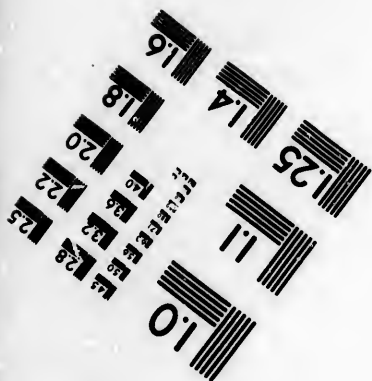
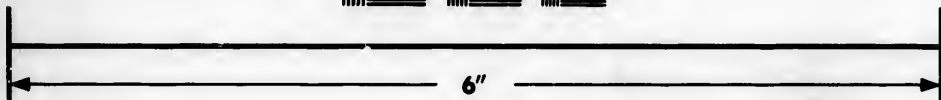
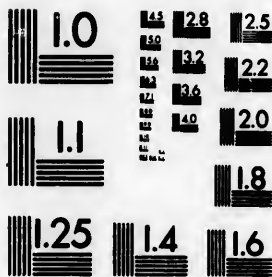


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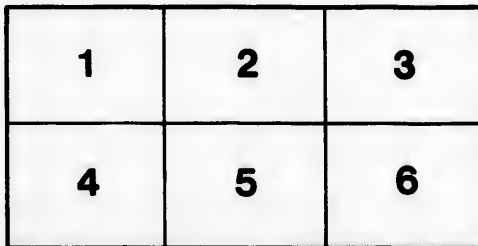
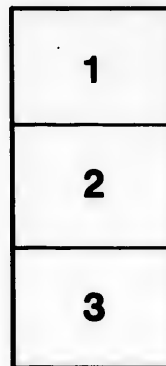
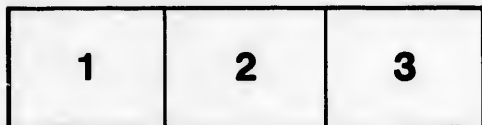
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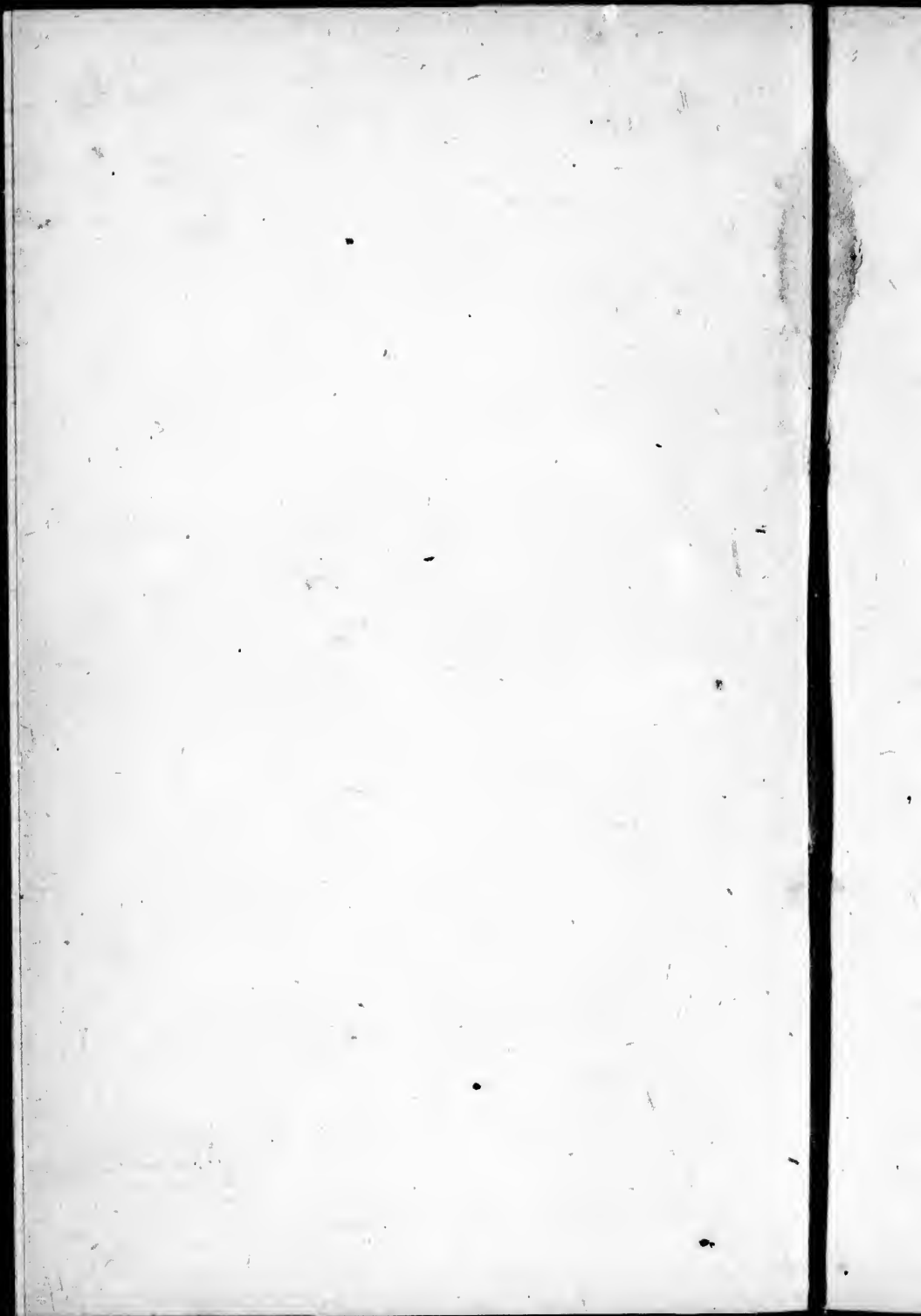
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P O E M S

BY

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

"Hamely Rustic Jingle."

TORONTO:
JOHN C. GEIKIE,
70, YONGE STREET.

1856.

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1856

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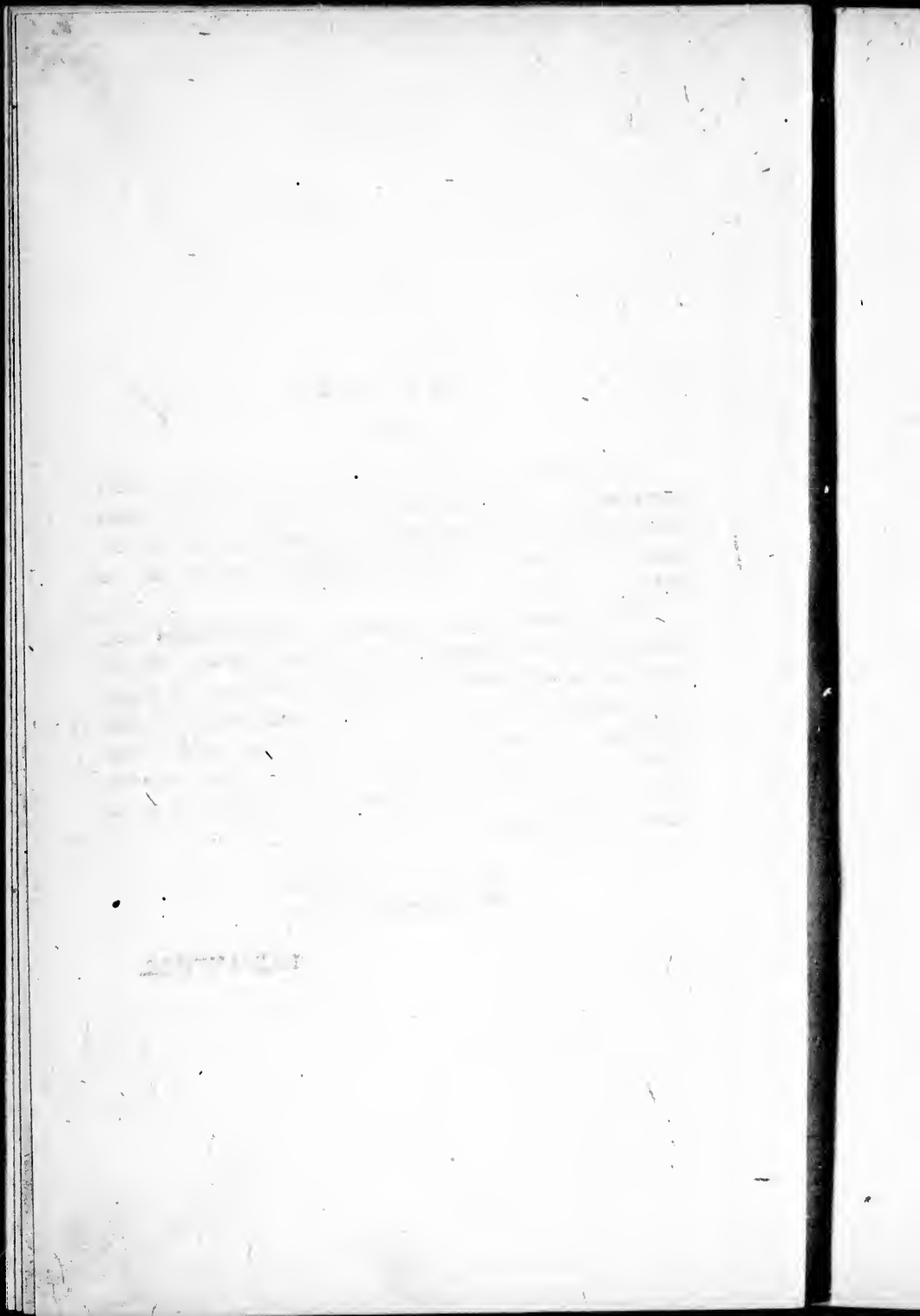
P R E F A C E .

It is generally expected that a preface should contain some account of the author and his book. In the present case, such expectation cannot be realized, from the fact that, like the weary "Knife-grinder," I have no story to tell.

My personal history has had but little romance in it, and could not be interesting to the general reader. Of the book itself I will merely remark that if the pieces of which it is composed are genuine, though *rude*, they will find acceptance. If, on the other hand, they are found to be false or superficial, no mere blustering on my part can save them. All I have to state further is, that I have tried at least to abide by truth and nature ; and

"What is writ is writ;—
Would it were worthier."

THE AUTHOR.



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BRAMPTON.

POEMS.

PLA-
SIX,

1903

POEMS.

SERMON IN THE WOODS;

OR,

THE SETTLER'S FIRST SABBATH DAY.

WOULD'ST thou know the soul of silence?—
Go to the untrodden woods;
Lift thy voice aloud, and listen
To the answering solitudes.
Would'st thou have deep confirmation
That a God indeed doth reign,
Feel the awful unseen presence?—
Go, and never doubt again.

Far in a Canadian forest,
Underneath a spreading oak;
Ere the solitudes had echoed
To the woodman's cheerful stroke;

Ere the branching elm had fallen,
 And the cedar, and the pine,
 Undisturbed by man, had blossom'd,
 Ever since the birth of time.

Here some poor expatriated
 Sons of ancient Caledon
 Met—their fathers' God to worship,
 On a quiet Sabbath morn.
 Poverty—perchance oppression—
 Drove them to the woods to dwell,
 Leaving half their hearts behind them,
 'Mong the hills they lov'd so well.

Want, the mother of affliction,
 Had been their familiar long ;
 Yet, to battle with the forest,
 They had brought hearts stout and strong.
 Some, the soldiers of affection,
 Soldiers of the noblest kind,
 Came to seek a home for parents
 Left in poverty behind.

Some from wives and children parted,
 Hope allaying their distress ;
 For she whisper'd, she would find them
 Freedom in the wilderness !

Some were creatures of misfortune,
Some of tyranny and wrong;
Yet their hearts were grieved within them,
Parting from their childhood's home.

'Mid this group of humble beings
There was one old gray-hair'd man;
He was lov'd, yea, as a father!
Round him all the children ran.
He had look'd upon the world,
Yea, for three-score years and ten,
Yet bore in his heart unbounded
Love for his poor fellow men.

Things for which the world is struggling—
Honors, riches, power, and wealth—
To him, were but moping shadows—
Groping in the cell of self.
Love had lent him strength to wrestle
Even with the storms of fate:
In his heart he bore no hatred,
Save to the dark soul of hate.

Yea, he would have been a poet,
Had not penury, the while,
And a sense of duty doomed him
To a life of ceaseless toil.

Yet by times the God within him
 Would lift up his awful voice,
 And the melodies imprison'd
 Burst their fetters and rejoice.

And his pent-up human feelings,
 Ever and anon, would start
 Into words which forced an entrance
 Even in the roughest heart.
 Surely, 'twas the God of Jacob
 Honor'd this old man to raise,
 Here in nature's green cathedral,
 To his name the song of praise.

In that awful leafy temple
 Not a sound the silence broke,
 Save his voice in prayer ascending,
 From the shadow of the oak.
 Their full souls to his responded,
 As to some old prophet seer ;
 Anxiously they circled round him,
 Hush'd their very hearts to hear.

THE SERMON.

We are met, lov'd friends, in this temple of green,
 A fit place to worship the awful Unseen,
 Who guided us safely across the great deep,
 And hush'd the wild waves and the billows asleep.
 In the mart and the city proud man may forget
 To seek the Great Father to guide and protect;

Too often we've seen him bent under a load
Of gold, which he worship'd instead of his God ;
But here in the forest, with danger beset,
Ah ! dead must the heart be that ere can forget.

We have left a lov'd land where we suffer'd some wrong,
And in these wild forests have sought a new home
Our wrongs we'll forget : let it now be our care,
To cherish the virtue which still blossoms there :
Our hearts to affection can only give way,
When we think of our home and the hills far away.
Ah ! yes, I had hop'd to be laid down at last,
When life, with its toils and its troubles, had past,
Beside the old church where the lone willows weep,
Where our friends and our kindred all silently sleep.
My time must be short, and I well could have borne,
For a little while longer, injustice and wrong ;
But, O ! it has been the long wish of my life
To help man to shake off deception and strife ;
And with you, my children, to these woods I've come,
That mine old eyes may witness the good work begun :
I'm sick and I'm weary of vi'lence and hate !
Let Love be the genius, the soul of this state !
For why should we wrestle and fight with our brother ?
Since Christ died for all, can't we love one another ?
In peace let us found a community here :
We'll govern by love, 'stead of hatred and fear.
I thank you, my children, for that deep Amen,
And I'll die with the hope that I've not lived in vain.

Then on, on, ye brave, to the battle of peace,
 And hasten the time when man's sorrows shall cease :
 The axe is your weapon, the forest the foe,
 And joy, peace and plenty comes forth at each blow.
 Ah ! poor is the triumph the warrior feels !
 Humanity weeps while his work she reveals.
 How long shall the demons of ruin and wrath
 With bleeding hearts cover their war-wasted path ?
 How long shall oppression her bloody lash wave,
 And the poor slave of Mammon a brother enslave ?

I see in the future a sweet smiling plain,
 With green pastures waving, and rich golden grain.
 What will they avail you, if folly and sin,
 Or greed blight the flowers of affection within ?
 What will it avail, tho' your herds may increase,
 If still ye are strangers to virtue and peace ?
 For virtue alone is the soul of a state,—
 Without it, we vainly are wealthy and great.
 Ah ! yes, there is treasure more precious than gold,
 Not found in the market, a treasure untold !
 The heart longs for something on which to rely,
 A something the wealth of the world cannot buy ;
 A something which beauty, which virtue foreshows,
 Which genius announces, but cannot disclose ;
 A something above the dark regions of sense,
 Akin to the spirit which becons it hence.

And mind, my lov'd children, that, go where we will,
 That danger and death surely follow us still.

There are shafts in the quiver of fortune and fate
That, do what we will, we can never escape :
Be we rich, be we poor, there's a death hanging o'er us,
An awful eternity stretching before us :
We're hurriedly wafted on this wave of time
To the great mighty ocean that's stretching sublime ;
And if the rude tempests and storms overtake us,
Aye, mind there is one that will never forsake us :
There's only one pilot can bid the storm cease,
And bring us at last to the haven of peace ;
Sublime was the sorrow his human heart bore,
That head-aches and heart-aches might know us no more.
O then let us live so, that at the great day,
When the framework of nature shall crack and give way ;
When, 'midst the great ruin, the Judge will descend,
Eternity with him, and time at an end ;
O ! then may we enter and taste of the joy
Which time, death and sorrow, can never destroy ;
O ! then may we look back, from that happy sphere,
With joy to the Sabbath we first worship'd here,
In comp'ny of angels, with Christ for a friend,
And a Sabbath of glory which never shall end.

And many years have past away—
The forest all is gone,
Save the old oak in memory left
Of that sweet Sabbath morn.
And some are with the living still,
And some are with the dead,
Who treasured up within their hearts
The words the old man said.

His work still lives, tho' he is laid

Within the quiet grave ;

The old oak is the monument

Which over him doth wave :

Some one has graven on its trunk,

Who holds his memory dear,

Stranger ! this is a sacred spot,—

A Christian slumbers here.

THE EARLY BLUE BIRD.

YE'VE come far owre early,
My bonnie we bird:
There's nae signs o' green leaves,
O' simmer nae word.
What tempted you here, frae
The green sunny bowers
Of the sweet smiling South, and
The region of flowers?

Thou'rt chasing a phantom!
Some folly, I fear,
Has urg'd thee, my wee bird,
To venture forth here.
Thou type o' the herald!
Who comes to proclaim
The advent of peace in
Strife's dreary domain.

Of the Bard who still hopes for,
 'Mid sorrow and pain,
The "good time that's coming,"
 Love's long looked for reign :
He's come far owre early,
 My poor bird, like thee ;
The guid times ye sing o'
 Ye'll no' likely see.

There's cauld days to come yet,
 And deep drifts o' snaw,
And storms frae the bleak north,
 Ere winter gae 'wa' :
There's tempests for thee, bird,
 Ere spring comes wi' peace,
And tears, toil, and trouble,
 Ere man's sorrows cease.

Was't this blink o' sunshine,
 This short gleam o' joy,
Which wiled thee, like pleasures
 Which tempt to destroy ;
How like the poor youth
 Grasping pleasure too soon,
Whose sun sinks in darkness,
 Long ere it is noon ?

How quickly the Syren,
Which wiles him, takes wing,
And leaves but rude winter
Where she promis'd spring.
Whate'er was the phantom
Which wiled thee forth here,
Like the too trustful maiden,
Ye're like to pay dear !

Thy neck is a' draggled,
And drukit's thy wing ;
I can't hear to hear thee
Attempting to sing :
For there's something sae mournfu'
And sad in thy strain,
I could sit and greet wi' you
Till spring comes amain.

Like thee, my puir bird, I
Was tempted to roam,
By the distant, the future,
The lovely unknown :
Like thine, my bright visions
Were all overcast,—
Like thee, I maun stoop 'neath
The cauld chilly blast.

I'm thinking, my wee bird,
 In sorrow and pain,
 Our thoughts and our feelings
 Are something the same :
 I ken that ye sing just
 To ease sorrow's smart,—
 I've oft tried the same, just
 To keep up my heart.

We're kindred in sorrow,
 If in nought bestle,
 And sorrow should level
 Distinctions and pride.
 Then come, little warbler,
 Nor tremble for me,
 And share any shelter
 That I hae to gie.

Ah ! think'st thou man's cruel ?—
 Thy terrors are just ;
 And so the rude winter
 Thou'lt far rather trust.
 But, sure, there are some who'd
 Feel better at least,
 To soothe but a pang in
 A wee birdie's breast.

Thou'rt right, my poor bird—
Tho' your prospects are bare,
Still, still cling to hope, nor
Give up to despair.
In the deepest, the darkest,
Its beams brightest shine,—
Without them, this heart wad hae
Broken lang syne.

*This is a forbidden book
not every mortal
C. H. C. H.*

SIR COLIN;

OR,

THE HIGHLANDERS AT BALAKLAVA.

THE serfs of the Czar know not pity nor mercy,
And many a turban is roll'd on the plain :
LIKE dust the poor sons of the Prophet are traml'd,
And Alla, il Allah ! they'll shout not again.

Sir Colin, Sir Colin ! why stand ye thus idle ?
Yon dark mounted masses shall trample thee o'er :
Sir Colin, Sir Colin ! thy moments are number'd,—
The hills of Glenorchy shall know thee no more.

Why wake not the pibroch thy fathers have sounded,
Which rous'd up the clansmen in battles of yore ?
Till downward they swept, like the tempests of Avin,
Or demons all dashing with dirk and claymore.

Thy band shall be hack'd like the stripes of the tartan ;
McDonald ! McDermid ! to glory adieu !
Gregalich ! Gregalich ! the shade of thy hero
May blush for his sons, by his own Avon Dhu.

Hush ! hark ! 'tis the pipes playing "Hollen MacGaradh ;"
The spirit of Fingal at last has awoke !
Yet motionless all, as the Giant Craig Ailsa,
Tho' foam-crested billows rush on to the shock.

The horsemen of Russia roll nearer and nearer,
Now slacken a moment, now sweep to the shock :
One terrible flash—'tis the lightning of Albin !
One peal, and the tartans are hid in the smoke.

Now Duncan ! now Donald ! the metal you're made of,
In this awful moment, O ! may it prove true :
Be thy soul as firm as the rocks of St. Kilda,
Thy swoop like the eagles' of dark Benvenue.

It is not the deer ye have met on the heather,—
That is not thine own Corybrechtain's loud roar :
Triumphant emerge from that dark cloud of thunder,
Or die ! and behold the red heather no more.

The cloud clears away—'tis the horsemen are flying !
All scatter'd like chaff by the might of the Gael :
One long yell of triumph, while bonnets are waving,
And "Scotland forever !" resounds through the dale.

SABBATH MORNING'S SOLILOQUY

OF

A N O L D O X .

Ah ! times are chang'd, aye, changed indeed ;
Hard work, ill usage, and scant feed,
Hae wrought a waefu' change in me :
I'm no' the beast I used to be.

O, they were times ere I was brought
Beneath auld Jawbaw's heavy yoke :
O, they were blessed times, I trow,
Wi' plenty and scarce ought to do ;
For surely kindness and good feeding
Is the hale secret o' good breeding.

Who could believe me the same creature,
So sleek in hide and great in stature,
So light o' heart, so free frae care,
That took the prize at Erin fair?
Then mony a body star'd at me,
And said I was worth gaun to see:
The judges said, in a' the fair
There was nocht wi' me could compare:
They stuck the riband on my heed,
And said I was of noble breed,
And sent a glib-tongu'd jockey wi' me,
To lead me roun' and let folk see me.

But, oh! these happy days are past,
And I'm reduced to want at last;
I'm wrocht to perfect skin and bane,
And aft maun thole a hungry wame:
It matters na tho' I'm discreet,
I'm but a *thing* wi' cloven feet,
And ony wicked blackguard knave
May goad me like a galley slave.

But, Guid be thankit, this is Sunday,
And I'll hae peace and rest till Monday:
The very thought this day brings rest
Keeps up the heart o' the oppress'd;
A blessed day to a' the weary,
It aye returns to make them cheery.
Oh! but for this sweet happy time,
I had been dragg'd to death langsyne;
For it's a great grief to some folk

That we should e'er get out the yoke,
 For, oh ! they grudge and spend the Sunday
 Yawning and wishing it were Monday.
 They'd do awa' wi't a' thegither,
 And keep us in the yoke forever ;
 But, were the rascals in our skin,
 They'd pray for twa instead o' ane.

They're born but to command, they say,
 And we poor creatures to obey ;
 For we are of the working classes,
 And sae we maun put up wi' lashes,
 Maun cultivate the virtues humble,
 And feed on thistles and ne'er grumble.

Ah ! mony a time I've sadly thought,
 When I've been ill used and hard wrought,
 That 'tis our quiet disposition
 Which keeps us in this sad condition :
 We've no' eneugh o' spunk and Devil
 To gar twa-footed brutes be civil :
 Our kicking, our casting the yoke,
 Has always ended but in smoke :
 'Tis gentleness and want o' knavery
 Which keeps us, as a race, in slavery.

Yon dog, wha's play'd me mony pranks,
 A creature o' the upper ranks,
 An ugly, biting, barking devil,
 Wha hasna the sense to be civil

To decent, quiet, honest folk,
Even when they're let out the yoke,
But struts roun' wi' a face fu' sour,
To let them feel that he's in power;
Wi' collar large, that a' may see
A great dog in authority,
And rides, tho' but a dirty messin,
Aye on the tap o' his commission,
And a' his surly rude behaviour
Is just to get himsel' in favor.

I've seen him fawn and phrase and whine
Upon auld Jawbaws mony a time;
Aye, even after he wad kick him,
The messin wad crawl up and lick him:
The creature then I could hae crush'd
Wi' perfect contempt and disgust.

I hate, frae the depth o' my heart,
A creeping, crawling, sycophant:
It's muckle I hae got to bear wi'
Without a single hope to cheer me;
But I'd as soon walk to the knife
As lead that creëping creature's life:
And Guid kens my lot's far frae easy;
For, since I'm getting auld and crazy,
And canna draw the loads I used to,
By young and auld I maun abus'd be.

Had I been o' a thievish nature,
 A sleekit, sloungin', sly fence breaker,
 But I ! who've walk'd in virtue's ways,
 To treat me sae in my auld days !
 To live in want, in hate and fear,
 Is more e'en than a beast can bear.

And there is my young neebor Lyon,
 He's better hous'd and fed than I am :
 If Jawbaws didna feed him weel,
 He'd break in through barn doors and steal ;
 The hichest fence he wad leap over,
 And wallow to the wame in clover.

But mony a time I've hungry been,
 Close by where oats were tempting green,
 Tho' I'm but a four-footed beast,
 I've had the virtue to resist.
 Yet, in hard times, when a' are starving,
 The bite's gi'en to the undeserving :
 To be rewarded thus for merit,
 Might even break an ox's spirit.

And, oh ! there are twa-footed beasts
 Wi' nae compassion in their breasts :
 My master's one o' the vile brutes,
 Waur nor ocht that e'er walk'd on clutes ;
 Tho' he's a man, 'twould be a sin
 To compare even me wi' him.
 His heart's as cauld and hard as steel,

A cruel, drunken ne'er-do-weel,
 Wha grudges me a moment's ease,
 And gangs to a' the logging bees ;
 And if I dinna haw and jee,
 And jump as gleg's I us'd to do,
 O ! then his wicked tongue gets loose
 Wi' awfu' torrents o' abuse,
 And blauds o' blasphemy and sweerin',
 Till I've been horrified to hear him.

And O ! I hae a sad foreboding
 'Twill be my death this weary logging ;
 For when the heavy day is through,
 And a' the hauns are bleth'rin' fu'
 They'll keep a rantin' and a roarin'
 A' telling their great feats and splorin'
 While I for hours maun sadly wait,
 Like sorrow at a tavern gate ;
 Wi' weary hide and hungry wame,
 And haurel then the blackguard's hame.

As sure as Jawbaws taks a spree,
 Wi' a' he meets he'll disagree,
 Then I'm in terror o' my life,
 He'll hae a quarrel wi' the wife ;
 For he's henpeckit in the main,
 And daurna ca' his soul his ain,
 And as sure as they disagree,
 He'll out and vent his rage on me.

And after 'a' his drucken fits,
Especially if he's got his licks,
He'll gang about as quait's a lamb,
Pretending he's an alter'd man ;
And then he'll talk sic awfu' nonsense
About the Bible and his conscience.
He little thinks that when he prays,
I'm watching every word he says:
He kens na that his puir auld ox
Regards him as a perfect hoax.
Did he but ken, to wrath 'twad move him,
What I, a puir dumb beast, think of him ;
For, tho' my prospect dark and dree is,
Thank God, I'm no' the brute that he is.

D R. B U R N S

PREACHING IN THE SCOTS BLOCK.

**GENTLE, dove-like peace is brooding
O'er the woods, this Sabbath morn ;
Save the ox-bell's distant tinkle,
No sound on the air is borne :
Not a breath, the leaves to rustle,
Not a breath to stir the waves :
Oh ! how deep the quiet hanging
O'er these green forgotten graves !**

**There the Church in her grey glory !
Deeper is the holy shade—
Round the sacred spot where all the
Ancient foresters are laid.**

Hush ! there's something 'mong the willows
 Whispering to the silent dead ;
 Yea, the heart hears their communing—
 Hears, tho' not a word is said.

Surely, 'tis not idle fancy
 That still v hispers in my breast—
 Spirits of the dead are with us,
 On the hallow'd morn of rest.
 Hark ! the bell's deep hollow summons
 Calling Scotia's sons to prayer :
 See,—from wood and field they're coming,
 With deep reverential air.

Mountaineers, with their mark'd features,
 And the tartan of their tribe ;
 Shepherds from the vale of Ettrick,
 Peasants from the strath of Clyde.
 There old Donald Bane, from Badenoch,
 Whose grandsire at Preston fell,
 Of the hapless house of Stuart,
 Weeping, still the tale he'll tell.

These—are kindred of Rob Ruadch,
 From Loch Lomond's sounding shore ;
 Still they wear their hero's tartan,
 Tho' his hills they'll see no more.

Old John, from the Braes of Yarrow,
 In his shepherd's plaid appears ;
 For its folds around his bosom
 Wake the thoughts of other years :

Till he hears the lark in heaven,
 Sees the sheep among the hills,
 Hears the Yarrow, till his dim eye
 With the tear of mem'ry fills.
 His clear'd fields, tho' they have cost him
 Years of labor and of pain,
 He would give them all to be but—
 That poor shepherd boy again.

In the rudely-fashion'd pulpit,
 Now a little man appears,
 Resolute in soul, tho' bending
 'Neath the weight of eighty years.
 He had fought beside great Chalmers,
 'Gainst the tyranny of state,—
 Left the Church—yea, of his fathers—
 More in sorrow than in hate.

Rude in voice and rough in feature—
 Nothing gentle, nothing mim :
 On his brow is plainly written—
There's no quarter here for sin.

Nothing flowery in his language—
Yea, it is sublimely bare,
Rude as are his country's mountains—
What a naked grandeur's there !

He tells us of the unbelieving
Spirit of the present time,
Which would rob us, weary mortals,
Even of the hope sublime ;
He denounces Mammon worship,
Yea, the God of this vain age :
How the veins start in his forehead,
As he points to history's page !

To the Covenanting heroes,
To the mighty men of old :
Listen, for he speaks of peasants
Who could not be bought or sold.
“ Sons of Sires ! who did a tyrant
With his myrmidons withstand,
“ Let the faith of your great fathers
Guide you in this forest land.

“ Sons of Sires ! who did a bigot,
Even on his throne, rebuke—
“ Cling ye to their faith, which torture
Never for a moment shook :

“Mid the church’s desolation,
Still they put in God their trust,
“Rallied around Zion’s banner,
Torn and traml’d in the dust.

“Far amid the lonely moorlands,
In the deep sequester’d glen,
“God has heard the prayer at midnight
Of these persecuted men.
“Heavy is the tyrant’s burden,
Weary is oppression’s load ;
“Yet these humble peasants dreaded
Nothing save the wrath of God.

“Why should they the passing mandate
Of a dying king obey ?
“Had they not a higher edict,
Which shall never pass away ?
“Why should they dread men’s death warrants ?
Is not death the common road
“Either to the howling regions
Or the city of our God ?

“Had they not a higher mandate,
Which knows neither change nor time,
“Issued amid smoke and thunder,
On the trembling Mount sublime ?

“ They were men of earnest natures,
Looking to the soul of things :
“ What cared they for crowns and sceptres—
What cared they for earthly kings ?

“ What cared they for passing splendor ?
They had gleams of the divine !
“ What to them were stars and garters ?—
Bubbles on the waves of time !
“ Were they not the heirs of glory,
Earthly kings might never see ?
“ Were they not the Priests and Prophets
Of a higher dynasty ?

“ Crowns depart, and princes perish ;
Thrones do crumble and decay ;
“ But the truth endures forever,
And shall never pass away.
“ Still the cairn among the mountains
Marks the spot whereon they fell ;
“ Still, with swelling heart, the shepherd
Loves upon their deeds to dwell.

“ May their mem'ry never perish !
May their graves be ever green !
“ They were peasants, and such peasants
As the world has rarely seen.

“Go! and may their God go with you—
Yea, the God of the oppress'd:
“Plant their faith, the *Faith of Freedom*,
'Mong these forests of the west.”

THE OLD WAR HORSE.

TIME's writing his changes on a' things, we see,
And sad anes he's writing, auld War Horse, on thee.
How chang'd from the great steed which chafed at the rein,
With the fleet foot thy rider could hardly restrain.
Thy legs are sair shaughled ; thy hoof, once of fire,
Must drag Jamie's cart through the mud and the mire.
Ah ! where's thy proud neck, which could scarce brook the
rein,
Thy "red rolling eye," and thy great arching mane ?
Thy mane is a' tauted, and scrumpet's thy tail,
And the gall on thy shouther is no' like to hale :
Thy hide is a' runkled, scarce covering thy banes,
And ye dreadfully hobble amang the whun stanes.

My heart's wae to see ye lash'd hard when ye reest,
And hear ye ca'd noch but an auld stubborn beast.

And yet, my auld horse, thou hast lashed that same tail,
While dashing in madness amid the death hail,
And neigh'd 'mid the thunder, the shout, and the smoke,
As ye swept like a thunderbolt to the death shock.

Thae feet, noo sae spaviet, hae pursued the flying,
And trampled to ashes the dead and the dying.
And often I see ye a hobblin' come,
At the tout o' the town-crier's auld crackit drum,
And prick up your ears, and erect your auld mane,
As if that ye wad be a War Horse again.

This warrin' and fechtin', wi' a' its parade,
O, the Meal Pock's the end o't! as auld Edie said;
But lessons are lost baith on horses and men,
And why should I blame you, when they winna learn.
Hear fallen Napoleon, in sorrow and woe,
Asking Marshal Macdonald, "Oh! where shall I go?"

And even 'mang horses there's great ups and downs,
As weel's amang monarchs wi' kingdoms and crowns.
Thy case is a hard ane, and I'm wae for thee;
Yet the auld sodger often mair wretched we see.
Thy master is cruel, nor pities thy pains,
For he's got a wife and some wee raggit weans:
To keep them in crowdie, and shed them frae snaw,
And buy him a drappy, taks a' ye can draw.

And yet, my auld horse, tho' thou'rt sunk in distress,
I doutna, ye whyles may hae glimpses o' bliss:
When Jamie's heart's ope'd wi' the blithe barlie brie,
A great rip o' oats he will whiles fling to thee,
Saying, come up, *Auld Sodger!* and never say puir—
The auld cursin' Colonel ne'er offer'd ye mair:
Ye don't think I stole ye, man! that ugly scar
Which ye got at Coranna wad tell wha's ye were.

I doutna, auld horse, but ye try to explain
Your strange alter'd lot, in some way o' your ain;
And tho' ye had reason to guide you, I fear
'Twad be but sma' comfort ye'd fin' with it here;
For it's puir consolation to man or to horse
To ken that there's thousands as bad, if no' worse;
For mony proud humans, my auld horse, like thee,
Hae to come down the hill and draw coals ere they dee.

WILL WADDLE'S ADDRESS

TO

THE DOG THAT WORRIED THE SHEEP.

So, so, my sleek neebor,
We've caught you at last :
I can't say I'm sorry
To see you held fast :
I ken you're in torture,
And yet that rough growl
Can scarce waken aught but
Delight in my soul.

Ye've lang been a trouble,—
Ye've lang been a pest ;
For, like human blackguards,
Ye'd live on the best ;
Wha starv'd didna matter,
Provided ye got
Aye the biggest, the fattest
In a' the hale flock.

Had ye been a wolf, it
 Would alter'd the case—
 But the dog o' a Deacon—
 Oh! what a disgrace!
 The wolf's a ken't cut-throat,
 O' butchers the chief,
 By saint and by sinner
 Outlaw'd for a thief.

But wha would hae thocht a
 Fat rascal like thee
 Wad hae worried a sheep to
 A puir saul like me?
 But why should I rail thus,
 And growl and condemn?
Greed's greater than gtspe!
 Wi' maist feck o' men.

There are plenty o' humans,
 As smooth and as sleek,
 Wha worry—their ain way—
 Their near neebors' sheep:
 They ne'er think it wrang,—they
 Ken better than that;
 Their only concern's to
 Beware o' the trap.

TO THE DOG THAT WORRIED THE SHEEP.

I could point you some fallows,
Wi' tongues smooth and sleek,
Wha were trained, frae the cradle,
To worry the sheep ;
And ithers, wha needed
Nae training ava,
But were natur'ly greedy
And strong in the jaw.

We hang up the cut-throat,
Send thieves owre the deep,
And grant ithers license
To worry the sheep :
See our Tavern-keeper,
Wi' wame big and braw,—
He's licensed to worry,
According to law !

There's sae muckle done in
The worrying way,
“ The sheep hae got used wi't ”
As Will Speirs* wad say.
For instance, there's Jock, like
A great senseless tip,
Wi' his Mae-in' and Bae-in',
Invites dogs to do't.

* A half-wit, well known in the west of Scotland,—see an account of his witticisms in the “Scotch Haggis.”

They're sic a temptation,
Sae senselessly tame,
That, really, the dogs should-nae
Get a' the blame.
You may pray for and pity,
Or kick and devour ;
But to help or protect them
Is out o' your power.

Some point to the pasture,
As scanty and bare ;
Ithers think its guid for them
To keep them aye puir ;
And some think guid guiding
Is a' that they need ;
While ithers stick stoutly
For crossing the breed.

As for guiding, I'm thinkin'
The prospect's but bare,
And by crossing ye'll only
Change wool into hair.
And ae thing is certain—
Train cross or deplore them—
As lang's there are sheep, the'll
Be dogs' to devour them.

Let the creatures be cover'd
 Wi' wool or wi' hair,
 A' guiding is lost, if
 The sense is no' there.
 It ne'er was decided
 By college or school,
 Wha's worst for the world,
 The knave or the fool.

They're baith stupid creatures,
 That we're perfect sure o';
 The ane's to be watch'd, and
 The ither ta'en care o'.
 Anither thing's certain—
 Let what likes befa',
 The *puir honest man* pays
 The piper for a'.

Labrador 8th air
 Robert Burns has
 read in some

THE GRIEVE ;*

OR,

THE LAMENTATIONS OF OLD JAWBAWS.

I DINNA ken what tempted me
To venture owre the raging sea ;
To come awa' to thir back wuds,
To live in poverty and dudds.

Oh ! surely I was mad to leave
The place wherein I was head Grieve ;
Where I could aye gang trig and braw,
And gar the auld Laird pay for a'.

What tho' my wages werena great ?
I was head man on the estate !
I rode a horse, walk'd wi' my gun,
And was a perfect gentlemun ;
I kept a bull-dog and a bitch,
Was up to every sporting titch ;

* Overseer.

On boxing matches I've had bets,
Been honor'd, yea, to haud the stakes ;
Weel ken't at a' the sporting places,
I've e'en been umpire at the races :
I ate the fattest o' the lan',
Had walth o' drink at my comman' ;
Bowze'd every nicht, till I was led,
As drunk's a lord, aff to my bed.
Oh, yes ! I weel may truly say,
I've been a big man in my day.

Ye needna stare—its truth I tell ;
I've e'en dined wi' the laird himsel' ;
For when my lady was frae hame,
He'd sit and bowze for weeks his lane,
And just as he'd get off the spree,
'Twas then he always sent for me :
He likit some aue to sit wi' him,
And keep the deevils awa' frae him.

Oh, I was weel, had I but ken't it !
But I grew waur than ane demented,
And, like the Devil, down I fell,
Ambitious to be laird mysel'.
Oh, 'tis an awfu' thing, ambition !
It's brought me to this sad condition :
Oh ! it's been mony a big man's ruin,
And Guid kens it was my undoing.

They tell me that in history books
 Ye'll read o' a' its twists and crooks ;
 But as for me I dinna heed them—
 I fa' asleep, aye, when I read them :
 They're fill'd, they say, wi' tales o' fallows
 Wha claucht at crowns, and got the gallows :
 Sic like, they say, has been the fate
 O' maist o' them wha wad be great ;
 And tho' I did escape the wuddy,
 Guid kens I'm noo a wretched body !

And in this country I ne'er get
 Frae young or old the least respect ;
 I'm nae mair notic'd, richt or wrang,
 Than if I were a common man ;
 Than if I'd aye worn clouty claes,
 And been a plewman a' my days.
 Here greatness past will no' uphaud us,
 For I'm ca'd naething but “ Auld Jawbaws.”

Wha, seeing me in this sad plight,
 Wad think I'd fa'n frae sic a height,
 Had fifty men at my command,
 Wha spoke to me wi' hat in hand.
 I us'd to like to see them runnin'
 To work whene'er they saw me comin' ;
 And tho' I didna crack a whip,
 They daur'd na for their souls look up,
 Unless it was to touch their hat,
 And ask me about this or that.
 Say what I likit, I was Sir'd,
 For nae one daur'd dispute my word :

They ne'er spoke back when I reprov'd them,
But dreaded Me! God placed above them!

And then their wives, in ilka place,
Aye met me wi' a smiling face;
For weel they ken't their wee drap tea
Was a' depending upon me.
Ocht that I needed they wad len' me—
Then tho bit presents they wad sen' me.
Altho' they might but sma' appear,
They cam to something in a year.

Its poverty gars working folk
Come quietly within the yoke:
The married anes are always humble—
For their weans' sakes they daurna grumble,
But quietly bear a' corrections,—
Faith, I walk'd into their affections!

'Od! man, how I put on the snitchers
On Eerish delvers and on ditchers,
And how I blew up the stane blawers,
And drove the dirty puir coal cawers.
To poachers I was waur than daggers,
And, 'od sake, how I bang'd the beggars:
There's some o' them will min' o' me,
I'm thinkin', till the day they dee.

I min' ae Heelanman frae Carrey,
 Wha got outrageous and camstrairy ;
 He damn'd in Gaelic, shook his nieve,
 At me ! the great, the model Grieve !
 He ca'd me scoundrel, tyrant, thief,
 And march'd aff, proud's a Heelan' chief.
 Faith every man, for six months thence,
 Paid dear for Donald's impudence ;

For, even there, there were some creatures
 Wi' feelings big and stubborn natures,
 Wha kick'd 'gainst my authority,
 And talk'd o' rights and liberty.

The hardest job, I set them to it—
 A' dirty work, I made them do it :
 If they rebell'd and got outrageous,
 I turn'd them off, and kept their wages !
 Faith I kept down their stubborn pride !
 For there the law was on my side.

But wheat is cheap, and labor dear,
 And servants are the masters here :
 They'll no' work if ye're out o' sight—
 Ye needna faut them—they're aye richt ;
 And if ye damn them to work faster,
 They'll tell you Jack's as good's his master.

Ye maun gie them the best o' board—
 Mister and Sir them, like my lord !
 And ye maun sit wi' them at table—
 To bear that I am hardly able !

For here there's no respect for station—
Barely a line o' demarkation
Between the master and the man—
Noo, that's clean against nature's plan!
Ae man, they say, 's as good's anither,
And a's reel-rall and rocht throuther.

Here servant lasses are young Misses—
Mere creatures that wash up your dishes!
They maun be treated like Duchesses:
Guid keep us! what a country this is!

It's big folk here maun toil and strive,
As if to keep themselves alive:
Noo, a real gentleman at hame
To do ocht usefu' wad think shame:
They never fash their heads to think—
They're born but for to eat and drink.
Work is a' left to Grieves and Factors,
While they rin off wi' jades and actors.

But, here, e'en those wha rule the nation
Are driving on some speculation:
Aye, even the big parliamenter
Will trade and cheat, like a tramp tinker.
The biggest man thiinks nocht degrading—
Kens a' the outs and ins o' trading,
And tho' they dinna steal or thieve,
Yet every man is his ain Grieve.

My faith! our gentry dinna work—
 They hae ideas aboon dirt!
 No!—a real gentleman at hame
 To cheat or bargain wad think shame.
 Faith! they keep their ain fingers clean—
 Hae souls aboon ocht that is mean:
 Factors and Grieves do a' their cheating,
 A' their hard swearing and brow-beating;
 And these were just the jobs for me,—
 Oh, I was mad to cross the sea!

I fin' I'm come to the wrang bit;—
 Faith I'll gang to the South States yet!
 That is the place o' places rare!
 They tell me Grieves are needed there:
 They tell me there ye'll buy a man
 Mair big and buirdly than I am—
 A' thew, a' sinew, and a' bane;
 Wha'll weigh something aboon twal stane;
 Wha'll work for you, baith nicht and day,
 And daurna for his soul seek pay;
 Wha'll eat ocht that ye like to feed him,
 Rin naked, as was done in Eden;
 Wha'll carry you upon his back
 To kirk or market—that's a fact;
 And then he'll honor you beside,
 And free frae a' this stuck-up pride;
 Wha's no' aye crying, Give, give, give;
 Wha's thankfu' if ye let him live;
 And then his price is no' that dear;—
 The fact is, that I'm owre lang here!

HAMILTON'S ADDRESS

TO

THE COVENANTING ARMY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLIGG.

Covenanting sons of Scotland !
Hearts unknown to craven fear !
Now the foemen are approaching,—
Let us wait their coming here.

Long, too long, has the oppressor
Trampl'd o'er this bleeding land :
For our country, God and Freedom,
For the Covenant we stand.

Hunted like the savage wild beast
 'Mong our native hills and dells,
 Till a cover's hardly left us
 'Mong our mosses and our fells.

What, my brothers in affliction,
 Tho' we perish in this strife?—
 Death is but a bless'd translation,
 Yea, to everlasting life.

Zion's banner waves above us—
 In the Lord we put our trust :
 Persecutors are approaching,—
 Let us smite them to the dust.

Hark! their kettle drums are beating—
 Clavers brings his butchers on :
 Now or never!—let us strike him,
 And the *fiend* he rides upon.

See, adown the mountain yonder,
 See, the Persecutor comes,
 'Mid the flourish of his trumpets,
 'Mid the noise of kettle drums.

Grant me, God, that in the battle,
For a moment we may meet ;
Let mine be the sword to send him
Staggering to thy judgment seat.

With the weight of blood that's hanging,
Weighing on his guilty soul ;
Rather than he 'scape, let both
Our heads upon the heather roll.

For the blood of Saints and Martyrs,
Now the hour of vengeance comes ;
Vengeance ! for a broken cov'nant,
Vengeance ! for our slaughter'd ones.

Glory to the God of battles !
Raise the shout in his great name !
Smite, as with the sword of Gideon !
Forward, on his foes ! Amen.

A VISION.

INSCRIBED TO ALEX. M'LAREN, ESQ., ROCKSIDE, CALEDON.

"Behold, a Dreamer cometh!"

I.

Is this world and all its wonders,
Our whole life a passing dream ;
Shadows we, that unto shadows,
With a death-like grapple, cling ?

II.

What's this mighty maze of being ?
Tell me, sages, if ye can :
What is light, and what is darkness ?—
Tell me what is meant by man.

III.

To illuminate our dungeon,
All your striving is in vain :
Of themselves, the sunbeams enter—
Of themselves, pass out again.

IV.

We have all our times and seasons,
When the brooding spirit sees
Over ages, over aeons,
Into the eternities.

V.

When the clouds which mar our vision
Melt like morning mists away,
When the past and unborn future
Meet upon the brink of day.

VI.

Tired, weary with conjecture,
On a stilly Sabbath night,
Clear as sunshine, on my spirit,
A strange vision did alight.

VII.

I beheld a mighty ocean,
Strewn thick with the wrecks of time,
And the fleet of death discharging
Its sad cargo on the brine.

VIII.

Of the dead within its bosom,
Kingdoms—continents, I saw,
Heap'd in regular confusion,
As a peasant piles his straw.

IX.

Here an earthquake-swallow'd city,
And a field of battle there :
Still the spectres look'd each other
With a horrid wolfish glare.

X.

Long I gazed in silent horror,
Fix'd as if by death's decree ;
For a myriad eyeless sockets
Were all fasten'd upon me.

XI.

But the spirit spake within me,
Saying : What hast thou to fear ?
Not for empty, idle horror,
Hast thou been admitted here.

XII.

Mortal ! cast thine eye far upward ;—
While thou breathest mortal breath,
Vain's thy hope of penetrating
The infinite depths of death.

XIII.

I beheld the cloud of being
Rise like vapor from that main,
Rolling o'er its awful bosom,
Sink into its depths again.

XIV.

As it rose, that cloud was braided -
With a lovely rainbow ray :
As it fell, the glory faded,
Blending in a solemn grey.

XV.

And the spirit spake within me,
Saying : That which thou dost see,
As shadow o'er death's gulf, is *Time*,
The rainbow of eternity.

XVI.

Ages, with their weary burdens,
While I gazed, came rolling on :
Still another and another
Melted in the deep like foam.

XVII.

Myriad human forms and faces
Look'd out on me through the gloom ;
Individuals, empires, races,
On their journey to the tomb.

XVIII.

Now a face divinely human,
'Mid a group of children seen ;
Now a blood-bespatter'd visage,
Horrid as a demon's dream.

XIX.

Some, pursuing their own shadows,
 Vanish'd quickly from my sight ;
 Others, grasping shining baubles,
 Soon were swallow'd in the night.

XX.

Now the ringing laugh of gladness,
 Now the short, sharp shriek of woe ;
 Joy and sorrow, mirth and madness,
 Hurrying to the gulf below.

XXI.

Yet, with an appalling sameness,
 Ages still came rolling on :
 Over each a voice kept singing
 Poor humanity's sad song.

SONG.

An infinite dome,
 O'er a world of wonder ;
 An eye looking down
 On the poor dreamer under.

An ocean of wrecks,
 And beyond it our home :
 Each wave, as it breaks,
 Leaves us whiter with foam.

A marriage to-day,
 And a funeral to-morrow ;
 A short smile of joy,
 And a long sigh of sorrow.

A birth and a death,
 With a flutter between ;
 A lamp and a breath,
 And we start from our dream.

XXII.

Then arose, as if in answer,
 From the great deep, voices three,
 Pealing till they woke the awful
 Echoes of eternity.

First Voice.]

Roll ! roll ! roll !
 With thy burden of hopes and of fears :
 Toil ! toil ! toil !
 In thy garden of blood and of tears !

On ! on ! on !
 Tho' weary, way-worn and oppressed :
 Long ! long ! long !
 Is the Sabbath of peace and of rest.

Second Voice.]

Eternal, O! eternal,
 The spirit's range shall be :
 Her heavy mantle she but casts
 Upon this deep, deep sea.

Immortal, O! immortal
 The glad, triumphant strain,
 • Soon as a spirit leaves the realm
 Of sorrow, death and pain.

Third Voice.]

Day dawns from the deepest shadow ;
 Flowers above corruption bloom ;
 Joy springs from the breast of sorrow ;
 Life immortal from the tomb.

Hope and fear are aye united ;
 Love and wretchedness are twin ;
 Hearts are by affection blighted,
 Only in a world of sin.

XXIII.

And the spirit stirr'd within me,
 As the voices died away :
 Suddenly time's rainbow vanish'd,
 And the dead cried out, 'Tis *day*.

XXIV.

Morning in the east was dawning ;
Earth-born sounds fell on mine ears ;
And the awful vision vanish'd
In a flood of human tears.

THE WEE RAGGIT WEAN.

I listen'd ae day to a wee raggit wean,
Lamenting its mither—gane to her lang hame :
Its face was a' dabbled, and sair, sair it grat,
And aye it said : " Mammy ull never come back ."

I praised it, and said, if 'twad be a guid wean,
It maybe micht meet wi' its mither again.
Oh ! how the thing look'd in my face as I spak,
Saying : " Oh ! do ye tell me that she will come back ?"

I strokit its wee head, and tried to explain,
But aye it said : " O, but we'll see her again !
Awa' the thing ran, its wee brither to tell,
And I was o'ercome wi' the feeling mysel' ."

A U L D H A W K I E . *

I've heard the famed talkers, frae eloquent Tam,
To thundering Brougham, and badgering Dan ;
I've listen'd to mony a lang lippet chiel,
Frae wee birkie Roebuck, to slee Robie Peel ;
But I've heard but ane, wha could instantly start
Ony tone that he lik'd, frae the strange human heart.
Tho' but an auld beggar, wi' a raucle tongue,
Yet O ! he enchanted the auld and the young.

* The above is the cognomen of an old mendicant of Glasgow, who was well known all over the west of Scotland, where his witticisms and wise sayings are still remembered. A good biographic sketch, with characteristic anecdotes, appeared shortly after his death in "Whistle Binkie," a Glasgow annual, where the lovers of genuine wit may find much to instruct and amuse.

I min' when a laddie how anxious I ran
 To listen wi' awe to that wonderfu' man ;
 'Twas not what he said, nor the way that he said it,
 But a strange, nameless soul, which each sentence pervaded :
 The past and the present were standing before you,
 Or hung like the web of immensity o'er you.

He had a strange e'e in a far stranger head,
 Of wonderfu' meaning, and ill, ill to read ;
 When you'd fix'd its meaning beyond a' dispute,
 Some new ane was sure to flash instantly out ;
 'Twas clear as a sunbeam, now dark as despair,
 Anon it was flashing wi' lightning's wild glare ;
 And fouk leuk'd and listen'd, and never grew tired,
 For Hawkie aye spoke like a being inspired.
 Without a set form, or strict logical plan,
 He aye threw some new licht on nature and man,—
 How he'd swing on his crutch, as a big thought was born,
 While words, like the Scotch Greys, cam gallopin' on.
 At corners and crossings he'd take up his stand,
 And test and try those wha bore rule in the land ;
 And woe to the great ones who waken'd his wrath,
 For a torrent o' tongue he let loose in their path ;
 The tombs o' their fathers he'd howk and ransack,
 And laden wi' crime come triumphantly back :
 Their very forms started, as 'twere, frae their graves,
 As he show'd you his fine panorama o' knaves.
 His was not a roar—nor an Indian yell,
 'Twas the laugh o' a demon tormenting in hell.

He had the hale annals, summ'd up in his face,
 Of the wand'ring, unsettled, improvident race.

In the pauper Republic nane like him could shine,
For his great love of freedom approached the sublime.

He ruled undisputed o'er legions o' rags,
Commanded hale regiments o' auld mealy bags.
And his word was law 'mang the gangrel fouk,
The lame and the lazies, the knave and the sot;
E'en schule weans ne'er tried to pelt Hawkie wi' mud,
He was nae common beggar they a' understood;
And when he was drunk, an' he could na weel gang,
They wad carry his Bachles, and help him along.

I min' ae dark nicht, when I met him his lane,
Mair drunk than his usual, o' helping him hame;
And aye as he swa'gger'd, he spoke against drink,
And aye, he said, laddie—behold me, and think!
Had my heart no' been harden'd 'gainst a' things divine,
By my auld mither's tears, 'twad hae melted langsyne.

I see how the land lies, my laddie, wi' thee,
And there's something I like in your bonnie blue e'e.
Ye may be a man yet, gin ye'll keep frae drink,
But I doubt, my wee laddie, ye'll soar but to sink.
I see something in you that's owre like mysel',
Sae it needs nae auld spae wife your fortune to tell.

I canna weel bless you—that's out o' my line!
I was better at cursing since e'er I can min'.
Mark what I say to you—auld rip tho' I be—
May ye lang cheat the deevil, the Gill-stoup and me.
I ken that your heart hates the worldling's creed,
But virtues turn vices when heart masters head.
If ance ye let reason gie up the commaun,
Ye may rin to the deil, wi' your heart in your haun.

And this I would hae you to bear aye in min',
 For I'm thinkin' ye fan mang your fellows would shine :--
 That talent's a curse, if it wiles us awa
 Frae the God o' salvation, wha reigns aboon a'!

My pride and my passion ance spurn'd at his yoke ;
 Noo they hang roun my neck, in the waefu' meal-pock.
 I'm a wreck, I'm a ruin ! but once in this breast,
 E'en love had a corner where she built her nest ;
 Could Jeanie hae thocht this, Ah ! ance in a day !
 Whèn our prospects were high, and our young hearts were
 gay ;

Oh ! could she noo see me, what, what wad she think !
 An aul gaberlunzie, deleerit wi' drnk,
 And a wee raggit laddie conveying him hame,
 Wha, if it were daylight, wad maybe think shame.

Ah ! ance I was big, wi' ambition and hope,
 And noo they hae ended, a' in the meal-pock ;
 Lstill hae a hanker, for virtue and truth ;
 But they ill, ill agree wi' this damnable drouth.
 I've done nocht but shown, in the auld Hawkie way,
 How little true sense a real genius may hae.

It's still at your option, my laddie, to be
 A man, or an auld drucken beggar like me.
 Decide while ye may, or your end will be mine,
 And chief o' the beggars is far frae sublime.

*A sketch
 from nature
 in the original*

A VOICE FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

*Mortal! hear, for Jesus' sake,
A spirit speaking at death's gate:
Listen, ere it be too late.—*

Dost thou wish to see thy name
Written in the rolls of fame?
Ah! throughout all nature's range,
Nought is permanent but change:
Races perish, empires sink,
Over the eternal brink.
Of their trouble, toil and pain
Not a shadow doth remain;
Worlds evaporate like smoke—
Thou shalt be remembered not.

Does thy soul to greed incline ?
Dost thou treasure, but for time ?
Bolts and bars asunder fall ;
Death shall rob thee of it all.
Hither thou canst nothing take :
Something do, for Mercy's sake.

Is thy soul athirst for glory ?
Here she tells a wretched story :
Hearts which did for empire burn,
Eaten by the crawling worm.

Or, is wisdom thy pursuit ?
Here thou'lt find her ripen'd fruit,
Garner'd up on sorrows' breast,
Not the sweetest, but the best.

W O R T H .

I care not for country, I care not for creed :
We're all sons of Adam, the *best* poor indeed.
I care not for station ; I want but to know
If thy heart can with pity and love overflow.
With country and kindred I've nothing to do :
If thou hast a heart that is honest and true,
Then come to my bosom, whate'er be thy creed,
For thou art my friend and my brother indeed.

I ask not to know if thy dwelling is great ;
But is Justice thy factor, whate'er thy estate ?
The halls may be splendid in which you reside ;
But, does Peace, Truth and Mercy within them abide ?
The lord of the manor, the mansion, and hall,
Is often a poor, heartless thing, after all.
Then p'ume not thyself on thy wealth and thy rank ;
For if thou'rt not good, thou art worse than a blank.

O! brag not to me that thou'rt far above need ;
But tell me, my friend, art thou far above greed ?
O! talk not to me of thy power and estate :
I'd ask thee, my friend, art thou far above fate ?
How far art thou raised above sorrow and woe,
To look with contempt upon aught here below ?
With vanity's promptings, O! be not elate ;
For death, pain and sorrow thou cans't not escape.

Away with the bosom, tho' covered with gold,
If the heart that's within it be callous and cold.
O! show not your garments to me, if they hide
But hearts all polluted with passion and pride.
O! talk not to me of your delicate food,
If ye love not the banquet prepared for the good.
If the great joy of sorrow thou never hast known,
Thou still art a slave, tho' possess'd of a throne.

O! give me the man who has triumph'd o'er self,
Who feels there are some things far, far above wealth ;
Who chooses the truth, and will by it abide,
And deems it a treasure above aught beside :
Tho' in roughest homespun that mortal is drest,
The heart of a man's beating under his vest :
Tho' poor and tho' humble may be his abode,
He bears the true stamp and the image of God.

O! then let us hope that the time's coming round,
When worth will be honor'd wherever 'tis found ;
When men will be tested, no, not by their creeds,
Nor the length of their purse, but the worth of their deeds ;

The hand be exalted, tho hard as the horn,
If the full cup of mercy it ever has borne;
And virtue and goodness the measure of worth,
And Truth, Love and Mercy abide upon earth.

MYSTERY.

Mystery, mystery—
All is a mystery:
Mountain and valley, and woodland and stream,
Man's troubled history,
Man's mortal destiny,
Are but the shadows of worlds unseen.

Mystery, mystery—
All is a mystery:
Heart-throbs of anguish, and joy's gentle dew,
Fall from a fountain,
Beyond the great mountain,
Whose summits forever are lost in the blue.

Mystery, mystery—
All is a mystery :
The sigh of the night winds, the song of the waves,
The visions that borrow
Their brightness from sorrow,
The tales which flowers tell us, the voices of graves.

Mystery, mystery—
All is a mystery :
Fain would we drink of the immortal dew.
We are all weary ;
The night's long and dreary :
Without hope of morning, O ! what should we do ?

TO A
SCOTTISH THISTLE
IN CANADA.

Lov'd badge of my country,
Ah! why art thou here,
So far from auld Scotland,
The land we love dear?
This is not our country:
We're exiled afar
From the mighty Benlomond
And "dark Lochnagar."

Some fond heart which turns to
Its home with regret,
Has brought thee to love thee
For auld Scotland yet.
Her own exiled children
Alone understand
The love we all bear to
That wild mountain land.

But why thus dejectedly
Hang'st thou thy head,
As if all thy pride and
Thy glory were dead?
Ah! dost thou regret the
Long summers of old?
Or, feel'st thou the taunt here,
Both cruel and cold?

Assume thine own aspect,
Thy proud look of scorn,
Which plainly says: Foeman,
Beware of the thorn!
Up wi' thy blue bonnet, man!
Never think shame:
Such never could stick to
Thy nation or name.

The land of the blue lake,
The mountain and storm,
Where liberty looks, from
The great Cairngorm,
Around on her grey guards,
And points to the urn
Which she rear'd for the tyrant
On red Bannockburn.

TO A SCOTTISH THISTLE IN CANADA.

When I see a blue bonnet,
Or hear a Scotch sang,
Or see a wee daisie,
Thae strange flowers amang,
What a host of Scotch worthies—
The living and dead,
Wha hae crown'd wi' a glory
Our auld mother's head—

With a lang, sympathetic,
Deep sigh, will appear:
I see them, lov'd thistle!
Approaching us here.
Tho' I ne'er saw the living,
I ken them right weel;
I know the lov'd face of
Each hale-hearted chiel.

Ha! there the great Minstrel^o
Stalks sturdily forth,
Of smiles, tears and tempests—
The soul of the north.
See nature's old union
Of weakness and worth;
But e'en from his frailties
Deep love had its birth.

* Burns.

So from the rude winter
Comes forth the glad spring :
Where the sunshine's eternal,
The birds never sing.
Here comes Highland Mary,
In beauty arrayed :
Death steals not her beauty—
It never can fade.

Like a vision of Eden,
'Thro' good and thro' ill,
That form and these features
Have haunted me still.
If beauty yet wrings from
My bosom a sigh,
Or pity comes gushing
In tears from mine eye ;

Or innocence moves, in
Her maidenly grace ;
I see but that form—I
Behold but that face.
I thank thee, lov'd minstrel,
For many a tear,
For a deep well of feeling
Thy love has kept clear.

TO A SCOTTISH THISTLE IN CANADA.

But see, beloved Thistle,
E'en Scott, in his joy,
Comes on wi' his troopers,
And dauntless Rob Roy.
There steel-cover'd Barons,
And grim kilted Thanes,
And tall plaided chieftains,
And proud royal dames.

There kings wi' their sceptres,
Blue gowns wi' their bags,
High pedigreed damsels,
And auld wither'd hags;
And puir hunted "hill folk,"
Wha fought not in vain;
There Burley and Bothwell
Are at it again.

There Meg as she tauld the
Auld laird o' her wrangs,
Or pour'd out her charg'd heart
In auld warld sarngs.
There tiltings and tournays,
And forays and fudes,
And robbers and reavers
Amang the green woods.

And fox hunts, and fule hunts,
And tyrants and slaves,
And half hearts, and hale hearts,
And true men and knaves :
A wonderfu' world, that
Was dead and gane,
Till the word o' the *Warlock*
Awoke it again.

Another ! lov'd Thistle,
To whom thou wert dear,
As light to the lovely,
Approaches us here.
'Tis canty auld Christopher,*
Blithest of a',
Weel kent by his ain
Ringing laughing hurrah.

And here comes a small band,
With deep, measured tread,
Stern, earnest as that which
At Loudon Hill bled.
Its leader stalks forth with
A sad, solemn smile :
The shade of the mighty,
Immortal Carlyle.

* Professor Wilson.

And yonder great Chalmers,
The second John Knox,
Whose sentences fell like
Fate's terrible strokes.
His large human nature
No nation could bind :
His love of the thistle
Was love of mankind.

The vision has vanish'd,
The shadows are gone,
And yet, belov'd Thistle,
We are not alone.
These are the immortals
That never depart :
They fade but from vision,
To dwell in the heart.

MELANCHOLY.

Of this melancholy madness
'Tis but little they can know,
Who had ne'er a touch of heartbreak,
Who had ne'er a taste of woe :
But if thou hast been afflicted,
If thy soul has been oppress'd,
Thou canst feel for him who fain would
Steal away and be at rest.

Yesternight, when all was silent,
Seated by the fire, in pain,
From the bowl I sought oblivion
For my woes, but sought in vain.
Why, I ask'd am I tormented ?
Why must I this burden bear ?
When a voice—Oh ! how distinctly !—
Whisper'd in my anxious ear :

“Thou art wounded in life’s battle ;
Thou art vanquish’d in the strife :
“Wilt thou, like a crawling spaniel,
Cling to thy accursed life ?
“Here there is no prospect for thee :
Thou art unto misery wed :
“Render back to earth thy being :
Better far that thou wert dead.

“All this world is but a jumble ;
All is to confusion gone :
“There is neither vice nor virtue ;
There is neither right nor wrong.
“There is not a Heaven above thee ;
There is not a Hell beneath :
“’Tis a plunge, and all is darkness :
Why cling to this naked reef ?

“Life is but a length of sorrow,—
Death is the afflicted’s friend :
“Here’s the pistol!—in a moment,
All thy miseries may end.
“There will be an end of sorrow,—
There will be an end of pain :
“This confusion and this racket
Weigh not on thy soul again.

“Head-ache, and the doubt and darkness
Which is gnawing thy heart’s core—
“Courage!—and a little bullet
Rids thee of them evermore.”
Suddenly I found the weapon—
How, I know not—in my grasp :
All was darkness, when a great light
Full upon my face was cast.

There I saw my mother standing,
With the very look she wore
When I last receiv’d her blessing,
Close beside our cottage door.
’Twas the look of love and sorrow
Which we cast upon the dead,
And she pointed to the weapon,
While she sorrowfully said :

“This the end of all my counsel !
Thou, who wert my hope and joy !—
“Cast thy burden on the Saviour,—
Flee to him, heart-broken boy.”
And I felt her garments touch me,
As she pass’d, like thought, away :
For the first time since my childhood,
Then I knelt me down to pray.

While a train of old emotion,
Unfelt, since I saw her last,
With a new hope, touch'd my spirit,
And the demon from me pass'd.
Sweet is slumber to the weary ;
Sweet is hope to the forlorn ;
And, with Faith and Hope united,
Any burden may be borne.

THE OLD SETTLER

OR,

THE TRIALS AND TROUBLES

OF

PAISLEY JOHN.

It's noo thirty year since
I cross'd the saut sea,
And things here hae thriven
And prosper'd wi' me:
At hame I saw little, save
Hunger and greed,
And gloomy and dark was
The prospect ahead.

If I wasna weary—
It's I ken mysel—
Weaving sarkin, guid God!
At three farthings the ell!
Between cauld and hunger,
And ill-ravel't weft,
It's a wonder to me that
I didna gang daft.

I've aft lain me down wi'
A heart sick and sair,
And wish'd that I never might
wauken up mair.
To stann like a beggar,
And plead but for work,
And then to be look'd at
As if ye were dirt ;

To be snuff't at, and snoul't at,
Again and again ;
To be girm't at, and fauted,
Where faut there was nane ;
What man wi' a soul and
Ten fingers could bear
Sic treatment, and no' try
His best to come here ?

It's muckle God's creatures are
Fore'd to endure :
Ye're no' thocht to hae ony
Soul, if ye're poor :
And puppies, wha ne'er had
A mouthfu' o' sense,
Will trample upon you,
Through ony pretence.

I bore the ill tongue o'
 Ae scoundrel accurs'd,
Till I thought through my bosom
 My proud heart wad burst:
I bore wi' his taunts and
 His lean heartless laugh,
Till I lifted my nieve up
 To smite him in wrath.

But, Oh! then, the thocht o' my
 Wee starving weans
Made me staun like a stoukey—
 A thing without brains.
We're tauld to forgie, but
 I canna forget!
I blush—my blood boils—when
 I think of it yet!

But women forgie things
 Far quicker than men;—
My wife says, thae troubles
 Were a' a God-sen;
And aye she'll quote Scripture,
 And stiffly maintain
That, but for that scoundrel,
 We'd still been at hame;

Wi' naething to keep us,
Noo that we are auld—
Wi' nocht to protect us
Frae hunger and cauld.
We're short-sighted creatures,
She says, at the best,
And apt to lose faith in God,
When we're oppress'd :

But He makes the wicked
To work out His will,
While we, blinded creatures,
See nocht in't but ill.
Ill usage, she threeps, aye,
Has broken our chains,
And brought us frae bondage
To thae smiling plains.

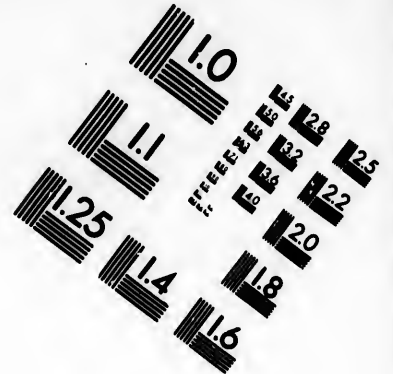
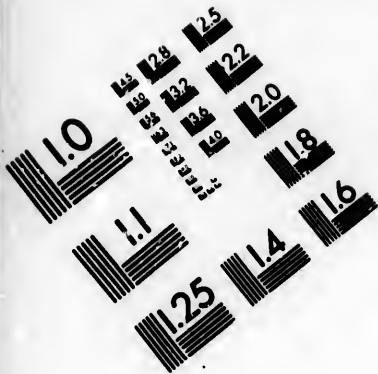
At lang, and at last, then,
We manag'd to leave ;
Yet, somehow or ither,
I couldna but grieve ;
For some things had ta'en a
Strong grip o' my heart :
I ne'er ken't its full force,
Till we had to part.

The burns where I wander'd,
When I was a boy,
When life seem'd a happy,
A lang dream o' joy ;
The burns where I wander'd,
The fields where I play'd,
The lang leafy lanes where
Green summer delay'd ;

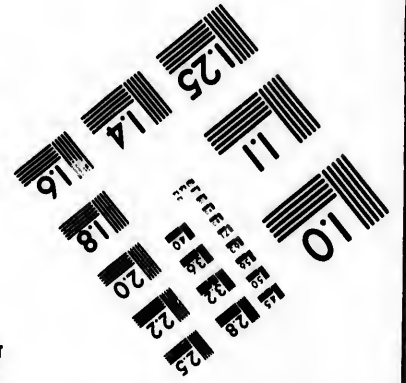
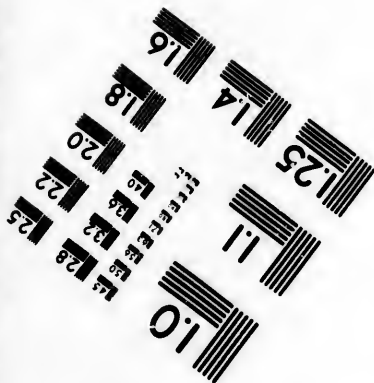
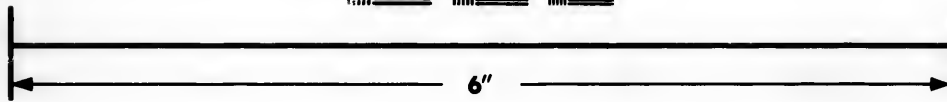
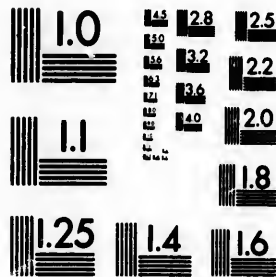
The cot-house and garden,
My grandfather's pride ;
The auld aik which grew by
The bonnie wud-side ;
The great highland hills,
Which from childhood I saw,
With a strange nameless feeling
Of wonder and awe ;

The far distant Ailsa,
Half hid in the blue ;
The ocean of cliffs that were
heaving up through :
I knew not how deeply
I lov'd them, till they
On the rim of the ocean
Were fading away !





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Aweel, then, we cam here
 When this was a' bush :
 A big man was I, when
 I got up a house ;
 A wee patch o' clearing,
 The sky keekin' through,
 And hope singing sangs 'mang
 The beautiful blue.

A proud man was I when
 I shure my first crop,—
 Mair proud than I'm noo o'
 My hale farm and stock :
 It dash'd frae my bosom
 A great load o' care,
 And pointed to plenty,
 If I'd persevere.

Napoleon, I doubtna,
 Felt proud o' his throne,
 When he first sat him down on't,
 And ca'd it his own ;
 But he couldna feel prouder
 Than me, when I sat,
 A sovereign lord, on
 The tap o' that stack.

And then, when I managed
To buy my first cow,
I felt a delight which
I canna feel noo.
I felt, in the joy o' my
Wife and my weans,
A rich, rich reward for
My trouble and pains.

For they look'd at, and talk'd o't,
The hale o' the time,
And I doubt if we've e'er felt
As happy sin' syno!
Our neebors were puir, and
As humble as we;
Yet, somehow, we always
Made out to agree.

We were social and friendly,
Took things as they cam,
And manag'd to help
Ane anither along.
John Tamson's bairns, truly,
We were ane and a',
And manag'd to live
Without physic or law.

We had our ain troubles,
Nae doubt, and our care ;
But then we were a' alike
Honest and puir,
Wi' nane o' this ugly,
This upsettin' pride,
Which some folk hae hardly
The sense noo to hide.

We were far frae the market,
And city awa',
And seldom the face o'
A stranger we saw.
We had a wee world
A' here o' our ain,
And to our door ne'er came
Oppression or shame.

And for politics we ken't
As little about
Those wha were in power
As them wha were kick'd out.
Wi' sic things I never could
Bother my head :
At spare times I'd something
Far better to read.

I brought four books wi' me ;
I read them by turns :
The Bible, Scot's Worthies,
John Bunyan, and Burns.
The langer I read them,
The fonder I grew,
And—the thing that seem'd strangest—
They always were new.

We toil'd on for years, tho'
We made little o't ;
But I never grudg'd hard work,
As lang's I had hope.
Here no pet'y underling
Set me by task :
At the fruit of my labor
No tyrant could grasp.

And tho' we had troubles,
We're maistly content ;
For they were the troubles
Which Providence sent ;
For, tho' frae oppression
We flee and escape,
Yet sorrow will find us,
In some other shape.

There were nae aristocracy
 Here in thae days ;
 But young anes forget their
 Auld fathers' plain ways,
 And splatter themselves and
 Their neebors beside
 Wi' the froth of their puir silly
 Folly and pride.

Their creed is a short ane —
 "To get and to keep ;"
 Wi' sma' faith in virtue,
 And great faith in wheat :
 They garner far mair up
 Than crop in the barn ;
 For their hearts cannot stretch an
 Inch over the farm.

And friendship and sympathy
 Noo are a' gane ;
 Each man, like a miser,
 Is guarding his ain ;
 And, tho' I hae plenty,
 I think, wi' a tear,
 On the change that's cam owre hearts,
 Since I settled here.

EXODUS;

OR,

MACGREGOR'S LAMENT.

From Clutha to Caithness, there's weeping and wailing ;
A dark cloud encircles the Giant Cairn-Gorm ;
The voice of the Sassenach commands in our valleys ;
There's strange kings in Isla, and new lords in Lorn.

Macdonald must leave his beloved Glen-Garry ;
And Cameron must bid his Lochaber adieu ;
But go where they will, O ! there's nothing can sever
Their hearts from these lakes, and these mountains of blue !

The lands of Macgregor are claim'd by a stranger,
Who speaks not our language, his lineage unknown ;
The long line of Alpin is broken—and fallen
The line which for ages has weather'd the storm !

The Gælic no more shall be heard by Lake Lomond ;
Our race and our language are passing away ;
Ah ! what would Rob Ruadh now think, could he witness
The woes of his children, this sorrowful day !

The bagpipe no more shall be heard on our mountains ;
The badge of our kindred unhonor'd, unknown ;
The songs of our bards, and the deeds of our heroes,
Be but an old tale, of a people all gone !

That sheep may be pastur'd, our hearts must be broken !
Our dear glens forsaken, our dwellings laid low ;
Yes, there, where our sweetest affections were cherished,
The wild deer may wander, the red heather grow.

Oh ! had we but died, like our fathers, in battle !
Our children might still have a kindred and home ;
But from lake and from mountain the voice of the Sassenach
Now bids the descendants of Alpin be gone.

O ! what unto us are those southern improvements,
If for them we must give our country and home ?
Had Gregor his will, it's Claymore and Skene-Ocel
Would yet be lawgiver, from Clutha to Don !

DAFT JAMIE.

Daft Jamie dwalt in a cot house,
Beside a wimplin' burn,
Which, like a snake, crept through the glen,
Wi' mony a crook and turn.

Upon its banks some hazels hung,
And the tall fox-glove floure
Was leuking through the rents time made
In an auld ruin'd toure.

The truānt schoolboy shun'd the spot,
Thither no traveller came,
For O! it was a dreary place,
And had an ill, ill name.

On the ae haun a lang driegh muir,
Wi' no' a house in sicht,
The blackbird never whustl'd there,
Nor laverock in the lift.

Close by a breaker-beaten cost,
White wi' the saut sea faem,
Whar mony a vessel had been lost,
And ne'er heard o' again.

Yet there a lonely woman dwelt,
Wi' her puir silly son :
They'd sought a quiet hermitage,
The jeering world to shun.

And there for many a year they dwelt,
Forgotten by mankin',
Yet he who doth the sparrows feed
Had borne them still in min'.

To gather burdens o' auld sticks
Puir Jamie likit weel.
Heat was, he said, the greatest bliss
A mortal man could feel.

For hours he'd sit and watch the flame,
And mutter to himsel',
Then laugh and croon, tho' what he meant
Nae mortal e'er could tell.

But ae dark, dreary winter nicht,
This thocht cam in his head—
To place a beacon on the heicht,
Wad be a manly deed.

'Tis said when great Archimedes
Had solved a problem vast,
He started triumphing, and cried,
I've found it out at last.

Sae Jamie started frae his seat,
And clapp'd his haun's wi' glee,—
O! 'twas a blink o' sunshine on
A dark and dismal sea.

Ye've tauld me aft that Christ's a licht
The wanderer to save;
He's needed up upon yon heicht,
That's ca'd the sailor's grave.

That very night he clomb the steep,
Kindled a beacon fire,
And twirl'd his haun's wi' a strange joy
To see the flames rise higher.

And thro' long years this work of love
He carried on wi' joy,
And many a lonely mariner
Bless'd the poor idiot boy.

Yes, there upon the lonely rock,
Tho' winds their voices raised,
And waves rush'd headlong to the shock,
The beacon fire still blazed.

They saw who journeyed on the deep,
At the dead hour of night,
His form increas'd to stature vast,
Watching that beacon light.

And great men toil'd on flood and fie'd !
A selfish joy to reap —
I turned from all—to that humane,
Poor idiot on the steep,

And sighed to think how many strive
But to increase dark night,
And hide in everlasting gloom
Each mental beacon light.

Crownless Napoleon on his rock
Can only make us weep—
Humanity, whose heart is hope,
Crown Jamie on the steep.

POVERTY.

Oh ! I am poor—Oh ! very poor !
But why should that distress me ?
Since things far worse than poverty
But rarely do molest me :
For I have peace and quietude,
And, tho' my board's but humble,
I've what kings seldom do enjoy,
And little cause to grumble.

If I have not the joys of wealth,
Neither have I its troubles ;
And all its outward shows I deem
But empty idle baubles.
I would not have, for worlds of gold,
The trouble and vexation,
The rancor and the turmoil of
This peddling generation.

Misfortune's gi'en me mony kicks,
 And, tho' she keeps me down hill,
 She hasna broke my heart as yet—
 She's only made me hopeful.
 There is no station in this life
 That is frae ills exempted :
 Virtue would be an easy thing,
 If we were never tempted.

I ask no charity, save for
 My human faults and failings,
 And what I ask, I strive to give
 To others in our dealings.
 I never was so hard beset,
 As to forget the features
 Of Justice, Mercy, and the rights
 Of my poor fellow creatures.

A fu' purse and an empty heart
 Owre often gang thegither.
 What signifies our fields increase,
 If our affections wither ?
 What tho' my coat may be threadbare,
 And may be a bit hole in't ?—
 If my heart's hale, and conscience clear,
 My life may hae some soul in't.

The great rich man may pass me by :
 What care I for his strutting,
 So long's law binds him, like that ram,
 They've tether'd there for butting ?
 O, he is poor !—O, very poor !
 And muckle to be pitied ;
 Wha's heaven is a' in needless greed,
 And's hell's in being cheated.

The silly fop may pass me by,
 Wi' feathers fair elated :
 He's but a thing to be laugh'd at,
 And hardly to be hated ;
 And even him—I strive to love,
 For I'm but a poor hater :
 Excepting when my devil's rous'd,
 I might pass for a Quaker.

What shall we do to get a catch
 Of the " Almighty Dollars ?"
 E'en greybeards, wha might hae mair sense,
 Are anxious, earnest scholars.
 O, how they toil, and plan, and scheme,
 Build castles ne'er to tumble !
 Fate comes and rattles the dice box,
 And makes an unco jumble.

For she assigns us different parts,
And punishes all treason ;
Yea, laughs at all our little arts
To alter her decision.
Then why should I afflict myself
About mere worldly riches ?
I've the light heart o' the auld sang,
And the thin pair o' breeches.

The blue vault's hanging o'er my head,
And the green earth is under ;
Above, beneath, on every side,
A mystic world of wonder.
Have I not, in this threadbare coat,
And on this lowly station,
Caught tones of rapture, trembling from
The harp of the creation ?

Can gold assist me to divine
The actual from the seeming ?—
Or from each mighty symbol wrest
Its everlasting meaning ?
No ;—but for me the mighty dead
Unfold their living pages ;
And I'm permitted to commune
With prophets, bards and sages.

Yes, they—the really truly great,
Kings, potentates excelling—
Without the pride and pomp of state,
Come to my lowly dwelling ;
And their society has been,
'Mid sorrow and privation,
A joy, which took away the sting
From woe and tribulation.

Then let us, with a thankful heart,
Accept what God has given ;
And ne'er may gold tempt us to part
From the straight road to Heaven :
And let us try to love our God,
And our poor fellow mortals ;—
Such is the wealth acceptable
At highest heaven's portals.

WILL WADDLE

TO HIS OLD HORSE, ON SEEING IT ANNOYED BY INSECTS.

Ah ! Dobbin, poor Dobbin,
Thou'rt sadly beset ;
A revel is held on
Thy festering neck.
A whole generation
Of merciless clegs !
And strange creeping creatures—
A' heads and a' legs—

Are sucking thy gall'd back,
Wi' tory delight :
A pound for a besom—
To scatter the byke !
Vain, vain are thine efforts
To shake thyself free ;—
They're clinging like death, my
Poor Dobbin, to thee.

WILL WADDLE TO HIS OLD HORSE,

They're on thee in regiments,
A' yellow and blue :
Come, toss up thy tail, man,
And scatter the crew.
But, ah ! they have found out
Thy tail has been cut ;
They laugh at thine efforts,
And fearlessly suck.

O ! there are analogies,
Likenesses strange,
Which run—how, we know not—
Throughout nature's range.
For I have seen features
Behind a beer bar,
Resembling these creatures',
But uglier far.

The old proverb says that
Misfortune and pain
Do never come single,
But bring a lang train.
I'm thinkin', poor Dobbin,
Ye find it owre true ;
For thy bleeding bosom
Attracted this crew.

'Tis ever thus, Dobbin,
Misfortune's rough blasts
Cleeds baith men and horses
Wi' maggots and wasps :
For when some poor sinner
Is sunk in distress,
The beagles get wind o't,
And come for a mess.

There's nocht but they'll worry,
Be't ever sae puir :
If they can't get the hide, they'll
At least get the hair.
And, oh ! when some pure soul
Exhibits a stain,
What a buzz rises up frae
The dirty domain !

What poor creeping creatures,
And things we name not,
Come to banquet, wi' joy, on
The pitiful spot !
If there's but corruption,
They'll ferret it out,
As if nature had gi'en them
The scent and the snout.

WILL WADDLE TO HIS OLD HORSE

Where ye would ne'er dream o't,
 They'll snuff't from afar,
 Be't auld rinnin' cruel,
 Or mere scratch or scar :
 A natural instinct,
 A gift o' their ain—
 'Tis genius, 'tis something
 We cannot explain.

F've e'en heard them brag o'
 Their scent and their sicht,
 Tho', Guid kens, they're welcome,
 For me, to the gift.
 It beats me to ken how
 The morally lame,
 The awfully dirty!
 Aye fling the first stane.

The man wha has aye an
 Ill story to tell—
 Be sure that he's no' just
 The real thing himsel'.
 The man wha's aye crying—
 Beware o' the beast!—
 Be sure there's ten growling
 Within his ain breast.

We a' make the world
A type o' oursel';
So the puir human devil's
Aye living in hell.
When some thochtless lassie
Has pawn'd her fair fame,
Some auld hidden limmer's
The first to cry shame.

Like you, ye wing'd maggots,
She'll couthiely sit,
And suck a damn'd joy frae
The festering bit.
It's no' that she hates ought
O' sin or o' shame;
It's the real potcher's pleasure
In killing the game.

If a cloud overshadows
The sun at noon-day,
The night birds will waken
Their hideous lay;
And if a great spirit—
Whose soarings sublime
Assures us we're more than
Mere mortals of time—

Is dimm'd by a shadow,
Defaced by a flaw.
Must bear to be peck'd at
By every jackdaw.
Had such as he for them
Not struggled and strain'd,
Ah ! they in the wilderness
Would have remain'd.

The great politician
We crown wi' green bays ;
For a time he's the great,
Mighty man of huzzas,
The lion of party ;—
But, ah ! let him fail,
And those who once dreaded
The sweep of his tail,

Like true moral wreckers,
They'll joy in the wreck,
Or, like these blood-suckers,
They'll cling to his neck.
Of poor human nature
This is a sad view,
And yet, for the moment,
I feel it owre true.

Tho' from ane anither
We've muckle to bear,
Let's try to do good, the
Wee while that we're here.
Our poor fellow creatures,
Be they richt or wrang,
Tho' veriest vermin,
Can still feel a pang.

O! ne'er let us glory
In shame and disgrace,
Nor feed, like these scunners,
Upon a sair place.
Aye mind wha has tauld us,
Ere we fling the stane,
To see if we ha'ena
Some faut o' our ain.

A D R E A M .

Dreams are the mirror of the mind :
We see ourselves in dreams.

I sat myself down by a lone mountain stream,
Which hurried away to the sea :
Around me the rude rocks of ages were strewn—
Above me an old willow tree.

The waters came dashing adown the rude rocks,
Till, exhausted and foaming, they fell ;
And bubbled a moment within the dark pool,
Then gladly sped on through the dell.

I gazed on the tumult, the strife and the foam,
And the bubbles that pass'd like a dream ;
In aerial beauty they bounded along,
In the light of the laughing sunbeam.

I thought of existence, its tumult and strife,
Of time's rapid, turbulent stream ;
And long, long I ponder'd the meaning of life,
When thus a voice slowly did sing :

Voice]

Launch'd upon an unknown river,
Hurrying to an unknown sea,
Without compass, sail or rudder,
What a hapless crew are we !

Deep, infinite deeps before us,
Ruin riding in the wind,
Cloudy curtains hanging o'er us,
And eternities behind.

Onward, onward, ever onward,
Full in sight of that dread sea ;
Not a beacon light to cheer us,
Not a single star. Ah, me !

An old man approach'd as the voice died away,
 And sadly he look'd in my face :
 He lean'd on his staff, and he shook his locks grey,
 As he hopelessly talk'd of our race.

“ With light and with darkness
 We're compass'd about :
 The clearer our vision,
 The darker our doubt.
 The knot of our destiny
 Will not undo ;
 The bars of our prison
 We cannot get through.

All is a mystery,
 All is a wonder—
 The blue vault above,
 And the green world under.
 Amid our heap'd knowledge,
 The silent soul hears
 But the rattling of chains
 And the patt'ring of tears.

We grasp at lov'd shadows --
 While grasping, they're gone :
 The fruit of our knowledge
 Is still *the unknown*.

We scale the blue summits,
For which we have long'd
To sit down and sigh for
The regions beyond.

A longing still haunts us,
Wherever we go,
And knowledge increases
The draught of our woe ;
And all that we cling to
Is fleeting as breath,
And life is the valley
And shadow of death."

He rose to depart, and he heav'd a deep sigh,
While o'er us there hung a dark cloud ;
But deep in its bosom there beam'd a bright eye,
And a sweet voice kept chanting aloud :

The heavens will not unveil themselves,
Yet mortal eyes may see
In mortal frames the budding flowers
Of immortality.

The cloud slowly vanish'd, and, where it had hung,
There stretch'd out a beautiful blue,
And e'en from the rude rocks a welcome was rung,
As a female form rose to my view.

Her face had the sadness that's sister to joy—
It was not the sadness of thought :
Her voice was sweet music, without earth's alloy,
And these were the tidings she brought :—

Life's the great mystery,
Deeper than death,
Infinite history,
Woven of breath.
Death but decyphers
The pages of time.
Mortal ! do thou make
Their meaning sublime.

The bright blue all faded, and quickly I found
I still was alone by the stream ;
The willow above me, the mountains around,
Yet scarce could believe all a dream.

A U L D J E N N Y .

The broom has departed,
Where, blithesome and gay,
I played like a linnet,
The hale happy day ;
Or paus'd in wild rapture,
The cuckoo to hear,
That cam far to tell us
That simmer was near.

The cot-house has vanish'd,
Where puir Jenny span,
And tauld her auld stories
That never seem'd lang—

Of heroes wha slumber
Beside the lone stream,
Or flit like pale shadows
Beneath the moonbeam.

Of hearts that had wither'd
In life's early day ;
Of joys that had faded,
Like summer away ;
Of storms and of tempests
Which swept to the tomb
Her bosom-nurs'd flow'rets,
When all in their bloom.

The cot-house has vanish'd !
Auld Jenny is gane :
The sourock is growin'
Aboon her hearth-stane ;
And a' roun' the ingle,
The nettles entwine :
I'll sit down beside it,
And sigh for langsyne !

But list to that wee bird !—
How joyous its lay !
Like hope, it is singing,
'Mid death and decay.

That surely is sorrow
Which twines with its note ;
For anguish is aye the
Lone mother of hope.

Come, tell me, my wee bird,
Hast thou been sent here
To bid me dry up
This fond foolish tear ?
Sing on, little warbler !
I'll try to entwine
The sweet sang o' hope
Wi' the sigh for langsyne.

MY GRANDFATHER.

Auld Saunders was a guid auld man,
And ken't his Bible weel,
And to auld Scotland's ancient faith
His heart was true as steel.

And he would sit him down and weep,
And sing auld world sangs
O' Scotland's broken Covenant,
And o' her waes and wrangs.

And aft he'd tell the dreadfu' tale
O' Bothwell's bluidie brig,
When God withdrew his countenance,
E'en till the waves ran red.

O! he was great upon the death
O' puir auld Johnny Brown,
And on his widow's bauld reply
To the enraged dragoon!

And on the gatherings in the glen,
Wi' guards upon the heicht;
For God could be but worship'd then
Beneath the cloud o' nicht.

He'd tell how, 'mong the lonely rocks,
Wi' Bible and wi' sword,
The hunted wand'rers would partake
The Supper o' the Lord.

And how frae dungeons dark and drear,
And frae the bluidie sod,
Their voices rose up to the ear
Of an avenging God.

And when led forth by cruel men,
To dee a death o' shame,
Accounting all they bore for Christ
A glory and a gain.

And wha but to thae faithfu' few,
Auld Saunders would exclaim,
Does Scotland owe her liberty
And glory o' her name ?

THE HANGING:

A SCENE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"Truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

I.

A' ye wha carena for the frown
O' him wha reigns aboon ye ;
Wha, at temptation's slightest touch,
Feel Satan stir within ye ;
And ye wha gloat o'er human woe,
And human degradation,—
A tragedy's got up to-day,
For your gratification,

II.

And ye guid souls wha speculate
'Bout moral education,
And revel in the glorious dream
Of social reformation,—
Ye dinna seem to ken the stuff
Some human hearts are made o' !
Aye judging by your ain, yo think
There's nocht to be afraid o'.

III.

Ye deem that mankind, in this age,
 Are getting somewhat wiser
 Than what they were in days gone by,
 When vengeance was adviser ;
 And so ye spend your sympathies
 On the benighted heathen,
 While there are creatures 'mong ourselves
 Wha wad hae ston'd St. Stephen.

IV.

The school weans were dismiss'd yestreen,
 Wi' solemn admonition,
 At nae rate, to absent themselves
 From this dread exhibition.
 Yea, and a pastor tauld his flock—
 So we dare not dispute it—
 To prize example of this sort,
 For they'd rin wild without it.

V.

'Tis hard upon the hour of eight,—
 Crowds pour from every alley :
 Here madam wi' her waiting maid—
 There dirty draggled Sally ;
 The bully and his bleerie Bess—
 The bonnie blushing maiden—
 The thochtless laddie, and the man,
 Wi' years so heavy laden.

VI.

They a' maun rin, to see the show,
A show which costs them naething,
And bless their stars they're civilized!
And no' like the puir heathen.
Ah! there they rush—they daurna stop—
Men! women! in their senses!
A' hurrying to get near the drop,
Before the play commences.

VII.

The carpenters ha'e wrocht a' nicht:
They were hard up, puir fallows!
'Tis an ill win' which blaws nane guid,
So there stands the gaunt gallows.
Around a Ranter ne'er was seen
Such a concourse of people;
While some, to get a finer view,
Are clambering up the steeple.

VIII.

And see those upper windows fill'd
Wi' sentimental faces:
How lucky 'twas they had bespoke
Thae elevated places!
Tell me, ye novel-reading dames,
Is this your dear ideal
Of beauty and sublimity,
Connected with the real?

IX.

Or, are ye sick of sighs and tears,
Mere murder upon paper ?
And come to spend your sympathies
On this, which is not vapor ?
Say, was it curiosity,
In one of her strange gambols ?
Or filthy appetite like that
Which draws dogs to the shambles ?

X.

And here a band o' sporting blades,
Wi' monkey cunning faces :
They've come, expecting far mair fun
Than they had at the races.
See!—one has found an auld white hat,
And's makin' a mock sale o't ;
Another's catch'd a dog, and ties
A tin pan to the tail o't.

XI.

Oh, what a Babel o' glib tongues !
List to that man o' feeling,
Wha logically tries to prove
That murder's waur than stealing.
Another's spinning a lang yarn
'Bout justice o' the sentence,
And wonders if they'll make this day
A speech 'bout their repentance.

VOICES IN THE CROWD.

First Voice.]

They say the auld man begged hard
 For his life frae wee Humphie,
 And yet they murder'd him far waur
 Than if he'd been a grumhie.

Stuttering Voice.]

They ca-ca-cram'd a napkin down his throat,
 They st-st-stole at Paisley races,
 And ba-ba-batter'd till his b-bluid and b-brains
 Were sp-spoutin' in their faces.

Third Voice.]

I'm sure it's lang, lang past the hour!
 I see the hale crowd's gapin':
 Faith, had they been twa Radicals,
 We wadna been kept waitin'.
 They bring them, aye, out at the hour,
 And string them, to a minute:
 There's unco little sympathy,
 When such as them's to swing for't.

First Voice.]

They say the auld man gi'ed them a'
 The cash that he had on him,
 And said, gin they wad let him go,
 He wadna blab upon them.

Stuttering Voice.]

She fi-fi-fill'd her stokin' fu' o' stanes,
 And ba-ba-batter'd on his b-bare head,
 Till she was sp-sp-splatter'd wi' his b-brains,
 And d-d-dreepin' like a mermaid.

XII.

The clock has toll'd the hour of eight ;—
Hush !—here comes the procession !
The Sheriff mounts the scaffold first,
With an outlandish dress on ;
And see the magistrates come next,
And take their several places,
While something like shame and disgust
Is written on their faces.

XIII.

And now the culprits, pinion'd fast,
Are led forth sad and slowly
By Hangie, wi' h's funny face
O' far-fetch'd melancholy.
Now every eye is strain'd to catch
Their every look and motion ;
Mouths open, as they'd drink their sighs,
Tho' they were deep as ocean.

XIV.

They lean them on the man of God,
Who interceeds with heaven,
That, tho' condemn'd on earth, they yet
Therein may be forgiven.
He prays that, through the blood of Christ,
E'en those who had no pity
May find acceptance at the gates
Of the eternal city.

XV.

The prayer is o'er—see, Hangie comes,
And leads them to the gallows ;
Yet does the thing so gently, that
You scarce can think him callous.
How feelingly, yet business-like,
He folds down his shirt collar ;
Takes off her shawl, as kindly as
He meant but to console her.

XVI.

They gaze each other in the face—
God ! what a son and mother !—
And seem to say, “ But for these chains,
We would embrace each other.”
Now o'er their eyes he draws the cap,
And kindly bids them farewell,
And whispers that their time is up,
And he but waits their signal.

XVII.

The stoutest hearts are hush'd in awe ;
The roughest melt in pity ;
And silence, for a moment, seems
To overhang the city.
One awful moment—there they go !
Before High Heaven they dangle ;
While from the crowd bursts forth the cry—
Oh, God ! how hard they strangle !

Stuttering Voice.]

He d-didna gie them d-drap ereugh—
 I'd like to rax his w-wizzen :
 I'm s-sure that he had rape eneugh
 To hang a hale half d-dizen.
 I'm sure he's weel p-paid for the job,
 Wi' six p-pounds and the napkin ;—
 I think he's g-grieved because they will'd
 Their dead claes to the chaplain.

Third Voice.]

Didna wee Humphie show guid game,
 As to the scratch he came up ?—
 'Twas unco little that he cared
 For hanging or the shame o't.
 We've seen them swung—we needna wait
 Until that they are cut down ;
 So let us go and hae a bowze
 In Jamie Johnston's tap-room.

XVIII.

Now they depart, without a thought
 Of human degradation ;
 But pouring on the hangman's head
 Their righteous indignation.
 And is society refined,
 Or broken morals mended,
 By criminals exposed to view,
 Thus by the neck suspended ?

XIX.

Ah ! murder is a horrid thing !—
So greatly Law laments it,
She murders publicly, that she
May privately prevent it,
It minds me o' the guid auld man
Wha deprecated swearing ;
Yet fell a cursin', if an oath
Was utter'd in his hearing.

XX.

So we have sketch'd this horrid scene,
In rhymes rude and unpolish'd,
In the faint hope that they may tend
To have such scenes abolish'd.
And if we must exhibit still
Such scenes of degradation,
Then let us cease to boast of worth,
And moral elevation.

F A T E :

A FRAGMENT.

INSCRIBED TO DR. PATTULLO, BRAMPTON.

Mortal.]

A purpose, a determined will,
Can soar above earth's highest hill,
And bid the troubled waves be still.

Spirit.]

Or tear from out the book of Fate
A leaf, would make earth desolate.
Now the curtain is unroll'd :
Mortal, what dost thou behold ?

Mortal.]

I see a mighty temple, whose white dome
Stretches to heaven, and in it a great throne.
A judge sits on it—behind him a great cloud
Of mist is hanging, like a mighty shroud ;
All silent, motionless, as if the dead
Were in it, and from east to west 'tis spread :
Inscribed upon it I can dimly see
Signs, symbols, and the one word *Mystery*.

Round him shadows come and go,
 Spirits both of joy and woe ;
 Things that seem but living air,
 Float around or hover there.
 Before him spreads a mighty book,
 He ponders with unalter'd look,
 And, ever and anon, he makes
 A mark,—something unseen dictates.

Of every creed and kindred, a great crowd
 Hangs round the gateway, and demand aloud
 To be admitted ;—what a noise they make !
 Each has some question he would ask of Fate.
 The gate unfolds : I hear a long-drawn shout,
 And see one living man led on by *Doubt* :
 His face is haggard,—sorrow and much thought
 Have lines and channels in his forehead wrought.
 He asks, with a bewilder'd look—
 Is my name written in that book ?

Oracle.]

Mortal, 'tis here, as thou may'st see,—
 What further would'st thou ask of me ?

Mortal.]

I'd know my future destiny—
 What is't we are ?—what we must be ?
 Great Oracle, I'd ask of thee ;
 For I am sick at heart.

For doubt has to denial grown :
 With faith, hope, everything has gone,
 And I am in the world alone,
 Without a guide or chart.

And doleful creatures round me shout ;
 The sun of heaven is blotted out ;
 Still I am doom'd to hang about,
 The grave of buried hope.
 There's nought in nature nor in art
 Can bid the settled gloom depart,
 Which hangs upon my heavy heart,
 Like an infinite blot.

And in vain I've tried to outrun
 Yon mocking, gibbering skeleton,
 Which to the grave of hope doth come,
 And rings within mine ears :—
 “Deeper, deeper than damnation ;—
 Oh, the depth, the desolation
 Of that word *annihilation* !
 Death shudders when he hears.”

And must I ever onward grope—
 A poor *thing* without heart or hope,
 No buckler to resist the shock
 Of ills that crowd ?—

No fortress to fall back upon—
 Must do this battle all alone,
 And, in the end have but a groan,
 A Death's-head and a shroud ?

Then mighty potentate, oh ! King,
 Give me some thing on which to lean—
 One glance into the world unseen—
 One glimpse behind the veil.
 O, let me see if all is dark ;
 If there is not a single barque—
 A death deluge without an ark—
 An everlasting wail.

Or rather let me feel and know
 That there are worlds of joy or woe,
 To which poor weary mortals go,
 Beyond death and the tomb.
 Give me to feel, as when a boy,
 There's something death can not destroy,
 And this heart yet may taste of joy,
 Hope reappear in bloom.

Oracle.]

Thou in thine ignorance must wait ;
 Tears, prayers cannot alter Fate :
 Behind the veil no eye may see—
 Such is the will of destiny.

But on its folds behold a sign!—
A crown, a cross, a face divine.
If thou from doubt and death wouldst flee,
Forget thy proud philosophy,
And climb the hill of *Calvary*.

Mortal.)

Like a shadow he has gone,
While the aisles these notes prolong.

First Voice.]]

Not in science, not in art,
Hives the balm for the poor heart :
We are bound, until made free
By the great humility !
Knowledge is the tree of woe,—
All your fathers found it so :
All philosophy is vain—
Be a little child again.

Second Voice.]]

Who would not exchange for the visions of youth,
The wisdom we gather with years ?
Oh ! who has not learn'd—'tis a sorrowful truth—
That knowledge is water'd in tears.

Third Voice.]]

Without the great temple the nations await,
In wonder and awe, the decisions of fate ;—
Admit that strange mortal that's next at the gate.

Mortal.

The gate unfolds,—I see entering thereby
 One dreamy mortal with a large blue eye,
 And yet, methinks, the annals of our race—
 Its joys, its sorrows, written in his face.
 Hosts of shadows lead him on,
 To the footstool of the throne ;
 Some in mirth and mockery,
 Some in sad sincerity.
 There, as in a trance, he stands,
 With rapt look, and folded hands,
 While voices round him, clear and cool,
 Proclaim him but a dreamy fool !

Oracle.]

Mortal of the breathing air,
 What is thy peculiar care ?—
 Is it hope, or doubt, or fear,
 Or what passion brings thee here ?

Poet.]

I've sought thy great temple, for I am oppress'd ;—
 A wish, a great longing, will not give me rest :
 The great face of nature is awful to me—
 A woe and a wonder in all that I see.
 The grey clouds that wander, the infinite blue,
 The great silent visage that's aye looking through.
 The leaves of the forest, the waves of the sea,
 The hills and the valleys—are calling on me :
 They beckon me to them, as if they would tell
 The secret which they've kept for ages so well.

The seen and the unseen, the wonderful whole,
Awake thoughts which trouble and torture my soul,
And, sleeping or waking, they will not depart—
They'll march forth to music, or tear out my heart!

I'd speak what the spirit has spoken to me,
For a priest and a prophet, a poet I'd be;
I'd emulate gladly the great that are gone—
Unveil to the world its soul in my song.

I'd be as the bards, the great minstrels of yore,
For big human hearts in their bosoms they bore:
They pour'd forth their numbers, unfetter'd by art,
And found a response in the great human heart.
I've never heard ought in our smooth, polish'd tongue,
Like the rudely sublime strains my old mother sung:
Their awful simplicity I'd make mine own—
Their great naked virtue revive in my song.

I'd question the past, till its secret I'd wring,
And from the far future glad tidings I'd bring;
I'd summon the dead from their silent domain,—
Sage, hero, should act o'er life's drama again;
The poor, humble hero should live in my song;
The great hearts that struggl'd, yet perish'd unknown,
I'd conjure again from their unhonor'd graves,
To shame our lax age, and its time-serving slaves.

And yet in my song hate could scarce find a place—
 Despite of its errors, I still love our race :
 The lowly, the lofty, the lordly, the small,
 Poor, rich, wise and foolish—I feel with them all ;
 I fain would do something for those gone astray,
 Tho' 'twere but to sing of a happier day.
 Confusion's around us, the time's out of tune ;
 The heart asks for concord, the only bless'd boon :
 We've wander'd from nature, we worship cold art,
 And, striving to fly from, we torture the heart ;
 And its silent sorrows appeal to my string,—
 How happy, could I but a soothing tone bring !
 Its mirth and its madness, its joy and its woe,
 And its gusts of sadness, which will overflow ;
 Its deep aspirations for that blessed clime
 Which lies o'er the regions of death and of time ;
 Its infinite longings, its hopes and its fears,
 Its doubts and its darkness, its smiles and its tears—
 I'd treasure them all in my heart and my brain,
 And brood, like the spirit, o'er chaos again !

Oracle.]

Poets are the pets of nature ;
 Lovingly she forms each feature :
 Well she knows men would revile her,
 So she brings the *reconciler*.
 Yea, for the great love she bears him,
 In her roughest mood she rears him ;
 Heavy burdens she lays on him ;
 Care and sorrow heaps upon him ;
 Fills him with celestial fires,
 And with herds of low desires.

Now an angel she will start ;
 Now a naked human heart ;
 Now a thing of flesh and sin ;
 Now the soaring seraphim ;
 Now she lights his eye with gladness ;
 Now with melancholy madness ;
 Now through hell's confines he's driven ;
 Now he cleaves the vault of heaven ;
 Now shudders at the damned's cries ;
 Now drinks the airs of paradise ;
 Till his joys, his agonies,
 Start into world melodies ;
 Till his tones, his words of wonder,
 Catch the spirit of the thunder ;
 And, in melody sublime,
 Sweep adown the straits of time.

Canst thou, for the muses' sake,
 Suffer wrong, and scorn, and hate ?
 Is to thee her meanest tone
 Dearer than earth's proudest throne ?
 For her canst thou suffer want ?—
 For her bear the breath of cant ?—
 For her fight with sin and shame,
 E'en without the hope of fame ?
 Canst thou bear, e'en by the good,
 To be wrongly understood ?
 Canst thou hear, with judgment cool,
 Wise men stamp thee but a fool ?—

Painted puppies of a day
Scorn thee for thy poverty?
Hear, then, 'mid the scorn and laughter
Of thy time, the "Hail, hereafter!"

E P I T A P H

ON J. W****.

The casket is broken,
The jewel is gone;
The poor, rifled pilgrim
Hid under this stone.

SKETCHES FROM THE WANDERER;

A PROSE POEM,

INSCRIBED TO W. T. BOYD, ESQ.

There is no place, no spot of earth, tho' e'er
so wild and desolate, but has its history. Tho' 'twere but
the changes time writes on it, they do become leaves of the
mighty volume, and will not perish.

Man vainly tries to count the furrows in great
nature's face, and fix her birthday thereby; but, in his vain
attempts, loses himself in æons, and the infinite rushes
upon him, till he stands transfixed in silent wonder: Awe
his only revelation.

There is no place where human things lived, loved, and wrangled, but has its annals, uttered in some shape. The whole past is blended with the future; we the living links which bind the whole together. List! that ancient song, so full of human feeling. It is the voice of buried generations, speaking to us through the long aisle of ages. They have not perished though they've passed away—they commune with us still—yea, the dead are here of ages most remote. Old Time is no destroyer; he has garner'd all the past, and formed us of it.

We would speak of his works, for all his lines are of surpassing virtue; all his oracles divinē, tho' but old men's grey hairs. Aye, his dumb ministers, Change, Ruin, Death, Decay, are awful preachers, even in their silence—eloquent—sublime!

I'm old and weary, and would sit me down and talk about the past.

In yonder vale I grew from youth to manhood, but long since departed from it, and, in my weary age, have sought it once again, to lay me with my fathers. And yet I feel as this were not the place of my nativity; for every face I meet tells I'm a stranger here. The old are dead and buried; and the young have grown out of my recollection; even those I dandled on my knee, are men and women grown; and if they *do* remember me, 'tis as an image in some half-forgotten dream.

Even nature's face is changed—yon mountains wear another aspect, and the streams,—they talk not to me as in days of old.

And you, ye woods,
which half o'erhang that once delightful village, tho' your
green faces are familiar, yet somehow ye have acquired a
melancholy meaning. Ye are not the green cathedrals,
where awoke spontaneous worship, glad as the sunbeams,
which streamed through your long dark leafy arches.

And you, ye flowers, clinging
up there to the rough bosom of the rugged rock like virtue
to rough natures: still ye are beautiful. But ye are not the
fairy mirrors, where the young heart's joy was imaged.
Ye are not as of old, nature's delighted revellers; the
livelong summer day spreading your honey bosoms to the
bee; all the night long, drinking the dews of heaven, till
they o'erflow your silken tresses. Ah! no, a joyous some-
thing has departed from you! There ye hang like jewels
on Death's bosom, mournful mementoes of a joy departed.

Even yon ruined
Tower, built in the days of eld, where dwelt the long-
forgotten mighty! Still, as of old, it looks down on the
valley--but ah! how changed its look. Its lordly air is
gone. It is still called the "Eagle's Eyrie," as in mock-
ery of him who built it on the steep. His fame, his name,
his race, have perished from the earth; and the old tower
alone tells but of what has been.

What secret
sympathy still drags me t'wards it? Does its fate resem-
ble mine? O! tell me, is there not some strange mystic
affinity between old walls and our affections? Why can
dead matter, on immortal mind, beget emotion infinite?
Why can a moss-clad ruin, or a mouldering stone, touching

some secret sympathy, attune the chords of our affections, till the heart o'erflows in liquid melody, melting down years to moments ;—making our whole lives, with all their good and ill, pass in review before us ;—wasting us away to the death realm ;—calling up the dead from their deep slumber ;—wiping their clammy lips, planting the rose of health in their pale faces, even while listening with a holy awe, to the dread secrets of another world ?

Turn which way we will, are there not eyes innumerable looking out on us ? Stand we not in a mysterious presence ? Is there not something sitting in yon tower ?—a face of sorrow looking through all its loop-holes ? Does not yon blasted pine, by lightning smitten, stretch out its naked arms in proud defiance of the element which wrought its ruin ? Is not the yew tree melancholy ? Do not the willows weep ?—all nature's forms but spirit mediums ! Ah ! me, what a world !

THE VILLAGE.

My native village, ah ! how changed in every feature ! sorrowfully changed, indeed, since the days of my boyhood, when I believed thou wert a thing eternal, rooted there just like the hills around thee. Thy ancient features are defaced ; the lines by which, in distant lands, I long loved to remember thee, eradicated ! The mute, material things round which my young heart clung—things which, when far away, met me at every turning ; which some old song or antiquated phrase brought, with a strange distinctness, to my vision, clothed with a beauty indescribable, until I loved them, yea, as living things ; for with the face of every friend which memory recalled, some mute thing would present itself, with looks and revelations, whose strange, mysterious significance none but exiles can feel.

But they have mostly gone ; even the old yew tree, where poor, distracted Mary wept her life away for her dead lover. And the grey stone which marked the spot where the old Chieftain slumbers. Oh ! this is not the village which I left. These are not the glad lanes of my boyhood ; there is little here for me, but the bald memory of other times. Is change alone eternal ?

Where

the long rows of low, thatched dwellings, humble as their occupants? Ah! they have passed away, and with them have gone some humble virtues. In their stead we've got the modern mansion with its bolts and bars; those outward shadows of the modern mind, which has no faith in man; that has become as an armed soldier, covered with a coat of mail and callous as its covering.

A new generation with a new faith, with other aims other ambitions, regardless of the past, now occupies our places. An Israelitish race! Ah! how unlike the old!—born as if but to buy and sell, believing that this world, yea, the whole life of man, is but a mere mercantile speculation. 'To outwit's its greatest stretch of wisdom; with faith in nothing but the power of cash. Its motto is, Get Gold—no matter how; but get it, at all hazards. Poverty! the deep damnation which it lives in dread of: even the rich are wretched in the fear of losing—anxiously watching by their bars and bonds. There they sit growling, like the infernal guard of Tophet, in dread lest one of the damned will escape.

And the poor, from whom we might have hoped for something better, have forgot God and virtue, striving to be as miserable as they; and when outwitted in the scramble, moaning for food and shelter, like the dumb beasts that perish.

Modern society might be divided into three classes—the Sheep, the Watchdogs, and the Wolves—dissimilar but in this:—the sheep feels all the dog within him. Yes, these poor bleating creatures—

looking as if born but to be worried—lack but opportunity. Break but their tether, and they'll lap your blood, howl and devour with a true wolfish spirit.

Here I stand upon the public green, so long the pride and boast of the whole village; from unremembered time a dear possession. What a crowd of joyful recollections associated with it! Here the villagers gambolled in youth, and moralized in their old age. But where's the old oak tree 'neath which the sages gathered? Felled, flooded away on the tide of improvement. Ah! there was a time when the whole village would have risen in revolt against such desecration.

This was the place of memorable things, of triumphs and defeats: the hall of justice, the public ballroom, the place where bonfires blazed, and orators descanted. Here reputations were lost and won. Here Jocky o' the Green triumphed for many a day. Who like him could throw the hammer or direct the ball? To the blackguards all a glory and a terror, they would have followed whereso'er he'd lead. But his ambition was all bounded by the green—this was his empire—here he reigned supreme and died unconquered.

And here, even here, the Poorhouse stands; yea, on the very spot sacred so long to mirth and friendship.

Well, there was a time when such things were unknown throughout broad Scotland—heard of as things incredible—ere charity by law was regulated, ere the bounds of mercy were prescribed and measured, ere infinite pity was compressed into a poorhouse. In my time

there were both poverty and pain, hard toil and suffering; but the poor were cared for, still classed among the human. The spontaneous boon was blessed; for the poor recipient felt that he was still one of the human family, and not an ulcer to be hidden from the sight—a leper to be banished.

O, intellect! is this thy triumph? Thou hast harnessed the “iron steed,” subdued heaven’s lightnings; but have they not blasted thy human heart, leaving in its stead a gold-grasping insanity? O, tell us not our stories of the past are mere poetic fables!

—————When the children ran,
To fill the pouches o’ the beggar-man,
And send him on rejoicing.

For, well do I remember that very beggar; could still recognise the staff on which he leaned; would know his wallet ’mong a thousand. His broad blue bonnet covered a patriarchal head,—his coarse clean gabardine concealed an honest heart, and pious to a proverb. Who, like him, could explain the dark passage?—who ask a blessing like him? In his tones an awe-struck, reverential feeling! His words were true as death, and spoken in a tone to be remembered. His prayer is still fresh in my recollection;—his plaintive tones and his old withered face awoke a reverence, a pity inexpressible in my young heart.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

And here the old School-house, with its low, thatched roof, and narrow windows, changed but little since I left it ; kept for other uses—now a school no longer. But where's the teacher and the taught, the crowd of happy boys and girls who gambolled on this green, happy as the long summer day? I see all your young faces in the glass of memory, joyous as when we parted ; but ye are silent all ! O, could I but see you as ye were before ye finished the great task appointed for you ! Could I but know each item of your history—your joys, your sorrows, triumphs and defeats—what ye found the world, and what the world found you !

But all that I can learn is—that some perished in their youth ; one died by his own hand ; some went to other lands, and ne'er came back again. One perished on the deep ; two on the battle field ; one returned from a far *countrie*, laden with wealth,—with him a wife who spoke in a strange tongue ; but he soon died of discontent. The rest were all lost in the crowd, floated away, no one knew whither ; the master long called hence. Death has dismissed the school.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Are not all our school-day loves and friendships holy; lacking the baser mixtures which still cling to ties of after times? Have we not all in looking backward felt—O, how sadly!—that the region of the heart with its *green glories* lies t'wards the rising sun? Who has not turned in sorrow to that realm where the heart, the heart alone, held empire, with faith implicit in the worth of all the world; ere love was lost in knowledge; ere science, dripping from the ooze of ignorance, blighted affection? When we worshipped without doubt, loved without reason; yet tasted of a bliss surpassing all philosophy can give us.

And here the spring, beside the hawthorn tree, still bubbling up as pure as ever, gushing out there like charity, marking its path with green. O, how often, when tired with travel on life's desert, has my parched soul sought out this quiet spring! For, on this very spot, the day, the hour, and every little circumstance, how well remembered!

I awoke like Adam from a dream, and my young Eve, arrayed in beauty, like the dawn, appeared before me.

She started, like the fawn, when she beheld me; but, in her sweet confusion, the light of beauty issuing from her eye, changed my whole nature. Affections strange and new burst into being: the rank weeds all withered. Did not fear, hope, joy and gratitude, with a whole world of wild emotion, blend into one strange, mysterious feeling?

“Its pains more pleasing than all other joys?”

Did not her dear ideal comprehend all heaven and earth, and I live—but to love her?

Have we not all tasted a joy primeval? Have we not all lived in an Eden, when the windows of the soul, undimmed by passion, let the light of nature fall directly on the heart? Have we not all, like our first parents, been expelled from its green arbors, driven out to the great desert, and, in our weary wanderings, still turning with a sigh to our lost Eden.

Mine was lost indeed!—Eden and Eve together. For I cannot learn what became of her, whether she lived or died, whether she nurtured images of her fair self or died unwedded. O, does she still wander among the living? O, could we but meet again beside this quiet spring! What a vain wish! It were a sorry meeting; for we are not the beings now who pledged our young affections here.

How lived, how died she?—was her life one of joy or sorrow?—was she

exempted from the many ills which crowd around our being? Ah! 'twere not well to think so; for, in a world like this, what soul can flourish and bear golden fruit, unless 'tis watered by affliction? Her dews are blessed, tho' the night seems long when they fall on us.

Strange that the sympathies of a mere child should triumph over time and all its changes! That the light shed by a loving eye should, through the vista of long years, beam bright and beautiful as ever! That her name should hang around me like a spell, and, after half a century, do deeds of mercy by it! Yea, when wrong awoke resentment, has it not softened the savage in me? Let moralists say what they will;—the first pure worship of the heart is offered up to woman, and dwells forever with us.

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THE VILLAGE POET.

I knew him well,—a poor victim of vanity, who, for dissection, gave his soul in print, in the mad hope that other men, and other times, would find a jewel in it. He had a passion for fine sentiment, and never dreamt 'twas crime to outrage nature: yea, he felt his whole strength lay in distorting her features. To elicit sound was his ambition, and kept constantly on hand whole columns of sheet lightning; could on the instant start you up tremendous mountains of mock thunder; had faith in naught but glare and glitter, and, as a tinker, would have been supreme in polishing japan.

Facts were poor, beggarly, bald things, unworthy the regard of a great poet: he could not believe nature contained aught in her breast but earth and water; therefore lost no sleep wresting her secret from her. Would not believe the poet's mission here is *but to build an humble temple o'er some blessed spring in the great desert.*

He had somewhere heard of the great love which poets bear nature's eternal green;—he preferred yellow; dyed her vest in his own vat; checkered the broad blue canopy of heaven; would not in aught, living or dead, acknowledge the Creator; but brought forth a monster brood as rivals to his works: yea, it was his own, having no relationship to aught in earth or heaven.

What must his actual have been, when such monstrosities were his ideal?

But the people laughed even in the faces of his heroes; plucked them by the beard; nicknamed his vestal virgins; trampled his giants under foot, and scorned his thunder. While he, poor mortal, stood at bay, attributing their scorn to malice, finding comfort in the thought that all the good and great must endure persecution; proving from holy writ—a prophet is despised 'mong his own people; therefore wrote his own epitaph, which, if I rightly recollect, ran something thus:—

Here rests from its labor
All that was mortal
Of J. ————,
Poet of this parish.

EPITAPH:

He was a great master of rhymes,
And, when his soul sought happier climes,
Bequeath'd his fame to other times.

Memento mori.

Yet were there in the village some good souls who pitied him; who felt that these monstrosities, and their vile jargon, were but the writhings of a soul in agony; haunted by the tradition that there is light, and loveliness, and beauty somewhere, tho' he found them not.

THE CLERICAL FOP.

A sleek young fop, with gown of newest cut, and cravat nicely tied, rings on his fingers, curls in his hair, here every Sabbath acts a part in presence of his God, just like a stage-struck hero. His every word and gesture pre-arranged, -strutted and fumed before a looking-glass; his measured tones not meek, but m'im; his studied look ludicrously grave; his sentences looped, pared, and rounded, till they suit the mouth, and have the proper sound; his tropes and figures, like poor prisoners, unwillingly dragged in, hang their bewildered heads, as if in wonder how they were brought thither; and sense, entangled in a wilderness of words, helplessly struggles to get free.

A favorite with the ladies!—such a nice young man, and so accommodating!—no sentence out of joint: he would not, for the world, speak but one word to hurt the feelings even of the profane. How gingerly he picks his steps among deep-rooted prejudices!—he could walk, for a wager, through the wilderness of vice, and not tramp on a single weed.

Of what tidings is he the messenger?—awe, rapture, or despair? No, nothing of the kind. A few cold reasons, melted in the crucible of schools, and some long, lean definitions of nothing; and this their essence:—'Twere wise, 'twere prudent, 'twere the better way;—we can't be cheated much by worshipping Jehovah. Great God! can

any weary, wandering, oppressed soul find succor here ?
To what a state of destitution have we come, when prudence
has usurped the place of piety, and gold is god supreme !

Oh,
how unlike the simple, earnest, good old man, who, for
full fifty years, taught from that pulpit ! Yea, I see him,
as of old,—the thin, grey hair parted upon his high and
ample forehead ; bent as 'neath the weight of a great bur-
den, which he meekly bears, even for the sake of him who
bore a greater, yea, the weight of our transgressions.

There
he stood, playing no trick theatrical—no foam, no flourish
no premeditated start, nor pause mechanical. There he
stood, a man commissioned to make known the will of
heaven, be't weal or woe ; and would not shirk the task,
even tho' nature should lift up her voice in pity : he dared
not to suppress one syllable of truth, even truth his bosom
bled to utter. Yea, his exceeding charity compelled him
to portray the realms of howling desolation ; led you, as by
the hand, through nature's ruins, 'mid the crash of falling
worlds, on even to the brink of the abyss, until you heard
the shriek eternal, and beheld the victims writhing in the
halls of flame. Then would the old man pause, o'ercome
by human feeling, while the big tears streamed down his
furrowed face, and then, in supplicating tones, exclaim :
Flee, I beseech you, from the wrath to come !

WHENCE COME WE ?

WHENCE come we ? whither do we go ? or for what purpose sent into this wondrous world ? Is this our final sphere ? or is it but the mere bud of our being ? Is death eternal sleep ? or an awakening from a troubled vision ? Is this decaying form moulded on an immortal ? Are we but the outward shadows of an inner world—fleeting reflections of enduring things ? Is this the tree of knowledge unattainable ? Can science, can philosophy not aid us here ? Science is mute, philosophy is dumb : vainly have we arraigned the elements of earth and air, to interpret their voices ; transformed tyrannic matter to a slave ; dived to the depths of earth's foundations, and explored wrecks of a former world ; or soared from atoms to the ponderous orbs which roll forever through immensity : but, ah ! they can not lift the veil which shrouds our future fate. With dead matter our triumphs cease.

Then wherefore are we finite things thus cursed with a desire to grasp infinity ? Why are we thus bound bleeding to the wheels of fate, in doubt and darkness shrouded ? Why is all we know but intimation of the

things we know not of? Why do our lights but make the "darkness visible," if interests of eternal weight hang in the balance.

Wherefore, enquirer, but to teach presumptuous man a lesson of humility, to lean not on his own capacity, but on the arm omnipotent. Thou hast leaned too long on human knowledge. Has it scathed sin, or killed her brood of sorrow? Has it done aught but added to thy pride? Yea, pride has ever been thy most familiar demon. Ambitious worm! fain would'st thou be a God, and by thy knowledge scale the heights empyrean. But knowledge and power were given thee, not for self-exaltation, but that thou might'st the deeper feel need of a guide omnipotent: therefore, let faith ever be thine anchor and the evidence.

Neither art thou, as without chart or compass, thrown on life's vast ocean. When the winds and waves of passion lift their voices; when misfortune's thunder-cloud hangs o'er thee, a *star* still gilds the gloom; yea, tho' thy bark were floating wreck, and spirits of the storm shrieking the death dirge o'er thee, the sun of hope divine shall light thee to a refuge from destruction.

MORNING IN SPRING.

'Tis morn, and from the east the sun comes, like a conquerer, driving night down the world; the mists have vanish'd in his presence,—even those which sought a refuge in the valley, are retreating. Now the scattered fugitives have made a stand on the brow of Benlomond, like a vanquished host for a last rally!

Now they are gone!
and morn is offering up her songs of triumph; the lark is high in heaven, the only speck in the azure immensity; and from it music gushes; even the distant torrent has lost its midnight roar, and falls upon the ear with a pleasing solemnity. From the sea the breeze is coming, and the pines nod to each other; the cuckoo calls, like a spring spirit, from the bosom of the woods, and, answering to her call, the leaves have burst to being. The blackbird on the bough has forgot his long silence, startled into song even by the general joy.

And I, even I, old and aweary, feel something of the flowery freshness of life's morn revive within me, and instinctively join in the general chorus
O! nature is beautiful as on creation's dawn; 'tis the gloom

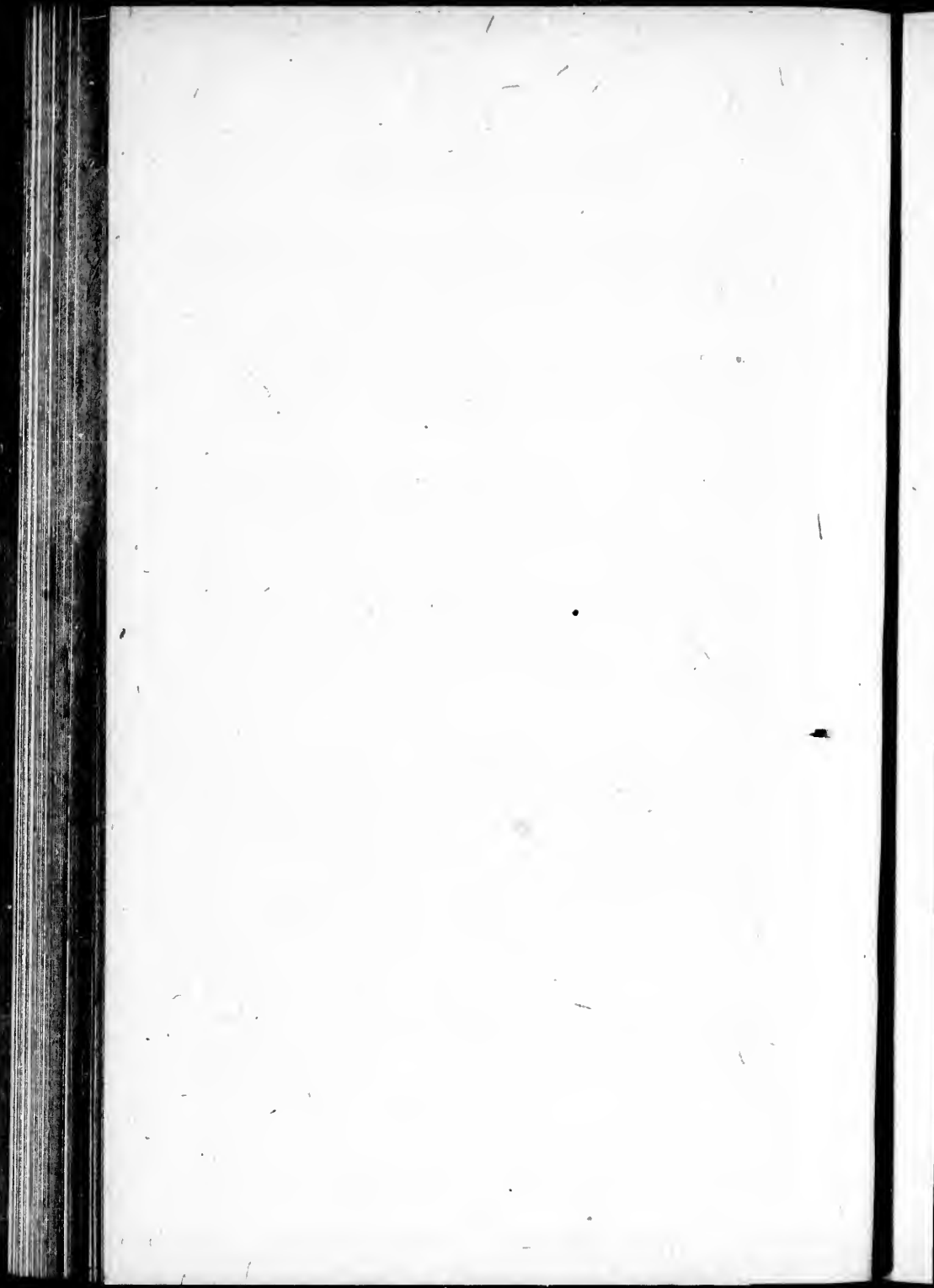
in ourselves which weaves her pall; for she is all unchanged, lovely as on her natal morn: man and his institutions change, but nature is eternal.

Ah! old ocean, there thou art, the same in every feature; still, as of old, a deep, unfathomed wonder: even now I feel some tone of that strange feeling of delightful awe which thrilled my bosom when a consciousness of thine immensity first dawned upon me. Man and the world vanished, and I stood, wrapt, lost, within the shadow of the infinite.

Then I became a dreamer; and for hours would sit me on this spot, watching the heavings of thy breast, and listening to thy long, deep respiration, and in imagination dived to thy secret depths, ransacked thy coral caves, and communed with thy demons.

When from the thunderer's eye flashed the forked lightning; when, at his awful voice, the mountains shuddered, and the winds rushed shrieking from their caves; then didst thou feel smitten with the madness, and didst howl and foam in concert, dashing thy bosom 'gainst the rocks, heaving thy crest up through the cloudy columns, till they burst in torrents, and the affrighted sun looked through his bloody curtain.

I'm old and weary, and my soul longs but for quietude; yet thine angry voice, thy rage and uproar still, as of old, are music to mine ears.



SONGS.

SONGS.

THE OLD HIGHLAND PIPER.

Afar from the land of the mountain and heather,
An old Highland piper lok'd sad o'er the sea,
And sigh'd o'er the time when the sound of his chanter
Was known from the Isles to the banks of the Dee.

And thus, while the shades of the gloomy night gather'd,
And day was forsaking the weary pine plains,
He sang of the hills of the dark purple heather,
The hills that so often re-echo'd his strains.

O, sad was the heart of the o'd Highland piper,
When forc'd from the hills of Lochaber away!
No more to behold the gigantic Benlomond,
Nor wander again on the banks of the Tay.

But still, as sleep comes to my lone, weary pillow,
I hear Corybrechtain again in my dreams ;
I see the blue peaks of the lone cliffs of Jura,
And wander again by her wild dashing streams.

What tho' I must roam in the land of the stranger ?—
My heart's 'mong the hills of Lochaber the while :
Tho' welcom'd, ah ! 'tis in the tongue of the Sassenach—
'Tis not the heart welcome they gie in Argyle.

They know not the heart of the old Highland piper,
And little they think that it bleeds to the core,
When, weary with mirth and the dance, they invite me
To play them the wail of " Lochaber no more."

Ah ! little they know of the weight of affection—
The scatter'd descendants of mighty Lochiel
Still bear in their bosoms to aught which reminds them
Of th' dark purple heather and land of the Gael.

They ne'er saw the tempest in Glen Avin gather,
Nor heard the storm shrieking round Colansay's shore,
Nor felt the cliffs quake 'neath the tramp of the thunder,
Nor heard the hills join in the mighty uproar,

Ah ! little they know of the tie which still binds us—
A tie which the stranger, no, never can feel—
The love which we bear to the land left behind us,
The wounds of our parting which never can heal.

And still, as day fades o'er the weary Pacific,
To brighten the hills that look'd lovely of yore,
I seek the lone sea-beach, and play till the waters
And pine forests ring with "Lochaber no more."

O, JEANIE'S LOCKS.

A BALLAD.

O, Jeanie's locks are like the gowd ;
Her bosom's like the snaw ;
Her breath is sweet as evening winds,
Which 'mang the vi'lets blaw ;
Her e'e is o' the lift aboon,
A clear, unclouded blue,
And no' a streak o' sorrow yet
Upon her bonnie brow.

Like blabs o' dew the blessed words
Which frae her lips do fa',
And artless as the little birds
That warble in the shaw.
O, had I but an humble cot,
By Cartha's murmuring stream,
How happy then wad be my lot,
Were she that cottage queen!

But her father is a belted knight,
And I'm a widow's son :
Was ever love in sic a plight,
Or sic a lady won ?
I daurna tell the love I feel ;
I daurna cherish hope ;
But, tho' she never can be mine,
Still happy be her lot.

And O, may sorrow never light
Upon a thing sae fair,
And never, never falsehood blight
Nor cloud her brow wi' care ;
But, like the little bird that sings,
The lee lang simmer day,
Its joyous dream o' happy things,
Her life may glide away.

BLIN' WILLIE'S LAMENT.

"Willie Galbreath the best of bows."

My Mary's gane—I'm left alane ;
She's in the kirk-yard sleepin',
And desolate's the cauld hearth-stane,
Whaur puir blin' Willie's weepin'.
Ah ! noo the grass is growing o'er
A heart of loving kindness,
A heart which lov'd me but the more
For my auld age and blindness.

Oh ! cruel fate, oh ! why hast thou
Of light and love bereft me ?
With naething to console me now
But my auld fiddle left me,
I play the strains she lov'd to hear,
And, while they're thrilling through me,
Methinks her gentle spirit's near,
As when she listen'd to me.

Green be the turf upon her grave,
For, oh! this heart did love her:
I little thought that I would have
To play the wail above her.
So here's a strain to thee, my love,
Wrung from a soul in sadness;
But, surely, in the world above
We'll meet again in gladness.

I LONG NOT FOR RICHES.

I long not for riches, I long not for wealth,—
The goddess I worship is rosy young health ;
For wealth it but deepens the wrinkles of care,
And oft steals the bloom from the cheek that is fair.
In gathering wealth, some are gathering woe ;
For the more that they get, it's the poorer they grow :
They lose life's enjoyments in holding it fast,
Till it either leaves them or they leave it at last.

A fig for your scholar who puzzles and looks,
And sees nature's ways but in musty old books.
Can Greek, or can grammar, can science or art
Confer on a fool e'er a head or a heart ?
And what is this science, this logic, these rules,
But poor rotten crutches for natural fools ?
'Tis only the weak and the blind who are led,—
He needs not these guides who has eyes in his head.

And what's all this digging and hoeing about?
If genius is in, it will find its way out.
'Neath great loads of learning they stagger and groan ;—
O, let me have little, if that is mine own !
And why should I wander away 'mong the stars,
And puzzle my head about Venus and Mars ?
What tho' distant wonders I may understand,
If I know not the wonders far closer at hand ?

I'm sick of refinement ; I'm weary of art ;
I hate all refinement which withers the heart !
Away with your dandies, your creatures of steam,
With nothing but buttons where hearts should have been.
Give me the loud laugh of the children at play ;
For where is the monarch so happy as they ?
Away with all tinsel,—'tis foolish, 'tis vain—
Like them, let us live with old Nature again.

MAY MORNING.

'There's joy in the greenwood,
For morn has awoke ;
O'er mountain and valley
The song is afloat.
A joy as of Eden,
A gladness, a bloom,
As if earth contain'd not
A tear, not a tomb.

On hills and in valleys
The lambs are at play ;
The cuckoo is calling
In woods far away ;
The streams are rejoicing
To wander with spring ;
With the song of their gladness
The valleys do ring.

The Spirit of Beauty
Is ranging abroad,
And show'ring her daisies
To deck the green sod.
She's over the mountain,
And through the deep dell,
And hangs by the fountain
Her pretty blue bell.

She *cleeds* with her ivy
The old ruin'd wall,
And leans o'er the cliff and
The steep waterfall ;
And where she has tarried
Beside the lone spring,
The primrose bank hangs like
A beautiful dream.

Her footsteps we trace, where
The violet blows,
And the joy of her face, in
The laughing wild rose.
A mighty emotion,
Old ocean, thou art ;
But the song of the syren
Has hush'd thy great heart.

The wild bee is humming ;
The lark is on wing ;
The cushet is cooing
Beside the lone spring :
The Poet is coming
To join the glad throng,
Impell'd by love's spirit,
The soul of his song.

THE DYING SCOTS GREY.

From thy vale, Balaklava, when foemen were flying,
And comrades were sought 'mong the dead and the dying,
One poor hapless youth 'mong the wounded was lying,—
How chang'd from the dawn of that sorrowful day!
His long yellow hair was all tangled and bloody,
And life in red torrents was gushing away,
And dead by his side lay the charger which bore him,
The pride of his bosom, his beautiful grey.

To sooth his last pangs a poor comrade was kneeling,
And down his rough cheeks the big tears were fast stealing,
While sighs vainly told what his bosom was feeling,—
Alas! my poor comrade, was all he could say.
Ah! weep not for me, for my pangs are all over,
And vision is brightening as life ebbs away:
I see our thatch'd cot by the green banks of Cartha,
And all the lov'd scenes of my life's opening day.

The scenes of my childhood are passing before me ;
The dead ones I lov'd they are all bending o'er me ;
And there my old mother, the mother that bore me,
 Is coming to bear me to gladness away.
I've but one regret—'tis for poor, hapless Mary :
 Long, long will she look for my coming in vain.
But list to these spirits,—the song they are singing
 Is "Hearts sever'd here are united again."

O, sweet be his sleep in that Crimean valley :
He lies where he fell in that desperate sally :
No more to the sound of the trumpet he'll rally,
 Or strike home for freedom her green isle to save.
But the tears of his country shall water the verdure,
 And brighten the laurels that bloom on his grave,
And liberty hallow the spot where he slumbers,
 And bards write his name in the rolls of the brave.

MARY WHITE.

D'ye mind o' the lang simmer days, Mary White,
When we gaed to the auld Patrick braes, Mary White ?
 When I pu'd the wild gowans,
 And, wi' a delight,
 I hung them in strings roun'
 Thy neck, Mary White ?

D'ye mind o' the sang ye wad raise, Mary White,
The sang o' sweet Ballenden braes, Mary White ?
 It couldna be love, but
 A nameless delight,
 Which thrill'd thro' my bosom,
 My dear Mary White.

O, that was a sweet, happy time, Mary White !—
I've ne'er had sic moments since syne, Mary White ;
 When we look'd at ilk ither,
 And laugh'd wi' delight,
 And hardly ken't what for,
 My dear Mary White.

We were young, we were happy, indeed, Mary White,—
 Noo care's strewn grey hairs on my head, Mary White.
 My hopes hae a' wither'd,
 Wi' sorrowfu' blight;
 But still ye are green in my
 Heart, Mary White.

And, oh! do ye e'er think on me, Mary White?
 Oh! then does the tear blin' your e'e, Mary White?
 Or hae ye lang wak'd frae
 That spell o' delight,
 And left me still dreaming,
 My dear Mary White?

'Tis often I think upon thee, Mary White;
 For still thou art dear unto me, Mary White:
 For a' that this heart has
 E'er ken't o' delight
 Was nocht to the moments
 Wi' thee, Mary White.

Do ye 'mang the living still bide, Mary White?—
 Or hae ye cross'd owre the dark tide, Mary White?
 Oh, how this auld heart wad
 Yet loup wi' delight,
 Could I again see you,
 My dear Mary White!

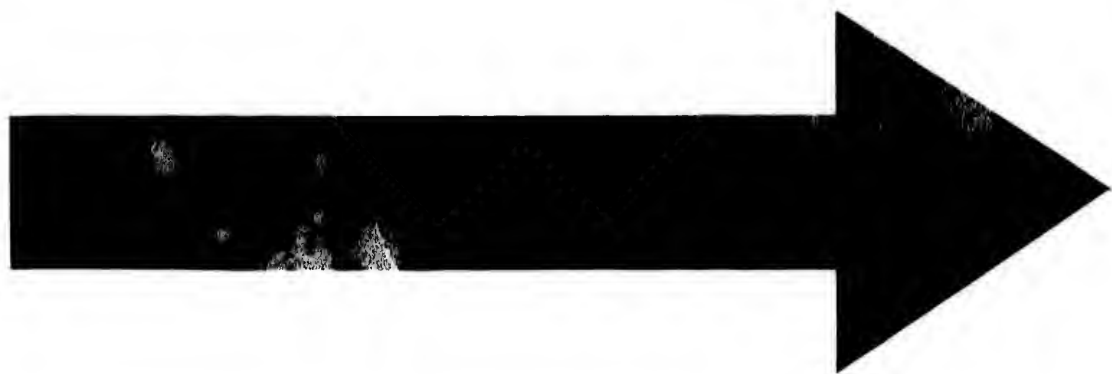
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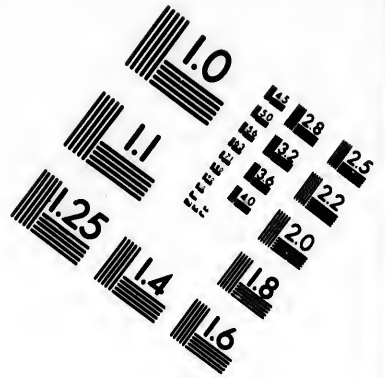
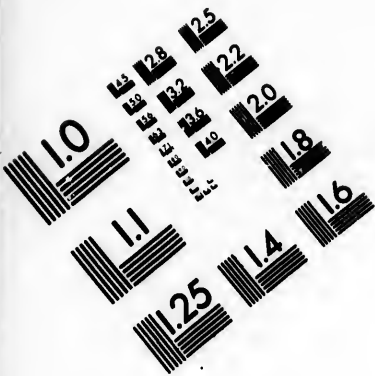
THE AULD BEGGARMAN.

I'm auld, worn and weary ; ah ! wae's unto me ;
But it's no' age nor want brings the tear to mine e'e :
It's to think I'm a burden wherever I gang,
Sits sair on the heart o' the auld beggarman.

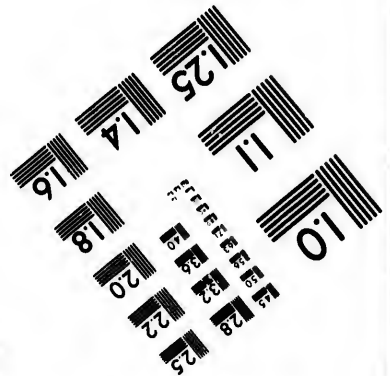
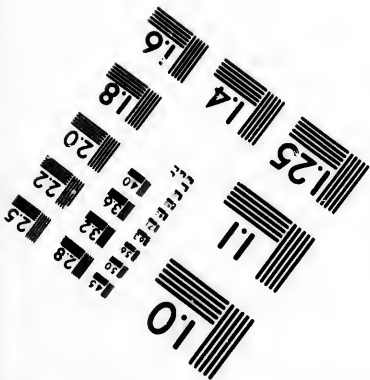
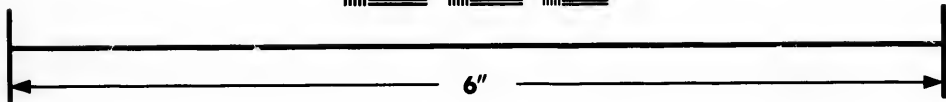
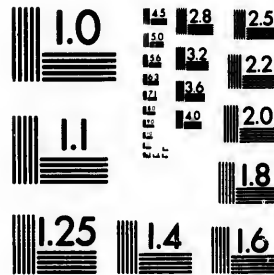
But it wasna aye thus ; for I lang had a hame,
Aye licht wi' the love o' my faithfu' au'd dame,—
Had bairns, but they left us the road we a' gang :
Noo there's nae ane to comfort the auld beggarman.

I'm whiles like to greet when I see the bit bairns,
As I'm trudging alang, hide ahint the grey cairns ;
For aft when they're fractious or doing what's wrang,
They're frichted wi' tales o' the auld beggarman.





**IMAGE EVALUATION
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The pair cotter bodies work hard for their bread ;
But they whiles keep a handfu' for ane that's in need.
They, at least, gie a blessing, and mair if they can,
To lichten the heart o' the puir beggarman.

Oh ! surely mine wad be a desolate lot,
Were there nae star to cheer me, nae beacon o' hope ;
But the morning maun break, be the nicht e'er sae lang,
When Angels may welcome the puir beggarman.

O! DENIS, MY DARLING.

The green spring returns to the bowers of the Shannon ;
The birds sing her welcome from every green tree ;
But, ah ! my sad heart cannot join in the chorus,
For Denis, poor Denis, returns not to me !

And night, as of old, seeks the bower of our gladness,
And day rises dripping from out the dark sea ;
The wounded return from the bloody Crimea ;
But Denis, poor Denis, returns not to me !

And still, in my dreams, at the lone hour of midnight,
I see him lie wounded upon the red plain ;
I hear his voice call me, and start from my slumber,
To weep for the husband I'll ne'er see again.

And, oh! the poor baby which hangs at my bosom
Knows nought of the woes which its mother must bear.
O! slumber, my baby, and oh! may'st thou never
Awake, like thy mother, to sorrow and care!

For green is his grave by the banks of the Alma,
And to his poor Kathleen he'll never return:
Till death reunites us where sorrow ne'er enters,
Oh! Denis, my darling, thy absence I'll mourn.

Dear.

LADY JANE.

A BALLAD.

There's no' in bonnie Scotland's isle,
A mair enchanting scene,
Than Castle Semple's waving woods,
And lovely lawns o' green;
And yet the heiress o' them a'
Is press'd wi' grief and pain,—
They canna get a smile ava
Frae bonnie Lady Jane.

For they wad hae her wed a knight,
While aune o' low degree
Is far, far dearer to her heart—
The apple o' her e'e.
And they wad hae her wed the knight,
For titles and domain,
Regardless tho' the heart they break
O' bonnie Lady Jane.

LADY JANE.

There's no' an humble cottage maid
But's blither far than she ;
The lowest on their wide domain
Has nae sic weird to dree.
As day fades o'er the Arran hills,
She wanders a' her lane,
To sigh beside the murmuring rills :
Wae's me for Lady Jane !

Her bridal robes they hae prepar'd,
And joy is in the ha' ;
But, like a startl'd midnight ghaist,
She glides frae 'mang them a' .
The rose is fading frae her cheek ;
Her lightsome heart is gane :
They soon maun weave a winding sheet
For bonnie Lady Jane.

THE VOICE OF THE STRANGER.

The voice of the stranger is heard in our home ;
On the spot where we flourish'd, our name is unknown ;
And ither bairns gambel around our hearth-stane,
And there we'll assemble, no ! never again.

I'd like but to see the auld biggin ance mair,
Tho' they're a' gane wha ance wad hae welcom'd me there,
To look on the spot where my auld mither span,
While wee thochtless bairnies, around her a' ran.

O, sad are the changes time bears on its wing !—
So sad that I whiles think them a' but a dream ;
And O, then, for ae blessed moment again,
I'm back to that circle beside our hearth-stane.

I see my auld mither, I oft hear her speak ;
I feel her embrace, and her tears on my cheek.
While my sisters are rinnin' to welcome me hame,—
I startle to find they are a' dead and gane.

They're a' in the kirkyard where aften I play'd—
Perchance on the very green spot where they're laid ;
Where I gather'd the gowans, my bosom to deck,
Or hung them in strings roun' our wee titty's neck.

And there grew a yew tree, where often we play'd ;—
I'd like but to ken if they sleep 'neath its shade.
I still hear its soughing, its branches I see,
And are they a' gather'd beneath it ? Ah, me !

WAIL OF THE BEWILDERED.

O, would that we were with our father!—
Poor lost wander'd children are we ;
The clouds of the gloomy night gather,
And home is beyond the great sea.

We've wander'd and pull'd flowers unheeding,
And revel'd the whole summer day.
From the hill where the *great heart was bleeding*,
Oh ! why did we wander away ?

The flowers which we gather'd have faded ;
The birds which sang sweetly have flown ;
The day that with beauty was braided
Has left us in darkness alone.

Why tarried we not by the waters
That murmur'd so quietly by ;
But rush'd on the floods which have brought us
Far into the desert to die ?

O, would that we were with our father !—
Poor lost wander'd children are we ;
The clouds of the gloomy night gather,
And home is beyond the great sea.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

I've wander'd the hills and the vales of the west ;
I've stood where Niagara dashes in thunder ;
I've travers'd the great silent woods of the north,
And pour'd on their bosom the worship of wonder.
Tho' sweet was the spirit which led me the while,
Its aspect grew cold when my wand'rings were over.
O, 'twas not the spirit which haunted Glen Gyle,
Or look'd from the hills on the young Highland Rover.

These scenes are not hallow'd by great human hearts ;
No mighty soul looks from the scene of its glory :
From lake and from forest no great spirit starts,
To thrill the young soul with the magic of story.
O, give me the land of tradition and song,
The tall, lonely cliff, with the mist hanging over ;
And give me the sweet, sacred feeling of home,
Which dwelt in the breast of the young Highland Rover.

A U T U M N .

The flowers of the summer have faded away,
And autumn is here with her mantle of grey ;
The sere leaves are falling, the woodlands are mute,
And a voice as of wailing ascends from the brook.
The bower is forsaken, its beauty is gone,—
One poor little robin sits chirping alone ;
And the winds, wi' their soughing how sadly they say—
All things that are lovely are passing away.

The blackbird is silent beside the lone spring ;
The laverock is faulting her weary wet wing,—
Afar in the dell of the desolate yew
Is heard the deep wail of the lonely curlew.
The cuckoo is off and away with the spring,
And the heart vainly seeks for some beautiful thing,
While the winds, wi' their soughing, how sadly they say—
All things that are lovely are passing away.

So dark and unlovely's the autumn of life ;
For grey hairs and mem'ry with joy are at strife :
The bright past has perish'd, the future is black,
And the heart's only pleasure's a long looking back.
A long looking backward to life's early spring,
To the hearts that have wither'd, the hopes taken wing,
While the forms of the lost ones come sadly and say—
All things that are lovely are passing away.

And were they but shadows, false, fleeting and vain ?—
And shall I ne'er meet them in gladness again ?—
Bright meteors that came but to dazzle the sight,
And then fade away in the bosom of night ?
Came they but to leave us in darkness and woe,
Aweary of all fleeting things here below ?
They've gone, and we'll follow— Hope sweetly doth say—
Where nothing that's lovely shall e'er pass away.

SCOTLAND'S GREEN HEDGEROWS.

O, Jeanie, sing me that auld sang,
In our ain Lowland tongue,
Which cheer'd us Scotia's hills amang,
When love and life were young.
The soul of that beloved strain
The wand'rer only knows,
And, O, it bears me back again
To Scotland's green hedgerows.

Thou land of love and chivalry,
Thou land of old romance,
How gladly I'd exchange for thee
The sunny shores of France!
Among her hills and vine-clad vales
No joy this bosom knows,—
I sigh for my own broomy dales,
And Scotland's green hedgerows.

Then sit ye doun and sing to me
That dear beloved strain,
That I may for a moment see
My native vales again ;

For then the tear comes in mine e'e,
 My wearied heart o'erflows,
 And Scotland, I am back to thee,
 And to thy green hedgerows.

 CRAIGEND'S WOODS.

O, Craigend's woods are waving green,
 And Locher's banks are fair,
 And many a simmer's day, I ween,
 I've spent in gladness there.
 I canna' tell what tempted me
 To cross the saut sea faem ;
 For something sings, where'er I be,
 O, this is no' thy hame.

The simmer day's far langer there ;
 Mair sweet's the morning's smile ;
 And, tho' it may be dash'd wi' care,
 There's beauty to beguile.
 I lang to see the broomy braes,
 The birks where woodbines twine,
 To hear again the lintis lays,
 Wi' feelings o' langsyne.

WEE JEANIE'S LAMENT.

My mither sits and cries,
And my faither hings his head,
And he canna speak for sighs,
For our wee Johnnie's dead.
They wrapt him in a shroud
That was whiter than the snaw,
And there cam' a dolefu' crowd,
And they carrit him awa'.

And they laid him doun to sleep
Whaur the willow tree does wave,
And I aften gang and greet
At our wee Johnnie's grave.
The licht o' joy is gane,
And there's sorrow in its stead:
Oh! the world is no' the same,
For our wee Johnnie's dead.

FINIS.

