnest wish of your faithful and obedient Servant,

WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

* The beautiful Villa of the Honourable Member for Dundee.

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR,	vi.
LETTER ON SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND THE ARCTIC REGIONS,	1
LECTURE ON BURNS,	12
GEORGE GILFILLAN AND HIS WRITINGS,	25
LETTER ON DR DICK, THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER,	34

POEMS—

Sabbath in a Scottish Cottage,	39
The Auld Kirk-Yard,	48
My Father's Ha',	52
A Haime Beyond the Skies,	55
Verses to my Aunt,	58
The Trysting Tree,	62
Man to Peace was Born,	68
Martha Palmer,	73
A Welcome to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert,	78
The Kirk,	82
Stobb's Fair,	87
The Murdered Fly—a Tale,	92
The Miseries of War,	94
Lines on Visiting the Grave of Alexander and John Bethune,	98
The Wind,	102
Prologue,	104

SONGS—

Whar are a' the Friends?	107
Oh! here lies low the Bonny Lass,	108
When thinking upon my sad Fate,	110
Hill and Dell are decked in green,	111
I now maun leave my Lady Fair,	113
Come to yonder Bower, my Lassie	114
Winter Nights are cauld, Lassie,	115
A Guid New Year to ane and a',	117
Bonny, bonny was the Morn,	118
The Blooming Heather,	119
The Cares of Life,	120
Oh! Winter is come,	121
March of Mesmerism,	122

NOTICE OF THE AUTHOR.

THE Author of the following poems, songs, lectures, and letters, was born in Dundee, on the 20th of January 1823. His father, after residing twenty years in Perth, had removed at the previous Martinmas, and was for many years a bookseller and stationer in Dundee. His grandfather was James Livingston,—who, at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, possessed a farm on the Laigh Fields of Hayston, in the parish of Glammiss, on the princely estate of the noble family of Strathmore—who expired three hours after the death of his second wife in 1826, and both were buried in one grave in Glammiss church-yard. His maternal grandfather was Charles Laing, a wright in Perth—was eminent for Christian piety. He died in 1805;—the poet's mother is his eldest daughter.*

* Mr (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott, when about to publish one of his earliest works, was anxious to obtain some information about the classic ground of Lyndoch,—its mansion house, the grave of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, all of which are so romantically situated on the banks of the Almond,—and for that purpose, waited on the amiable and aged Major Barry, then residing at Perth, but formerly proprietor and (with his equally amiable lady) improver of that beautiful estate. Having obtained from the Major ample information—particularly about the means he used to ascertain the exact spot where the bones of the beauties lay—the Major's servant (afterwards the poet's mother) was desired to place some refreshments on the table, when Mr Scott made some remarks on her beautifully fair hair; and he afterwards mentioned to one in the establishment of his publishers, that ~~that~~, and her otherwise prepossessing and unassuming appearance, suggested to him the title of his novel, "the Fair Maid of Perth,"—and added, tradition has it, that Catherine Glover, though well-favoured and of ruddy countenance, was not fair, but was possessed of coal-black hair.

During his infancy and childhood he exhibited an affectionate and kindly disposition, and a contemplative turn of mind manifested itself as his years increased. When a mere boy, he greatly admired the preaching of the Reverend Mr Roxburgh of the Cross Church, and always spoke of him with the greatest enthusiasm. By a spark, kindled at this flame, or some other cause, he, about this time, expressed an earnest desire to become a preacher; and in proof thereof, early in the mornings, would rise from his bed, place himself with a table and a bible before him, inducing a younger brother to rise and sit in front of the table to act as precentor. Service was begun in right earnest; but sometimes the singing, and often the sermon, would be interrupted by the visit of a pillow coming in contact with the person of the orator, and make him bow to his audience, to the no small astonishment of the baby precentor,—this addition to the congregation being ejected from the bed of an elder brother, the preacher having disturbed the carpenter's repose.

Afterwards, the far-famed sermon, by the Reverend George Gilfillan, entitled "Hades, or the Unseen," made its appearance, and the Poet took fire at, what he considered, severe criticism upon that production, and published a pamphlet in reply, entitled "Hades, or what has its opponents proved?" in which, young as he was, he defended some of the sentiments contained in the sermon, and opposed the ideas expressed by the critics, with considerable ability, ingenuity, and skill. Ere this, some of his earliest verses appeared in a few of the periodicals with which the locality was then teeming; and they were generally well received, which, no doubt, induced him to collect and publish them in

a small volume consisting of eight hundred copies, which were all subscribed for in a very short time. Thus encouraged, he composed some additional pieces, which appeared in subsequent editions,—and in visiting the neighbouring towns he was well patronised, and the press reviewed the work very favourably. At Brechin, Lord Panmure patronised it very handsomely; on going farther north, several hundred copies were sold—and the Earls of Airlie and Kintore became subscribers. Afterwards, his progress in Perth and Fife was very successful, and the Professors of St Andrews College nearly all subscribed; on visiting Edinburgh, Lords Jeffrey and Robertson, with several of the other Lords of Session and a number of the Professors were among his first patrons; on going to Glasgow, two editions of the work were called for, and the Earl of Eglinton became its efficient patron. It may be here remarked, that during the author's progress, as above stated, the Ministers of the Gospel, of all denominations, subscribed for the work in great numbers; and their kindly sentiments, often expressed towards him, appeared to have left a deep feeling of gratitude on his mind. He now went to a celebrated college in England where he studied with success; afterwards preached with acceptance; delivered many orations, on theology and other popular subjects, among which was his lecture on Burns, and his feeling letter on Dr Dick the Christian Philosopher. He is now in London, on the wide field of literature. His oration on the Rev. George Gilfillan, his genius and criticism, likewise his Letter on Sir John Franklin and the Arctic Regions, with lectures and addresses to various literary societies in and about the Metropolis, form part of his present efforts.

The following Letter* was addressed to the Author by the late Lord JEFFREY:

" 21 MORAY PLACE, 30th December 1846.

" DEAR SIR,

" I have now read through your little volume, and with very considerable satisfaction; but have scarcely anything to add to what I said to you personally after I had perused but a part of it. The marked superiority of what I understand to be your later compositions gives good reason to look for still greater improvement in those you may produce in future; you are still young enough to contemplate great advances, and become a pleasing versifier, and express amiable sentiments and domestic affections in a natural and touching way.

" The thoughtful and tender parts are decidedly the best; and some of the songs are not without merit.

" You asked my *sincere* opinion of your work. The expression of it is, the talent you possess, if rightly estimated, may always afford you an innocent and elegant amusement, and obtain for you the notice and regard of many who may be of use to you; and with these advantages I trust you will have sense enough to be satisfied.

" In the meantime, believe me, with all good wishes,

" Your faithful and obedient servant,

" F. JEFFREY."

" *To Mr Peter Livingston, Dundee.*"

* The above letter was highly appreciated by the Author as a valuable gift from that prince of critics and highly-gifted and great man.

ERRATA.

PAGE 58, line 10, for *make* read *made*.

... 85, line 2, for *fee* read *favour*.

... 104, line 15, for *Eutopius* read *Eutropius*.

SECOND EDITION
OF
A LETTER, ADDRESSED TO THE QUEEN,
ON
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN
AND THE
ARCTIC REGIONS.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

THE theme upon which I take the liberty to address you, is invested with a deep and distressing interest. There are concerned in it the lives and deaths of many individuals, the hopes and fears of many hearts. Your Majesty will pardon me being somewhat minute—I shall not be lengthy—as, on this subject I address not your Majesty alone, but also the public, in whom there exists an ardent desire to know all that can be known on this important question. It may be of importance briefly to inquire into the causes that have led to our earnest exertions on this subject. Wherefore is it that man has sacrificed life—left friends, home, and country? Why has Government spent so much money and been so unwearied in its exertions to explore the unknown regions of the North, where is nothing but eternal ice and snow? This question is answered to a certain extent by our knowledge of man's nature;—it is

man's nature to inquire, to know, and to understand all that is around and about him. Man has got the earth for an inheritance, and he wishes to understand it. We do not like to live in a house without knowing its apartments. Such is the cause, found in man's nature, of all his intrepidity and daring. It is this that has led man forth, with brave heart, to encounter all the dangers and difficulties which he is sure to meet with in his journeys over flood and field. It was this that led forth the great Columbus to find out the new world of the west, and has made him immortal for his enterprise and daring. This led forth the fearless Cook over that wide waste of waters which covers our earth like a shroud, in the midst of which he lighted on the Owlyee, where he fell a victim to the fury of the natives of a country into which he went intending to bequeath the blessings of civilization. This led Bruce to the mysterious Nile, and Park to the undiscovered Niger, where he too fell in the midst of those desert regions which have well been called the white man's grave. It is this desire to know that has made man to ascend the everlasting hills, penetrate the unknown deserts, and plant his foot on spots of the earth where the foot of man had never been before. And this desire it is, coupled with a love of gold (perhaps a commendable love of gold), which has led forth our daring mariners to explore those unknown regions of the North, where is nothing but everlasting ice and snow holding sway in the dismal wilderness.

It was doubtless a love of gold, in conjunction with our thirst for knowledge, that has led to all our exertions to discover a North-west Passage. The British

Isles are situated on the globe so as to be far from many commercial ports of great importance in the world. On the west, we have the continents of North and South America between ourselves and the western shores of these continents. On the east, we have the continents of Europe and Africa between us and China and Hindostan. These facts were seen and known by our commercial men, and their desire to find a speedy passage to the western shores of America and the golden land of the East, found a ready response in the minds of our navigators, in whom there existed a desire to know if there was a way in the North by which they could sail round the world. The propriety, however, of any exertions on our part, and indeed at any time, may with some show of reason be questioned. In a commercial point of view, the passage, although discovered, could never be rendered available for any practical or useful purpose. In these regions the ice closes in upon us, and thus seems to present a lasting barrier to man's progress in that direction.

Thus, although the passage were at once discovered, those who come after the original explorers must have the same difficulties to encounter, the same natural impediments in their way that the original explorers had to contend with. Till the sun himself shall melt the everlasting hills of snow, man may never be permitted to approach these regions. Be this as it may, the necessity for further exertions on our part to discover a North-west Passage is now done away with; from the fact, that the railway by the Isthmus of Panama and the canal by Lake Nicaragua, as also the proposed railway across the continent of Europe and direct from

England to India, will give us the desired end, without having to encounter any of those physical difficulties which impede our progress in the Northern Seas.*

This, however, is incidental; we have to deal with what has been done; the conclusions to which I have

* The two passages to which I have referred, will entirely do away with the necessity in a commercial point of view for our prosecuting the discovery of a North-west Passage further. Those by the Isthmus of Panama and Lake Nicaragua will open up a floodgate of commercial prosperity to the world, which we have never known before; they will bring within a short distance of our shores the western coasts of North and South America; they will also open up a direct passage to the vast Pacific Ocean, and to the many Islands which stud that Ocean, which are too numerous for me to name or to number. The Railway across the Continent of Europe from England to India is one of the most gigantic ideas ever conceived by the mind of man. When this Railway is completed,—which in the course of time it doubtless will be,—the golden land of the East will be brought within a distance of seven days' journey from England. Thus do we stand in the prospect of seeing realized a fact so great and so gigantic that had it been told to our forefathers, they must have deemed it little less than an Arabian tale. Many parties tell us that such a project can never be carried out; doubtless, to the minds of many, it may seem an impossibility, but there is more in heaven and in earth than is dreamt of in their philosophy. In the vocabulary of some men there is no such word as fail; and such men necessity will find to carry out this great undertaking. Not only will a Railway be laid down from England to the East, but we may not err in prognosticating that an Electric Telegraph will soon be laid down also. Then the pilgrim by the banks of the river Indus, and the hero of Hindostan may converse with his friends in fatherland; then will the daring fancy of our immortal Shakspeare be reduced to a vulgar reality, that of putting a girdle round the earth in forty minutes.

referred being come to, expeditions have from time to time been fitted out, only a passing allusion to several of which I can give before coming to that of Sir John Franklin; the voyages of Mackenzie, Davy, Beechy, the Rosses, Back, Dease, Simpson, and others, may be named as connected with our present subject. Captain Parry discovered many lands, bays, and large islands, the principal of which he named. Captain Ross discovered the large island of Boothia, which is thinly inhabited by Esquimaux. These various expeditions and their successes led to the expedition under the command of Sir John Franklin. That expedition left this country in the month of May, 1845; there were composing it in all, two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and 138 men; they took with them provisions calculated, with economy, to last four years and a-half. Sir John Franklin's instructions were to proceed up by Davis's Straits to Baffin's Bay, so on to Lancaster Sound, Barrow Straits, and thus by Cape Walker, then to use his own discretion. The expedition was last seen in Baffin's Bay bound on to an iceberg waiting for a passage through the ice. Traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition have, however, since been found on Beechy Island, which is situated at the entrance to Wellington Channel. Here were found three graves of men who had been buried,—there where the white sea foam shall wash them daily; here also were found a carpenter's shop, a forge, a post, and several other sad memorials of the missing men.

This fact has led many to conclude—we think justly—that Franklin must have penetrated in by Wellington Channel and Victoria Channel, which is a continuation

of the former, and so on to the North Pole of the earth. It seems very reasonable to come to this conclusion from the fact, that it was Franklin's own impression, that the most likely way to discover a North-west Passage, if defeated in his course by Cape Walker, was to proceed up Wellington Channel, and so on through the Arctic Ocean, if possible, to Behring's Straits.

Such are the simple facts connected with Franklin's expedition into the Polar Sea, and the conclusions to which we come regarding these facts lead us to believe, that he may yet be found in these regions, and may yet return from them.

We find that it is now upwards of six years since he left this country, and he took with him provisions calculated, with economy, to last for four years and a-half. The question then presents itself to the mind, how can Franklin and his companions have existed during the year and a-half beyond which his provisions were calculated to last. This question is answered to a certain extent by our knowledge of the fact, that in these regions he may have been able to procure rein-deer, white foxes, seals, birds, and, indeed, various other animals which abound in these northern regions. This supposition is strongly confirmed, if it be not reduced to a certainty, by our knowledge, that in the regions to which we suppose Sir John Franklin must have gone, namely, Wellington Channel and Victoria Channel, have been seen many specimens of animal life, all of which could support Sir John Franklin and his brave companions. That which makes us urge this view of the question with the more earnestness is, if Sir John

Franklin has penetrated through Victoria Channel, it is possible that he may now be in the Polar Sea, where we know full well it is not so cold, and where animal life is much more plentiful than it is at what is called the magnetic pole of the earth. That Franklin did penetrate into Wellington Channel and Victoria Channel, we think there can now be no reasonable doubt.

We have before remarked, that it was Sir John Franklin's intention to proceed by Wellington Channel if defeated on his way by Cape Walker. This, coupled with the fact that remains of the expedition have been found on and beyond to the north of Beechy Island, seems to leave no reasonable doubt on the mind that he must have penetrated up that channel. Upon Beechy Island were found several sad and melancholy remains of the missing men. Here Franklin wintered in 1845-46; here also were found three graves—sublime in their loneliness—of men belonging to the expedition who had died. Here also were discovered a garden, a carpenter's shop, a forge, a post, and several other sad remains of the Northern voyagers. Beechy Island is situated a little to the north of Cape Hotham, and therefore seems to be a favourable starting point for Wellington Channel and the Polar Sea. These facts then, coupled with Franklin's wish before he left this country to proceed in that direction, seem to warrant us in coming to the conclusion that he did penetrate into the Polar Sea, and having done so, we have more than one reason for believing that he may be there still.

The objections brought against this conclusion do not seem to carry with them much weight. Your Majesty is aware, that there has been going the round of

the press a story to the effect that Sir John Franklin and his companions have long since been murdered by a hostile tribe of Esquimaux. This melancholy tale is given to the world upon the authority of the veritable Adam Beck, an Esquimaux, who by virtue of the fact that he can read and write well, was at once initiated into the solemnity of an oath, and all the paraphernalia of English justice. This absurd report has been characterised by an able writer on the subject as a crude and heartless tale. We can scarce doubt the propriety of this conclusion. If such a report be true, did no one see the murder but Adam Beck? If so, who were they that saw it—are they living or are they dead? Where did it take place, and when did it take place? Did Sir John Franklin leave no vestige behind? By whom was he killed, and where was he buried? Let those questions, and questions like them, be answered till we see if this tale be true. But I shall no longer weary the patience of your Majesty with further allusion to this idle story; I look upon it as a mockery and an insult to the judgment of the British people. We are also told that his ammunition may not have lasted; that the intense and biting cold of these northern regions, so long continued, may ere this time have destroyed him, or that he may have sunk, a total wreck, within the raging sea. All these conclusions to this whole matter are doubtless possible, and cause conflicting feelings to cross the mind when we contemplate the fate of the brave mariners. Speculation regarding them seems, to a certain extent, out on a shoreless sea. But so long as there remains the bare possibility of their existence, to that possibility it is right for us to cling in hope, even though that hope be so long deferred that it make the heart sick.

This conclusion come to, then our duty in the matter seems palpable and plain. That duty seems to me to be to send out another expedition in search of the missing men. Let that expedition be well fitted out; let it also be done speedily, so that in the spring time of the year it may reach the Northern Seas. We have several reasons for coming to the conclusion that it is our duty to send out further expeditions in search of the missing men. In the first place, Sir John Franklin and his brave associates left their country, their friends, and their homes, in the service of the Government of the country to which they belong; Sir John Franklin and his companions had been tried and trusty servants of the State; they had done the State some service, and we know it; such being the case, we conceive them to be fit and becoming objects of the State's care and protection. As a matter of justice alone, it is our duty to do what we can for the safety of the missing men. This is our duty on the grounds of justice only: what shall we say when we come to those of charity and mercy? Shall we stand idly looking on; shall we live at home at ease; shall we sit under our own vine and fig-tree, while our brethren, brave in heart and strong in arm, may still be living in the dark and dismal regions of the North, bound in by eternal ice and snow?

Your Majesty, let it not be said that England can be guilty of this crime; let not the sin of ingratitude be laid to our charge. I have before given proofs of the means by which it is possible our countrymen may still be in existence. I spoke of the provision, of the means of living they might get in the North, rein-deer, foxes, seals, birds, or, indeed, many other animals. I also

referred to the fact, that the climate towards the pole of the earth is more congenial than it is towards the magnetic pole. All these things, I repeat, taken into consideration, give us proof that hope should not yet be dead within us ; so long as there exists a single chance of their safety, we are bound to try to save them ; thus our duty seems palpable and plain. We may rest upon our oars, perhaps in sadness and in sorrow, till the dark days of winter have passed away, then when the spring-time shall have come upon us, when the sun shall gild again the hills of everlasting snow, then let us heart and hand send out farther help and aid to our countrymen, so that, if still in existence, they may be saved from a watery grave.

It is true that our efforts may not be crowned with success ; we may search for, and seek for, that which we cannot find ; so let it be if Providence will have it so ; we cannot change it, but our duty done, we have gained for ourselves that self-satisfaction and peace which passeth all understanding. If our daring mariners are in the deep, we can only say it was the will of God and may not be grieved at or mourned over.

If they are dead, they have fallen blessed martyrs ; after life's fitful fever they sleep well, with the sea for an everlasting mourner. But for the sake of the living, if not for the dead ; by the blighted hopes and bleeding hearts of the mourning survivors ; by the widow's tears, the orphan's cries, and the mother's crucified affections ; by the honour of that great nation of which you are the head, do I call upon your Majesty, respectfully but earnestly, to use your royal prerogative and send out

another expedition in search of the Northern explorers, so that our minds may be set at rest and kept no longer on the rack, but that we may know the best or the worst of this perplexing business. And we would, in conclusion, humbly suggest to your Majesty the propriety that, if it is to be done, it were well that it were done quickly; there is now no time to be lost, for every day may bring with it death. So long as a lingering hope remains behind,—so long as the shadow of belief obtains that our countrymen may still be in life,—it is our duty to try to save them.* Our duty done, we may safely leave the rest with that Providence who, in His mercy, ever tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

I have the honour to be,

Your Majesty's

Most obedient humble servant,

PETER LIVINGSTON.

* Up to April 1852, no farther traces of the missing expedition have been found; but ships are being again sent out by Government, under the command of Sir Edward Belcher, in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions.

LECTURE ON ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS—Scotland's best and greatest poet—was born on the 25th of January 1759, in a small cottage about two miles from the town of Ayr. He was ushered into this world amid storm and darkness. Part of the house in which he was born, just as he saw the light, was blown in by the tempest; the new-made mother, with her baby-boy, sought and received shelter from a neighbour. His father, William Burns, had been a farmer; but worldly adversity compelled him to betake himself to the field as a labourer. Robert, at the age of six, was sent to school, where, under Mr John Murdoch, a man of whom the poet makes honourable mention, he remained two years. Here he acquired reading, grammar, and some knowledge of the French language. Beyond this, he had not much of what is called school education; but, as we shall hereafter see, he was "quick to learn, and wise to know."

He was at an early age somewhat fortunate in the books he read, having a few of Shakspeare's plays, Locke on the Understanding, Ramsay's Poems, along with other books of value.

It was between the fifteenth and sixteenth year of his age that Burns first wrote poetry. Love was the mother of his muse. He was early blest with what was early blighted—his love for Highland Mary. This was a sacred affection, almost too pure for earth. She died; alas! too early—died as all the good die—loving, hoping.

Burns, when a young man, engaged in partnership with a flaxdresser; but, in a hapless hour, the premises took fire, and left the poet pennyless. He now took the farm of Mosgeil, in conjunction with his brother Gilbert, a man of sound understanding. Here Burns first met Jean Armour, afterwards his wife; and their first intimacy ended in misfortune. Our poet now looked to a foreign land for that peace and prosperity which his own denied him. He resolved to go to Jamaica, and published his poems to provide him with the necessities for the voyage. These wild irregular utterings came upon the world to make it wonder and admire. He was at once exalted from the condition of a ploughman to that of the first poet of his country. He changed his plans; was advised to go to Edinburgh. He did so, as we shall hereafter see, to his sorrow. He became a lion among the literary men of the great city. The Ayrshire ploughman sat at the tables of the nobility,—drank wine,—they taught him to drink deep ere he departed,—he here carried a Duchess off her feet with the brilliancy of his conversation,—fell in love with the charming Clarinda,—and indulged too often in wild potations. This could not last long; he sought peace and something permanent. He left the gay city; took the farm of Ellisland; spent too much time in preparing for his wife; and the habits he had contracted in Edinburgh sometimes assailed him. He was now appointed to the Excise. A ludicrous mistake. Burns was seen sounding the depth of whisky casks when he should have been holding the plough. This man's days and pleasures on earth were brief, and not delightful. The earthly tabernacle gave way under the fiery spirit. His body was racked with pain; there was malady in his soul.

He tried all things ; all would not do. Death was upon him. The strong man was bowed down—the daughters of music were brought low—desire had failed, and all was darkness. In the thirty-eighth year of his age, this great man, after severe bodily and mental suffering, yielded up his spirit into the hands of Him who gave it.

Such is a brief account of the career of Robert Burns. Gentlemen, this man's life was a tragedy in one act. Like all other great tragedies, there was much glory, much sublimity, much beauty, and much truth in it. There were besides, interspersed throughout, a few comic scenes, and good. Burns, when a young man, was a happy man ; and, during the whole of his life, he had seasons of exalted, yea, delirious joy. This we are glad to know and say ; but, taking it all and all, it were difficult to point out a story of mere woe than that of Robert Burns.

Born amid poverty, this were nothing,—bred to the plough, would he had never left it,—touched by the empyrean fire of genius, honourable ambition seized his soul ; it first was fed, then foully abused ; he was exalted to a giddy height of glory, placed at length upon a pinnacle of fame, from which he did not fall, but which fell under him ; and, when he did come down, he fell like Lucifer, never, so far as this world is concerned, never to rise again.

Gentlemen, I do not mourn over the life of Burns as many do. I do not mourn over it for the world's sake ; but I mourn over it for his own. Even then we need not become very pathetic. What was the world to him ? He seems to have been born not so much to live as to fly across life “like a fierce comet of tremendous size, bidding the nations wonder as he passed.”

Many point to him, and say, "You see what he was; what might he have been?" We venture into no such dangerous speculations. We are thankful for him as he was; and as for the world, why he was more to the world than the world was to him.

It is my impression that the most unfortunate, not to say the most fatal, step in the life of Burns, was his visit to Edinburgh.

I know that, at the time, this step was necessary; we, nevertheless, regret the effects that flowed from it. Burns went among the great folk there as a world's wonder. They kept him such during his stay. He left them, and was forgotten by them. It was a natural result. He said, he knew it should be so. He said, he would bear it like a man. Doubtless, he thought he would and could do so. It turned out to be easier to say this than to do it. He was forgotten, but could not in his turn forget. When the trumpet of fame ceased to sound at his coming, the remembrance of what he once was rose up before him, to heat his very brains, to crucify his soul, and to send him, or do much to send him, to an untimely grave. Edinburgh did more ill to Burns than all this. It did not rob him of his independence—this was past the power of man; but it robbed him to a great extent of his self-dependence, which was a gigantic evil. He was a great poet, and as such, could not brook the idea of again becoming a ploughman. I blame no one for this; I pity all concerned, and speak for the future. In this matter the world has yet to learn a lesson. We must not neglect genius, but we must not abuse it; we must not kill it with kindness. We must not deprive it of purpose and aim in life. We must teach it that it has to work and

live in this world as well as to tell the world truths. Burns was treated in much the same way as a few well-meaning men lately treated William Thom. They took him to London; gave him dinners; drove him about in carriages; took him through the great city to see and be seen. He left them at last, and died a beggar—broken-hearted.

Far better would we treat genius, were we to put a spade in its hand, and say, "Go now and till the soil, bring forth good fruit—feel great truths, and tell them—be a blessing to thyself and mankind; show to the world that you are a God-sent man."

Thus do we leave the life of Burns; we come now to his character. The tongue of slander, slaked over as it is by the venom of vile thought, has been busy with this man's memory. Far be it from me to say he was infallible. We are not blind to his errors. We think he sinned not a little, and suffered much. But we are strong in the belief that we shall be able to repel many of the charges that have been brought against him. We humbly think that we shall be able to prove that, since his death, he has been more sinned against than he ever sinned, by men to whom (as it has been well said) he was as superior in virtue as he was in genius.

First of all, he has been called an uneducated man. Secondly, he has been called an irreligious man. Thirdly, he has been called an immoral man.

I shall notice these charges in the order in which they are here set down. First of all, he has been called an uneducated man. This charge is true only to a certain extent. He had not what is called a classical education. He did not know Hebrew; he did not know Greek.

He did not read so many books as we in this age of wondrous wisdom are supposed to read ; but therein he was wise, and it was well. If he did not read so much as we do, he, perhaps, thought more. He was not an educated man in the high sense of the term, but he cannot, with truth, be called an unlearned man. He read his Bible, he read Milton, he read Shakspeare ; and who will tell me that the man who reads and understands these books, as Burns did, can remain uneducated? But above and beyond all this, Burns was learned, deeply learned, in the mysteries of the human soul ; he was a philosopher by inspiration. But further still, Burns was taught, and taught profoundly, too, by the Book of Nature, which was his favourite book. He gazed upon the stars, which were to him then what they are to us now, the poetry of heaven. The wind, when it blew high, rocking castles, telling the wretch to tremble, and letting the world know that the Lord was abroad, was to him a source of deep inspiration. The trees, bending beneath the blast, as if in adoration to their God, taught him a lesson of devotion. The morning star, as it lingered between daylight and darkness, wafted his soul to heaven as it died away. He saw the moonbeam sleeping in the waters, and he said it was no purer than the love of a true woman's soul. A summer cloud, floating in the blue heaven like the last vestige of the breath of God, could not pass over him without his special wonder. Spring, with her beauty ; Autumn, with her bounty ; Summer, with her golden sunshine ; and Winter, with her sheet of snow, to him were teachers all. The flowers of earth were dear to him. The rose-bud, blushing in the morning dew—the lily, pale as the cheek of a dying child—the daisy,

modest as the blush of a young maiden—he loved them all. The birds, too, earth's sweet choristers, were his delight. The lark's loud song at heaven's gate—the cuckoo, welcome with the spring—the robin's sweet domestic chirp—the lapwing lamenting the loss of her love—all, all, were very dear to him. Nature, in all her phases, was to him an exceeding joy. The solitary cottage in the desert moor, with its reek curling to the clouds—the lonely cairn on the mountain side, touched his soul with reverence for the glory of the past. The shepherd in his grey plaid, under the old oak tree—the milkmaid's song, the loud laugh of playful children—cattle grazing in the field—sheep at the fell—all were very dear to him. His book, we say, was the Book of Nature, and by it he was taught profoundly. We but show our want of education when we say Burns was an uneducated man.

It has also been said that Burns was an irreligious man. I do not believe it, but I deny it. This slander was first sent abroad by those among whom Burns mingled; and it was sent abroad because he differed in opinion from them. Burns did differ in religious opinion from the times in which he lived, and the men among whom he mingled; but to call him irreligious because he did this, is to take him up before he has fallen. For a man to differ from the religion of his time, is, I maintain, no proof that that man is irreligious. After this fashion Socrates was irreligious. According to the fashion which they called heresy, Paul worshipped the God of his fathers. Because Burns, after this fashion, differed from his fellow-men, he has been called irreligious. We stay not here to enquire what was the religious belief of the times in which Burns lived; our

business now simply is, to prove that Burns was no irreligious man. To that do we now address ourselves. Let us first of all take a broad view of the man. Burns believed in God. He believed in Christ, and loved and admired the beauty of his character. He believed in immortality, and, while here, longed much for another and a better world. If these statements be true, we think it would be hard to prove that the man who held such opinions was irreligious. But above and beyond all this, we believe that Burns was not an irreligious man, because of the general tenor of his writings. As proof of this, witness his many letters, in which he speaks of religion. Witness also his many poems, wherein he refers to the subject. His "Cottar's Saturday Night," a strain which, without profanity be it spoken, angels might admire. I would direct attention to several, written to Mrs Dunlop, and one to his friend Cunningham. His "address to Mary in heaven," wherein he "holds communion with the sainted spirit of his first affection, each word sealed with a tear and a sigh, the purest that ever flowed on earth, and the sincerest that was ever uplifted to heaven." Above all, remember his own declaration, that an irreligious poet were a monster. This we conceive to be perfectly true. But we go beyond it, and we say, that an irreligious poet were not only a monster, but an irreligious poet is an impossibility. There can be no such thing. No such being ever walked God's earth. Shelly said there was no God, but he did not believe it. Byron, for all his waywardness, said, what we believe to be true, that he was readier to die than the world supposed him to be. So was it with Burns. We look in vain in the world for an irreligious poet. What is a poet? He is the

very man above all others who cannot be irreligious. He is a being who feels great truths, and tells them; whose soul is attuned to the harmonies of nature. He cannot, even if he would, turn against the giver of his gifts; he must be true to his mission, true to God. Such was Burns. Both in word and deed scorning and giving the lie to much of the world's morality, and also its religion; he was, nevertheless, not an irreligious man. His soul was deeply imbued with the spirit of nature, open to the breath of God. He revered all that was divine and holy, and admired, with a devout admiration, beauty and truth.

Burns has been called an immoral man. In answering this charge we must take a broad view of the man, and a liberal view of human nature. Man is a combination, shall I not say, of good and evil. He has a body, which is of the earth, earthy; a soul, which is of heaven, heavenly: he is a compound of sense and soul—the quintessence of dust and deity; he has two natures, what the Scriptures expressively call the carnal and the spiritual—the one leads to what we call good, the other to what we call evil. To take this view of human nature is, I think, the best, perhaps the only way in which we can account for the actions of our great men; while, at the same time, it leads us to have but little sympathy with that erring philosophy which has been propounded by the living, sitting, in stupid wonder, over the sepulchres of the dead, bespattering the departed spirits of the mighty great with condemnation—making them out to be demons only. Equally vain is that philosophy which, in opposition to this, has made out our great men to be angels. The truth is wholly with neither of these parties. Those among

men who have had the hoof of the fiend, have also had the tongue of the angel. Giant sons of God, great in good and great in evil, but ever great, now grovelling in earth, now aspiring to heaven. Thus do we account for the lewdness of Voltaire, the vulgarity of Paine, the misanthropy of Byron, the atheism of Shelley, the debauchery of Burns, the ambition of Bonaparte.

Looking, then, at human nature in this light, we cannot and we do not deny but Burns had strong passions ; sometimes they laid him low and stained his name. But because of this, for his fellowmen to bring against him the general charge of immorality, is to sin against the living and slander the dead. If Burns had the vices of mankind, he also had their virtues—if he sinned, he suffered ; and we hope that he was made pure through suffering. He was a dutiful son, a loving husband, an affectionate father—what more can mortal be. These general charges, damning to the memory of man, are brought against Burns, and such as he, by men who have neither his power to do good, nor his power to do evil ; by men whose chief delight it is, eternally, to rake up the ashes of the dead, and rail on the Lord's anointed. Thus do we hurl back these strictures and for ever consign them to the tomb of all the Capulets, that from it there may be no after resurrection.

We come now to the writings of Burns, before which, however, we have one other charge to refer to, one other murmur to chastise and rebuke. He has been accused of writing no long poem. Now when will this (as it would seem everlasting) murmuring cease. Had the man not liberty to write what he pleased ? Who has a right to accuse him for what he has not done ?

Burns was, like all the truly great, too great for writing books. The truly great among men write no books—they have too much faith for this ; they do with their thoughts what we are told to do with our bread—cast them upon the waters, believing that, after many days, they will find them safe. Socrates wrote no books—he just uttered his thoughts, and, once uttered, they were ever immortal. So is it with our own Shakspeare; he, while living, wrote no books ; he wrote a few irregular poems, which modern admiration and art hath collected into a book ; but the thoughts expressed of such men live long after books have crumbled into the dust from which they came.

So it was with Burns, he wrote no long book ; he could not be for ever inspired, The wind bloweth where it listeth,—he wrote when the spirit moved him. He wrote no great epic ; but his poems, when collected together, may be said to be one great and glorious lyric ; abrupt, irregular, lofty, sublime, soft and tender, ravishing the soul. He was great “either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, pastoral-historical, tragical-historical, tragical-comical, historical-pastoral ; scene individual, or poem unlimited.” Now moving you to tears, now convulsing you with laughter ; now lifting you to heaven on the wings of the wind ; anon chaining you with love’s willing fetters as he mourns the loss of his Mary. Now singing a song to rouse up the patriotic love of a people against oppression. Now inditing his verses to the mouse, wherein he shows us that the humblest thing in God’s creation is the earth-born companion and fellow-mortal of man.

In his “Cottar’s Saturday Night” he has lit the lamp of love, and poured a gleam of glory round the family

altar. In his "Man was made to Mourn," he has given us a gloomy view of man, and told us some truths which the world will not willingly let die. In his "Tam o' Shanter" he draws a picture of pleasure, and sums up the whole in words not soon to be forgotten. In his "Epistle to a Young Friend" he has shown that he was both poet and philosopher. In his "Address to the De'il" he gives us proof of the charity that was in his soul, for he tells us that even he may have a stake in heaven. In his song of "a Man's a Man for a' that," he shows us that a true soul can beat under a tattered garment as well as beneath a Roman toga.

It was the mission of Burns to bind man to man—to teach us love and kindness—to sooth the sorrows, to sing the joys, to lighten the labour of the poor—to vindicate the dignity of mind—to speak trumpet-tongued against oppression, and make us in love with liberty—to tell the world great truths, which the world must one day believe. All this has he done, and in doing this he has made life more delightful by the rich feast of poetry and music which he hath provided for his fellow-men.

Burns was a remarkable writer in prose as well as poetry, though his poetry has eclipsed his prose. Like Milton, he has hitherto been remembered chiefly as a poet. Still, the letters of Burns are remarkable productions. I grant that in them we behold him too often on stilts. But all things considered, we cannot but wonder that in his letters there is so much that is noble, good, and true. Had it been a peer instead of a ploughman that wrote them, and had he, the peer, died young, men would have said that he was a wild and wonderful genius, and but wanted years to amaze man-

kind. I know few books of the same dimensions from which so many beauties could be culled as from the letters of Burns.

"The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." Such is the language of the poet. We do not wonder at the fact, we only name it. Heaven and earth are full of poetry, and nature, when she wished a voice wherewith to speak, had as good a right to choose her man from the plough as from the professor's desk. Fergusson, the astronomer, was a shepherd boy. Bloomfield, the poet, was a shoemaker. Burns was bred at the plough. God is with his children everywhere, to bless them and to do them good.

Such was Burns, such is the legacy he has left to man. His place as a poet we do not and cannot fix; but he has been well called one of the brightest stars shining round the sun, Shakspeare.

Thus let him be, thus let him shine. So long as the thistle bends to the blast—so long as the heather grows in the sun, and gilds the mountain top—so long as honest men and bonny lasses people the town of Ayr—so long as birds sing from the bush, and flowers are beautiful—so long as grass waves green on the banks o' bonny Doon—so long as man loves woman, and woman trusts to man—so long shall Burns be remembered. I bid farewell to his memory with gratitude and joy. I rejoice at the opportunity I now have had of strewing this frail garland of love and admiration on his glorious grave.

GEORGE GILFILLAN, AND HIS WRITINGS.

GEORGE GILFILLAN is a remarkable man. He is the critic of the present age, as Byron was the poet thereof some years ago. Gilfillan the critic, like Byron the poet, has not had to climb up the hill of fame; but, from the natural height on which he found himself exalted, he has lighted down upon its top, whereon he now sits enthroned in the garb of immortality. The critic, like the poet, has by one giant stride outstripped all his contemporaries. What it took them years of labour to accomplish, he has by one great effort achieved. Gilfillan, as a critic, has the power and eloquence of Macaulay; the sparkling brilliancy of Jeffrey; the wildness, if not the wit of Sidney Smith; is just and unerring in his judgments as Hazlitt. Above and beyond this he has an eloquence belonging to himself, peculiarly his own. He has, among other things, written a book, called "a Gallery of Literary Portraits," which has given him—who six years ago was not known—a fame, which, if not as yet European, is at least British and American. Gilfillan is a painter, and has drawn the mental characteristics of the most eminent literary men of the present and past generations.

Jeffrey—alas! we can no longer say as Byron said, health to him; but we can at least and do say, peace to the memory of the great immortal,—Christopher North among the mountains,—Chalmers fit

follower of the Apostle Paul,—Emerson the transcendentalist, deeply imbued with the spirit of nature,—Wordsworth king of rocky Skiddaw, now no more (the stars are falling from us; the firmament is all but left in darkness! Even the harp of Erin is broken among the mountains, it is now for ever silent, and no longer vibrates to the passing breeze);—Carlyle the thinker, deep and strong; Byron a weed thrown on the water; Shelley the enthusiast; Coleridge the dreamer; and many more, are treated of in this delightful book.

Gilfillan is not only a clever man, but he is a man of the highest talents, of the most exalted genius. This gift from God—genius—quivers in his tremulous lip, distends his keen nostril, and flashes in his fiery eye. His intellect is piercing; what other men see as through a glass darkly, is, to his keen vision, as the bright and broad noon-day. He is guided by the light, not of cleverness or talent only, but of genius; and thus gifted, he leaps, as if by instinct, to a conclusion regarding the mental qualities of an author, in a way which almost invariably insures success and certainty. In his analysis of an author, Gilfillan takes hold of him frankly and freely. He looks at him from top to toe, turns him round about and round about, lifts him up and down, and scrutinizes him in every possible way. He surveys him from all points, and is monarch of all he surveys. Thus, the very shades of his authors' meaning are caught, every phase of his mind is laid hold of, and put down palpably upon the printed page. It is an eloquent and glowing book, full at once of love, benevolence, and stern truth. It

awakens the finest feelings of the soul ; while you read it, your blood runs cold and warm at once. In a language which is now withered and now wild in its attire, the author does much to make us love, with a still fonder affection, the truly great—nature's nobles, those who have left behind them a legacy for the good of man. We are transported with the author, wander where he will,—and where has he not wandered ? He is a divine with Irving, a historian with Macaulay, an astronomer with Nichol, and a poet with Keats. When he reviews " Chalmers' Astronomical Sermons," you fancy yourself seated on a golden cloud, and feel in a fit humour for Festus to be by your side. In his notice of " Carlyle's French Revolution," he hurries you through that scene of blood, and makes you, for the time being, sup full of horrors. He has exalted many of his heroes to heaven, and is wonderfully eloquent when speaking of death. When he relates the sad fate of Shelley, who perished in the waters, the soul is moved with thoughts that are too deep for tears. In his article on Wordsworth, he beautifully shews, that the mission of the true poet is high and holy, Godlike and great. He, too, has exalted the lowly, lifted up the fallen ; and one must ever regret, that Keats had not Gilfillan instead of Gifford for his reviewer. He has, in a few instances, dragged from obscurity men who, but for him, might long have blushed unseen. It may be unlike the law of nature, nevertheless so it is—the stars are made brilliant in the glory and light of the sun. Embalmed in his eloquence, they now bid fair for immortality ; they shall now be known and remembered so long as truth and beauty are loved among men. With all his benevolence and kindness, which

we so much admire, he is always truthful and stern, sometimes sarcastic and severe. One thing that will strike the reader of Gilfillan is his wonderful power of concentration, giving us much thought in few words. Thus, we have a history of the literature of America in a few pages ; and taking it as a whole, we cannot doubt its correctness. We have also an account of the various kinds of preaching graphically given in a page or two. We lately read, to a learned German friend, a single passage from this book, that in reference to the leading German writers in the review of Carlyle ; our friend was astonished, and said, that although he had read, ere now, volumes on the same authors, he had not before so succinct and clear an idea of their various merits. The book before us is calculated to cultivate the affections, to elevate the soul, to lift it from the grovelling things of earth to the better things of heaven. It does much to bind us in a bond of eternal union to the mighty living and the mighty dead ; and more than all does it bind us in a love which language is poor to express—to God, from whom the gifted among men receive their power and greatness.

About Gilfillan's style, we know not what to say. He is master of all kinds of style, and in his book are all kinds. The plain, the neat, the elegant, the florid are familiar to him. He can turn a period with his pen as easy as a sugar-plum in his mouth. He does not think much, if at all of style ; he is out of his "Blair's Rhetoric" long ago. As a general rule, however, there is about his style, a reckless revelry, a wild savagery ; profound, and deep, and strong. There is, moreover, the glow of poetry ever hanging over it, which renders it mellow and beautiful, pleasing to the soul.

Gilfillan has faults, he is too great to be perfect. He quotes by far too many pretty bits from the poets, which, along with his own beauties, make his pages run over with sweets.

Besides the volume to which we have referred, our author has published several other things, all of them more or less characteristic. Sermons and lectures have at intervals come from his pen. He also writes, among other things, in "Hogg's Instructor," a series of papers, called "a Bundle of Books." In one of these, he lately smote our humble selves, in a way, which, though ticklish at the time, we now thank him for, and hope it improved us.*

* The late respected and favourite provost Burnes of Montrose, when shewing the writer of this note several relics of his cousin the poet, pointed out the letter sent by Robert on the death of his father, in which were the words, "I have lost one of the best of fathers." On finishing the sentence, Burns' tears had evidently begun to flow, for their indentation was visible on the paper below the line; the sight of which led to some conversation on the sensitiveness of authors. The provost remarked, "I can give an instance of this in Robert's own case. When Will Nicoll and the poet were returning from their northern tour, my father and myself went out as far as Marykirk to meet them; among the first words Robert said, after kindly embracing us, was, I have been at our paternal farm in the Mearns, and shewed our old cousin some things I have wrote by the way, which I mean to publish,—but the farmer streekit himself up, gave a knap with his stick on the floor, and said, 'fie, fie man, are you gaen to afront your respectable friends, by printing godless nonsense; na, na, gie me them, and I'll put them in the fire.' The incident was again alluded to, with evident chagrin, before the poet left Montrose,—and his old cousin was no great favourite with Robert as long as he lived." [This note is inserted with the view to shew the extreme sensibility of most authors.]

Mr Gilfillan has also just published a second "Gallery of Literary Portraits," a work somewhat like the first. To it we cannot in the meantime particularly refer. He says it is written in a tone more subdued than his former book. For some reasons we like this, for others we do not. Gilfillan should take care how he *subdues* himself. For ourselves, we are willing to tolerate a good deal of extravagance, when we have his fire and truth. He will understand us, when we say, that the lion wanting his mane is no longer king of the forest. The sun in a mist is no such glorious thing as when he goes through the heavens with his locks of golden fire.

Our author is also about to publish a work on the "Hebrew Bards." We do not, as a wretched critic lately said, in the *Athenæum*,—a journal, which is day by day sinking in the estimation of all honest men,—a journal, which, unless it changes its course, will sink, and sink speedily, till it can sink no more,—a journal, which, of late, has been as remarkable for its false philosophy as for its bad grammar; for a recent specimen of both of which, witness its review of the noble genius David Scott,—a journal, notorious for its vile and heartless attacks on *the three men* of this present generation.—the trinity of talent,—Carlyle, Gilfillan, and Emerson; to whom no parallel, not the most distant comparison, can, in these days of ours, be found. We do not, like this journal, look forward to the appearance of Gilfillan's book with "awe and apprehension;" but we look forward to its coming with impatient expectation, hope, and joy. We fancy that here, Gilfillan will rise to the height of his great argument, and soar away into

regions which even he has never reached before.* Indeed, Gilfillan has not got done nearly all that he can do. The world has reason to expect great things from him in time to come. He has hitherto been, to a certain extent, by the high-ways and bye-ways of the world ; a gatherer of weeds and wild-flowers, that grow rank upon the mountain side, many of which, wanting his fostering aid, would have wasted their sweetness in the desert air. We have hope that he will one day give us a full-length portrait of Jesus. His picture of a prophet, in the notice of Shelley, shews his ability for the task. We know no pen of the present age more fit for the theme than Gilfillan's. We can fancy how great would be his picture of Christ—he who was God among men. Deep into time, and through the dim vista of far distant years, he had an eye to pierce ; he sounded the depths of eternity ; he lived in the future, and liveth now. The mantle of the everlasting fell upon him while he slept in the manger ; and he rose from the river Jordan embalmed in the spirit of God.

We must now say a word respecting the personal history and personal appearance of our author. He was born at Comrie in Perthshire, where we have heard him say, that his cradle was rocked by the earthquake. There is poetry in everything he says. He studied at Glasgow University for the ministry. At college, he was a great devourer of books ; the fruits of which are now seen in his writings. He panted not

* Since the above was written, "the Bards of the Bible" has appeared ; we hesitate not to pronounce it one of the most sublime creations of genius that was ever laid at the feet of Him who bore the cross—the production and fruit of undying inspiration.

for college honours; the greatest honour to him evidently being to get enshrined in the hearts of a people. He is now, and has been for several years, pastor of a large and flourishing congregation in Dundee, connected with the United Presbyterian Church. Here he labours, beloved and beloved. Some persons, who know nothing of him and little of anything else, have shaken their heads, and shrugged their shoulders, and wondered much if he could pay attention to his clerical duties and write so many books. There is more in heaven and earth than is dreamed of in their philosophy. Do they imagine for a moment, that they can repress the out-pourings of a soul bursting with the beautiful in nature and art? Gilfillan is only now spreading abroad that which years of reading and reflection in former days enabled him to store up in his mind. He is thirty-nine years of age; tall, but not stout according to the fashion of Old Joe in "Barnaby Rudge;" he is, however, what a connoisseur in these matters—which we are not—would call a muscular man. His hair is dark-brown, inclining to curl; his brow broad and high. As if his far-seeing mind took away from the power of his natural vision, he wears spectacles. In his walk on the street, there is something very odd; and it has often struck us, that there is something remarkable in the walk of many great men. That of Emerson is a calm and holy soliloquy; that of Professor Wilson, the unfinished fragment of a great epic; that of Gilfillan, a fiery ode. You see at once that he is a son of the mountains. In the pulpit or on the platform, there can be no mistake about him. Whether sitting or standing he seems somewhat fidgetty, and you see at once that he is something to look upon. In speaking, he is

dreadfully in earnest. Elocution as an art he has never studied ; nevertheless, he is as Dr Chalmers was, and as all earnest men must ever be, an elocutionist. When wishing to impress some great truth upon his hearers, there is a rude grandeur about his manner that is truly sublime. He holds you with his "glistening eye," and gives out his words in a voice now loud and long, as thunder among the mountains ; anon deep and low, like the dying cadence of a powerful gong, sounded to summon the loitering idlers of a baron's hall to a Christmas feast. As he utters the last word he seems to get relieved of a burden that pressed hard upon him, and he rises, like a giant renewed in his strength, fresh for another effort.

For the present, our brief labour of love is ended. Farewell ! thou great and gifted spirit,—thine is a soul prophetic, burning with true fire. Thou hast made us more and still more in love with the beautiful in nature and the noble in man ; and, in doing this, thou art working at once for an earthly immortality and an inheritance in heaven.

LETTER ON DR. DICK, THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Sir*—Can we stand idly on, can man, can humanity stand idly on. Is the old tragedy once again to be enacted? Has blind Homer, the ballad-singer, taught us nothing? Do the voices of the dead call to us in vain? From the graves of Burns, Chatterton, and Thom, do we not learn nothing? If so, then, let the dead past bury the dead. How fares the living? Alas, there are, at the present moment, prophets being neglected amongst us. There is a popular authoress, a woman, and an ornament to womankind, she is in poverty; the Christian philosopher, Dr Dick, is likewise overlooked. Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder. Here is a man, over whose eloquent pages millions in this country, in Europe, and America, have hung with rapture and pondered with profit. Here is *the* man, who has done more than any other man we know, to popularise science among the people.

The man who has written the "Christian Philosopher," in which he speaks of the works of God; and shows that in wisdom he hath made them all,—the man who has written the philosophy of a future state, in which he has built up our hope; confirmed our faith

* This Letter was written for the *Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian*.

in another and better world,—the man who has written the “Sidereal Heavens,” in which he holds communion with the stars and talks to the sun as to a play-fellow,—the man who has done all this, and much more than this ; he who has given the world so much bread, has received, in return for his gift, a stone.

The British Parliament, as we think, is in many respects a good parliament. It is in many respects a good political parliament. But in one thing, we think, it is very deficient,—that is, in its patronage of good and great men. All parliaments are, and ever have been, deficient in this. We, however, offer this complaint more in sorrow than in anger. Parliament cannot do everything. We very often ought to be doing ourselves when we are babbling about the duties of parliament. Let it be so now ; let us have home reformation. Let us assist ourselves, and our fellow-men who have done us good. With this feeling I call upon Scotchmen ; I call upon Englishmen and Irishmen ; I call upon Britain, not to let this man, of whom I have been speaking, die neglected. He will die some day ; in the course of nature, that day cannot be far distant ; and when he does die, we shall all then make a universal rush to erect a monument over his grave. But should we before doing this, let the living object, whom, when dead, we would thus honour, die, without shewing him our gratitude ; then I say, and I say it without sentimentality, that the very stone we use shall rise up in mutiny against us. I have not written without a knowledge of the facts that call forth my remarks. I know that Dr Dick has lived a long and a laborious life writing books which have done much good to man. Should man therefore not shew him

good in return? I know, too, that throughout his life, he has lived with the moderation and meekness of a saint, as he has written with the wisdom of a sage; and knowing these things, I would fain save the country the shame of his becoming a martyr.

I call, then, on the public to protect this man. Why does not a body of literary men—with George Gilfillan at their head—without delay, set about this labour of love. We hope, and have faith, that it will at once be done, and be the means of saving the feelings of the friends of this great and good man.

P. L.

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POEMS AND SONGS.

POEMS AND SONGS.

Sabbath in a Scottish Cottage.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

BURNS.

I.

HAIL! Sabbath morn; welcome sweet day of rest;
Hail to the peaceful joy that comes with thee;
I love this holy feeling in my breast,
Which now is caused by all I hear and see.
Hush'd is the din of labour, mute and still
Is the loud voice of reapers 'mong the corn;
No more is heard the ploughman whistling shrill,
The milkmaid's song has ceased, the hunter's horn
Is silent and hung bye—all hail to Sabbath morn!

II.

Soon as the bright sun beams across the lawn,
The humble cottar leaves his lowly bed,
With grateful heart he welcomes in the dawn,
And thanks the God who watches o'er his head.

The youngsters soon assemble, and all kneel
 Before the Almighty's throne : The father prays :
 His words go from the heart to heaven,—all feel
 Comfort and peace, and soon their voices raise
 In humble notes of joy, of thankfulness and praise.

III.

And now he takes the Bible—blessed book.
 And reads a portion from the Holy Word ;
 He reads of Joseph's story, and all look
 Amazed, whilst list'ning to the strange record.
 He reads of JESUS—God's beloved Son,
 Who came on earth to wash our sins away :
 He reads of what He did—of what was done—
 Of what He bore for us by night and day ;
 His feeling heart is touched, and thus the sire doth say .

IV.

Lo ! Christ our Lord was in a stable born.
 And the young babe was in a manger laid ;
 No pomp, no grandeur, did his birth adorn.
 The humble shepherds o'er his body prayed :
 He was a man of sorrows and became
 Acquainted with our weakness and our woe ;
 He knew our frailties, and he bore the same
 With patience : our rebellious state below
 Caused tears of sorrow o'er his sinless cheeks to flow.

V.

While on this earth, he cured the deaf and dumb.
 He healed the sick, and made the blind to see :
 At his command, the silent dead did come,
 From their dark graves the captives were set free.
 He stilled the raging waters with a word ;
 He cast out devils—walked upon the sea ;
 He came to teach mankind to sheath the sword,
 To live in peace, and brothers all to be ;
 Yet man received him not, but pierced him on a tree !

VI.

They planted on his head a crown of thorns,
 And led him forth to Calv'ry, there to die :
 He bore the cross, and meekly bore the scorns
 Of jeering soldiers ; and was heard to cry,
 My God ! my God ! and then he closed his eyes
 In death. The Temple's vail in twain is riven ;
 The sun is darkened : Lo ! the dead arise ;
 Huge rocks are rent—men to despair are driven,
 And earth affrighted shakes beneath the frown of
 heaven.

VII.

Oh ! think on Jesus, think on what he bore :
 Obey his word—the sinner's way despise ;
 Oh ! strive to enter in at that straight door,

Which leads to peace for aye beyond the skies.
 Remember thy Creator, and in prayer
 Implore his aid, then naught hast thou to fear :
 Make God your staff and comfort—then, though care
 Oppress you, when your days are ended here,
 A bright beloved saint with Christ you will appear.

VIII.

And thus with them the pleasant moments flow.
 The dainties soon are on the table spread,
 Of which they all partake, and then they go
 To where their father's fathers have been laid—
 The church-yard and the church. Hark ! the loud
 bell
 Is pealing through the wood and o'er the lea ;
 Now groups are seen on distant hill and dale,
 Wending their way with joy to where we see
 The spire that points to heaven, in which they hope to be.

IX.

The gudeman and gudewife have each put on
 Their Sunday claise, and seen their bairnies drest ;
 Their eldest daughter Jessie, peered by none.
 She too is buskit in her very best ;
 And John, their worthy guid respected son—
 Wha toils wi' pleasure for them day by day,
 And wearies not, but still he labours on,

And ne'er an angry word is heard to say—
He's ready for the kirk—his heart is glad and gay.

X.

They reach the lone sequestered house of God.
Where friends are loitering in the auld kirk-yard,
Speaking of those who lie beneath the sod,
And heaving sighs o'er friends langsyne interred.
Lo! here the widow weeps her husband lost;
Here the forsaken lonely maid may mourn,
And tell her hapless tale to midnight ghost;
Here wild-flowers and the green yew tree adorn
The graves of those who sleep till life's eternal morn.

XI.

The bell has ceased,—all enter church, and now
Service begins—a psalm is read and sung:
Their pastor prays; and see, on every brow
Sits holy thought at his instructive tongue:
He reads a chapter, then the text is given;
He knows what erring mortals need and want;
He acts and speaks as should a guide to heaven;—
With him there is no hypocritic cant,
No nauseous statements made, no rhapsody, no rant.

XII.

He bids them first honour and serve their God,
Love and adore Him, and you will do well;

He bids them strive to gain that blest abode
 Beyond the skies, where saints for ever dwell.
 He bids them all respect their fellow-men,
 And Oh, be kind, and feel for other's woes ;
 Be just,—from all dishonest acts refrain,
 And the reward is yours. Peace and repose
 Attend the good man still, where'er on earth he goes.

XIII.

And thus time passes. Service soon is ended ;
 The congregation slowly wears away ;
 Pleasure and joy on every face are blended,—
 Oh, they have cause to bless the Sabbath-day.
 And soon our humble family reach their home ;
 A lonely cot, by wimpling burnie seen :
 Meg gi'es them hearty welcome as they come ;
 Spreads a repast before them a' I ween,
 Which her ain hands prepared, sae wholesome, guid.
 and clean.

XIV.

A blessing's asked, and then they all partake
 The food that God thus gives them day by day ;
 Again they thank Him for his mercy's sake,
 And thus their time glides pleasantly away.
 The aged father now selects a book
 Frae aff his shelves, on which are many seen :

Hail ! to those treasures, hail ! But let me look,
 What are they ? ah ! the best of books, I ween,
 O'er which the earnest student ponders morn and
 e'en.

XV.

There's first the big ha' Bible, and upon
 It the good father ponders morn and night ;
 Then Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress,—honest John
 Is read by king and cottar with delight,—
 The Fourfold-State by Boston ; Watt and Blair,
 Stackhouse, and Hervey's Meditations too,
 Paley and Watson's noble works are there,
 Which make the doubting sceptic turn I trow,
 And to his broken reed bid a long last adieu.

XVI.

There is no blind selection ; here are seen
 Books on all subjects, art and science too ;
 Histories of men and nations ; and I ween
 Of great and gifted poets not a few,—
 Shakspeare and Milton, Thomson, Blair, and Burns,
 Are kept with care within this humble bield,
 And all are read with rapture,—read by turns,
 While round the blazing fire, or in the field,
 These great and gifted minds unmingled pleasure
 yield.

XVII.

But now the sun is sinking in the west,
 The day's declining, evening winds grow cool,
 The younger cotters now again get dress'd,
 For they maun a' gang to the Sabbath-school.
 The auld guidwife gets a' her young sons near,
 To say their tasks to her before they gae ;
 The Guidman gets his daughters, he does speer
 Their questions at them ranged around his knee,
 He strokes their heads, and bi'ds them "Say your
 task to me."

XVIII.

And now they leave their humble home, and go
 With willing heart to school, at which are seen
 Young groups all free from sorrow, care, and woe,
 With patience loitering on the village green ;
 And soon they enter, soon their tasks are said ;—
 Here all are told and taught to sing and pray ;
 An exhortation's given, a chapter's read,
 The young minds made familiar with the way
 Of Him who shall appear at the great Judgment Day.

XIX.

But time flies on, the twilight bell is pealing,
 The sun has sunk behind yon heath-clad hill ;
 Darkness on wood and dell is quickly stealing,
 Night comes apace, and all is hushed and still ;—

Homeward in haste our humble group returning,
 Enter their cot—dispelled is every dread ;
 The door is barred, the lamp is dimly burning,
 The Bible's opened, passages are read,
 Which, thanks be to our God, console the heart and head.

XX.

Hark ! once again the voice of praise ascends ;
 How the heart melts at melody so sweet !
 The contrite bosom in devotion bends,
 And yields its grateful homage at the feet
 Of Him who made the world in which we live ;
 Who gives us all our comforts day by day,
 And sent his Son, who taught us to forgive
 Our earthly foes, and pointed out the way
 To gain His love, who is our comfort, staff and stay.

XI.

Hail ! to this humble family, peace and rest
 Be ever with them in this world below,—
 All hail to him who hath a feeling breast,
 Who sees and fain would share a brother's woe.
 Peace to the just, the generous, and the good ;
 Hasten that time, O Lord, when we shall see
 Thy holy precepts practised,—understood,—
 O then, and not till then, will mankind be
 The good and god-like beings meant and made by
 Thee.

The Auld Kirk - Yard.*

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

BLAIR.

I.

O! WEEL I like to wander
When the e'ning sun is set;
When the raven on the castle croa^{l's},
And the grass wi' dew is wet;
When the birds hae ceased their singin'
And to their hames repair'd:
Then, O then! I like to wander
In the auld kirk-yard.

* The small city of the dead that suggested to the author the writing of these lines, is as perfect a ruin as its citizens within; no kind of fence defends it from the raid of the ruthless intruder,—yet would the poet reverently linger amongst its stones till the eleventh hour had proclaimed the approach of summer's midnight. About the time it appeared, a friend remarked to the author, "that Auld Kirk-yard seems just an imitation of 'there grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard;'" the youth stood some minutes in a state of apparent stupefaction, his face becoming whiter than the paper on which the poem was printed, but at length said, "you do not know how much you hurt me; I declare I never saw nor heard of the piece of which you speak." That friend has sometimes since regretted the occurrence; and would say to others similarly situated, do nothing rashly—remember the fate of poor Tannahill.

II.

In the auld kirk-yard I've pleasures
 That the gay can never hae,
 Though whiles I may be gloomy,
 And my heart wi' trouble wae.
 O, it's there that I see justice ;
 There the cottar and the laird
 Lie side by side, and slumber
 In the auld kirk-yard.

III.

Grim Death comes fast upon us,
 And take's baith ane and a',
 He flies about on fiery wing,
 And tears our friends awa.
 The father and the mither dies,
 And the bairnie it's no spared :
 Folk are freed frae a' their sorrows
 In the auld kirk-yard.

IV.

I like to see the charnel-house,
 Where lie decaying banes ;
 I like to read the epitaphs
 Engraven on the stanes ;
 I like to lean upon the tombs,
 And tread the lang green sward

That waves o'er friends departed,
In the auld kirk-yard.

V.

Here's a nook wi' nae memorial,
Whar the village strangers * sleep,
At whose dying hour no bosom friend
Was heard to wail or weep.
Here they're laid to rest: Nae marbles tell
The toils on earth they shared;
But their griefs and woes are ended
In the auld kirk-yard.

VI.

How aft hae I sat lanely here—
Nae living mortal wi's—
When a' was dark and drear—
And the loud wind 'mang the trees;
I thought on grim ghost stories!
But e'en then I wasna fear'd,
For I keun'd that God was wi' me
In the auld kirk-yard.

* MR ROBERT CHAMBERS, in a beautiful essay, speaks thus of the Stranger's Nook :—" In country Church-yards in Scotland, and perhaps in other countries also, there is always a corner near the gateway, which is devoted to the reception of strangers, and is distinguished from the rest of the area by its total want of monuments."

VII.

O, wae's me ! what a strange, strange place
 Is this wee spot o' ground—
 Sma' though it be, there's mony a true
 And loving heart that's bound
 To wander here, an' shed sad tears
 O'er friends langsyne interred :
 There's a something that's enticing
 In the auld kirk-yard.

VIII.

Still and silent are they sleeping ;
 But the day will dawn on graves—
 Their inmates shall be roused from death
 And ne'er again be slaves.
 The great Last Day is coming,
 When their God, eternal guard,
 Will wake them from their slumber
 In the auld kirk-yard.

My Father's Ha'.

I.

MY Father's Ha'! my Father's Ha'!—
 O! I've been happy there,
 When sitting round the blazing fire,
 Our hearts sae free frae care.
 Despite o' a' the ills that came
 To take our peace awa',
 We were unco blythe and happy aye
 Around my Father's Ha'.

II.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
 I've wander'd 'mang the hills,
 And flowery glens, and rocky dens.
 And I hae felt the ills
 That man on earth is subject to.
 But I hae felt that a'
 The cares o' life were banished
 When around my Father's Ha'.

III.

O! weel I mind the winter nights,
 When Boreas blew sae bauld,

When round the ingle cheek we sat
 An' smiled, baith young and auld.
 We naething had to trouble's then,
 But we heard the loud winds blaw,
 An' wished the houseless wanderer wi's,
 Around my Father's Ha'.

IV.

Its there that I first learned
 To read guid an' holy books,—
 Its there that I first saw wi' joy
 A mither's anxious looks,—
 Its there that I first heard the prayer
 Sent up for ane an' a',—
 Its the sweetest, dearest spot on earth
 To me—my Father's Ha'.

V.

My Father's Ha' ! my Father's Ha' !—
 To me 'twill aye be dear ;
 An' those wha round it used to sit,
 Alas ! how few are here.
 They're scattered now, and some are to
 A better world awa'.
 An' left us here to think on them,
 Around my Father's Ha'.

VI.

But we'll a' yet be happy

When life's journey here is o'er,
We'll meet beyond yon sunny skies.

We'll meet to part no more.
Our bliss will be eternal there,

It will never flee awa';
We'll be happier than we've ever been
Around my Father's Ha'. 42

A Hame Beyond the Skies.

I.

When the heart's oppressed wi' sorrow,
 And the head bow'd down wi' care ;
 When we labour wi' a heavy load
 O grief and dark despair ;
 When a' before seems murky,
 And black clouds round us rise,—
 Its a blessed thing to think we hae
 A hame beyond the skies.

II.

When the friends wha dearly lo'ed us,
 Wha by us were aye held dear,
 When they're lowly laid by fell disease,
 And stretched upon the bier ;
 When we kiss the cheek sae lately warm,
 And close the glistening eyes,—
 Its a blessed thing to think we hae
 A hame beyond the skies.

III.

When our earthly friends forsake us,
 And upon us shut their door,—

When left by a', like some lone tree
 Upon a blasted moor,
 There's ae Friend wha never leaves us,
 If we're just, and guid, and wise,—
 Its a blessed thing to think we hae
 A hame beyond the skies.

IV.

Ah, me! I often wonder
 What this weary world would be;
 If we kenn'd nae o' anither,
 When in death we closed our e'e;
 When we're laid into the lonesome grave.
 From which we a' maun rise,—
 Its a blessed thing to think we hae
 A hame beyond the skies.

V.

A' kinds, a' colours, and a' creeds,
 Are blest wi' hope in heaven;
 To saint and savage, Turk and Jew,
 This balm of life is given:
 The Catholic and the Calvinist,
 Wha ithers' creeds despise.
 Think it's a blessed thing to hae
 A hame beyond the skies.

VI.

The burdened slave, who lives on earth
A life of care and woe ;
The Greenlander, who climbs o'er hills
Of everlasting snow ;
The poor untutored Indian,
He who lack of knowledge dies,
Is taught by nature that he has
A home beyond the skies.

VII.

Let us thank our God, the giver
Of this cheering hope below,
Which dispels the darkest clouds of fate,
And sets us free from woe.
There's a land of bliss, where He will wipe
All tears from weeping eyes,—
It's a blessed thing to think we have
A home beyond the skies.

Verses to My Aunt.

This is one of my earliest efforts: it will explain itself. The person to whom it was written—Mrs Warden of the Plains of Thornton—is one of the kindest and best of women. She is one of “Nature’s nobles,” dearly beloved by all who know her. Would that the world were composed of her like.

I.

Dearest Aunt, when thinking on your
 Kindness to us day by day,
 I see that we are among your
 Debtors, wha can never pay.

II.

When I think upon the ruin
 That comes ower baith ane and a’,
 When a father, wha’s weel-doing,
 Frae his family wears awa’ :

III.

When I think, and thinking shiver,
 On the havoc it wad make,
 Had my father been forever
 Laid within his narrow bed :

IV.

When I think upon your kindness
 To Him—Aunt, baith air and late,
 If my beating heart were mindless,
 Only when it stops to beat.

V.

A' the toil that you had wi' him,
 Save yoursel, there's few did see'd ;
 Still wi' pleasure did you gie him
 Ilk thing he could wish or need.

VI.

Pale and wan he came out to you—
 Wild disease made dismal strife ;
 But wi' grace that God did gie you,
 You e'en saved his very life.

VII.

Aft you gaed to pu' at mid-day
 A' the best fruit you could see ;
 Though he aft to stop did bid you,
 Still you kindly bade him pree.

VIII.

When the sun had ceased his vigour,
 And in warmth did shine nae mair,

When the e'en was calm, you placed him
At the door wi' meikle care.

IX.

Then he aften saw descending
In the west, the setting sun ;
Balmy breezes him were mending,—
Thus wi' joy the e'en did run.

X.

At the hour o' mid-night, when you
Heard the lonely howlet cry,
You had need of rest ; but then—ye,
Even then—ye couldna lie.

XI.

Then you'd quietly gae to see him,
And to speer if aught was wrong ;
Milk in plenty ye did gie him,
Cool'd the almost parched tongue.

XII.

Dearest Aunt, O can I ever
Kindness such as that forget ?
No ! I'm sure that I can never,
Till this heart has ceased to beat.

XIII.

I, 'tis true, can ne'er reward ye,
 Which does fill my heart wi' care ;
 But accept frae humble bardie,
 A' he has—an earnest prayer.

XIV.

Peace and pleasure to your cot aye,
 Comfort to the ruling twa :
 O may bless attend your lot aye—
 Peace to ane, and peace to a'.

XV.

Comfort to ye a' the day-time ;
 Peace when laid upon your bed,—
 God forsakes the good at nae time,—
 Then he hovers round your head.

XVI.

When your days on earth are ended,
 When you're o'er life's ocean driven,
 Cares on earth will a' be mended,
 When you reap the promise given.

XVII.

Dearest Aunt, I canna gie you
 Words to tell you how I feel ;
 I maun soon be out to see you—
 God aye bless you—Fare-you-weel !

The Trysting Tree.

I.

THE trystin' tree ! the trystin' tree !
 I'll mind it a' my days ;
 It weel deserves a sang frae me,
 Or something in its praise.
 So sit you down beside me, love,
 And I will sing to thee,
 The pure delights that we enjoyed
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

II.

D'ye mind when first we met there
 I was reading at some book,
 When you passed ae summer mornin',
 An' ye gae me sic a look ?
 Weel I mind ye gaed by slowly,
 An' you seemed to smile to me,—
 So I bade ye come an rest awhile
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

III.

Ye consented, and came near me,
 And, O, Jessie ! that ae look
 Gar'd me loe ye ever after ;
 I loot fa' the very book,—
 And I pressed you to my bosom,
 While the tear stood in my e'e ;
 Oh ! sacred are the joys o' love
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

IV.

Beneath this trystin' tree began
 A true love that will last,
 Till this fair earth is burned up
 And all its glories past,—
 Yon sun may be extinguished,
 But I'll live and think on thee,
 And remember a' the joys we've ha'en
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

V.

Yes, the time will come, dear Jessie,
 When e'en you and I maun part ;
 Oh ! ye needna look amazed, nor let
 This touch your tender heart ;
 For ye ken, though death divide us,
 I will meet again wi' thee.

An' hae bliss, beyond the joys we've haen
Beneath the trystin' tree.

VI.

We hae met here ilka c'enin'
When the eerie bat flew hame,
And we've seen the pale moon gaein'
To that land I canna name ;
We hae met here ilka mornin'
Ere the sun came o'er the sea,
And constant was our happiness
Beneath the trystin' tree.

VII.

When wearied nature sank to rest,
An' a' was hushed an' still,
Wi' lightsome heart I cross'd the muir,
An' passed the haunted mill ;*
The feint a ghaist or bogle
E'er tried to hinder me,—
I guess they kenn'd they couldna,
When I sought the trystin' tree.

* 1741 was a disastrous year for Scotland,—bad seed and a backward spring, followed by a wet summer and a late harvest, brought on the country the evils of famine. At that time (and not far from the Trysting Tree) there stood, and yet stands, a meal-mill, romantically situated on the bank of an ever-running brook. In a hut, on the farm attached to the mill, there lived a labourer, having a numerous family, and out of work ; he asked,

VIII.

O! it's here I vowed to lo'e you
 While my life was spared below;
 Here I vow'd to shield an' guard you
 Frae this warld's care an' woe:
 It's here at times we baith ha'e prayed
 Upon the bended knee,—
 We've tasted bliss beyond compare
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

from the miller (on credit), a small quantity of meal: the favour was refused; the family were starving; and driven to desperation by their cries for bread, in the course of the night, he went to the mill, and getting in by a wide aperture in the wall, through which passed the axle of the wheel, was in the act of filling a bag with meal, when, unfortunately for him, the miller entered, with a light in his hand, for the purpose of setting on the mill. Being thus detected, the miller took him to the house, where a fire was already blazing on the hearth, upon which was a heated girdle, for the purpose of firing the bread which the servants were baking for the family's use. Either from infatuation or frolic, it was agreed—that as his feet had brought him to the mill, and his hands had stolen the meal—to place all four on the red-hot girdle; which they accordingly did, with great violence—his agony and cries for mercy being of none avail. A female relative of the miller's cried out, “dinna let him go till I put in anither cove yet.” Getting at last released, he crawled out, on his elbows and knees, until he reached the cart shed, where death ere long put an end to his sufferings. The man being poor, the miller's influence prevailed, and the affair was therefore hushed over. The mill was ever after said to be haunted. The miller's family is now extinct; their affairs having previously gone to ruin; and not a few of them suffered violent deaths. To this time, if the neighbours have to go that way at night they generally feel timorous as they pass the haunted mill.

IX.

Here I row'd you in my plaidie,
 Frae the cauld an' biting blast,
 Though the trystin' tree can shield us
 Frae the north wind or the wast :
 I bound a wreath around your brow.
 A token true to thee,
 That we were bound in bands o' love
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

X.

When I think on thae days, Jessie.
 My fond heart is like to break ;
 But I stop the tears, for weel I ken
 That her for wha's dear sake
 I sigh, still lo'es me fondly ;
 Still is fondly lo'ed by me,—
 And our first affection was begun
 Beneath the trystin' tree.

XI.

D'ye mind that time, dear lassie,
 When I left you to yoursel',
 I'm sure we baith had sorrows which
 Nae tongue can ever tell.
 I came and waited, though I kenn'd,
 I wadna meet wi' thee ;

Oh ! I thought my very heart wad break
Beneath the trystin' tree.

XII.

When winter comes, our trystin' tree
Grows naked, brown, and bare ;
Like mother Nature round about,
It hangs its head wi' care :
But spring returns, an' it revives,
As ye may plainly see,—
There's no a tree about the burn
Like our ain trystin' tree.

Man to Peace was Born.

In imitation of "MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN."

I.

When gentle spring's ethereal bloom
 Made fields and forests gay,
 One morning as I wandered forth
 Along the banks of Tay,
 I spied a man whose back was bent,
 But cankering grief and care
 Seemed utter strangers to his heart,
 Though hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou ?
 Began the reverend sage ;
 Does love of nature call thee forth,
 Before bow'd down with age ?
 Or haply wilt thou talk with me
 Of Providence's plan,
 And vindicate the ways of God
 To noble-minded man.

III.

Yon sun, that sheds a golden flood
 Of light on tower and tree,
 And tells us there's a God above,
 Delights and pleaseth me.
 I've seen yon glorious brilliant sun
 Twice forty times return,
 And every time has added proof
 That man to peace was born.

IV.

My son, while young be wise—be not
 Too prodigal of time ;
 Do not misspend thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime.
 O, let not follies take their sway,
 Do not let passions burn,—
 Curb and condemn them, e'en o-day,
 And then thou wilt not mourn.

V.

'Tis true that tyrants, while in power,
 Oppress man here below ;
 But why from this should it be said
 That man was doomed to woe.
 'Tis madness for the rich and great
 To treat the poor with scorn ;

O! why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn.

VI.

Were mankind wise, we all might be
In pleasure's lap caress'd,—
There's plenty here for high and low
To make us truly blest ;
But sordid, sinful, selfish men
Hoard up all that they can ;
And, while they only serve themselves,
Oppress their fellow-man.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame,
And oft we cause remorse and grief
By bringing on the same.
Oh ! were mankind, when young, all taught
The wicked's path to scorn,
Then blest experience soon would show
That man to peace was born.

VIII.

See yonder ploughman on the field,
He whistles as he goes ;

He knows nor grief, nor care—his heart
 Is ne'er oppress'd with woes.
 And when at e'en his toil is o'er,
 He homeward doth return :
 Lo ! there he meets a cheerful wife,
 And babes to bless him born.

IX.

Proud man to be a slave was ne'er
 By nature's law designed ;
 Then why should weak and puny man
 To earth his brother bind ?
 Oh ! shake the fetters from the feet
 Of slaves ; wipe off this scorn
 And just reproach from Nature ; show
 To freedom man was born.

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
 Engage thy youthful breast ;
 Think not this world's a paradise :
 Perhaps indeed 'twere best
 To think and to believe that we
 Are happy here below ;
 But, only if we'er just and good ;
 If not, we dwell in woe.

XI.

Death is the good man's greatest friend,

The kindest and the best ;

For then his toils are at an end—

He's taken to his rest.

The vile and wicked fear its blow,

From sin to sorrow torn ;

But the just and good ne'er fear to go,

Who know for what they're born.

Martha Palmer.

I.

OH DEAR, dear Martha Palmer!
 A' the grief you've gi'en to me,
 It's far beyond my humble power
 In words to tell to thee;
 But my heart's sae fu' o' sorrow
 At the change I've lately seen,
 That I canna do but tell you o't,
 And ask what ye could mean.

II.

I little thought the slanders, love,
 Of heartless, envious men,
 Could e'er hae poison'd your high mind,
 Or made you false; but then
 I find the love of woman
 Is a frail and quivering reed,
 And the heart that doats too fondly,
 Is a heart that doats to bleed.

III.

D'ye mind the scenes that we twa had
 Since first we met th'gither ;
 D'ye mind the vows we made, to live
 In love wi' ane anither ;
 D'ye mind the tears we aften shed,
 For very bliss and joy,—
 Did you think then, Martha, did you mean
 Our rapture to destroy ?

IV.

Oh ! how aften did we wander,
 When the sun sunk o'er the hill,
 Down the saugh road, across the burn,
 An' by the haunted mill ;
 Up to the kirk and auld kirk-yard,
 Which ye would scarcely leave,—
 For weel you liked to linger
 By the murder'd martyr's grave.

V.

Whiles when we stood frae wind or rain
 Beside the auld gray tower,
 An' saw the pale moon glimmering
 In the solemn midnight hour,
 I told you warlock stories,
 And I've felt you cling to me,

As if I were your salvation,—
Which, indeed, I weel could be.

VI.

And oh, we aften sat, my dear,
Beneath the trystin' tree,
Where I made love to you, my dear,
An' you made love to me.
An' when we baith were left alane,
An' nae intruder near,
We spoke the poems, an' sung the sangs,
That true hearts like to hear.

VII.

Ah then, dear Martha, then this earth
Was paradise to me !
This heart, sae heavy now, was light
When I was lo'ed by thee.
The flowers were bonnie, fields were green,
Frac ilka bush and tree
The birds sang sweetly, very sweet.
When Martha smiled on me.

VIII.

But now that you hae left me,
Now that we by fate are parted,
Now that you have sought to live alane,
And I am broken-hearted,—

I see not nature as it was ;
 The earth, the sun, the sea,
 The trees, the birds, the bonny flowers,
 Are naething now to me.

IX.

At midnight like a ghaist I gang ;
 And, love, 'tween you an' me,
 I've fearfu' thoughts o' something,
 Which I darena tell to thee.
 I weep whiles like a very child,
 For a' my hopes are hurl'd
 To fell destruction, and I'm left
 Alane in this dark world !

X.

You, dearest, have the triumph
 Of disdain, slighting me ;
 But I would not boast or glory,
 Had I done the same to thee.
 True love should not be scorned ;
 It is sent to earth from heaven,
 As the purest and the rarest gift
 That God to man hath given.

XI.

Fareweel ! dear Martha ! you may ne'er
 Forget me a' th'gither ;

And I ken you'll keep your aith to God.
That you'd ne'er wed anither.
If this be sae, I know that when
Frae earth we gang awa',
I'll meet you in a better world,
As pure as winter snaw.

A Welcome to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert,
ON THEIR VISIT TO DUNDEE.

The following Verses were sent to the Queen, during her residence at Blair Castle, through her Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Aberdeen. His Lordship was kind enough to send me a note acknowledging the receipt of the Poem by her Majesty.

“ Stir the beal-fire—wave the banner—
Bid the thundering cannon sound,
Rend the skies with acclamation,
Stun the woods and water round,
Till the echoes of our gathering
Turn the world’s admiring gaze,
To this act of duteous homage
Scotland to VICTORIA pays.”

DELTA.

I.

DUNDEE welcomes, with kind greeting,
Fair Victoria to our shore ;
And we hail the Queen of Nations,
Whom we honour and adore ;
And we hail her joyful consort,
Worthy of her fondest love,—
May their days on earth be happy,
Till they reach the land above !

II.

Thou bright sun! beam forth in splendour—
 Shine out on the royal pair—
 Rise our beating hearts, and let us
 Bid a long adieu to care.
 For this the day and this the hour
 With heartfelt joy we see
 Britain's great and peerless Queen
 In our native home, Dundee.

III.

Lo! the lofty arch triumphal
 Rears its columns to the skies,—
 Widely open'd be its portals
 To our Queen's admiring eyes.
 The cannons sound—the banners wave—
 The fairest flowers are seen,
 All bound in wreaths right royally—
 To welcome Albion's Queen.

IV.

We would wish that this their visit
 In auld loyal Scotland, be
 Mark'd by all that kindly feeling,
 Which is ever with the free!
 We would wish them to be happy
 While in Scotia they remain;

And may ever joy attend them
To the "merry" land again.

V.

May their sports among the mountains
Be what bounding hearts desire !
May the hills, and glens, and fountains,
Them with health and mirth inspire !
Let all welcome Queen Victoria
To her Highland home with glee,
Where the heathcock's screaming loudly,
And the wild deer bounding free.

VI.

May the reign of Queen Victoria
Be a reign of rest and peace !
Prompted by her bright example,
May all strife and discord cease !
May her ministers act wisely !
And may all her subjects be
Ever loving—ever loyal—
Ever fearless, bold, and free !

VII.

May the royal babes be happy
Till their parents home return !
In their own lov'd land, O ! may they
Ne'er have cause to grieve or mourn.

May they grow in grace and beauty ;
May they ever, ever prove
Choicest blessings to their parents,
Who reward them with their love.

VIII.

So we welcome here Prince Albert,
Consort to our Royal Queen,—
May his days to come be happy,
As his days gone by have been !
And we welcome, with kind greeting,
Fair Victoria to our shore ;
And we hail the Queen of Nations,
Whom we honour and adore !





The Kirk.

'Twas Sabbath e'en : the setting sun
 Out o'er the Law* was glowring ;
 The day o' rest was nearly done,
 And night's dark clouds were louring.

The golden west I gladly saw
 Were by the sun's rays riven ;
 At length he calmly sunk away,—
 Like saint who soars to heaven.

As I stood, and wi' pleasure gazed
 Upon the face of Nature,
 I saw what made me much amazed—
 A maid, wha's every feature

Betokened that she hadna been
 A dweller 'mang the rest o's,
 For baith her manner and her mien
 Was better than the best o's.

* The *Law*, a notable hill behind Dundee, containing on its summit the remains of a Roman fortress.

Wi' smiling face she took my hand,
 And, pointing up to heaven,
 Said, " Sir, that is the happy land,—
 There bliss to all is given."

She smiled again, " dear Sir," said she,
 " My name is Guide to Glory ;
 O come wi' me, I'll let you see
 A scene at which I'm sorrow."

I bow'd and kiss'd her bonny hand,
 Then on wi' joy she led me,
 An' aft to seek the happy land,
 Wi' smiling face she bade me.

She led me to the kirk, where I
 Hae aften heard a sermon ;
 But, guid forgie me, when I say,
 We landed 'mang a vermin.

" Now, Sir, I've brought you here, you see,
 'Mang mony lads and lasses ;
 Sit down and tell the warld an' me
 The scenes that 'mang them passes.

And Oh," said she, her hand up high,
 " Do a' as I would hae ye ;"
 Then round my brow a wreath did tie—
 " May that and God be wi' you."

And soon as these kind words she said,
 She frae my sight was hidden ;
 I prayed to God, and blest the maid,
 Then strove to do her bidding.

His reverence soon came up the stair,
 And vow but there's a reaching
 O' heads and caps,—it's a' the care
 O' some to see wha's preaching.

For mony a ane I ween is there
 Wha to the text will listen ;
 When this is got, they dinna care
 For sermon or for blessing.

I ken na' what that kimmer means—
 She's no doing aught but looking ;
 The trifling brat's but in her teens,
 And watch her how she's poking

Her neebour's ribs, saying, " Cast your e'e
 Out ower amang the fellows,
 And if a wise-like chield you see
 You'll no forget to tell us."

Should some late comer want a seat,
 And scarce ken whar to find ane ;
 Some bonny quean will no be blate
 To crush, and prove a kind ane.

And a' the pay for favour shown,
 Or fee she seeks frae him,
 Is just to get his arm when done,
 And take a daunder wi' him.

I cast my e'e across the kirk,
 Whar folk should aye sit douse ;
 A rotten seat comes down wi' jerk,
 And this creates a noise.

It put the maist o' folk on edge ;—
 And yonder's three chields brisk aye ;
 See Tam's noo in an awfu' rage,
 For Bob's drank a' the whisky.

A modest matron, sitting douse,
 Was for some minutes pested ;
 She thought that 'mang her feet a mouse
 Was jumping ;—but to test it,

She soon resolved, in spite o' a',
 She would be at the meaning,—
 Sae looking down, I ween, she saw
 A fellow busy preening

Her petticoats ; but, weel I wat,
 The kind chield got a token,—
 The matron rose to stand, wi' that
 The gallant's joke was broken.

Look ye up yonder! there's three chields,
 At "catch the ten" they're playing;
 And hear yon callant how he bans
 At what his neebour's saying.

And round and round are maids and men
 Quite the reverse o' civil;
 They make the house o' God a den
 In which to do a' evil.

Where is the genius of those rules,
 Those precepts that would ease us,—
 Where are the teachers of those schools
 Begun on earth by Jesus?

Stabb's Fair.

I.

"COME Pate, gie't ower man, work nae mair,
 Let's baith gae out to see the fair,
 Ilk lightsome body's fleeing;
 The road I see is thickly clad,
 Wi' mony a bonny lass and lad,
 They'll a' be worth the seeing."
 So said my friend, and quickly then
 I rose and took the road,
 On which were droves o' merry men,
 And lasses neat and snod,—
 And a' that I saw,
 As I here and there was driven,
 Just proved ilk ane loved
 To be lightsome as weel's livin'.

II.

And many a ploughman chiel was seen,
 Wha that night had got rowin' een,
 And some could scarcely stand,

I like a chiel right glad to be
 Whene'er he meets wi' twa or three,
 To grip hard Friendship's hand.
 I aften ower a hearty stoup
 Hae spent a happy night,
 But its far the best and wisest plan
 To keep ane's sel' near right.
 Its beastly—I maistly
 Could ca' the fellow down,
 Wha sits till his wits
 Wi' the warld's rinnin' round.

III.

There's mony a poor thing on the road
 This day hae left their sad abode ;
 And, waes me, they man beg.
 Wives, wed to poortith, wi' a bairn,
 And mony a man without the arm,
 And some without the leg :
 I like to see a generous chiel,
 Wi' open liberal hand,
 It shows I ween his heart can feel,
 For this neglected band.
 To gie what he'll see that
 To him will ne'er be missing,
 I like to hear wi' listening ear,
 The poor auld beggar's blessing.

IV.

"Hark to those sounds from yonder tent,
I'm sure there's some ane discontent,

Although I wadna wish't:

Alas! my friend, what can it be?"

"The lads wi' scarlet coats you see

Are wanting Will to list.

Man, Will, how can you gang awa'.

Frae hame and friends sae far?"

Said Roger, "Can you leave us a',

To face the waes o' war.

Man, Willie, be nae silly;

Dinna plunge to sic a fate,—

I'll no deceive, but me believe,

You'll rue't when far ower late."

V.

Says Will, "My friend, I ken you weel;

I ken that much for me you feel;

But here, believe me, Roger,

I'm gaun to do't—yes, here I'm willing.

The minute that I get the shilling,

To gae and be a soger.

And as for her, that saucy fair—

My mind is on a rack—

She's slighted me; but here I swear.

I'll pay the false ane back:

So Roger, here I vow and swear
 To leave ilk social chiel',
 To ilka brae, to ilka burn,
 To ane and a' fareweel."

VI.

Poor senseless Will the shilling got ;
 The sergeant called the tither pot,
 And cried, " Our friend will pay't."
 The beer was brought—round went the drink—
 Will's spirits soon began to sink,
 They wi' his shilling gaed.
 " Come, do not let your spirits down,"
 The winning soldier said ;
 " Cheer up my lad, and do not fear,
 A man you'll soon be made !"
 He cried then, and dried then
 The tears that down did fa',
 The daft ane, the saft ane,
 Was easily won awa'.

VII.

And list again to that loud noise
 Of drums and fifes, and men and boys ;
 Observe ye, these are players,—
 They surely lead an awfu' life,
 Of toil and trouble, strut and strife,

Of crosses and of cares,
 They're pinched, I wat, by poverty,
 And naked maist for claise;
 Thus strolling through the world they gae,
 And spend their weary days.
 Nae hame can they claim,
 And nae comfort can they have;
 Their hurl'd through the world,
 Till they sink into their grave.

VIII.

And mony a kittle case was seen,
 Wi' hearty Jock and rosy Jean.
 I wat he gart her reel;
 And kindness came at ilka hand,
 He treated her at tent and stand,
 And pleased the lassie weel.
 And mony a chapman chield was there,
 Wi' ranting roaring voice,
 Some selling saft and some hard ware.
 A penny for your choice!
 And a' that I saw,
 As I here and there was driven,
 Just proved ilk ane loved
 To be lightsome as weel's livin'.

The Murdered Fly.

A T A L E .

I.

I ONCE lived in a cottage
 And its master pray'd and sung :
 Every morning, every evening,
 This little mansion rung.
 I had thought that he was holy,
 But if such a thought be true,
 You may judge when I've related
 What once happen'd to my view.

II.

One summer morning early,
 I beheld my host's young daughter
 Catch a little fly, and first,
 She put in a jug of water.
 She took it out, tore both its wings,
 And beat it every part ;
 Said I, has this young child been taught
 The feelings of the heart ?

III.

I beheld her still—for now to save
 The fly was all in vain—
 So she put it on a stone,
 And beat it o'er and o'er again;
 She bruised and ground it so
 That it was truly out of sight;
 Then she rose, ran to her playmates.
 And laughed in pure delight.

IV.

Now I thought on what had happened,
 And I thought upon the father;
 And I thought, instead of tame dull prayers,
 This holy man should rather
 Take his little child and teach her,
 What is right and what is wrong.
 He was bade do so, but never bade
 By holy prayer and song.

V.

As it now is, her heart will be
 A rank unweeded garden;
 The things gross there will grow,
 And she in real crime will harden.
 The mind, which God has gifted, lost—
 Time, talents, thrown away;
 It were well would parents profit
 From the scene I saw to-day.

The Miseries of War.

I.

Among the many visitants, since first the world began,
That have come on earth to murder and destroy the
peace of man,
I stand alone, and go beyond all other ills, as far
As the brilliant sun of summer goes beyond the morn-
ing star.

II.

I have fatted all the fields of earth with bodies of the
dead ;
I have made your crystal streamlets and your rivers
all run red ;
And the bravest and the best of men I've buried in
the deep,
Whose dying groans were heard in heaven, and made
the angels weep.

III.

I have brought destruction on the world, where gorgeous cities stood,
 Their Temples, Towers, and Palaces, I've mingled with the blood
 Of fallen men, I've marr'd earth's joy, and with my fiery rod,
 I've made this world a charnel house for the erring sons of God.

IV.

I have dragged from many a happy home the parent's joy and pride,
 And I've torn the loving husband from the new made mother's side ;
 With fiendish joy I led them to the bloody battle plain.
 Where the music of my madness was the wailing o'er the slain.

V.

My food hath been the flesh of men, my drink hath been their blood ;
 Give me murdered men or murderers, whether by field or flood.
 The thundering cannon, glancing steel, and carnage-covered field.
Murder and death to me a joy unspeakable did yield.

VI.

I come from hell, the deepest hell; this world that
would be fair

Were it not me, I've filled with dismal howlings of
despair.

If one had been "the hero of an hundred fights" or
more,

I'm the hero of ten million miseries, counted o'er and
o'er.

VII.

I've had friends on earth, and my most favoured sons
of modern times,

Whose deeds heroic erring poets have sung in lofty
rhymes.

He was banished on a lonely rock in solitude to dwell,
And the men who wanted peace on earth, in doing this
did well.

VIII.

Ye nations of the earth give ear, think on the deeds
I've done,

Think on the rendings of the heart, the woes by battle
won,

Think on the pangs of dying men whose sufferings now
are o'er;

You may think on this, but ye who suffer not can do
no more.

IX.

Ho, England, France, America! shake hands and live
 in peace ;
 Put up your swords, ye sons of men, let strife and dis-
 cord cease ;
 Thou boasted Briton, sun-burnt Moor, ye great on
 earth and small,
 Love while you live, ye brethren, as God meant and
 made you all.

X.

I'm getting old and wrinkled now, my hair is turning
 gray,
 The world begins to like me less ; there dawns a
 brighter day ;
 I've done my work—I'm wishing that my reign on
 earth were o'er ;
 For I'm wearied with the deeds I've done, and wish to
 do no more.

Lines Written on Visiting the Grave of Alexander and John Bethune.

Alexander and John Bethune were brothers. They were born at Upper Rankeillour, in the parish of Letham, and county of Fife. Being the sons of poor parents, they were trained from their earliest days to win their bread by labour. Through life, they had to struggle with poverty; during the day they laboured, and at night, and other limited leisure hours, they wrote poems and stories which attracted the attention of very eminent literary characters; Mr Murray and Mr R. Chambers being among their patrons. From Woodmill, in the parish of Abdie, they ultimately removed to Mount Pleasant, where Alexander and John had built a house, which will long remain as a monument of their industry and perseverance. It stands on a lofty hill, and is the highest house at the back of the beautiful town of Newburgh. Here the family lived for sometime, but death came upon them, and his shafts flew quick. The father died first, then John, then the mother, and Alexander, who was left alone in this, to him, "bleak world," soon followed them to the grave; and now they all rest in Abdie church-yard, where a chaste and beautiful monument tells who lie below.

In the Spring of 1845, I spent a few days at Newburgh. During my stay, I was favoured by a friend with Mr Combie's deeply-interesting memoirs of Alexander. I had heard much of the Bethunes before this; but being in the locality where they had lived and died, and reading this ably compiled work, my interest in them was excited, and I had an ardent desire to see the burial place of the brothers. Accordingly, I set out on a Sabbath evening to Abdie church-yard, and it was to me a delightful evening—such a one, indeed, as memory "wili not willingly let die." I was enchanted by all I heard and saw. The scenery agreeably surprised me. It was unlooked for. I did not think there was so much beauty in the locality so little talked of. Around me lay the hills, reposing in quiet grandeur, and before

me lay the Loch of Lindores, bounded on the north by the beautiful seat of Captain (afterwards Admiral) Maitland, to whom Napoleon Bonaparte surrendered, off Rochfort, after the battle of Waterloo, "which in the calm twilight of a summer's evening, appears like the eye of nature, looking up to its Maker in the spirit of meek and quiet devotion." I arrived at Abdie churchyard, and standing over the grave of departed genius, the following verses were written.

I.

REST in peace, beloved brothers,—
 Rest in peace, oppress'd no more :
 Fame is yours which is no other's.
 Now that all life's toils are o'er.

II.

Bred 'mid hardship, shame upon her !
 Tho' she strove to keep you down,
 You have gained a name of honour,
 Brighter far than monarch's crown.

III.

Toil'd from morning's sun till setting,—
 Students pale o'er glimm'ring lamp,
 Still harass'd by fortune fretting,—
 Murder'd in a cottage damp.

IV.

Told in your affecting stories,
 What was right and what was wrong ;

When inspired by nature's glories,
Then your souls burst forth in song.

V.

Both were peasants, proud, yet humble,
To their lowly lot resigned :
Neither at their fate did grumble—
Gifted each with noble mind.

VI.

Both were one in fond affection—
One in feeling—one in faith ;
One, too, in their name's erection—
One in life—and one in death.

VII.

Standing here, I am not weeping
O'er their grave, now free from ills ;
Buried here, serenely sleeping
Mid auld Scotia's quiet hills.

VIII.

Standing here, I do not mourn
O'er this lowly bed of thine,—
Oh ! till death's eternal morn,
May such bed of rest be mine.

IX.

Here all lie ! the father, mother,
 Silently are sleeping here ;
 Here the younger, elder brother,
 Both are stretched upon one bier.

X.

Be it so : they all resided
 In one cot on earth in love ;
 And they were not long divided
 From the better land above.

XI.

Pilgrims here, with bosoms swelling,
 Yet may come ; and tears may fall
 O'er the dark and narrow dwelling,
 Of two brothers—one in all.

XII.

Rest in peace, beloved brothers—
 Rest in peace, oppress'd no more ;
 Fame is yours which is no other's,
 Now that all life's toils are o'er.

The Wind.

I.

I DINNA like that dreary wind,
 It makes me dull and wae ;
 It gars me think upon the grave
 To which we a' maun gae.
 It brings me to the gates o' death,
 Whar a' is dark and drear,—
 There's something in the howling wind
 I dinna like to hear.

II.

It brings to mind the tales I've read
 O' mountain, moor, an' glen,
 Where solitary wanderers found
 Remains of murder'd men.
 I think upon the houseless poor
 Wha wander wet and cauld ;
 And sigh for a' the sufferings
 O' the helpless, young, and auld.

III.

Hark ! how that gust is howling,
 Oh, it makes my blood run chill !
 What a dreary sound gangs through the trees !
 It's moaning o'er the hill.

Grim sprites arise, and lo! methinks,
Right merrily behind
The charnel house they're dancing
To the music of the wind.

IV.

Ye howling winds! oh, spare the bark,
On restless billows toss'd;
And spare the worthy father
Deem'd by friends for ever lost.
And spare me a' the gloomy thoughts
That make me shake wi' fear;
There something in the howling wind
I dinna like to hear.

Prologue,

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE
AT DR. BEARD'S ACADEMY.

WELCOME to Stony Knolls! a hearty greeting
 We give to all at this our joyful meeting.
 Not, it is true, the *first*, for there have been
 Such bright assemblies here before, I ween.
 And judging from the glories of the past,
 I know not, friends, that this should be our *last*.
 Shakspeare has said, that "all the world's a stage;"
 'Tis said this is the saying of a sage.
 Full well we know 'tis true, but in this mart
 Of learning we have mostly played one part.
 "The school-boy, with his shining morning face,"
 Plays here his part,—to him a serious case.
 Here, day by day, and week by week,
 Are dull brains cudgelled over puzzling Greek :
 Eutopius teases here, and Virgil vexes,
 Horace is horrible,—Euclid perplexes.
 Here British commerce, textile manufacture,
 Are themes on which we shew ourselves the actor.
 While sums and numbers, added to the sum,
 Are themes on which our actors oft prove dumb ;
 And this truth is told in many a serious look,

That "Latin made Easy," is no easy book.
 Change is the law of Nature. Change has been
 Since first Creation's dawn beheld the queen
 Of earth, and women :—pardon, ladies all,
 I speak of Eve anterior to her fall.
 Since then, the great and everlasting sea
 Has sung its wild and endless melody.
 The beauteous flowers of summer yearly blow,
 Anon comes surly winter with his snow.
 Change rules the varied year; the life of man
 And woman, too! though bounded by a span.
 So, from the ills with which we have to fight,
 We wished to have a change, and so, "quite right,"
 Exclaimed our actors all, and thus the ending
 Of this shrewd thought is what just now is pending.
 Thus have we left the gods of Greek and Rome,
 And for one night, at least, become the showman.
 Well, for our own amusement and yours, we
 Have chosen the CRITIC, which you soon will see;
 The SPOILED CHILD,—by the way, offence to none,
 We hope that in our temple there's but one;—
 And MONSIEUR TONSON, with his tricks and fun,
 With which the night's amusement will be done.
 Here great Macready will not tread the stage,
 Nor Vandenhoff the grand your time engage.
 Here G. V. Brooke, 'tis true, will not be seen,
 Nor Helen Faucit, Tragedy's Fair Queen.

But here's *Miss Beard*, of whom the Greek would say
 Her the gods love to honour and obey :
 Here's *Kriens*, to treat us to a German song,
 He cannot chaunt too often and too long :
Moses, with all his learning too, is here,
 To show his talent in another sphere.
 Here's *David Salter* playing the greatest part,
 Because most like to steal a lady's heart :
 Here's *Edwin Smith*, *alias* Socrates,
 Having at once the will and power to please :
 Here's *Blackett*, too, with all his fun and tricks,
 To act, as he himself would say, "like bricks."
 These will be seen, with many more besides ;
 So, laughter, now prepare to hold your sides.
 We'll do our best—if high we cannot soar :—
 Macready or Vandenhoff could do no more.

SONGS.

Whar are a' the Friends.

AIR.—' O! why left I my hame ?'

I.

Oh ! whar are a' the friends
 I had in early days,
 Wha used to sport about
 The burnies and the braes ;
 Wha used to sport about,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee ;
 I ween they a' are fled
 Frae their ain countrie.

II.

The sangs they used to sing
 Are never heard ava ;
 The village ne'er does ring
 Wi' the fife or bugle's blaw ;—
 It's true that some are laid
 Beneath yon auld yew tree ;
 But maist o' them are fled
 Frae their ain countrie.

III.

At kirk or market noo,
 We never meet them there ;
 It makes me wae to think
 I ne'er may see them mair.
 We ne'er assemble now
 Our village sports to see ;
 A's dull and lonely now
 In our ain countrie.

IV.

My friends are far awa',
 They're scattered here and there ;
 But, O, for ane and a'
 I breathe this earnest prayer,—
 May God still be their guide,
 Wherever they may be,—
 May peace and rest be there's
 In anither countrie.

Oh ! Here Lies Low the Bonny Lass.

AIR—" Oh ! where, and oh, where ?"

I.

Oh ! here lies low the bonny lass,
 The maiden that I lo'e ;
 She lies within this narrow bed,
 Where I maun soon lie too ;

Death's clay-cauld hand has still'd the heart
 That aye was kind and true ;
 The form o'er which I fondly hung
 Is sheltered by the yew.

II.

The flowers bloom bonny o'er the bed
 O' her that I held dear ;
 And dark, dark is the envious grave
 That keeps me mourning here.
 I've naeboddy noo to live for,
 And the warld's nought to me ;
 Oh, life's a weary pilgrimage,
 My Mary, wanting thee.

III.

Pale, pale, for ever are those lips
 That I hae aften kissed ;
 And cauld for ever are those cheeks
 That I hae aften pressed :
 And still for ever is that voice.
 Once music to my ear ;
 Those beaming eyes that shone so bright
 Are closed for ever here.

IV.

Oh ! may I know the blissful home
 In which my love doth dwell

In yon bright land where happy ones
 Their holy anthems swell ;
 Where saints for ever sing their songs
 To God who reigns on high,
 Where sorrow never more is known,
 Nor tears bedim the eye.

V.

But I am left alone on earth,
 My grief I cannot hide ;
 And I will ne'er find peace or rest
 Till slumbering by her side ;
 Till then, my beating heart, be still.
 Which now in sorrow lies,—
 Oh ! I maun soon be blest wi' her,
 Beyond you sunny skies.

When Thinking upon my Sad Fate.

AIR,—My lass's black o'e."

I.

WHEN thinking upon my sad fate, wi' my Annie,
 This bosom o' mine it is burdened wi' care ;
 There's something within tells me plain that I maunna
 Think I can get peace to my soul ony mair.

II.

I think that there's nane o' her kind half sae bonny.

There's nane o' her kind half sae bonny can be ;

Her face it is fairer, far fairer than ony,

Her form it seems like an angel's to me.

III.

Sometimes in my fondness, when on her I'm thinking,

I stand and look down wi' the tear in my e'e,

I find my wae heart in my bosom aye sinking.

Then start, quite regardless wherever I gae.

IV.

I start, but the wound in my bosom is biding—

Ah! meikle I fear it will ne'er gang awa' ;

And though a' my grief frae my friends I am hiding,

The cauld hand o' death will devour and tell a'.

Will and Dell are Decked in Green.

AIR,—“Gloomy Winter.”

I.

Hill and dell are decked in green,—

Nature's a' in beauty seen ;

Ilk thing delights my gazing een :

And so does lovely Annie, O.

II.

By yon burn the daisies spring,
 On yon bower the birdies sing,
 They joy to every bosom bring,
 And sae does lovely Annie, O.

III.

Wha could now be sad or wae,
 When nature a' is blythe and gay?
 'Tis I, because I dinna hae
 The heart o' lovely Annie, O.

IV.

I maun wander here and mourn,—
 She has slighted me wi' scorn,
 And left me here alane forlorn,—
 My ain, lovely Annie, O.

V.

What are nature's joys to me?
 What her pleasures—wanting thee?
 Happy I can never be,
 Unless wi' lovely Annie, O.

VI.

Will ye, bonny lass, be true?
 Will ye listen to my vow?
 And I will ne'er be false to you,
 My ain, my lovely Annie, O.

I Now Maun Leave my Lady Fair.

I.

I now maun leave my lady fair :

The wind blows high—the boat is ready,
The boat that fills my heart wi' care,

An' bears me frae my winsome lady.

Oh ! sare, sare is this waefu' heart,

An' fain, fain would I langer tarry ;
But fate has said that we maun part,

An' I maun leave my bonny Mary.

II.

I needna say her heart is true—

I needna say she's fair and bonny :
For maist folk think her matched by few,
To me she's fairer far than ony.

I needna say our love will last

Till baith our een are closed for ever :
But ah ! I fear the joys now past

Will never come again—oh, never !

III.

It's no her een, sae bonny blue,—

It's no her check, sae red an' rosy,
That gars me greet to say adieu,—

It's no her fond embrace, sae cosy,—

It's no that I regret to leave

The little cot in which she's dwelling,—

It's no for fear that she'll deceive,—

It's no for this my bosom's swelling.

IV.

But it's to leave her all alone,

A lovely maiden unprotected ;

Oh ! who will guard her when I'm gone—

By me she ne'er wad be neglected.

The Power aboon keeps watch and care

O' worth an' merit—He'll reward her.

This aye will be my earnest prayer—

May a' that's guid for ever guard her !

Come to Yonder Bower, my Lassie.

I.

Come to yonder bower, my lassie,

Come to yonder bower wi' me.—

Come to yonder bower, my lassie,

There I'll tell my love to thee.

II.

Down by yonder wood, my lassie,

Blythly a' the birdies sing,

And upon the burnie's banks,

Roses fair an' lilies spring.

III.

O'er the eastern hill, my lassie,
 Blythly blinks the rising sun ;
 Hark ! the birds aboon our heads,
 Morning's joys are just begun.

IV.

What were a' the joys, my lassie,
 That the smiling morn can gie,—
 What were a' the joys, my lassie,
 Nought, believe me, wanting thee.

Winter Nights are Cauld, Lassie.

I.

WINTER nights are cauld, lassie,
 Winter nights are cauld, lassie :
 Come, my love ! O, come wi' me !
 While Boreas' blast is bauld, lassie.

II.

I've a couthie hame, laddie,
 I've a couthie hame, laddie ;
 I've my father's humble roof,
 Except me he has nane, laddie.

III.

I'll keep him trig an' braw, lassie,
 I'll keep him trig an' braw, lassie ;
 About your parents diinna fear,
 But wi' me come awa', lassie.

IV.

Gin summer time were here, laddie,
 Gin summer time were here, laddie,
 Then, O then, I'll come wi' thee ;—
 Just gie me time to speer, laddie.

V.

I canna bide my lane, lassie,
 I canna bide my lane, lassie,—
 I'll speer, if ye'll but come wi' me,
 An' ease my heart o' pain, lassie.

VI.

My pleadin's a' in vain, laddie,
 My pleadin's a' in vain, laddie ;
 Gae get the guid auld folk's consent,
 An' then ca' me you ain, laddie.

A Guid New Year to aye and a'.

Air,—“When silent time.”

I.

A GUID New Year to aye and a',
 O, mony may you see!
 An' during a' the years that come,
 O, happy may you be!
 An' may you ne'er hae cause to mourn,
 To sigh or shed a tear;—
 To aye an' a', baith great an' sma',
 A hearty guid New Year.

II.

O, time flies fast, he winna wait,
 My friend, for you or me;
 He works his wonders day by day,
 An' onward still doth flee.
 O! wha can tell gin ilka aye
 I see sae happy here,
 Will meet again, an' merry be,
 Anither guid New Year.

III.

We twa hae baith been happy lang,
 We ran about the braes—
 In ae wee cot, beneath a tree,
 We spent our early days:

We ran about the burnie's side,
 The spot will aye be dear ;—
 An' those that used to meet us there
 We'll think on many a year.

IV.

Now let us hope our years may be
 As guid as they hae been ;
 An' let us hope we ne'er may see
 The sorrows we hae seen ;
 An' let us hope, that ane an' a'—
 Our friends, baith far an' near—
 May aye enjoy, for time to come,
 A hearty guid New Year.

Bonny, Bonny was the Morn.

AIR.—“ Blythe, blythe, and merry was she.”

I.

BONNY, bonny was the morn
 When we rose to rin awa' ;
 Phœbus did the hills adorn,
 Scarce a breeze o' wind did blaw.
 Anna rose and slipped near me,
 “ Johnny, Johnny, come,” she cried,
 “ O ! I'm feared the auld folk hear me ;
 If they do, they'll gar us bide.”

II.

I gat ready, kiss'd my dearie,
 We each ither's fear did feel;
 Bundled up our claes, and, eerie,
 Bade the guid auld folk fareweel.
 I had wrought and kept them canny,
 Wrought, I ween, for mony a year;
 For my hire I wanted Anna,
 But o' this they wadna hear.

III.

Soon we left them—reached the halan'
 I a week before had ta'en;
 God sin' syne has blest our toilin',
 We sin' syne hae baith been ane.
 Soon the auld folk ceased to scorn,
 When our weel-doing ways they saw;
 Aye sin syne I bless the morn,
 When we rose to rin awa'.

The Blooming Heather.

I.

Bonny is the blooming heather,
 Bonny is the blooming heather;
 But it's bonnier still, I ween,
 When 'mang't twa lovers meet thegither.

O, then it blooms sae fresh and fair,
 Then ilka thing around is bonny,
 When the lovely lass is there
 That we lo'e mair dear than ony.

II.

Then the bleating lambs that cry,
 Make ilk thing seem blythe and cheery,
 When upon the breast we lie
 O' her that we can ca' our dearie.
 Bonny is the blooming heather,
 Bonny is the blooming heather;
 But dearest to the youthfu' heart,
 When 'mang't twa lovers meet together.

The Carps of Life.

I.

Oh! why should mankind not be merry.
 As lang's they are todlin' here?
 Life at best is a terrible worry;
 But yet there's nae reason to fear.

II.

Man meets in wi' mony a hardship,
 As life's weary vale he gangs through,—
 But I've aye found a gate to get out at,
 And hope that I ever will do.

III.

It's true that we a' have our sorrows,
 At least, for mysel', I've my share :
 But the truth is, to look round about me,
 There's mony a mortal has mair.

IV.

Sad poverty presses the poor man.
 The rich winna look to their state ;
 But there's happiness whiles in the cottage.
 Unkend to the mighty and great.

V.

When this life is done, there's a prospect.
 A hope which all honest men have,—
 A glorious land we may live in
 When laid lowly down in the grave.

Oh! Winter is Come.

ATR.—"Auld Rob Morris."

I.

On! winter is come, an' the cauld blasts noo blaw,
 The hills o' auld Scotland are covered wi' snaw :
 My ain fate resembles ilk bush and ilk tree,
 For Anna, fair Anna, ne'er smiles upon me.

II.

The spring may return, an' deck a' in green,
 The hills and the vales may in beauty be seen ;
 But pleasure or peace they to me canna gie,
 For Anna, fair Anna, ne'er smiles upon me.

III.

Oh ! well may my head aye be stoundin' an' sair,
 An' well may my heart aye be beatin' wi' care,
 An' weel may the tear trickle down frae my e'e,—
 For Anna, fair Anna ne'er smiles upon me.

IV.

But O ! when I think that she yet may be mine,
 When a ray o' this hope in my bosom does shine.
 I ask not on earth mair pleasure to hae,
 Than Anna, fair Anna, to smile upon me.

March of Mesmerism.

Air,—“The Spinning o't.”

I.

O WOULD the wide warld beware o' the loons,
 Wha practice sae aften the gulling o't,
 Wha come frae Auld Reekie an' ither big towns,
 Their pockets—they look to the filling o't.

Those mountebank callants, wha hastily flee
 Frae city to city—frae Perth and Dundee—
 And swear that ye'll something astonishing see.
 If ye'll only put faith in their telling o't.

II.

There's constantly something to tak up our time.
 Though a body has ever so little o't ;
 Some blundering scribblers pest us wi' rhyme.
 But o' sense they seldom show meikle o't.
 The flying machine late engaged a' our care,
 Which promised to bear us awa' through the air :
 But noo the concern has blawn up, I fear,—
 High pressure has bursted the metal o't.

III.

Mesmeric Phrenology now is the go,
 A' body's begun to the trying o't ;
 If the science progress in the same ratio,
 We'll no daur e'en *think* for the spying o't.
 It's advocates tell us their patients can see
 The folk in the moon at their toddy and tea,
 Or what's to tak place in the town of Dundee,—
 There's fairlies, I wat, in the doing o't.

IV.

If any pair wight frae his hame gangs awa',
 And offers to show them the folly o't,
 The place that's no yucky he'll get it to claw,

As payment and thanks for the telling o't.
 They'll stand up and swear that they'll hear him no
 more,
 They'll howl, and they'll hiss, and they'll rant, and
 they'll roar,
 Till the puir silly fellow is draged to the door,—
 Right glad to escape frae the melling o't.*

V.

I wonder, in nature, what will we hae next,—
 Now folk can be "done" by the willing o't:
 Teeth and legs can be drawn by the mesmeric touch
 E'en a heart may be had for the stealing o't.
 For the mesmerists tell us their patients can see,
 The man o' the moon at his toddy and tea.
 Or what will take place next year in Dundee,—
 There's fairl' s, I wat, in the doing o't.

* About this time, considerable excitement was occasioned by the visits of itinerant lecturers on mesmerism. The poet was then rather sceptical on the subject; but the fact of stiff arms and stiffer legs made him appear unsuccessful in the debates. Nothing daunted, he resolved to try a lecture in an adjoining town, situated on the braes of Angus; and for this purpose a meeting was called, and the novelty of the lecture drew together a large assemblage. The lecture was begun, and a goodly number of the disciples of Mesmer were present. When they saw that the orator was on the negative, a noisy warfare ensued; which resulted in the lecturer having to beat a speedy retreat. It may here be remarked, that a relative of the author's is preaching and lecturing in the same place, with greater success, on higher subjects, to an intelligent Christian congregation.

Little Children.

LITTLE Children make me glad,
 Though my very soul be sad ;
 Laughing in their sport and glee,
 Climbing up upon my knee :
 Running round about my chair,
 With their hearts sae free frae care,
 Playing wi' joy at hide-and-seek,
 Out and in they merrily keek ;
 And their half pronounced names
 Tend to cheer our humble hames.
 While we soothe them wi' a sang,
 Winter nights are never lang :
 While they prattle by our side,
 Cheerful is our clean fireside ;—
 They to bless mankind were given,—
 Home wi' them's a little heaven.

