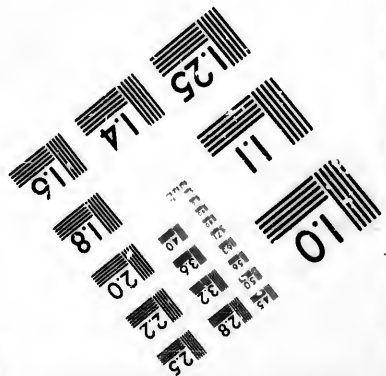
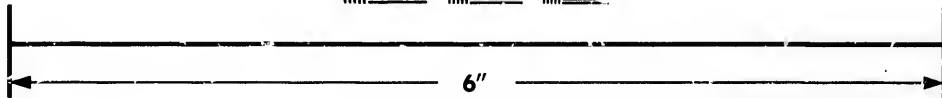
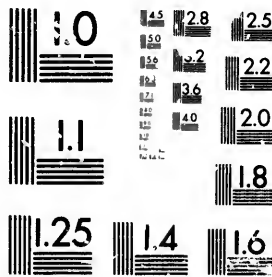


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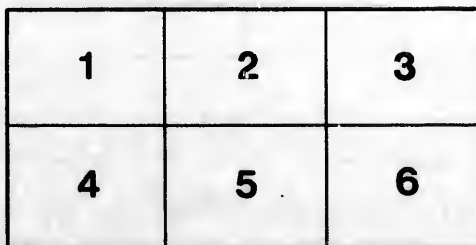
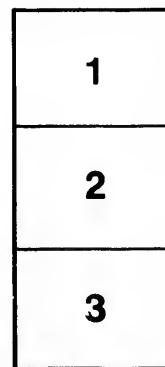
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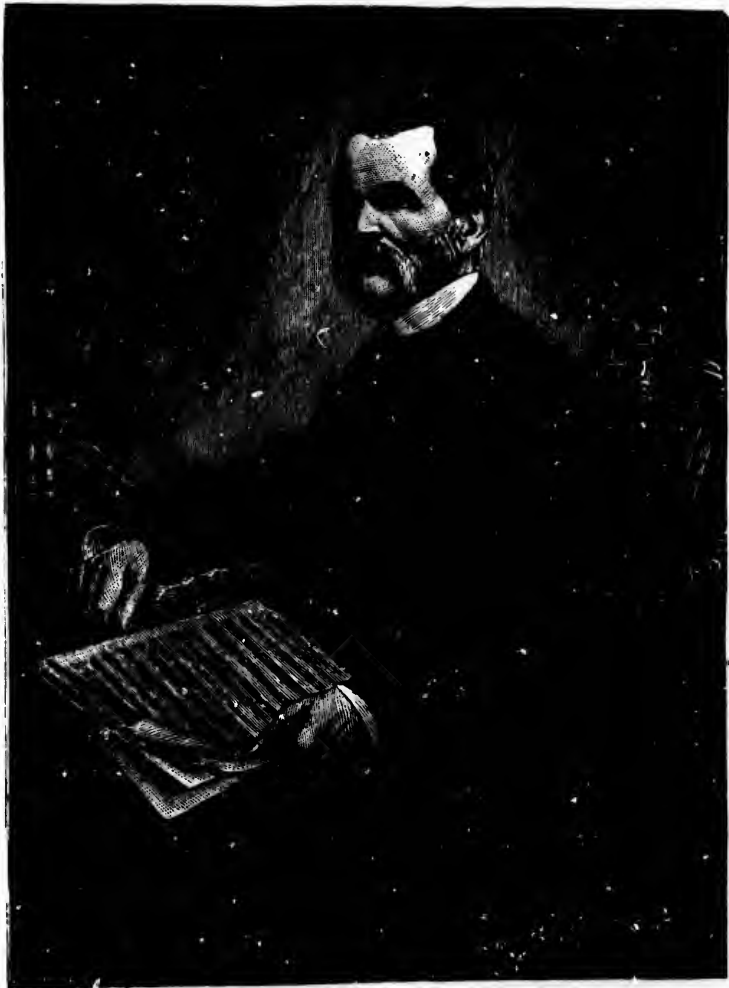
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*Evan MacIver*

IN HIS 74th YEAR.

THE ENGLISH  
POETICAL WORKS

—OF—

EVAN MACCOLL, F. R. S. C.,

*Author of "Clarsach nam Beann,"*

—WITH A—

*Biographical Sketch of the Author,*

BY A. MACKENZIE, F. S. A. SCOT.



FOURTH CANADIAN EDITION.



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# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
DEDICATION.....	iii
A Biographical Sketch of the Author.....	9
THE MOUNTAIN MINSTREL; or, Poems and Songs of Early Life:—	
A May Morning in Glen-Shira.....	27
My Own Native Cot.....	29
Annie's Eyes.....	30
An Autumn Day on Loch-Lomond.....	31
Raven-black Tresses.....	34
The River Beauly.....	35
A Pictured Beauty.....	37
The Castle of Lochavich.....	38
On Viewing Glen-Urquhart.....	49
Jessie of Carlunnan.....	50
Another Dagon Down.....	51
The Findhorn.....	52
Definition of a Poet.....	54
Maggie of Lochgair: A Pastoral.....	55
A Fair Harpist.....	56
Mary Mine.....	57
Staffa.....	58
Donald and Sawney.....	61
Love in Hiding.....	64
On Viewing Tobermorry Bay.....	66
Shams.....	67
My Three Charmers.....	71
Lines addressed to a Young Brother Bard.....	72
Snowfall in a Highland Glen.....	73
Craigantairve: A Scene in Nether Lorne.....	75
Britain vs. Afghanistan.....	77
The Fisherman's Return.....	79
The Highland Emigrant's Farewell.....	80
On the Death of a Beloved Mother.....	81
A Stolen Kiss.....	82
On Visiting Iona.....	83
Duncan's-Bay Head.....	87
A Vanished Hope.....	88
Love's Last Appeal.....	89
Miss Makebelieve: A Sketch from Life.....	92
My First Railroad Ride.....	96
Sellars and his Shears.....	98
An Epistle to a Poetical Friend.....	100
Elegiac Stanzas on the Death of a Young Highland Nobleman.....	102
To the Morning Star.....	104
A Dreamland Delight.....	105
Lines written on the Banks of the Dee, near Chester.....	107
The Dingle.....	108
SONNET: The Primrose.....	109

SONNET : To a Robin Singing on a November Morning . . . . .	109
SONNET : To the Author of "The Shadow of the Pyramid" . .	110
Disenchanted . . . . .	110
Tarlochan's Advice to his Son . . . . .	112
A Last Fond Farewell . . . . .	113
The Captured Bird : A Fable . . . . .	114
Happiness . . . . .	115
Jeanie's New Album . . . . .	116
Verses addressed to a Fair Friend on her Birthday . . . . .	119
To my Father, on his Emigrating to America . . . . .	120
The Minstrel to his Harp . . . . .	122
TRANSLATIONS :—	
Loch-Duich—From " <i>Clarsach nam Beann</i> " . . . . .	123
The Child of Promise—From the same . . . . .	126
Another Version of the Child of Promise . . . . .	127
A Lover's Lament—From " <i>Clarsach nam Beann</i> " . . . . .	128
Mairi Laghach—From the Gaelic of a Ross-shire bard . . . . .	129
SONGS :—	
The Hills of the Heather . . . . .	133
Who Loves not to think of Glenfinnan? . . . . .	135
Ellie Bhoideach . . . . .	136
The Lass of Leven-side . . . . .	137
The Banks of Loch-Shin . . . . .	138
Jeanie Stuart . . . . .	139
When I am Far Away . . . . .	139
Bonnie Isabel . . . . .	140
The Lass wi' the Bricht Gowden Hair . . . . .	141
Glenara, I Love Thee . . . . .	142
Winna the Siller make up for an Old Man ? . . . . .	143
The Lass of Glenfyne . . . . .	145
The Betrayed One to her Child . . . . .	145
Sweet Annie of Glenara . . . . .	146
The Shepherd Boy . . . . .	147
Bella . . . . .	148
Maggie Stuart . . . . .	149
Inverae's Wooing . . . . .	150
POEMS, SONGS AND SONNETS—Written chiefly in Canada :—	
The Chaudière . . . . .	153
The Relief of Lucknow . . . . .	154
Creag-a-ghàrie . . . . .	156
To Professor G——, on his last Historical Discovery . . . . .	159
Robert Burns . Written for Centennial Celebration of 1859 . .	160
Burns Again . An Anniversary Tribute . . . . .	162
The Modern Hercules . . . . .	165
Canadian Girls . . . . .	169
The Clans of 'Forty-five . . . . .	170
A "Fabled" Ossian . . . . .	172
The Lake of the Thousand Isles . . . . .	174

A Scottish Syren .....	175
SONNETS descriptive of the Scenery of Loch-Awe :—	
I. Loch-Awe—seen from Crois-an-t-sleuchdaidh .....	178
II. Innis-Druidhnic .....	179
III. Fraoch-Eilean .....	179
IV. The Brander Pass .....	180
V. Kilchurn Castle .....	180
VI. Glenorchy .....	181
VII. A Summer Morning at Dalmally .....	181
Keep your Powder Dry, Boys .....	182
The Press .....	183
Domhnall Piobaire and the Bagpipes .....	186
“Stands Scotland where it did?” .....	189
To Mary, Sleeping in an Arbour .....	191
A Day with the Muse .....	192
My Rowan Tree .....	196
Erin Machree .....	198
A St. Andrew's Night in Canada .....	200
In Memoriam of Dr. H. S. Laycock .....	202
A Time that yet shall be .....	204
The Modern Moloch .....	206
From the Sublime to the Ridiculous .....	208
William Lyon Mackenzie and his Traducers .....	209
A Girl I know .....	210
Glory to the Brave .....	211
Scottish Church Music .....	212
The Work Before us .....	214
A Missing Minstrel .....	216
John Bull on his Travels .....	218
To a Fair Favourite Friend .....	219
The Wallace Monument vs. “Old Humphrey” .....	220
Let us do the Best we Can .....	223
To John F. Campbell, younger, of Islay .....	224
Canada's Welcome to the Prince of Wales .....	226
A Very Ill-used Squad, Sir .....	228
Macaulay vs. Scotland .....	230
Garibaldi the Brave .....	232
Curling vs. Shinty .....	234
Christmas-time .....	236
A Good-bye .....	238
To a Fair Friend in a Foreign Land .....	238
To the same .....	239
The Wellington Street Peacock .....	240
The Tandys .....	242
Captain Creighton .....	244
Abram Lincoln .....	247
A Highland Hero's Coronach .....	248
My Wherry, “Brunette” .....	251
The Land of the Lakes .....	252

How Long, O Lord, How Long ?.....	254
On a Would-be Canadian Poet.....	255
England's Mighty Dead.....	257
Our Canada—An Extravaganza.....	258
My Model Highlander.....	260
A Word with the Fenian Brotherhood.....	262
Up and at them ! Spare them not !.....	264
The Cadi Ben-Brammach to his Beaks.....	265
To John Carruthers, Esq. ....	266
A Bit of Advice to a Common School Teacher.....	267
Lord Lorne and the Lady Louise.....	268
A Prologue.....	269
The World as it Goes.....	271
Canada's Resolve.....	272
On Receiving an Engraving.....	273
Sonnet.....	274
A Gathering Call.....	275
A St. Andrew's Night Greeting.....	276
To Miss Goodall, of the Salvation Army.....	277
A Voice from the Desk ; or, the Sorrows of Mr. Snook.....	278
The Bold Chief of the Brave <i>British Whig</i> .....	280
SONGS :—	
The Thistle.....	283
Upper-Tendom.....	284
Eight in One are We.....	286
The Bonnet, Kilt and Feather.....	287
The Day an' a' Wha Honour it.....	290
The Land of the Bens and the Braes.....	291
The Land of the Green Maple Leaf.....	293
Chieftain MacLean.....	294
Mine Own Dear Romantic Countrie.....	296
My Morag.....	297
Avich's Fairy Bower.....	298
Peggie Bhàn of Drimalee.....	300
The Hero of Kars.....	301
Maggie Martin.....	302
Ethel Tye.....	303
Tell not to me of Spring's Return.....	304
The Heiress.....	305
Ethel.....	306
Jeanie Grey.....	307
EXTRACTS FROM A SERIES OF NEW-YEAR'S-DAY ADDRESSES :—	
From Address for 1860.....	308
From Address for 1863.....	309
From Address for 1867.....	312
From Address for 1869.....	313
From Address for 1878.....	316
From Address for 1882.....	319
EXTRACTS FROM NOTES OF A TOUR THROUGH THE NORTH HIGHLANDS	
	323

254  
255  
257  
258  
260  
262  
264  
265  
266  
267  
268  
269  
271  
272  
273  
274  
275  
276  
277  
278  
280  
  
283  
284  
286  
287  
290  
291  
293  
294  
296  
297  
298  
300  
301  
302  
303  
304  
305  
306  
307  
  
308  
309  
312  
313  
316  
319  
323

# Biographical Sketch

—OF THE AUTHOR.—



VAN MACCOLL was born on the 21st September, 1808, at Kenmore, Lochfyne-side—a farm situated on the banks of that famous Loch, about five miles west from Inveraray, Argyllshire, and at the time in the joint occupation of several tenants, the poet's father, Dugald MacColl, being one of them. The bard, who was the youngest but one of a family of six sons and two daughters, was fortunate enough in having for his father one who, in addition to many other excellent qualities, was famed far and near for the richest store of Celtic song of any man living in his part of the country. His home became, in consequence, the common resort of those in the district who delighted in such things; and long and frequent were the winter *ceilidhs* at his house to listen to him singing song after song—especially the Jacobite lays of such favourite minstrels as *Mairi nighean Alastair Ruairidh*, Alexander Macdonald, and Duncan Ban Macintyre, every line of whose compositions he could repeat from memory, and in a manner well calculated to attract and captivate the rustic audience congregated round his hospitable fireside. He had a keen and genuine appre-

---

\*Written for the *Celtic Magazine* of 1880, by its editor, Alexander Mackenzie F.S.A., Scot., Inverness, Scotland.

ciation of the beautiful and the grand in the natural scenery which adorned his native land, and it was charming to hear the bard relating his recollections of how, when a mere boy, his father had made him familiar with the best positions in the neighborhood of his home from which to view to advantage any scene of more than ordinary attraction—a circumstance which, no doubt, tended to implant in the mind of the future poet that love of Nature which afterwards found such mellifluous expression in his "Address to Loch Lomond;" his "Sonnets descriptive of Lochawe," which appeared in these pages; his "Loch-Duich," and many more of his most beautiful and best descriptive poems.

Dugald MacColl was received among, and lived on close terms of intimacy with, men who moved in a sphere of social life far above his own, and was in consequence able to procure the use of books, otherwise inaccessible, for his children; for parish libraries in those days were things undreamt of in the Highlands. Nothing delighted him more than to see the patriot flame fanned in the bosom of his young family by the perusal of such books as Blind Harry's Metrical Life of Sir William Wallace, the Life of Hannibal, Baron Trenck's Autobiography, and other works of a similar character. He was descended from an old family—the MacColls of Glasdrum—a family in which resides, it is said, the chiefship of his clan—a small but heroic branch of the great clan Domhnuill. He possessed superior natural endowments—physical as well as mental—and was reputed to be altogether as fine a specimen of the Highlander as could be found in the whole county of Argyll in his day. He delighted to wear the Highland dress, and continued to do so, at least as a holiday dress, long after it had ceased to be used by any other of the adult population of his native parish.

In his mother, Mary Cameron, a daughter of *Domhnall mor a' Gharbh-choirre*—in his day a man of considerable mark in the district of Cowall—the bard was scarcely less fortunate. She was noted for her store of traditional tales, legendary and fairy lore, and not less so for a life of much active benevolence. \* \* \* \* \*

John Mackenzie, in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and Lives of the Gaelic Bards," informs us that "the poet's parents, although not affluent, were in the enjoyment of more comfort than generally falls to the lot of Highland peasants; and were no less respected for their undeviating moral rectitude than distinguished for their hospitality, and the practice of all the other domestic virtues that hallow and adorn the Highland hearth." Of the bard himself, with whom he was intimately acquainted, the same writer says:—"At a very early age he displayed an irresistible thirst for legendary lore and Gaelic poetry; but, from the seclusion of his native glen and other disadvantageous circumstances, he had but scanty means for fanning the latent flame that lay dormant in his breast. He, however, greedily devoured every volume he could procure, and when the labours of the day were over, would often resort to some favourite haunt where, in the enjoyment of that solitude which his father's fire-side denied him, he might be found to take advantage of the very moonlight to pore over the minstrelsy of his native country, until lassitude or the hour of repose compelled him to return home." The same author continues:—"His father, Dugald MacColl, seems to have been alive to the blessings of education; for, as the village school afforded but little or nothing worthy of that name, he, about the time that our bard had reached his teens, hired a tutor for his family at an amount of remuneration which his slender means could scarcely war-



rant. The tutor's stay was short, yet sufficiently long to accomplish one good purpose—that of not only enabling Evan properly to read and understand English, but also of awakening in him a taste for English literature. A year or two later a circumstance occurred which tended materially to encourage our author's poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. MacColl bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works he was thus put in possession of were the 'Spectator,' 'Burns's Poems,' and the 'British Essayists.' He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view; his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist. Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion was the artillery of a neighboring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard; he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his co-parishioners."

The means taken for the publication of this first effort, as related to us by the poet himself while his guest in Canada, is worth telling. The bards were not at the time held in high esteem in his native district, and this fact, of which he was well aware, coupled with the subject and nature of the song, made him unwilling to make it known even among his most intimate friends. He, however, felt conscious that his effort possessed some small merit, and was anxious to submit it to

the local critics, which he did in the following manner :— Taking into his confidence a young friend, who was an excellent song singer, Evan taught him his first attempt, without however letting him so far into the secret as to name the author. The same evening a *ceilidh* “of lads and lasses” was held in the house of a poor widow who lived rent-free on the farm of Kenmore—that on which our bard was born—and Evan’s friend engaged to sing the song during the evening, while the bard decided to remain outside, and hear, through the chinks and crevices with which the walls of the primitive domicile were pretty freely riddled, not only the singing of the song but the criticism which was sure to follow. His nerves were strung to the highest pitch, waiting the result, which to him was of the utmost consequence. The song was sung ; it was received with loud and unanimous applause, and its unknown author, whom every one became anxious to discover, was praised without stint. Evan heard the whole, he felt himself a bard, and became supremely happy, and the genius of which this was the first-fruit broke forth from that moment with the result so well known to the lovers of genuine poetry throughout the length and breadth of the land, wherever Highlanders are located, and to all to whom the name of Evan MacColl is long since a household word.

Of his educational opportunities in early life the bard, in a letter recently received from him, gives the following interesting account :—

“ My earliest schoolboy days were spent in a most miserable apology for a school, existing quite close to where I lived, and conducted by a dominie of whose scholastic acquirements you may judge from the fact that he was content to be paid for his services at the rate of £10 per annum, besides board and lodging—the last being secured to him at the expense of

a constant round of house to house billeting, one day at a time for each child attending school. Here, in a building little better than a hovel, and where the discipline was such as I even now shudder to think of, I first learned to master the A B C, the ab, abs, and so forth. This important preliminary being once through, I, in common with all little ones of similar standing, were made to grope our way through the Shorter Catechism—the English version, mind you—for to be taught at that stage of our progress to read a word of Gaelic was a thing never dreamt of. So much for *our* First Book of Lessons! Our next was the book of Proverbs, then the New Testament, and afterwards the Old—all in English, of course, and the same as Greek to most of us. These were followed by some English Collection, or it might be Goldsmith's History of Rome, in the case of children whose parents could afford to buy such books; and where that could not be done, I have known an odd volume of Dean Swift's writings doing duty instead! Last of all came in the Gaelic Psalm-book for such of us as might wish to attain to a knowledge of reading our native tongue. When it is considered how very little English any of us knew, I think it must be allowed that a total reversal of all this would have been the infinitely-more sensible procedure. In those days, and in such schools, a boy caught speaking a word of Gaelic was pretty sure to be made to mount the back of some one of his sturdier schoolmates, and then, moving in a circuit around the master, tawse in hand, get his hips soundly thrashed. You may well guess what a terror was inspired by such a mode of punishment in the case of little urchins wearing the kilt, as most, if not all of us, then did. Another barbarous mode of forcing us to make English our sole vehicle of speech at school was, to make any trespasser on that rule carry on his breast, suspended by a *gad*

made to go round the neck, the skull of some dead horse! and which he was by no means to get rid of until some other luckless fellow might be overheard whispering a word in the prohibited tongue. How Highland parents, with the least common sense, could approve of all this is to me now inexplicable. Little wonder if, under such circumstances, we could often devoutly wish that the Saxon and his tongue had never existed! It is to be hoped that no such foul, short-sighted means of killing off my good mother-tongue are still allowed to exist in any part of the Highlands. If it must die—though I see no good reason why it should—let it have at least a little fair play in the fight for its life.

“The nearest parish school being separated from my father’s house by a considerable extent of rough moorland, which made his children’s attendance there a thing scarcely to be thought of, it was lucky for me that, after picking up all the little knowledge possible at the school just described, my father, while on a visit to some relations in Appin, there fell in with, and engaged as a teacher in our family, a young man to whom I am indebted for almost all the education worthy of the name, ever received by me during my school-boy days. My worthy tutor had been for several years a teacher under the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in the Highlands, but was, at the time of making this engagement with my father, waiting for a promised situation as book-keeper in one of Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch’s estates in Jamaica, to which island, after a year spent with us, he went, and where, within a period of two short years, he died. Poor Alexander Mackenzie MacLeod—for that was his name—was a man of rare, ripe Celtic scholarship—a man who well merited being held by me in most loving remembrance:”

MacColl’s mind is of a peculiarly delicate and sensitive tex-

ture, and the strongest impression of his early childhood still remaining, he informs us, in his recollection of his extreme sensitiveness to pain inflicted on any creature, even among the lower animals. This characteristic peculiarity of his nature made the day set apart for killing the "*Mullag-gheamhraidh*," or any other occasional victim necessary to furnish the household with animal food, to him a day of special horror and anguish. On all such occasions it became necessary to send him out of the way until the necessary proceedings were over. It led him also, often at the expense of much rough treatment from boy companions older than himself, to become a regular little knight-errant in the defence of his favourite wild-birds and their brood from the harrying propensities so common to most boys; and a lapwing could not more successfully wile away from her nest the searcher after it than he often did from their mark the would-be despoilers of some poor robin's *cuach*, as yet undiscovered by them. With a boy so constituted we may well believe him when he writes in his poem on "*Creag-a-gharaidh*," given to the public a few years ago, that

These were the days a planet new  
 Would joy its finder less than *there* I  
 To find some blackbird's nest, known to  
 Myself alone in *Creag-a-gharrie*.

Like most Highland boys brought up in rural life, MacColl was early trained to all the various duties and labours incidental to that sphere of life—the spade, the plough, and the sickle being for many years implements far more familiar to him than the pen. The herring fishing season in Lochfyne was also to him for several years of his early manhood a period of more than ordinary activity—himself and his wherry, "*Mairi Chreag-a-gharaidh*," the praises of which

have been already sounded in excellent Gaelic verse in these pages, being generally foremost in opening the fishing campaign, and seldom missing a fair share of its spoils. Ard, further, his father, in addition to the labour demanded by the cultivation of his small holding at Kenmore, was seldom without a road contract of some kind or another on hand, generally the making or repairing of roads within the policies of the Duke of Argyll, at Inveraray. During the last ten years of the father's residence in Scotland before emigrating to Canada, in 1831, he held a contract for keeping a considerable stretch of the county roads in repair, to which he confined himself exclusively in that particular department. These repairs were usually carried on during the winter, and the bard and his brothers had to work along with the other labourers employed, thus making the whole year to them one unceasing round of hard and active labour. The bard was thus employed for several years—years, however, during which many of his best Gaelic lyrics were composed.

When his father, accompanied by all the other unmarried members of his family, emigrated to Canada, Evan could not make up his mind to leave his native land, even to accompany those whom he loved above all others in the world—he having already secretly resolved that before following them, he would try to leave his country-men at home something to be remembered by,—a poetic volume, in short, the materials for which were daily growing on his hands. How well he succeeded in his purpose remains now to be shown.

His first publication in volume form appeared in 1836, under the title of *The Mountain Minstrel*, containing Gaelic songs and poems, and his earliest attempts in English. Though the names of MacLachlan and Stewart appear upon the title page, the work was entirely published at the risk of

the author. It was well received, the sale covered the cost of publication, and left a small balance to the bard.

During the next two years he wrote several new pieces, both in Gaelic and English, and in 1838 the Messrs. Blackie, of Glasgow, published the Gaelic work now known as "Clarsach Nam Beann," containing all the Gaelic productions of the bard till that date. Simultaneously with the "Clarsach" the same firm brought out the first exclusively English edition of the *Mountain Minstrel*, the first edition of which, we have seen, was partly Gaelic and partly English. A second edition of this *Mountain Minstrel* was published in 1847, and another in 1849; but neither of these produced any great financial results to the author.

On the appearance of his two volumes in 1838, MacColl was hailed as a rare acquisition to Gaelic literature and his right to stand in the front rank of modern Celtic bards was at once established and acknowledged. Of his *Mountain Minstrel* or "Poems and Songs in English," some of the best contemporary authorities in Britain wrote in the very highest praise.

The late Dr. Norman MacLeod, reviewing it in an Edinburgh paper, writes:—"Evan MacColl's poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and the grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild, indeed, and sometimes rough are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and striking, images and comparisons so beautiful and original, feelings so warm and fresh, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man." Hugh Miller says, in the *Inverness Courier*: "There is more of fancy than of imagination in the poetry of MacColl, and more of thought and imagery than of feeling. In point, glitter, polish, he is

the Moore of Highland song. Comparisons and ideality are the leading features of his mind. Some of the pieces in this volume are sparkling tissues of comparison from beginning to end. The images pass before us in quick and tantalizing succession, reminding us of the figures of a magic lantern, hurriedly drawn athwart the wall, or the patterns of a web of tapestry, seen and then lost, as they sweep over the frame. Even when compelled to form a high estimate of the wealth of the bard from the very rapidity with which he flings it before us, we cannot avoid wishing at the same time that he had learned to enjoy it a little more at his leisure. This, if a fault, however, and we doubt it after all, is a fault of genius." Dr. Brown, author of "The History of the Highland Clans," noticing the work in the *Caledonian Mercury*, wrote:—"Here we have the poetic spirit breaking out amidst every disadvantage in the person of a Western Celt,—one, who, obedient to the voice within, sought to embody in song those feelings and emotions which external nature has kindled up in his bosom; and who, with none of the means and appliances furnished by the schools, has thrown together in his *Mountain Minstrel* more gems 'of purest ray serene' than could be found in a decade of *lustra* amongst the measured dullness of the choristers and songsters in the cities of the south."

This is surely high praise, but we must yet quote Bailey, the celebrated author of "Festus" and of the "Angel World." "There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the *Mountain Minstrel*, which seems to breathe naturally of the hungry air, the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of



the melodies towards the close of this volume, are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame."

Our Minstrel having thus established for himself a name which his countrymen "will not willingly let die," the time to leave his beloved Lochfyne-side, not for Canada, but England, at last drew near. For, having been in the spring of 1839, through the influence of Mr. Campbell, of Islay, then M. P. for Argyllshire, appointed to a clerkship in the Liverpool Custom House, he, in that year, bade his native home an affectionate farewell, and exchanged the Highland hills and heather, which had so often occupied his poetic mind, for a sphere of life which, with its necessary duties and surroundings, had little attraction for one of his temperament, tastes and feelings.

In 1850, the health of our bard having become somewhat impaired, he obtained six months' leave of absence to enable him to visit his friends in Canada, and at the same time recruit his overworked constitution. Shortly after his arrival there he happened to come in contact with an old friend of his father's family, the Hon. Malcolm Cameron, then a member of the Canadian Government, and was by this distinguished countryman invited to transfer his clerkship in the Liverpool Customs for a somewhat better position at the time in the Provincial Customs of Upper Canada. Unfortunately for him, we think, he fell in with this friendly suggestion, and was, shortly after, appointed to a situation in Kingston, a position in which he remained until 1880, when he was superannuated.

Promotion in the public service in Canada, being a matter almost entirely dependent on political influence,—and the

Liberal party,—that to which MacColl owed his appointment,—having, unfortunately for him, been left in the cold shades of opposition, with but a very short interval during the whole of his official life in that country, his portion at the “public crib” was never much to boast of. We suspect that a further barrier to his advancement lay in a suspicion that not a few of the political lyrics anonymously contributed from time to time to the Reform press were from his pen. It is certain that the bard never professed to be much of an admirer of his countryman, Sir John A. Macdonald, the leader of the Conservative party there; and, this being the case, he made it a point of honor never to solicit any favour at his hands. Yet Sir John, who had it so often in his power to befriend him, can hardly be excused for not acting towards him in a more generous spirit than he seems to have done. It was hoped that when, in 1874, Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the Liberal party, came into power, MacColl's well-established claims to promotion would result in some lucrative place being at once given him. A promise to that effect was cheerfully made; but, yielding to political exigencies, Mr. Mackenzie delayed its fulfilment, more clamorous claimants having to be provided for,—while the bard, too modest to press his claims, and altogether too confident that the time would come when his patience would be amply rewarded, kept vainly trusting on until the upset of the Mackenzie Government, in 1878, suddenly put an end to all his hopes of preferment.

We have said enough to show the stamp of man, whom we (on this side of the Atlantic) had almost permitted to die out of remembrance; but we must yet be allowed to add one more tribute in his praise from a brother Canadian bard, of no mean powers himself; for it is not often that one poet can

be found to speak so well of another. We quote from a Biographical Sketch, written by the poet, Charles Sangster, for General Wilson's work on the Scottish Bards, published a good many years ago, by the Harpers, of New York.

"MacColl," writes Sangster, "is considerably past the middle of life, but bids fair to weather the storm of existence for many years to come. In private life he is, both by precept and example, all that could be desired. He has an intense love for all that is really good and beautiful, and a true and manly scorn for all that is false, time-serving and hypocritical; there is no narrow-mindedness, no bigotry in his soul. Kind and generous to a fault, he is more than esteemed, and that deservedly, by all who properly know him. In the domestic circle, all the warmth in the man's heart—the full glow of genuine feeling and affection—is ever uppermost. He is a thoroughly earnest man, in whose daily walks and conversation, as well as in his actions, Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' is acted out in verity. In his friendships, he is sincere; in his dislikes, equally so. He is thoroughly Scottish in his leanings, his national love burns with intensity. In poetry, he is not merely zealous, but enthusiastic, and he carries his natural force of character in all he says and does. Consequently he is not simply a wooer, but a worshipper of the muse. Long may he live, the 'Bard of Lochfyne,' to prostrate his entire heart and soul in the Temple of the Nine."

Among MacColl's literary friends and acquaintances in the Highlands were, first and foremost, John Mackenzie, of "The Beauties," allowed, like many more of his class, to die prematurely in neglect and poverty, though his great services to the Celtic cause are now being fully acknowledged. The late Robert Carruthers, LL.D., he met several times, "first of all in the studio of my dear departed friend, Mr. Alexander

MacInnes, the artist, then a resident of Inverness." He met Hugh Miller, too, more than once, the last time being at the old Cromarty homestead celebrated in his "Schools and School-masters." He also spent some time with the brothers Sobeiskie Stewart, at Eilean-Aigais, and drank with them out of a *cuach*, once the property of Prince Charlie. In Glasgow, he could claim among his friends James Hodderwick, of the *Citizen*; Dugald Moore, author of "Scenes before the Flood," and "The Bard of the North;" Alexander Rodgers, the author of "Behave Yourself before Folk," and many other popular songs and lyrics; and last, but not least, the Rev. Dr. Norman MacLeod, the gifted author of *Leabhar Nan Cnoc* and editor of the celebrated *Teachdaire Gaidhealach*. In Edinburgh, the late Dr. Robert Chambers made him the lion of a dinner party at his own house in Princess Street, to which were invited a dozen of the then literary stars of "modern Athens," the poets Gilfillan and Velder being among the number. In Liverpool, he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of James Philip Bailey, the author of "Festus," and the late Robert Leighton, author of the "Christening of the Bairn," and other well-known poems. "When first I knew Leighton," MacColl writes, "he was quite a raw, unsophisticated callant, fresh from Dundee, and with seemingly no conception of the poetic power afterwards developed in him."

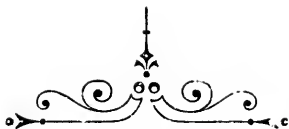
In London, he was intimately acquainted with James Logan, author of "The Scottish Gael;" Fraser, of *Fraser's Magazine*, and Hugh Fraser, an Invernessian, the publisher of "Leabhar Nan Cnoc." These, in all, form a circle of literary friends with whom the Bard of Lochfyne might well be highly pleased, indeed gratified.

MacColl has been twice married, his first wife being Frances

Lewthwaite, a native of Cumberland, while his present worthy and hospitable partner is of Highland parentage, though born in Canada—her father, James McArthur, as also her mother, McCallum by name, being natives of Mull, in Argyllshire. Of a family of nine sons and daughters, Evan, the poet's eldest son, has been educated for the ministry, and is now pastor of the Congregational Church at Quebec. The readers of the *Celtic Magazine* are already familiar with some of his daughter Mary's productions, and her fair promise as a poet to become worthy of her sire. Fanny, another daughter, is a teacher under the Ontario Board of Education, while the more youthful members of his most interesting family give ample promise of proving themselves worthy of the stock from which they sprang.

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*The Mountain Minstrel.*



— THE —  
MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.



A MAY MORNING IN GLEN-SHIRA,  
ARGYLESHIRE.

Lo. dawning o'er yon mountain grey  
The rosy birth-day of the May!  
Glen-Shira knoweth well 'tis Beltane's blissful day.

The Maum has donned its brightest green,  
The hawthorne whitens round Kilblane,  
And shews Dunchorvil's crest its own heath-purpling sheen.

Hark! from yon grove, that thrilling gush  
Of song from linnet, merle, and thrush!  
To hear herself so praised the morning we'll may blush.

The lark, high up the clouds among,  
Rains down a very flood of song;  
An age, that song to list, would not seem lost or long.

Yon cushat by Cuilvoca's stream  
The spirit of some bard you'd deem—  
One who had lived and died in love's delicious dream.



Thrice welcome minstrel ! now at hand,  
The cuckoo joins the tuneful band :  
A choir like this might grace the bowers of fairy-land !

Now is the hour by Duloch's tide  
To scent the birch that decks its side,  
And watch the snow-white swans o'er its calm bosom glide.

Now is the hour a minstrel might  
Be blameless if, in his delight,  
He druid-like adored the sun that crowns yon height.

O May ! thou'rt an enchantress rare—  
Thy presence maketh all things fair ;  
Thou waviest but thy wand, and joy is everywhere.

Thou comest, and rude winds are not,  
The skies a deeper blue have got,  
The gossamer again is in the air afloat.

The foaming torrent from the hill  
Thou changest to a gentle rill—  
A thread of liquid pearl, that faintly murmurs still.

Thine is the blossom-laden tree—  
The meads that white with lambkins be—  
Thine, too, the nether world that in each lake we see.

Cheer'd by thy smile, the herd-boy gay  
Oft sings the rock-repeated lay,  
And wonders who can be the mocker in his way !

Thou givest fragrance to the breeze,  
A gleaming glory to the seas,  
Nor less thy grace is seen in yonder emerald leas.

Around me in this dewy den  
Wild flowers imparadise the scene,—  
Some look up to the sun—his worshippers, I ween.

Some, here and there, with modest grace,  
Yield to the butterfly's embrace,  
While others coyly share the bee's more rude caress.

Above—around me—all things seem  
So witching that I almost deem  
Myself asleep, and these, creations of a dream!

But cease, my muse ambitious! Frail  
Thy skill in fitting strains to hail  
The morn that makes a heaven of Shira's lovely vale.

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### MY OWN NATIVE COT.

My own native cot, aye so dear unto me—  
Whose hearth to the homeless was always so free,—  
Though long from it roaming, and far from it, too,  
That home of my childhood is always in view :  
That home where the stranger found welcome unbought,  
That home where sweet fancies came to me unsought,—  
Its place in my heart nothing else e'er can fill :  
God bless the old cot at the foot of the hill.

Methinks I still see the sweet neuk of bright green  
Where calmly it nestles, half hid and half seen ;  
I hear the bees hum in the sycamores fair  
That vied with each other to shelter it there ;

The burn, wimpling nigh it, still sings in its glee,  
The gowan and primrose still bloom there, for me :  
Illusions, alas ! yet my heartstrings they thrill :  
God bless the old cot at the foot of the hill !

Though much in the city I well can admire ;  
Though song, wit and beauty to charm me conspire,  
Yet love I far better the birch-belted lake,  
And the song of the thrush in the balm-breathing brake.  
Then give me again the old homestead to see ;  
Its threshold, though lowly, is holy to me ;  
The warm love I bear it death only can chill :  
God bless the old cot at the foot of the hill !

---

#### ANNIE'S EYES.

My Annie's form, so full of grace,  
Fain would my rustic pencil trace ;  
But Fancy will not compromise—  
She bids me sing of Annie's eyes.

Theirs is the dew-drop's gleaming glow,  
'Neath lids more fair than flakes of snow ;  
Love's star, just seen when daylight dies,  
Reminds me well of Annie's eyes.

Ye bachelors who boast the skill  
To ward off Cupid's darts at will,  
How would your vaunting change to sighs  
By one love-blink from Annie's eyes !

The more I look, the more I see  
How matchless is their glamorie ;

Himself he would immortalize  
Who'd fitly sing of Annie's eyes.

Enough from them is one sweet glance  
To set me in a blissful trance ;  
Her starward watch let Science prize,—  
My sweeter watch be Annie's eyes.

Were she on Ida 'mong the fair  
For Beauty's prize once rivals there,  
Methinks the Trojan's verdict wise  
Would take its cue from Annie's eyes.

The patriot will forget the soil  
That nursed him, bards the muse's smile,  
And saints their hopes beyond the skies  
Ere I forget my Annie's eyes.

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### AN AUTUMN DAY ON LOCH-LOMOND.

LAKE of peerless grace and grandeur !  
All-enchanting Lomond rare !  
Fondly to thee would I render  
Praise befitting scene so fair.

Matchless mirror of the Highlands,  
Cold's the heart that feels no glow,  
Viewing thee with all thy islands—  
Heaven above and heaven below !

All, from margin unto margin,  
Sleep'st thou in thy matchless grace,  
Calmly-fair as might a virgin,  
Dreaming of some chaste embrace.

See, where, watching thee serenely,  
Takes yon Ben his kingly stand !  
Hills that else were great look meanly  
In Ben-Lomond's presence grand.

How they all in grand confusion  
Now seem piercing heaven's concave,  
Now seem in as grand profusion  
Overturnd in Lomond's wave !

Lo, yon bird !—an eagle, soaring !  
Now she poises in her pride ;  
Now she swoops !—the prey alluring  
Was her image in the tide !

Here, the wary heron seemeth  
Watching me with careful look ;  
There, a salmon sudden gleameth,  
In his spring to catch—the hook !

Hapless trout ! Exultant angler,  
Vaunt not *too* much of thy skill :  
Thou hast met a sturdy wrangler,  
One that yet may thwart thy will.

Coasting Innic-chailleach holy,  
Mark yon otter wide awake !  
Doubtless there the knave sups duly  
On the best of all the lake.

Where the insect-chasing swallow  
Hither-thither skims thy breast,  
And yon wild duck—timid fellow—  
Flaps his wings in awkward haste,

See with what an air of scorning  
Sails yon swan in beauty's pride,  
Bright as sunbeam of the morning,  
Fairer far than Eastern bride !

Little cares the yeoman yonder  
What to *me* such rapture yields ;  
More to *him* than all thy splendour  
Are his own gold-tinted fields.

'Tis for him yon maids the *corran*\*  
Ply among the yellow corn,  
Cheered on by the chorused *oran*†  
Of such happy labours born.

Hark now ! 'tis some youthful shepherd  
Whistling all his cares away  
Near yon fold where lately upward  
To the milking went his May.

Nature now is hushed to silence ;  
Ceased the sportsman's pastime fell ;  
Ill becomes his licensed violence  
Heath-clad Fruin's fairy dell.

Now thy face, loved Lake, is beamless ;  
Dies the daylight in the west ;—  
Never mind, my beauty blameless,  
Stars will soon bedeck thy breast.

Vanished is the ray that crimson'd  
Yonder sky-sustaining pile  
O'er which, like some spirit ransomed,  
See how Vesper now doth smile !

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\*Reaping hook.

†Song.

'Tis the witching hour of gloaming,  
 Just the very time to hear  
 Fairy footsteps lakeward roaming,  
 Fairy minstrels piping near.

From his lair the fox is stealing,  
 Quits the owl her hermit cell ;  
 Vision fair, past all revealing,  
 Dear Loch-Lomond, now farewell !

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### RAVEN-BLACK TRESSES.

Of fair flaxen ringlets oft sung I the praises,  
 Oft found my heart caught in the auburn's loved mazes ;  
 But of all the sly snares cunning Cupid possesses,  
 There's none like one woven of raven-black tresses.

Yes—raven-black hair that, a wavy web weaving,  
 Would in vain veil the bosom below it fond-heaving  
 Like a sunbeam that bursts through some dark cloud's  
 caresses ;—

Hearts are never love-proof nigh to raven-black tresses !

To see them, Louisa, *thy* fair shoulders hiding,  
 Or down to thy waist in their glossiness gliding,  
 One feels that, however angelic thy face is,  
 Beauty's grand crowning glory are raven-black tresses.

The poets, fond fools ! in the time 'elapt the olden,  
 Described Love's own queen proud of locks that were golden ;  
 But had they seen thee, they would own that the Graces  
 Misjudged in not giving her raven-black tresses.

Then choose whoso will beauties auburn or flaxen,  
 Give me, when I mate—be she Celtic or Saxon—  
 A girl who can add to the sweetest of faces  
 The rarest profusion of raven-black tresses !

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### THE RIVER BEAULY.

Of all the witching scenes the North  
 Can boast of well and truly,—  
 Haunts which no bard of any worth  
 Would fail to honor duly,—  
     There's none, I ween,  
     To match that scene  
 Where quits its Druim, the Beauly,  
 And, laughing, leaps into the plains  
 Where plenty smiles on happy swains.

I've stood by Foyers' thundering leap,  
 Seen Lora's rush astounding,  
 Heard the swift Brauder's moaning deep  
 'Mong Cruachan's caves resounding:  
     These have their share  
     Of grandeur rare,  
 But, Beauly, thee surrounding  
 Are scenes that might Elysium grace,  
 The beauty-spots on nature's face !

'Tis grand thy crystal flood to view  
 Benvaichard's borders leaving  
 Nor less to see the Strath below  
 Thy fuller flow receiving ;



But grander far  
To see thee where  
Its narrowing bounds thou'rt cleaving  
Through rocky ridges opening wide  
In very terror of thy tide.

Now through the Druim's dark gorges deep,  
Methinks I see thee going,  
Half hid 'mid woods that love to keep  
Fond watch upon thy flowing  
From rock to rock,  
With flash and shock,  
And fury ever growing,—  
A giant fettered, it is true,  
Yet bound all barriers to subdue.

O for a home on Agais fair,  
Nigh which, anon, thou wendest  
Thy way, proud-rushing on to where  
In thy great might thou rendest  
The one more chain  
That strives in vain  
To fetter thee, and lendest  
To our charmed sight thy grandest gift of all,  
The gleaming glory of Kilmorack's Fall!

O scene most magically wrought!  
What minstrel pen can paint thee?  
Thy charms, fantastic beyond thought,  
Art never could have lent thee:  
Enchanting spot,  
I wonder not  
The Muses love to haunt thee;

And long, loved Agais, may they joy to stray  
Through thee with tuneful, King-descended Hay.\*

Majestic stream ! methinks I see  
Thee through the Aird now going,  
Calm-glassing many a lordly tree  
On thy fair margin growing.  
    Soon in thy grave,  
    The German wave,  
Shall ever cease thy flowing ;—  
*Cease ?* deathless flood ! till time shall cease to run,  
Thy race is finished, and yet but begun.

### A PICTURED BEAUTY.

(Written on seeing, in the studio of Mr. Alex. MacInnes, Inverness, a painting representing a very young girl—his own beautiful daughter—in the attitude of caressing a favourite Newfoundland dog.)

Was ever mortal maiden half so fair  
As thou, the form all-perfect pictured there !  
If breath were thine, I'd almost wish to be  
Myself a dog, to be caressed by thee !

\*John Sobieskie Stuart Hay, author of "The Bridal of Kilchurn," and other poems of great merit, and who for some years resided in the vicinity of the scene here alluded to.

## THE CASTLE OF LOHAVICH.

## A WEST-HIGHLAND LEGEND.

The Castle of Lochavich (better known in the traditional lore of the West Highlands as "Caisteal na h-ighinne ruaidh") stands on a little islet lying close to the western shore of Lochavich—a lake whose legendary associations, altogether apart from its romantic beauty, may well justify a pilgrimage to Glendovan, the valley in which it is situated. Tradition points to Innis-luna, the islet already alluded to, as having been, in Ossianic times, the scene of a very tragic occurrence—that which forms the subject of a poem well known to all students of ancient Gaelic poetry as "*Laoidh Fhraoich*." There is no question whatever as to Lochavich having been, at a period much less remote, the scene of the leading incidents related in the following poem, and which in all their main features form an "ower true tale."

LOHAVICH'S banks are fair to view,  
The swan loves well its bosom blue,  
And well the angler is aware  
His paradise of sport is there.  
Yet, pilgrim to that solitude,  
However sceptical thy mood,  
I would not counsel thee to bide  
On Avich's breast at twilight tide,  
And least of all, to ply the oar  
Near Innisluna's haunted shore.  
Thou'lt know it from all scenes around  
By the grim castle, ivy bound,  
There tow'ring. Pile unhallowed! though  
The winds wail through its chambers wide,  
It looks upon the floor below  
With something yet of feudal pride.

When night resumes her dusky sway,  
The shepherd shuns yon beechward way ;  
The hunter, lated and alone,  
May well with quickened pace move on  
Whenever meets his watchful eye  
Lochavich's castle frowning nigh,  
For often there, close by the tide,  
A phantom form is seen to glide,  
Now, with a low beseeching wail,  
Now, silent as a cloudlet frail  
Dissolving in the moonlight pale,  
Causing the dark-o'ertaken wight,  
There passing homeward, sore affright.  
" It is the Nighean ruadh," he says—  
" Protect me, Heaven good !"  
And while he yet doth wildered gaze,  
She sinks into the flood.

But listen, stranger, while I tell  
A legend of old Dovan-dell,  
So may thy doubting mood give way  
To a wise wish that Heaven may  
Be from all ill thy shield and stay !

Glendovan's lord—a chief far-famed  
For daring deeds unblest,—untamed  
And fierce as wild boar of the wood,  
Lived in Glendovan's solitude,  
Where, in a wild, barbaric way,  
Five hundred clansmen owned his sway.  
Alas for them, or friends or foes,  
Who would stout Ardan's will oppose !

A chief was he who never long  
 From strife his hand could stay ;  
 The leader of a reiving throng  
 Who ne'er distinguished right from wrong—  
 His creed was that unto the strong  
 The weak were lawful prey.  
 But now at length grown grey in strife,  
 With foemen thirsting for his life,  
 And deeming insecure, I ween,  
 His home ancestral in the Glen,  
 He plans that on yon isle ere long  
 Shall tower a castle stout and strong,  
 Where, if in war no longer famed,  
 He'll pass life's winter still untamed  
 When Art can wield his father's spear,  
 And chiefs contend for Runa's hand,  
 (Fair Runa, his sole daughter mild—  
 The Sunbeam of Glendovan styled)—  
 Stern Ardan on his castled rock  
 His stoutest foe right well may mock.

What speck is that upon the wave ?  
 Where fleetly glides yon *biorlinn* brave ?  
 It hastens off to Erin's shores  
 In search of Patrick of the Towers.  
 No castle then on Albin's coast  
 Could match with those by Patrick planned  
 And Erin of no towers might boast  
 Like those which owned his master hand.

Famed Patrick found—himself and son—  
 (A youth he fondly doated on,

Though loving harp and song much more  
Than all his sire's masonic lore)—  
Together with the strangers sail ;  
Straight steers their bark for Erraghael.  
And, by propitious breezes borne,  
Safe reaches now the coast of Lorne.  
On haste her crew o'er waste and wild  
To where, 'mid hills o'er hills high-piled,  
Lochavich fair in sunshine gleams—  
Lochavich that forever seems  
Calm-listening to the voice of streams !

Glendovan's chief was glad to see  
Wise Patrick, and they soon agree  
As to the site—the plan—the fee ;  
Nor did sage Patrick lose a day  
His skill masonic to display ;  
Grim Ardan ill can brook delay.

“ Why, Fergus, is that frequent sigh ?  
That dreamy, unobservant eye ?  
Thy duty fitly to fulfil  
Needs all thy wonted zeal and skill ;  
My cares are doubled since the day  
Thou'st taken to this moody way !  
It seems, my son, as thou would'st have  
Us never more to cross the wave,—  
As if the day our task is done  
You'd have it only just begun !”  
Ah, Patrick, thou art old as wise—  
'Tis long since love could wake thy sighs,—

But yet experience might thee shew  
What woman's witching smile may do,  
And how in vain would youth defy  
Th' omnipotence of Beauty's eye.

His day's work o'er, young Fergus there  
Oft in his harp found solace rare,  
And—oftener than his father knew—  
His evening walk he would pursue  
To where, begirt by rock and brake,  
An *airidh*\* overlooked the lake,—  
A scene whose features wildly fair  
Young Runa loves, and oft is there  
With maids who milk her father's flocks ;  
The while they vocal make the rocks  
With songs whose melody so sweet  
Alone might thither tempt his feet,—  
Nor did their lilting charm for nought  
The youth who thus their presence sought,  
For often, when encouraged by  
A word or glance from Runa nigh,  
He'd touch his harp, and sing, the while,  
Some thrilling lay of Erin's Isle.  
The wondering shepherds praise his skill,  
Confessing Torran's fairy hill  
Could boast no minstrel to compare  
One moment with that harper rare !  
Their fair companions, though they praise  
Less loudly, list with glad amaze ;  
Or rude or gentle—one and all,  
His music held in willing thrall.

---

\*A Shieling.

Another and another strain  
Succeed,—so charms he heart and brain,  
The briefest silence seems a pain !

But why, like wavelet in the light  
Of sunbeams on the lake,  
Heaves Runa's bosom lily-white ?  
Can song such tumult wake ?  
Ah, Runa ! be upon thy guard !  
Thou lov'st the music well,—  
Yet frequent sighs may well be spared,  
And blushes more than tell the bard  
How much he doth excel ;—  
Then tempt him not 'gainst fate to cope :  
Alas, what will not minstrel hope ?

Time passes on ; the builder's skill  
Is shewn to be unrivalled still,  
And Ardan's castle soon shall stand  
The stoutest structure in the land,  
And Patrick ready be to hail  
Once more his native Innisfail.  
Alas, poor Patrick ! never he  
That land beloved again may see !  
He little weens that when he has  
His task complete, and would be gone,  
Resolved is Dovan's chieftain base  
To rob of life both sire and son !  
"Why should o'er ocean's distant flow  
The guerdon of their labors go ?  
His steel is sharp—yon rock is steep,—  
His gold shall never cross the deep !"



His daughter sees his brow assume  
 From day to day a deeper gloom,  
 And strives in winsome way to chase  
 That gloom unwelcome from its place.  
 As well that maiden fair might try  
     To dissipate the cloud  
 That in its sable canopy  
     The thunderbolt doth shroud !

One night, when oft the cup went round  
 Grim Arden's table, plenty-crowned,  
 Strange whisp'rings reached young Runa's ear—  
 She heard what it was death to hear :—  
 “ 'Tis fixed—this night must be their last ;  
 Let fox and cub alike be cast  
 Together o'er you rocky steep—  
 The lake below is dark and deep ;  
 The gold with which they hope to swell  
 Their purse, will portion Runa well.”

Poor Runa, well thy heart may quake :—  
 What can be done for Fergus' sake ?  
 Another hour may seal his doom ;  
 Yon lake may be the minstrel's tomb !  
 O that he had but time to fly !  
 O that some warning voice were nigh  
 The idol of her secret sigh !  
 He whom, alas ! she cannot tell,  
 Yet feareth much she loves too well,  
 Silent she stealeth forth : Ah me,  
 What may not in extremity  
 By woman's love accomplished be !

One minute, and the dread cabal  
That night convened in Ardan's hall  
Unconscious prisoners will be all,  
And Fergus, ere the dawn of day,  
Be from Lochavich far away.

'Tis done ! she locks the pond'rous door,  
And quitteth now with quick'ning pace  
That home to which in life no more  
She may her path retrace—  
Resolved her lover's life to save  
Or with him sleep beneath the wave.

'Twas midnight : Just behind yon Ben  
The crescent moon had set ;  
Upon Lochavich's breast serene  
Her parting smile seemed yet  
To linger as if loth to die  
Amid such sweet tranquility.  
Fair lake, no grief disturbs thy rest ;  
Young moon, no terrors thee molest ;  
And thus ye both can calmly sleep  
Unheeding of her anguish deep  
Who now—as some poor doe might fly  
From hounds whose bay betray them nigh—  
Speedeth the lake's green margin by,  
Till soon, in Innisluna's sight—  
Her lover's resting place at night—  
She halts and sends her voice whereto  
The flood forbids herself to go,—  
A warning voice that yet may reach  
His tent on Innisluna's beach.

## THE WARNING.

" O Fergus, wake !  
 Hence quickly take  
 Thy flight, for death lurks by thee !  
 A ruthless knife  
 That seeks thy life  
 Gleams at this moment nigh thee !

Awake ! awake !  
 Beyond the lake  
 Afar thy flight betaking,  
 Else wilt thou sleep  
 That slumber deep  
 From which there's no awaking ! "

Such was the fateful warning wail  
 Of Runa's anguish born ;  
 Can Fergus hear it and yet fail  
 Its meaning dread to learn ?  
 He may have heard, and yet may he  
 Suspect her but some lone Banshee  
 Who fain would frighten him, maybe,  
 And thus he haply may  
 Within his tent list, laughingly,  
 That warning sent his way.  
 Oh, that she had but wings to fly,  
 Or shallower the tide ;  
 Then, spite of maiden modesty,  
 She'd soon be by his side !

Ye streamlets, why so rudely rush ?  
 Ye birds of night, your discords hush !

What if dread Ardan's step is near ?  
What if poor Runa's words of fear  
Should fail to reach her lover, where  
He sleeps a sleep whose end unblest  
May be a dagger in his breast !

Again across the tide is sent  
Poor Runa's warning cry,  
When, lo ! a torch from out his tent  
Is waved in fond reply ;  
And though the bearer of it be  
Too distant yet his face to see  
She knows, and shouts, " 'Tis he ! 'tis he ! "

Dear is the long-expected rain  
Of summer to the thirsty plain,  
And joyful to a mother mild  
The accents of a long-lost child ;  
But to the lover still more dear  
The voice of his heart's chosen near ;  
And O, the rapture 'tis to prove  
The depth of Beauty's long-hid love !

Thus Fergus feels, as out into  
The darkness hurries he ;  
For well young Runa's voice he knew  
Was that which broke his slumbers through :  
Now for her sake to die or do,  
Resolves he, gallantly,  
As on, across yon narrow tide,  
He hastes to where her voice doth guide.

Fast plies his hand the bending oar,  
 And fast his skiff flies to the shore,  
 Where half expects he soon to prove  
 Her fears a mere excess of love ;  
 Yet Runa, if good cause he find  
 For flight, shall not be left behind !

Lone maiden ! why dost thou renew  
 That tone beseeching ? dost not view  
 Thy lover nearing quick the beach ?  
 O Heaven ! a well-known voice doth reach  
 Her ear,—it is—it is her sire !  
 A scornful laugh reveals his ire.  
 He heard her cry : The wolf is meek  
     Compared with Ardan's fury wild  
 As forward hastens he to wreak  
     Revenge on his own child.  
 His brandished steel now flashes nigh,  
 Yet—"Fly ! devoted Fergus, fly !"  
 Was still that maiden's anguished cry.

In vain, O Fergus, thou art brave ;  
 In vain thou rushest on to save  
 Thy Runa from her father's sword—  
 His minions thine own blood have poured,  
 But with thee dies Glendovan's lord !

On fair Lochavich's western shore  
 The traveller still may see  
 Two stony heaps—the swelling store  
 Of more than centuries three.  
 One marks—so say old senachies —  
 The spot where Ardan fell ;

The other, where his daughter lies  
    With him she loved so well.  
The herd-boy oft, in passing by,  
    Adds to each cairn a stone ;  
The pilgrim, with a pitying sigh,  
    Thinks of the early gone,  
And brands with execration brief  
Thy memory, Dovan's demon-chief !

---

ON VIEWING GLEN-URQUHART,  
    INVERNESS-SHIRE.

HAIL, thou Arcadia of the North !  
    Glen-Urquhart lovely, well I trow  
Yon sun above thee ne'er looked forth  
    On any landscape fair as thou.

When Nature's seeming negligence  
    Left rough Stratherrick what we see,  
Meseems; as if in recompense,  
    She made a paradise of thee !

This path, so prodigal of flowers,  
    Yon dark-blue lakelet zephyr-curl'd,  
Those murmuring streams and greenwood bowers  
    Seem all as of some brighter world.

'Mid scenes like this, methinks, was given  
    To minstrels first to strike the lyre ;  
'Mid such, methinks, the Sons of Heaven  
    Learned Earth's fair daughters to admire.

'Tis well such woers are no more  
 Permitted thus on earth to rove,  
 Else they would haste to yonder bower,  
 All rivals for fair Ellen's love !\*

1837.

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### JESSIE OF CARLUNNAN.

I own that in the Lowlands fair  
 Blooms many a winsome marrow ;  
 But for a charmer past compare,  
 Give me Carlunnan's Jessie dear :  
 Love's queen, when she would gods ensnare,  
 Might well her graces borrow !

Her mouth and breath find emblems fit  
 In June-time's opening rose  
 Her eyes are of the hue deep-  
 In spring-tide's dew-gemmed violet ;  
 The Greek's ideal nymph complete  
 Her form all-perfect shows us.

No wonder that such love for her  
 Within my heart is springing ;—  
 But that I fear such freedom might  
 Find little favour in her sight,  
 How glad I'd make her beauty bright  
 The theme of all my singing !

---

\*The "Fair Ellen" here alluded to was a sister to Patrick Grant, Esq., once proprietor of the estate of Redcastle, and who, at the time these verses were penned, made his home in Glen-Urquhart, on the banks of the beautiful Loch-Meikley.

## ANOTHER DAGON DOWN.

(Lines occasioned by the abolition of slavery in the British West  
India Colonies.)

HURRAH ! thrice hurrah for the news just received !  
A victory rare in Truth's cause is achieved ;—  
One link more is broken in slavery's chain ;—  
Heav'n grant quick destruction to those that remain !

All honoured be they through whose labours beloved  
Britain finds a foul stain from her forehead removed :  
Shame on her past record !—'tis high time indeed  
Man's possession in man should be dropt from her creed.

No more in her Isles of the West far away  
Shall the slaver accursed find a mart for his prey :  
There's a price on his head ; he must henceforth steer shy  
Of a coast where, if caught, like a dog he must die.

Of profits unhallowed no more left to boast—  
Hark the howl of the hell-hounds whose harvest is lost !  
By hell only pitied, long let them howl on ;  
Their traffic was worthy of demons alone.

O, for the quick advent of that happy time  
Foreseen by the prophet of Patmos sublime —  
That time when, as brothers in loving accord,  
Earth's tribes all shall joy in the smile of her Lord !



## THE FINDHORN.

(Dedicated to the memory of the late Lady Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, Morayshire, for whose album these lines were originally penned.)

FINDHORN the Beautiful !  
Fain would I sing thee ;  
Praise is the dutiful  
Homage I bring thee.

Child of the Mist and Snow,  
Nursed 'mong the mountains,  
Well loves the red deer to  
Drink at thy fountains.

Glassing the skies above,  
Ycnder thou glidest ;  
Now in some piney grove,  
Sudden, thou hidest.

Here, with a rushing might,  
Rocks thou art rounding ;  
There, like a flash of light,  
Over them bounding !

Calm in the distance now,  
Rest thou seem'st craving,  
Darnaway's forest bough  
Over thee waving.

What though a-near thee  
No orange grove springeth ?  
What though to cheer thee  
No nightingale singeth ?

More love I to mark  
What is thine in full feather,  
The song of the lark  
O'er the bloom of the heather !

O witching Relugas !  
O Altyre enchanting !  
The Findhorn, in you, has  
Good cause for loud vaunting.

What stream e'er was given  
A neighbourhood fairer ?  
What maidens 'neath heaven  
More lovely than *there* are ?

But hark !—'twas the whirr  
Of the night-hawk, bold rover !  
The bat is astir,  
The lark's vespers are over.

The angler, spoil bringing,  
Now homeward proud paces ;  
'Tis time I ceased singing  
Of Findhorn's wild graces.

October, 1838.

## DEFINITION OF A POET.

A PLAYER strange on life's rough stage,  
Now saint, now sinner, and now sage ;  
A dreamer oft of creed unsound,  
And yet a prophet frequent found ;  
A wayward wight of passions wild,  
Yet tender-hearted as a child ;  
A spirit like the lark endowed  
To sing its sweetest in a cloud ;  
A soul to whom, by beauty given,  
A frown is hell, a smile is heaven !  
The friend of Truth, past contradiction,  
And yet the very slave of Fiction ;  
The mortal foe of vanity,  
Yet no one half so vain as he ;  
The moralist high-toned, withal  
Oft bound in Pleasure's circean thrall—  
The vices he can ban so well  
Himself the weakest to repel !  
A vapour in the whirlwind's pow'r,  
A dewdrop glittering for an hour,  
A flow'r whose pow'r to charm is due  
More to its fragrance than its hue,—  
Such aye has been from days of old  
The traits and types that truest shew out  
That strange compound of mud and gold,  
That Rara Avis called a poet.

## MAGGIE OF LOCHGAIR: A PASTORAL.

So fain is my hope e'er to win  
The hand of a maiden so fair,  
That often I wish I'd ne'er seen  
Young Maggie, the pride of Lochgair.

Her form is the sum of all grace,  
Her heart is as warm as 'tis pure ;  
One look at her sweet, smiling face  
Is to love her, and love evermore.

Methinks I now see that loved one—  
Her tresses of gold in full flow  
O'er shoulders as fair to look on  
As sunshine on Oineachan's snow !

When she moves 'mong the girls on the green,  
Dancing there to some heart-stirring lay,  
I could fancy her Fairyland's queen -  
Such grace all her motions display.

When she sings, vainly would I declare  
The thrilling delight that is ours,  
For ne'er was heard liting so rare  
Outside of celestial bowers !

O would that less rich were her kin,  
Or I laird of Glassary know !  
I then might despair not to win  
And wear this bright pearl as my own.

Courage, heart ! Maggie's kind as she's fair,  
And the Cannuck land fertile and wide ;  
Who knows but this lass of Lochgair  
May yet bloom 'mong its towers as my bride !

## A FAIR HARPIST.

She knelt beside the harp—her hand  
Swept o'er its quivering wires,  
And soon, as if some fairy band,  
Unseen, beside her took their stand,  
Assisting with their lyres,—  
Such tones melodious filled the air  
As made it almost heaven to hear !

Anon, as if in envy of  
The harp's rich harmony,  
She sings,—it is a song of love,—  
And while her fingers gently move  
The wires, I think of thee,  
Malvina, when in Selma's hall,  
Thy song was of thy Oscar's fall.

What mortal man, with ears to list  
Those sounds divinely sweet,  
But would forever listen, blest,  
And feel as if he would have kissed  
The ground beneath her feet ?  
Such was the witching spell profound  
In which she all her audience bound.

Dear woman ! what mean bard unblest  
Would not thy praises make  
His chosen theme o'er all the rest ?

---

A world with thy fair presence graced,—  
A world where Anna's\* fingers chaste  
Such raptures can awake,—  
With all its heavy sum of ill,  
There's much of Eden in it still!

---

MARY MINE.

THEY tell thee that I'm a deceiver ?  
A deceiver ! Mary mine,  
While this heart beats, never, never,  
Can it be aught else than thine.

What although of other Maries  
I may sometimes sing the charms ?  
Not the less my heart's sole care is  
To live only in thine arms.

Moons may change in yonder heaven,  
Oceans still may ebb and flow ;  
But my love, so fondly given,  
Change nor ebb shall never know.

---

\* The "Anna" whose skill as a harpist led to the production of the above verses was Mrs. Robert Chambers, of Edinburg, the beautiful and accomplished wife of the founder of *Chambers' Journal*.

## STAFFA.

OFF with the morn's first faint ray, our trim bark, west away,  
Like a ghost from the dawn, was flying  
Before a fair wind which, from Ulva behind,  
O'er the solemn sea went, sighing.  
With all eyes in full strain, scanning leeward the main,  
Swift and swifter thus on we go proudly ;  
The mere thought soon to stand upon Staffa's famed strand  
Made the coldest heart 'mong us beat loudly.

On the Paps we scarce thought—of Eigg's cliff took slight  
note ;  
Nor, although its blest shore was so nigh us,  
Could Columba's own Isle for a moment beguile  
Our charmed gaze from that now which lay by us.  
Like a fragment chance-hurled from some fairer-framed  
world,  
Mid the waves, round it joyously dancing,  
Stood that Isle which all there well indeed might declare  
All unmatched save in Sinbad's romancing.

And now thy weird beach, wondrous Staffa, we reach—  
Now we kneel with devotion beseeeming ;  
Now that grotto we mark, where, 'tween daylight and dark,  
Combs the mermaid her tresses gold-gleaming ;  
And now wend we our way where, above us, in play,  
Wakes the seagull a clamorous chorus,  
Till a joyful "hurroo!" sudden stops us, and lo !  
Fingal's cave in its glory before us !

What vain fool would compare with that fabric rare  
Palace, Church or Cathedral splendour ?  
Charms that far more amaze the rapt pilgrim's fond gaze  
It has there in its own gloomy grandeur.  
No—there's nothing can be, of man's work, matched with  
thee,

Thou famed fane of the ocean solemn !  
He who sees not God's hand in a temple so grand  
Never will in the holiest volume !

O the joy of that hour ! O the heart-stirring pow'r  
Of the music so wildly romantic,  
Which the light summer gale 'neath its roof blended well  
With the sigh of the moaning Atlantic !  
Still in Fancy's charmed air that wild anthem I hear—  
Still, the echoes that answered our voices,  
As we hymned our delight at His goodness and might  
Who could fashion such things to rejoice us.

Witching Isle of the West, never made for thy breast  
Was the slow-gliding plow nor the harrow ;  
But the lightnings that fly, and the storms passing by,  
On thy brow have left many a furrow.  
What, to thee, is the spring of which bards love to sing ?  
What, to thee, how the harvester speedeth,  
When the life-teeming sea giveth amply and free  
All thy feathered inhabitant needeth ?

Thine are no gowan'd leas--thine no bloom-kissing bees,  
Nor the cuckoo with spring returning ;  
Thine is never a thrush in the hazel bush  
Glad-greeting the Maytide morning ;



But thine is the shell where the pearl loves to dwell,  
The wild swan and the fulmar wary,  
And the spar-spangled cave which the murmuring wave  
Lightens up with an emerald glory.

Yet withal, thou weird Isle, heaven help him thou'dst wile  
In the winter to voyage by thee,  
When the west winds rave, and a ready grave  
Finds the bark that would dare to nigh thee,  
And from Skerrievore comes the ceaseless roar  
Of the mountain-waves over it bounding,  
While thy echoes reply to the seabird's shrill cry  
Heard afar mid that music confounding!

It is then one might hear with a trusting ear  
(What the Isleman believes in, devoutly—)  
That, though haughty enow in the calm lookest thou,  
On thy pillar-propped throne seated stoutly,  
In the hurricane hour, when the storm-fiend's full pow'r  
Breaks upon thee in surges snowy,  
Thou dost quiver and quake like a leaf in the brake,  
As if fearing their force would o'erthrow thee!

When but yet a boy the most cherished joy  
Of my heart was the hope to view thee ;  
Of all pleasures rare mine some day to share  
None seemed equal to roaming through thee.  
The long fret is o'er : Mine may be no more  
To renew the delight attending  
My first sight of thee, yet its memory  
Shall dwell with me, a joy unending.

## DONALD AND SAWNEY.

A DIALOGUE.

'Twas at last Autumn's Falkirk fair  
Two rustics waged a battle rare :—  
The one, a drover stout and stern,  
Was from the braes of fair Muckairn ;  
The other chap, as stout as he,  
A Lothian farmer seemed to be.  
Their labours for the day quite ended,  
To a near "houf" their way they wended,  
Where, while the glass goes often round,  
And both in talking mood are found,  
They joke and laugh and boast by turns,  
Of Ossian, this, and that, of Burns.  
Nor long it was till themes as good  
For wordy warfare fired their blood,—  
And Lowland thrift and Highland pride,  
And mountains high and carses wide,  
And bonnets blue and tartans gay,  
And "rig and fur," and hodden gray,  
Alternate, in the well-fought fray,  
Provoked the jibe or waked the boast,—  
'Twas doubtful which prevailed the most.  
So much premised ;— who had the best o't  
May from what follows here be guessed at.

D.—Give me the land of mountains high, bedecked with  
purpling heath,  
And glens like to that happy one where first I drew my  
breath,—

Where, be he rich or be he poor, the stranger, roaming  
 there,  
 Finds Highland hearts and Highland homes to give him  
 welcome rare.

S.—Awa wi' a' your mountains rude, where the wild eagles  
 be !  
 Gude laying hens and stacks o' corn hae far mair charms  
 for me.  
 As for your welcomings, I think he is a fool, right plain,  
 Whase brose wad any belly fill till first he filled his ain.

D.—Confusion to such selfish ways ! I hate men coldly  
 calm —  
 The same thing listening to a speech, a sermon, song or  
 psalm ;  
 The man with all his thoughts and cares concentrated in  
 himself  
 Is but a poor man after all, no matter what his pelf.

Not thus you'll find the manly Gael ; though nursed  
 amid the storm,  
 His sympathies are wide and deep—his heart is ever  
 warm :  
 No selfish wish e'er finds *his* breast, except the wish  
 to be  
 The bravest aye among the brave, the freest 'mong the  
 free !

S.—Preserve me frae a Hielander, tho' clad in a' the pride  
 Of philebeg and bonnet blue, and skian-dhu by his side !

His voice is, like his beard, so rough—an' then his bare,  
 grit knees—  
 Ye'd think them, as he gangs the street, a pair o' birken  
 trees !

D.—Trees here or there,—one thing is sure,—his is the  
 honour high  
 Which never yet betrayed a trust—much sooner would  
 he die,—  
 His, too, the songs that tell of sires unmatched in days  
 of yore ;  
 The tyrant's dread and Freedom's guard is still the  
 Gael's claymore !

S.—As for his sangs, I've yet to ken that sangs can fill the  
 pot ;  
 An', sure, wha wad for "honour" bleed maun be a  
 muckle stot :  
 I think the lad that hauds the pleugh and swingeth weel  
 the flail  
 Mair worthy o' his kail an' beef than Ossian was himsel' !

D.—No doubt you do ; yet kail and beef, though good in  
 their own way,  
 The man to whom they're all in all maun be but sorry  
 clay ;  
 Here's to the soul that brooks no guile, the heart that  
 knows no féar,  
 That paragon of life and grace—the kilted Mountain-  
 eer !

S.—Gudesakes ! did ever mortal man give ear to sic a blaw !  
 A cock upon his ain dunghill could not mair crouselly  
 crawl ;  
 But keep your poortith and your pride,—thank heaven  
 I was born  
 Wi' common-sense and plenty, in the land o' carse and  
 corn !

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### LOVE IN HIDING.

'Tis well for lovers such as I  
 Love has a rare variety  
 Of ways his presence to make known  
 Else might I often sigh, O chone !  
 My Mary has such wilful ways  
 As well might much misgiving raise,  
 But that her lover's vision true,  
 All vain disguises piercing through,  
 Sees in the breast of that dear one  
 A heart that beats for him alone.

I know it, when at Gloaming's hour  
 She meets me in yon garden bower  
 With well-feigned start and bashful air—  
 "She never thought to meet *me* there !"  
 I note the love-light in her eye,  
 And stop her feigning with a kiss—  
 One which, of course, she'd sooner die  
 Than give, yet giveth, ne'ertheless,  
 Though under protestation grave  
 'Twould be the last from her I'd have !

A dire lookout,—but never mind,  
A secret solace quick I find,  
When to my love-tale, fondly told,  
She feigns to give attention cold,  
Though in her bosom's wild unrest  
My suit's best answer is expressed.  
My pleading done, she giveth me  
A look that settles all the plea ;  
And after being kissed anew,  
'Mid maiden blushes not a few,  
With fluttering heart she springs away,  
Much wondering what "mamma" will say !

When in some social circle free  
She finds some other girl with me,  
I know she loves me by the care  
She takes to keep a distance rare,  
Vain-trying, in her maiden pride,  
The shadow on her brow to hide.  
When in her praise my verses flow,  
The light within her eyes well show  
A joy her lips would quite disclaim—  
A revelation all the same  
To me that, hide it as she may,  
She loveth well both bard and lay !

'Tis thus, despite those feigning ways  
Familiar to that darling dove,  
My songs are all in Mary's praise,  
My hopes all centred in her love.

## ON VIEWING TOBERMORRY BAY.

SWEET Tobermorry Bay! well may  
Thy beauty in the poet's lay  
Oft find expression free.  
No storm-tossed mariner am I,  
And yet I feel a perfect joy  
Thy bosom fair to see.

How grand, when waves without run high,  
To see thee, their wild tumult nigh,  
Enjoying slumber calm!  
Nought to disturb thy peace profound,  
Save airs that from the groves around  
Delight in stealing balm!

Yon pebbly shore of rarest sweep,  
Near which the salmon, in his leap,  
Oft stirs thy placid tide,—  
The woods that grace thy margin fair,  
The streams whose murmurs charm my ear,  
As on to thee they glide,—

Yon Isle that guards thee from the sea,  
The fisher's song so full of glee,  
The sea-birds joyous cry,—  
All, all are graces that well might  
Cause any pilgrim rare delight,—  
To scene so sweet to bid good-night  
'Tis sweet to heave a sigh!

## SHAMS.

THERE are some honest folks who *would* be  
What nature never meant they *should* be—  
Men who, themselves alone deceiving,  
Are always mighty things achieving ;  
But since what they so fain would seem  
Is what they really may esteem,  
Poor souls ; we bid them quick adieu,—  
I see the Hypocrite in view,—  
That knave in heart, though saint in face,  
That creature basest of the base,  
Yet finding favour oft, withal,  
Where men more upright get the wall !  
My muse, unheeding who may blame,  
Would make him, for the nonce, her theme.

Here goes he, solemn as an owl,  
His forehead hid in priestly cowl ;  
There, in Geneva cloak and bands,  
Your ready reverence he commands ;  
So meek look both—you'd think they'd die  
Ere either would have hurt a fly.  
Alas to think that, ne'ertheless,  
May oft be found more gall than grace  
Within their hearts—as one may ween  
From the keen zest and sure precision  
With which each proves the other in  
The very high road to perdition !  
What matters that ? Do they not each  
Of charity and mercy preach,



And ape the saint in such a key  
As might make Satan laugh to see ?  
Small wonder that their flocks oft place  
In bigot zeal the sign of grace,  
And judge that man most grace-possessed  
His neighbour's creed who damneth best !

If in the Ebenezer camp  
You would appear a shining lamp,  
You'd best consult my neighbour Jones,  
Who shows his wealth of grace in groans ;  
Or, to make surer of thy name  
Attaining quick to saintly fame,  
Feign horror at a laugh or song,  
Thy speech into a drawl prolong,—  
Aim at a Pharisaic air,  
Be very lengthy in thy prayer,—  
Find in all pastime only evil,  
Be loud in railing at the devil ;  
Nor will it harm thee to throw in  
Something about the " Man of Sin,"  
And how all good men soon cause common  
Should make against " The Scarlet Woman."  
If but, withal, you learn to prate  
About " Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,"  
And to the Church with liberal air  
Give of thy worldly wealth a share,  
You may be all a rascal can,  
Yet pass for a most saintly man !

I might enlarge—for thick as peas  
Are painted sepulchres like these—

Some of that hue and some of this,  
And some of colours mixed, I wis—  
Here, in Episcopalian ground,  
And there in Baptist borders found.  
But let them pass : I would not choose  
To press too hard on saintly toes,  
Since not alone in churchly regions  
Are hollow shams and shows in legions.  
Think how they swarm in Fashion's train—  
The Bench and Bar's red-tape domain—  
The Court, the Camp, the Senate Hall,  
And Marts commercial most of all ;  
Scarce one profession you may name  
Where humbug rules not all supreme.

Leaving to bards more gifted to  
Give to such shams the justice due,  
I would, in winding up my lay,  
One or two minor shams pourtray.

Would'st thou, at quite an easy rate,  
Pass for a man of learning great ?  
The more a thing transcends thy reach,  
The more pretentious be thy speech ;  
Commit to memory, carefully,  
Quotations classic, two or three ;  
Seem quite familiar with the flames  
Of mythologic gods and dames ;  
Get most great minstrel names by rote,  
From Homer down to Walter Scott ;  
Prate much about " the tale divine  
Of Troy," and eke " the sacred Nine,"

"The Graces three," "Calypso's cave,"  
And "Venus rising from the wave ;"  
Affect to find Herodotus  
Making of history quite a muss ;  
Keep babbling 'bout the wondrous store  
Of Egypt's hieroglyphic lore ;  
Be great on "the Draconian code,"  
Nor quite forget "the Sapphic Ode."  
If to all this thou should'st essay  
A prompt, dogmatic Yea or Nay  
To leading questions of our day,  
'Tis ten to one thou'lt soon be owned  
"A man of learning most profound !"

Would'st thou, with parts however mean,  
Wish to be thought a critic keen ?  
Get practised in sarcastic sneers,  
Looks consequential, gibes and jeers.  
Though by thee never read, yet still  
Feign finding "Orion" work up-hill,  
The "Vestiges" a failure sad,  
And "Festus" simply "prose run mad."  
Talk of this bard as writing trash,  
That other, writhing 'neath thy lash—  
This novel, one of interest deep,  
And that, first-rate to make one sleep.  
Though thy sole standing with the Press  
May be of the waste-basket class,  
Hint that thou art of *the Review*  
The "Veritas" or "O. P. Q."—  
That even *Blackwood* could not stand  
Without thy modest helping hand ;

Chime in with those who labour hard  
 To make a myth of Selma's bard ;  
 There's " Junius " also—subject grand  
 For sage conjectures second-hand !  
 The Bacon-Shakespeare question, too,  
 To help thy purpose much may do ;  
 To make thy chances still more fair,  
     Thou might'st do worse than join that Club  
 Who once a week their learning air  
 At *The Athenic*, 10, Goose-dub.\*

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### MY THREE CHARMERS.

OfT myself I question which of  
     Three dear girls my bride should be :  
 Jeanie owns a treasure rich of  
     Golden hair well loved by me ;  
 Raven-hued are Jessie's tresses—  
     Contrast sweet to sunny brow,  
 While not least of Maggie's graces  
     Are rich locks of auburn glow.

Let my heart be ne'er so joyless,  
     One fond glance from Jeanie fair  
 Sets it dancing ; Jessie's smile has  
     A care-killing grace as rare ;—  
 When a rougher mood needs smoothing  
     'Tis with Maggie I would be.  
 Finding in her converse soothing  
     For my choice a ready plea.

---

\*The Club above referred to was a Debating Society often attended by the author during a short sojourn in Glasgow.

Jeanie hath a wit excelling,  
 Jessie loveth speech demure ;  
 Grace and goodness love-compelling  
 Meet in Maggie's bosom pure.  
 Law —not love—must rest the fault on,  
 If mine only *one* must be,  
 For, if free to play the Sultan,  
 Gladly would I wed the three !

---

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG BROTHER  
 BARD.

SING on, my brother minstrel young—  
 Sing on, unheeding them  
 Who now may in thy rustic song  
 Find less to praise than blame.

When did the blackbird's woodland lays  
 The hawk forbearance teach ?  
 When was the fox e'er found to praise  
 The grapes he could not reach ?

A joy above all joys supreme  
 Does to the bard belong ;  
 Far more than India's wealth to him  
 His own proud gift of song.

Then sing thou on, regardless though  
 Thine yet be scanty praise ;  
 The time may come thy gentle brow  
 May wear unfading bays.

Be thine the patriot in thy veins  
Oft in thy verse to show,  
Nor yet forget the sweeter strains  
To Love and Beauty due.

Thus may'st thou win, spite fortune's slight,  
A fame forever growing ;  
Not the least welcome stars, at night,  
Are those through cloud-rifts glowing.

---

SNOWFALL IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

OFFSPRING fair of cloud and cold,  
Glorifying wood and wold,  
Who could, mute, thy grace behold ?  
Welcome, welcome, snow !

Painter matchless ! nought to me  
Gives more gladness than to see  
Earth thus beautified by thee :  
Welcome, welcome, snow !

Unlike Flora's offerings fair,  
Partial spread—thy kindly care  
Beautifies her everywhere :  
Welcome, welcome, snow !

At thy touch, behold, to-day  
The dark Holly looks as gay  
As the Hawthorn does in May :  
Welcome, welcome, snow !

See how 'neath thy gentle tread,  
Bright as bride to altar led,  
Bends the Lady-birch her head :  
    Welcome, welcome, snow !

Yonder cascade, in its glee  
Down the hillside dashing free,  
Looks like darkness matched with thee :  
    Welcome, welcome, snow !

Fields that late looked bare and brown,  
Whiter now than Solan-down,  
Well uphold thy fair renown :  
    Welcome, welcome, snow !

Let him boast of landscapes green  
Who no Highland Glen hath seen  
Mantled in thy chaster sheen :  
    Welcome, welcome, snow !

O, to be thus always nigh  
When Glen-Urquhart, lovingly,  
Dons the virgin livery  
    Of the falling snow !

Ha ! thou ceasest—scarce a flake  
Falleth now o'er bank or brake,—  
Good-bye, Meekley's lovely lake !  
    Good-night, snow !

## CRAIGANTAIRVE.

A SCENE IN NETHER LORNE, ARGYLESHERE.

WHERE, when comes the joyous Spring,  
Is first heard the carolling  
Of the songbirds, loving well  
'Mong our Highland woods to dwell?  
Where first tries the tuneful thrush,  
Perched on the yet leafless bush,  
To drown Winter's dying sigh  
In a flood of melody—  
Merles and linnets, glad as she,  
Joining with her in her glee,—  
While the skylark, no less gay,  
Far among the clouds away,  
Pipeth, in her heavenward flight,  
Music such as seraph might  
Almost fill with envy to  
Listen to its thrilling flow?  
Would you know? then thither come,  
And make Craigantairve your home.

Where—when, after absence long,  
The cuckoo resumes her song—  
Is first heard her welcome lay  
Bringing in the happy May?  
Where—his harem's love to gain—  
Joys to croon the heathcock vain,  
With his wings outstretchéd wide—  
Twenty fair ones at his side?



Where delighteth most the bee  
On sweet blooms to banquet free—  
Finding them abundant, too,  
Almost all the long year through ?  
Would you know ? then hither come  
And make Craigantairve your home.

Where be the green woodlands where  
Finds the roe his choicest lair ?  
Where, the grassy hillsides green  
First to don their emerald sheen,  
And the clovered meadows fine  
Dearest to the milky kine,  
And the streamlets, clear and cool,  
Marged by birches beautiful,  
Whose wind-wafted fragrance rare  
Miles around perfume the air,  
Would you know ? then hither come,  
And make Craigantairve your home.

Scene beloved ! who here can view  
All thy graces, ever new,  
Would not pity men who toil  
'Mid the city's sad turmoil ?  
Making "fortunes" if they can,  
Careless how, so be it done !  
Give to me to spend my days  
Among Highland birks and braes,  
Finding there the best of wealth,  
Rural joys and rosy health ;

---

And, when wedded, proudly find  
Mine some mountain maiden kind—  
One who, like the matchless flower  
Blossoming in yonder bower,\*  
Would make any place to be  
Quite a paradise to me !

1836.

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BRITAIN vs. AFGHANISTAN.

(WRITTEN IN 1843.)

'Tis grand to grasp the glaive  
Some sacred cause to shield ;  
'Tis grand to find a grave  
In Freedom's battle-field.

Not thus fight they who seek  
Now, in ignoble strife,  
'Mid Afghan's mountains bleak  
The Afghan's country—life.

O Britain ! when will be  
Thy lust of conquest quenched ?  
'Tis infamy to see  
Thy skirts so blood-bedrenched.

---

\*Miss Eliza Bell Maclachlan, sister to the then laird of Craigantairve. At the time the above lines were written Miss Maclachlan was generally allowed to be the most beautiful woman in all Argyleshire.

Rude though the Afghan be,  
He loves his native land,  
And well may dread to see  
Its rule in thy red hand.

Let Kyber's fatal fight  
And Ackbar's blade of doom  
Warn thee to shun the fight  
Where freemen strike for home.

The brave respect the brave—  
• Thou seek'st revenge: For shame!  
Go sheathe thy braggart glaive;  
Aspire to honest fame.

If Afghan thou would'st lord,  
Go blessing—not to slay,—  
The Bible, not the Sword,  
Paving for thee the way.

How beautiful upon  
The mountains then would be  
Thy feet! This—this alone—  
Were conquest worthy thee.

## THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

'Tis night : dark lour  
The storm-clouds scowling ;  
O'er main and moor  
Wild winds rush, howling ;  
Rocks Ellen's cot  
In manner fearful ;  
Yet not for that  
She there sits, tearful.

“ My love is tossed  
Upon the billow !  
O that my breast  
Were now his pillow ! ”  
The storm increased—  
Her heart beats wildly ;  
“ Rest, rude waves, rest !  
Ye winds, blow mildly ! ”

When just as die  
All hope within her,  
In steps, O joy !  
Her brave bread-winner.  
Love's couch is spread,  
Love's kiss is given ;  
The fisher's shed  
Is now a heaven.

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S LAST  
FAREWELL.

ADIEU, my native land, adieu  
The banks of fair Lochfyne,  
Where the first breath of life I drew,  
And would my last resign !  
Swift sails the bark that wafteth me  
This night from thy loved strand :  
O must it be my last of thee,  
My dear, dear Fatherland !

Land of the Bens and greenwood glens,  
Though forced with thee to part,  
Nor time nor space can e'er efface  
Thine image from my heart.  
Come weal, come woe—till life's last throe  
My Highland home shall seem  
An Eden bright in Fancy's light,  
A heaven in memory's dream !

Land of the maids of matchless grace,  
The bards of matchless song,—  
Land of the bold, heroic race  
That never brooked a wrong !  
Long in the front of nations free  
May Scotland proudly stand :  
Farewell to thee—farewell to thee,  
My dear, dear Fatherland !

## ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED MOTHER.

O THOU whose love was dear as life to me,—  
My first, best, fondest friend beneath the skies!  
Though hence removed by Heaven's all-wise decree,  
Yet seem'st thou still as present to mine eyes,—  
The same fond look, the same endearing voice—  
Thy face so fair, thy smile so sweet to see!  
Alas, that all too late I've learnt to prize  
Thy peerless worth—a worth that well may be  
Within my heart of hearts a treasured memory.

Methinks I see thee by the couch of pain,—  
Thy presence fraught with healing—keen complaint  
Changing to grateful smiles, or making fain  
Some orphan'd home with needful nourishment.  
How often o'er my bed of sickness bent  
Thy form beloved—an angel seeming there,—  
Night after night in weary watching spent  
Counting as nothing, in thy tender care  
That I should nothing lack a mother's love could spare!

A task more pleasant was the loving zeal  
With which to me, in boyhood, day by day,  
Thou would'st fresh fountains of delight unseal,  
Making Instruction's path a pleasant way.  
'Twas thine to show Vice smiles but to betray,  
Thine to persuade me ever to pursue  
The path of duty, nor from that e'er stray,  
No matter what of sacrifice ensue—  
Thine own example still to all thy precepts true.

If friends departed may permitted be  
 To mingle sympathies with those they best  
 Loved on this earth, O, be thou still to me  
 A guardian spirit, chasing all unrest  
 And sorrow from my oft despondent breast,—  
 Bidding me hopeful tread life's journey o'er,  
 Cheered by the thought that, when at Heaven's behest  
 Hence called, I'll meet thee on that blissful shore  
 Where re-united friends are parted nevermore.

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#### A STOLEN KISS.

No, Maggie! I'll take no denying :  
 Anear thee, my winsome wee witch,  
 What dullards deem proper decorum  
 I never could practice or preach.  
 Come, come, then! my sweet blushing bright one,  
 What needs you should take it amiss  
 If from those red lips so inviting  
 I sometimes should pilfer a kiss?

Let gommers, blind to thy beauty,  
 A better behaviour shew,—  
 'Twere nonsense to find in such fellows  
 A rule by which others must go.  
 As for me, love, I must and *will* win it,  
 Whate'er be the price of my bliss :  
 Your mamma — will be here in a minute !  
 Meg's lover, of course, had the kiss !

## ON VISITING IONA.

THRICE hallowed island of the wave,  
Saint Callum's chosen home and grave,  
Iona! as he thee surveys,  
One well may feel all prayer and praise;  
No pilgrim reaching thy loved bound  
E'er bent the knee on holier ground!  
I look around, and ages gone  
Return in all their glory on  
My raptured sight; the Present seems  
As nothing to the past:  
I wander in a world of dreams  
Too beautiful to last  
'Mong such sad proofs as here I view  
Of what remorseless time can do—  
Time, that withal, Columba's name  
In fond and fresh remembrance saves,  
While kings and chiefs once known to fame  
Beside him sleep in nameless graves.

Here—as with reverent steps I tread—  
Now lingering 'mong the mighty dead,  
Where saints and heroes, carved in stone,  
Seem almost as still living on,—  
Now viewing sad yon sacred fane  
Which, spite all spoilers, Celt or Dane,  
Tow'rs still the glory of the scene,—  
Or wandering where good Oran toiled,  
And, strong in truth, the Druid foiled,



Ere yet from darkness and from sin  
 He learnt far distant tribes to win,—  
 Here feels my soul a holy glow ;  
 I glory in the Long Ago —  
 Here, did the truth my aid require,  
 I'd champion it through flood and fire ;  
 Here, nathless Time's reforming skill,  
 Could wish the Past were present still,  
 And thou, long-desolated I,\*  
 The heaven thou were wont to be !

O could my muse, unskilled to sing  
 Of mitred priest or sceptered king,  
 From hoar Tradition take her cue,  
 And paint thy past in colours true,  
 My verse of nobler deeds would tell  
 Than ever graced crusading zeal,—  
 Labours outmatching far away  
 The noblest of our own proud day,—  
 Triumphs by mighty men achieved,  
 By meaner men now scarce believed,  
 Yet meriting in song sublime  
 To flourish green throughout all time !

Iona blest ! some bard, whose lyre  
 Is touched with true poetic fire,  
 May yet complete what in this lay  
 I far too feebly would pourtray.  
 The Druid, were the picture true,  
 In the dim distance might we view

---

\* I, an island: Hence *I-Challan-Chaille*—the name by which the Western Gael generally designates Iona.

Within his stony eircle, where  
Now towers yon sacred fane in air ;  
The noblest of that noble band  
Who pagan soil made Christian land—  
Good Callum would be seen once more  
Steering his currach from thy shore,  
Intent on spreading gospel light  
Where erst was darkness deep as night ;—  
Some godless Viking's pirate host  
Once more would hover round thy coast ;  
While quickly, too, to thy relief  
Would muster many an Island chief ;—  
The war-axe would strike sharp and sore ;  
The Norsemen, scattered evermore,  
Would go in song indignant down  
To fitting infamous renown !—  
Nor should forgotten be the fair  
Whose virgin lives passed peaceful here  
In deeds of mercy, praise and prayer,—  
Who, living, loved, and piously  
Bequeathed in death their dust to thee.

'Tis evening's hour : The sun has gone  
To rest his ocean couch upon ;  
Lo ! where Dunchalva's distant pile  
Is crimsoned by his parting smile—  
A loving smile that seems to say  
How gladly would the God of Day  
His wonted rest a while delay,  
To gaze a little longer space  
On loved Iona's hallowed face !

In sober sooth, I'd like to know,  
Of all our earth to him can show,  
Where vieweth he in all his round  
A spot more worthily renowned ;  
Where sees he any coast as fair  
As that which forms thy setting rare,  
Thou gem so worthy of his care !  
Oh, take the whole resplendent view  
Of islands cradled 'mid the blue  
Of ocean, from far Barra's crest  
To where the clouds on Cullin rest,  
And Jura's sister-summits three  
Love in the path of stars to be,—  
What man with any soul at all  
A sight so charming would not thrall !  
Who would not leave earth's furthest strand  
To gaze upon a scene so grand !

Farewell, Iona ! Yonder, lo !  
My bark awaits, and I must go ;  
A little space, and envious night  
Shall hide thee from my loving sight.  
Yet, hallowed Isle, thou'lt ever be  
A blissful memory to me—  
My Mecca, to which often I  
In thought will wend my way,  
Much wishing that whene'er I die  
My last long slumber may  
Be on thy bosom : Who can tell ?  
Once more, enchanting Isle, farewell !

## DUNCAN'S-BAY HEAD.

(Written in a Visitor's Album kept at the Huna Inn, John O'Groat's.)

PILGRIM, not when skies are smiling,  
And old Ocean lies asleep,  
But when raves the blast despoiling  
Should you view yon headland steep.

When o'er liquid hills and hollows  
Pipes the wind an anthem grand  
Heard o'er all the roar of billows  
Breaking on the rock-ribbed strand,—

When, o'erhead, the storm-cloud's marge is  
Brightened by the lightning's play,  
And, far down, the foaming surges  
Dashing, die in clouds of spray,—

When upon the distant skerrie  
Cowers the cormorant in fear,  
While the screaming seagull merry  
Rides upon the wave-crest near,—

When the scud that o'er it sweepeth  
The vext Pentland's visage veils,  
Where some stout ship, nathless, keepeth  
Breasting it, 'neath close-reefed sails,—

*Then* it is that fancy pictures  
Haco and his galleys good  
Swallowed up where oft, as victors,  
Rose their wave-cries o'er the flood ;—

Then it is that *I* would, cheerful,  
Tarry on yon giddy height ;  
Then old Ocean's turmoil fearful  
In my soul wakes wild delight !

Tides in which, with zest untiring,  
Sea-birds many-millioned feed,—  
Wave-girt rocks more awe-inspiring  
Than earth's proudest pyramid,—

Cliffy scaurs of rarest grandeur,  
Craggs where broods the eagle grey,  
Chasms, caves, where wild waves thunder—  
These thy charms are, Duncan's-bay !

1838.

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#### A VANISHED HOPE.

My once loved and loving fond one,  
Though thou willest it to be  
That all hope I now abandon,  
More I blame myself than thee.

Had I, spite thy charms alluring,  
Made thee less my all in all—  
Never owned my heart, adoring,  
Thine—thine only, past recall,—

Haply, the old oak tree under,  
Mine were yet to oft enjoy  
Thy love-lighted glances tender,  
Smile for smile and sigh for sigh !

Was it that I made thy beauty  
My choice theme in many a lay,—  
Making it my muse's duty  
All thy graces to portray ?

Was it that I thought of Heaven  
Far less often than of thee  
That my love so ill has thriven ?  
That no hope is left for me ?

Think how, by yon river, queenly  
Flowing thy loved home anear,  
Thou oft promised, O ! how vainly,  
All thy life with me to share.

Think—but no,—the thought might sadden  
Thee too much ; so take thy way,  
Of regrets that come unbidden  
Leaving me alone the prey.

---

### LOVE'S LAST APPEAL.

MAIDEN of Adgartan !  
Hear me, while I fain  
Would pour out my heart in  
One appealing strain—  
My last appeal to thee, if now I plead in vain.

Once thy heart would question  
Aught in my dispraise ;  
Once thine eyes could rest on  
Mine with loving gaze,  
Or droop, as soul to soul sent love's electric rays.

Though all unavailing  
Now such memories be,—  
Bootless as the wailing  
Of the winds my plea,—  
Song soothes the wounded swan—it, too, may comfort me.

As some gem enriching,  
Lost as soon as found,—  
As some strain bewitching  
In a discord drown'd,—  
As Eden fruit within some fair forbidden bound,—

As a starlet looking  
On some wreck-strewn tide,—  
With its brightness mocking  
The destruction wide,—  
So is to my fond heart thy beauty and thy pride.

What though all unmatched  
Be thy mien and mould,  
Would the slave less wretched  
Feel it chained with gold?  
The victim of the block, should crimson him enfold?

Tell, bewitching creature!  
Tell me why thou art  
Angel in each feature,  
Tyrant in thy heart?  
A rosebud that yet wills no odour to impart?

Suns were made to warm us,  
Stars to cheer us shine,  
Soars the lark to charm us  
With her song divine :  
O think not less to please such peerless graces thine !

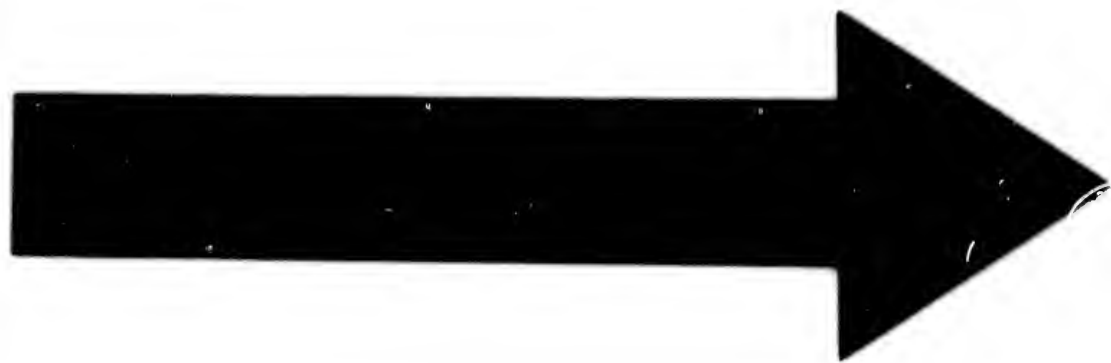
Love, thou archer clever,  
If thy shafts must fly,  
Aim at Annie,—give her  
In her turn to sigh,  
Or teach me of thy grace her scorning to defy.

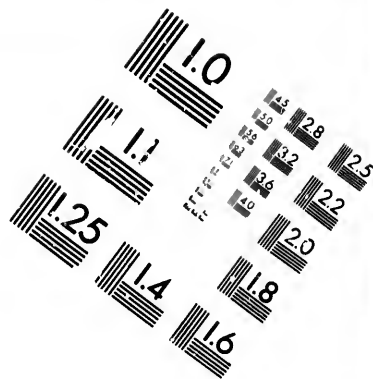
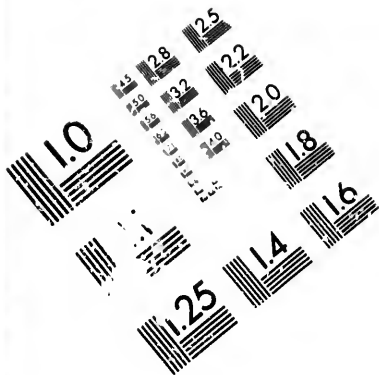
Ah, too well Love knoweth  
The attempt were vain ;  
Much as Beauty oweth  
To the minstrel train,  
Weak is the power of song where wealth her smiles would  
gain.

Memory, gift of Heaven  
To the happy—gay !  
My poor heart is driven  
Mad beneath thy sway,  
Thou vulture at my breast, exulting o'er thy prey !

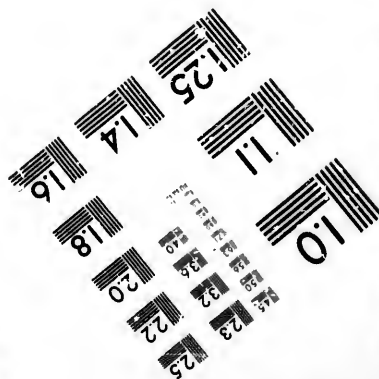
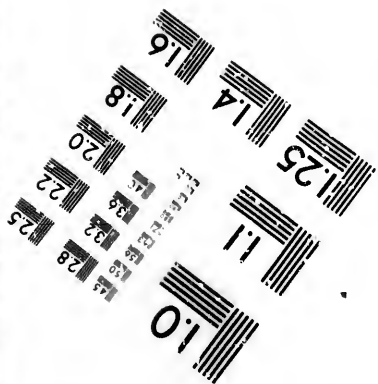
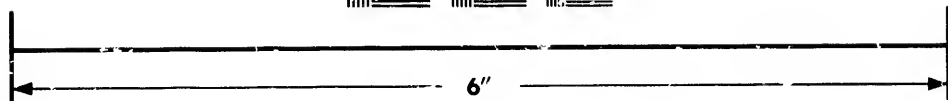
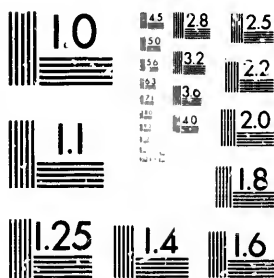
Hopeless love, bright maiden,  
Is a fever strong,  
But the grave once laid in,  
We sleep sweet and long :  
Alas, that Lethe's stream flows but in idle song !







**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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## MISS MAKEBELIEVE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

SINCE moralizing's out of fashion,  
And gossiping the "ruling passion,"  
Methinks it were but little harm here  
To sing you of a certain charmer.

And first, it might be well to state here  
How lords and lairds were "wooing at her,"  
In youthful prime, when every charm  
Of hers the coldest heart might warm,—  
How many Collins she had slain,  
How many Strephons sighed in vain,  
How many sonnets in her praise  
Were penned by bards of other days,—  
But lest ye'd think my tale too long,  
We'll leave her "dancing days" unsung,  
And hasten on to picture how—  
Gone the last lover in her "tow,"  
Her pow'r to please forever fled,  
Her last faint hope of wedlock dead—  
She, nun-like, from the world retires,  
And to a saintly life aspires,  
As many of her sisters do  
When we, poor sinners, cease to sue.

No more she apes the peacock gay,  
Attending opera or play;  
No more she heedeth Fashion's call;  
She hates to hear of rout or ball,

And thinks such scenes of sinful mirth  
Should be quite banished from the earth.  
As for herself, she ne'er could bear  
The half-nude style of dressing there  
So common now to girl and dame !  
The waltz, too !— a still greater shame  
It was to see how girls can prance  
Unblushing through that wanton dance !  
Woe to the hand thro' t ever would  
Its presence on *her* waist intrude !  
No—never in her life would she  
Admit of so much liberty ;  
She *always was of men* afraid,  
And hopes to live and die a maid !

Behold her now, a saint full-fledged,  
On social problems much engaged ;  
And seeming to be fairly grown  
The very Dorcas of our town,—  
So many garments old and new  
The needy to her bounty owe ;  
And then she visits all the sick—  
Was ever lady half so meek ?  
Condemns *Sir Walter*, quotes good *Boston*—  
Was ever lady half so Christian ?  
She lives in very pious hope  
To see the downfall of the Pope,  
And hopes his time will soon be up :  
She tells such interesting news  
'Bout Juggernaut and the Hindoos,  
With all that's done among the Jews,—

And then, with what a grace she coaxes  
Your mite to missionary boxes !

Alas ! that whispering tongues there be  
Who in all this mere "shamming" see—  
A well played part, that soon would end,  
Should fortune here a husband send.  
They've heard she paints—and 'tis well-known  
Her wealth of curls not all her own ;  
They fear she feeleth more at ease  
Before her glass than on her knees !  
They've seen her often, when at church,  
Like any sinner nod and lurch,  
However much the preacher there  
Might merit more attentive ear.  
'Twas but the other Sunday she  
Gave quite a shock to Mrs. T—;  
A psalm is given forth — our saint,  
Smelling of perfume and of paint,  
Turns up her book, when lo ! that rake  
*Don Juan*, carried by mistake !

Is't possible, mysterious fate !  
Behold her now in married state ;  
A swain who much admired her purse  
Proposed "for better or for worse"—  
She took him at his word, of course !

O Hymen, dread transforming god,  
What changes follow at thy nod !

The angel forms of Cupid's day  
Become much like to mortal clay ;  
Enchanting syrens learn to be  
Much in the curtain-lecture key ;  
Adored Clarindas wear the *trews*,  
And goddesses turn famous shrews !

But turn we to our saint :—O fie  
On mortal mutability !  
In one short month the same so graced,  
So high among the godly placed,  
Comes down to quite a different level,  
Where—where, in short, she plays the d—l ;  
Forgets her charities and prayers,  
For sick or naked never cares ;  
Is first each night to see the play,  
Tho' last to church on Sabbath day ;  
Talks scandal—reads each new romance,  
Nor thinks it any harm to dance !

So pirates, once their prize made fast,  
Give their true colours to the mast ;  
So butterflies, for aught I learn,  
To dirty grubs again return !

## MY FIRST RAILROAD RIDE.\*

OUR fare is paid—'tween fear and hope,  
We hear "Just to depart";  
Our seats are ta'en—the steam is up—  
And now we're on the start!

"Oh, fire and fury—how we go!  
Thou magic-working thing!  
What speed can match with thine? I trow  
The eagle on the wing,

"Resistless darting on her prey,  
Glides not more swift than thee,  
Untiring still, away, away,  
Upon thy journey free!

"Gramercy! how we're dashing on  
O'er moss and moor and mead!  
Methinks the Coursers of the Sun  
Would vainly match our speed!"

Thus spake our bard. A pause ensued:  
Some looked as on the rack;  
Some felt as if through air they rode  
On some swift storm-cloud's back!

---

\*The ride recorded in these verses was taken at a time when a railroad extending from Glasgow to Airdrie was the only such road then in all Scotland.



“ Our nag’s the boy ! ” one chap remarked, —  
“ Needs neither corn nor stall :  
No rest seeks he, however worked ;  
My troth ! but he beats all.

“ Tell me no more of Gilpin’s feat  
At Edmouton so gay,  
Nor yet of Johnny Cope’s retreat  
From Preston’s fatal fray !

“ Not swifter over field and fell  
Our horse and we could hie  
If demons after us did yell,  
And we for life did fly ! ”

Thus on we go. What ! can it be  
Old Airdrie ? By the powers,  
’Twas but the other minute we  
Left fair St. Mungo’s towers !

Whiss ! whiss ! goes forth a deaf’ning sound,  
Like breath of Polar whale ;  
Our Pegasus his goal has found  
And we the ground, all hale !

## SELLARS AND HIS SHEARS.

(Patrick Sellars—one of the most notorious of the agents engaged in the celebrated Sutherlandshire “clearances”—having, at an agricultural dinner once attended by him, his health proposed by a nobleman present thereat, the following verses are an attempted interpretation of the thoughts that must have crowded on him, as he rose to express his thanks for the honour thus done him.)

HERE stand I before you, a man matched by few  
 For clearancing work in this land :  
 Thank heaven for laws that so wisely allow  
 The pursuit of a labour so grand !  
 Though a man of peace, true enough it is,  
 As his grace of Argyle declares,  
 That Ardtornish grey, scarce a year away,  
 Struck its flag to old Sellars' shears.\*

Yes, mine are shears which for many years,  
 Despite much resistance rude,  
 Have wrought more skaith to the clans, i' faith,  
 Than the Roman or Dane e'er could.  
 Wherever they dip into the “clip,”  
 'Tis all up with your mountaineers :  
 Like a mist they're gone, while I flourish on,—  
 Then hurrah for old Sellars' shears !

Yet, with all my skill, it was work up-hill  
 For a time, since, with one accord,  
 They refused to see why they cleared should be  
 To oblige even Sutherland's lord.

---

\*Spoken in allusion to Sellars' then recent purchase of an estate in Argyleshire—that on which stands the grand old Castle of Ardtornish, once the royal residence of the Lords of the Isles.

It was sad, no doubt, just to fire them out,—  
 Still I kept heating well their ears  
 Till the land's good Chief, to my great relief,  
 Brought the sword to assist the shears.

Then were well-tilled lands turned to sheep-walks grand,  
 And I often could dance with mirth  
 At the sight so gay—my dear lambs at play  
 Round a many extinguished hearth !  
 'Mong the witless lairds of the Glens and Airs  
 What a change in a few short years  
 By my pluck was wrought—for their lands I bought !  
 Such the might of old Sellars' shears !

The Celt talks of a prescriptive right  
 To the land of his birth ! Ah, well,  
 I love it, too, more than many do,  
 As the Celt to his cost can tell !  
 Sure a shire like this made a wilderness  
 To make room for my fleecy cares  
 Is enough to prove how this land I love,—  
 Then hurrah for old Sellars' shears !

Long, long may all chiefs in a "clearing" mood  
 Their reward in good rent-rolls reap :  
 "Every man for himself" is a maxim good,  
 One to which *I* at least will keep.  
 Green, depeopled straths are the chosen paths  
 Best befitting one's Cheviot dears ;  
 Then blaze on, ye who can ;—the true Chief is the man  
 Who gives scope to the crook and shears !

1859.

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## AN EPISTLE TO A POETICAL FRIEND.

(Written from Liverpool, England, in 1848.)

With meikle shame to think that I  
Should have allowed your last to lie  
Unanswered two whole months well-nigh,  
    'Tis high time, Watty,  
That I fit response should try,  
    So here goes at you !

And how have *you* been all this while ?  
Proving the chartists all that's vile,  
Or smartly stirring Tory bile  
    With Free Trade speeches ?  
Or calmly basking in the smile  
    Of "Yorkshire witches ?"

Or, may it be that you have crossed  
The channel, joining that brave host  
Now crushing despot rule unblest  
    All Europe through —  
Thrones built on blood and bayonets, tossed  
    The devil to ?

Or have you been to Erin's strand,  
Cheering her gallant patriot band  
Now hoping for the hour at hand  
    She will once more  
'Mong Europe's nations take the stand  
    She held of yore ?

END.

If so, friend Wat, I hope that you  
May quickly join the minstrels true  
Who, in *The Nation*, pitch into  
    John Bull's rough hide,—  
To end his base misrule, to do  
    Or die, their pride !

For me, my rhyming days are o'er ;—  
As well seek grapes in Labrador  
As Bardic visions by the shore  
    Of Mersey muddy ;  
'Mid traffic's wretched stir and stour  
    No minstrel should be.

Who would become the muse's pride  
Must learn to woo her as a bride,  
And never, never quit her side  
    At any cost ;  
Let meaner aims the heart divide,  
    And all is lost.

O for the days that once have been !  
O for the Aray's wildwood Glen,  
And thou, lost Harp ! to wake again  
    The echoes near me,  
And maidens bright and honest men  
    To charm and cheer me !

Though living in the humblest cot,  
If by the Muse neglected not,  
Princes might envy me my lot,  
    So blest—so free :

Let others in your cities rot—  
The hills for me !

But wheresoe'er I live or die,—  
Doom'd in forgotten grave to lie,  
Or, haply, up Parnassus high  
Thy steps attend,  
Believe me, till my latest sigh,  
Thy faithful friend.

---

### ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(Occasioned by the death, at a very early age, of John Henry; the first-born son of Lord John Campbell, of Ardincaple, afterwards seventh Duke of Argyll.)

A SHADOW rests on Aray's strand,  
O'er all the West is wail and woe ;  
The heir to all MacCailean's land  
In death's relentless grasp lies low.  
O youth so loved, so gifted ! though  
The cruel grave has closed o'er thee,  
Long, by the Aray's murmuring flow,  
Shall flourish green thy memory.

Oft, as we watched thy life's bright morn,  
How fondly did we hope to see  
The statesmaa just—the warrior stern—  
A second "IAN RUDAH" in thee,—

The stoutest friend of liberty—  
The glory of the Campbell Clan !  
Alas that thus so soon should be  
That fond day-dream forever gone !

We well could see, without a sigh,  
The whirlwind in its mad career  
Uproot the dozed beech-tree dry,  
The gloomy yew or hemlock sere ;  
But when the oak of promise rare  
Is torn untimely from its place,  
Who; seeing, would not wish that there  
The tempest had shown better grace ?

Yon stately Pile may well be grey,—  
Deserted—desclate, though long,  
From thee it hoped a better day—  
The flow of mirth, the voice of song,  
The charity that has no tongue,  
The ever-hospitable board ;  
And ladies fair and gallants young  
There proud to meet Dunaray's Lord.

Oh, death ! thou art a monster blind,  
Forever groping for thy prey ;  
And oft, by sad mischance, doth find  
The young when thou should'st get the grey—  
The thousands to whom life well may  
Be more a burden than a joy :  
Ah ! why flew not that welcome way  
The dart which did our hopes destroy ?

Farewell, illustrious youth, farewell !  
 Though deep and long be our regret,  
 And earthly thou hast surely well  
 Exchanged for heavenly coronet.  
 O be thy last long slumber sweet  
 By fair Cill-mhunna's halwed strand :  
 Our sun of promise bright is set !  
 A shadow hath come o'er the land !

---

TO THE MORNING STAR.

FAIREST and rarest gem  
 Placed in Night's diadem !  
 Morn's happy usher ' who would not with joy'  
 Welcome thy presence bright,  
 Over yon distant height  
 Queenly resuming thy place in the sky ?

The dawn-loving lark now  
 Is stirring—and hark now  
 The joyful ado at thy coming she makes !  
 While, glad at thy showing  
 The darkness now going,  
 The amorous black-cock his harem awakes.

The elfin knights prancing,  
 The elfin maids dancing,  
 The witch at her cantrips, thou fill'st with dismay ;  
 Ghosts from thy presence fly,  
 Owlets no longer cry,—  
 Wand'rer benighted, now smile on thy way !



Star of the golden gleams,  
 Where dost thou hide thy beams  
 When the young Morn her fair eye-lids unclose ?  
 Charms such as her's to see  
 Well worth thy while might be  
 Exit less hasty thus from us to choose.

Lo, in the twilight grey  
 Vanish thy sisters gay ;  
 Soon must thou also be lost to my view !  
 Harbinger dutiful  
 Of the Dawn beautiful,  
 Now, till thy next glad returning, adieu !

---

### A DREAMLAND DELIGHT.

ADDRESSED TO—————

Last night in my bachelor chamber lone  
 The sleep by me wooed seemed scarce begun,  
 When I dreamed a dream of the rarest bliss,  
 A vision such as I would not miss  
 For all that has ever yet been my share  
 Of joy in this waking world of care.

Seemed I throned 'mid the gods in Olympian light ?  
 Seemed I feasting with kings in some palace bright,  
 Where, of all the gay courtiers gathered there,  
 I of royalty's smiles had the amplest share ?  
 With the sceptre of power in my potent hand,  
 Did myself seem the chief of some far-famed land ?

Did I deem I was owned in the World's glad sight  
A Hero unmatched in fair Freedom's fight ?  
Or a Sage taught to bless and enrich mankind  
With the wisdom and lore of a godlike mind ?  
In the Temple of Fame was it mine to win  
The most coveted place 'mong the bards therein ?  
Did I seem in possession of stores untold  
Of the brightest gems—of the purest gold ?  
Did some daughter of Beauty, with hand of snow,  
Wake the harp to some strain of the long ago ?  
Was I charmed by the tones of some seraph Choir ?  
Seemed I list'ning the Angel of Love's own lyre,  
As anear him were joined, in the Land of Bliss,  
The fond-hearted whose loves had been cross'd in *this* ?  
In my Highland home did I seem to stray  
With some well-loved Ben in my near survey  
When its peak with the sun is in glory crowned,  
And the rocks to the cries of the Chase resound ?  
Seem'd my bark o'er the breast of the blue Lochfyne  
Bounding fearless and fleet, as in days longsyne,  
When a swelling sail and a heaving sea  
Were a joy to my little bark and me ?

No, not from such things, my fair questioner, grew  
The delight which that dream o'er my spirit threw ;  
Just list, and you'll own there was cause enow.

Methought I was sitting, at gloaming's hour,  
Inside of some cool, cosy garden bower ;  
A maiden of beauty supremely bright  
Sat near me—her eyes full of love's own light.  
Brief time passed we there when, sans further sign,

I told how I loved her and wished her mine ;  
 Nor was it long till she sighed, " I'm thine ;"  
 And just as in ecstasy I pressed  
 Her yielding form to my beating breast—  
 A prelude sweet to a very shower  
 Of kisses laid all her fair face o'er—  
 I awoke.—My fair friend, if that joy of joys  
 It ever may mine be to realize,  
 You only can say, since the darling elf  
 Of that dream of mine was *- your own sweet self !*

---

 LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE, NEAR CHESTER.

SHAKE off, my soul, each earth-born care !  
 A glimpse of paradise is here !  
     Scene like this to see  
     Wakes a doubt in me  
 How a curse can be on a world so fair ?

Here—the blackbird sings like some spirit blest,  
 There—the skylark springs from her secret nest,  
     And in heaven away  
     Pours so sweet a lay  
 As might envy wake in a seraph's breast.

Let those who list far distant go  
 To gaze on scenes of sterner shew ;  
     Enough for me  
     Is the joy to be  
 Where the winding Dee delights to flow.

Ye bards, let fancy wander free ;  
Think what earth's fairest spot should be ;  
    Then hither stray  
    In flowery May  
And view the gay reality !  
May 24th, 1841.

---

### THE DINGLE.

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE MERSEY, ENGLAND.

I've been 'mid scenes where horn and hound  
    Make hills and valleys ring all,  
But ne'er in such a fairy bound  
    As thine, delightful Dingle !

Here sweetest bloom the " stars of earth ;"  
    Here woodland minstrels mingle  
Notes such as only could have birth  
    In Eden—or the Dingle.

Here ever-verdant shrub and spray  
    The richest odours fling all  
On Zephyr's wings, while on his way  
    Flow'r-kissing in the Dingle.

Here sunny slopes invite the view ;  
    Here, bowers where fond hearts tingle ;  
There, glides the Mersey, calmly blue,  
    Proud to reflect the Dingle !

Ye bachelors, come here, and then  
    I dare ye to live single ;  
How can ye, where such nymphs are seen  
    As love to haunt the Dingle ?

## SONNET.

## THE PRIMROSE.

Of all the gems that Earth's green bosom grace  
Give me the Primrose, May-dew-drinking flower,  
That loves not gay parterre nor gaudy bower,  
But gives its beauty to each desert place.  
So Innocence, rare guest in Palaces,  
Blooms in yon cleft upon the bleak hill-side !  
So sweet content, unknown to Wealth and Pride,  
With rustic Toil her quiet dwelling has.  
Loved flow'r ! thy term of life is brief, but thou  
Enjoy'st it in the Seasons' golden age,  
When the wood-minstrels chaunt on every bough,  
And larks to Heaven make vocal pilgrimage ;  
I well may deem, of all things fair below,  
*Thy* praise doth most their thrilling songs engage.

## SONNET.

## TO A ROBIN SINGING ON A NOVEMBER MORNING.

EMBLEM of Hope ! thou minstrel sweet, that sings  
When eild and sadness fall upon the year,  
And Winter tramples on the leaflet sere,  
And flowers are not—I marvel what thus brings  
Joy to thy heart. Dost thou in memory stray  
To the bright May-time, when on wanton wings  
Thy fond mate thou hast courted ?—when the spray  
Is musical as Heaven's own bowers, and springs  
The skylark from the gowan'd sward to chaunt  
Her matin song ? Sweet bird ! it so must be ;—

Of present pleasures little canst thou vaunt,  
 Yet is thy lot an envied one to me  
 To whom reflection much of sorrow brings,—  
 Whose memory is a snake that my sad heart oft stings.

---

SONNET.

Addressed to J. Ferguson, of Carlyle, on reading his "Shadow of the Pyramid"—a volume of Sonnets descriptive of a tour through Egypt and the Holy Land.

BARD of the lay that tells of Egypt's land,  
 Who would not own the magic of thy rhyme?  
 Palace and pyramid and temple grand—  
 Titanic structures fastened for all time—  
 Gracefully conjured up at thy command,  
 I gaze enraptured on their forms sublime.  
 I see the chosen Chief, whose wondrous wand  
 Awed and confounded prince and priest and seer,  
 O'er the Red Sea, majestic, stretch his hand—  
 The foes of God and Israel pressing near:  
 The waves once more divide—God's chosen band  
 Walk safely through, while Egypt's hosts are drowned:  
 Thy song is as if, 'mid the desert sand,  
 The harp inspired of Miriam thou had'st found!

---

DISENCHANTED.

So thou hast "changed thy mind!" What then?  
 A common thing in woman-kind  
 To wonder at were quite as vain  
 As wondering that the wind  
 Can vary. If the minstrel sings,  
 'Tis for the balm that music brings.

No, false one, if I now repine,  
'Tis *not* that others bend the knee  
In welcome homage at the shrine  
Once sacred unto me :  
I grieve that I could ever bow  
Where all who list may worship now !

And this is she I once could deem  
A being less of earth than heaven—  
One who could all perfection claim—  
The veil at last is riven,  
And lo, revealed, to my dismay,  
An image of most common clay !

Good-bye, fair fickle one, good-bye !  
A little while of bitter thought  
And I may learn to wonder why  
Thy love I ever sought,  
Yea, thankful be that to thy pride  
I yet may owe a worthier bride.

The stricken deer may seek the shade  
'Mid scenes where beauty is not sold :  
My heart shall yet to joy be wed—  
My love-tale shall be told—  
And thou, if still remembered, be  
One of the common crowd to me.

## TARLOCHAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

(PARAPHRASED FROM THE GAELIC.)

ONE advice I would give you, my son, in this strain—  
It may serve when a-wooing you go :  
Be not daunted too much by a seeming disdain,—  
With deceit to the truthful your soul never stain,—  
If you wear it at all, wear but lightly Love's chain,—  
It may save you a many heigho !

Should you meet "a fine girl," be you sure she is so  
Not alone in her figure and face  
Ere you give her your heart, or, too late, you may know  
Yourself helplessly fooled, like a bird in the bough  
Neath the spell of some snake in the grass.

Beneath a bright landscape the earthquake may sleep,—  
In the rosebud a canker may be,—  
The river where calmest is always most deep,  
And balmy the breeze that may oftentimes sweep  
O'er a rock-bosomed, ship-wrecking sea.

Then seek you in woman the charms of the mind,  
Those charms that with youth will not die ;  
No graces or gifts of the Circean kind  
Must allure your young heart, or, right soon, you may find  
You have built on the ice—you have trusted the wind—  
You have made your whole lifetime a sigh !



## A LAST FOND FAREWELL.

As some beacon-light, far throwing  
Through a night of starless skies  
Its blest rays, the seaman showing  
Where his wished-for haven lies,

Loved one ! thus, when shadows dreary  
All around my pathway lay,  
Came thy gentle smiles to cheer me,  
Chasing all the gloom away ;

Shewing that, however lowering  
My life's sky might sometimes prove,  
I could aye find refuge 'sure in  
The calm haven of thy love.

Wherefore, thou delightful vision,  
Was thy stay so very brief ?  
Woe's me that a joy elysian  
Should so sudden change to grief !

Parted now, for ever parted—  
Malice well has played her part,—  
I, the lorn and broken-hearted,  
Thou—I ask not what thou art.

Still, within my heart adoring  
Lives thine image, ever fair ;  
Like a rose in winter flow'ring,  
Blooms my love amid despair.

Fare thee well ! yon heaving ocean  
Farther soon shall us divide ;  
Still, till death shall end its motion,  
Thou shalt be my heart's fond bride !

## THE CAPTURED BIRD.

A FABLE.

A GIRL once caught in a well-set snare  
A song-bird sweet of plumage rare,  
Close caged him, yet still such kind care had he  
That he could not well wish for a life more free ;  
Though sometimes seen with his bars at strife,  
His was, on the whole, a pleasant life.

When his mistress had kept this bird so long  
That forgot seemed the haunts that first heard his song,  
Came a change which he ill could brook to see --  
The more fond he grew the less kind seemed she !  
He had been so long her imprisoned slave,  
So grateful for every crumb she gave,  
That it seemed, be his dole however small,  
He could not but choose to live still in thrall.  
But not thus, from his native joys exiled,  
Can a bird to its cage be reconciled ;  
The string that is played on too long may break,  
And a yoke, tho' of gold, soon must tire the neck.  
O no,—it is not from all joy exiled  
That a bird brought up in the forest wild  
Can be to such bondage reconciled,—  
A truth which his jailor, fair ingrate !  
Found out ere long, yet all too late.

One day she open'd his cage in play,  
With a " Go, vain thing, if thou wilt, away !"  
Never dreaming her captive one inch would stray.

The fond bird heard the insulting word,  
 And his native pride was within him stirred ;  
 So he flapped his wings, to her wond'ring view,  
 And away, and away, fast and far he flew !  
 It was *then* that the grief of his mistress proved  
 That the bird she lost was a bird beloved ;  
 He returned to his bower in the forest green,  
 And her captive caged never more was seen !

MORAL—Love is the bird, ye maidens bright,  
 Of which the minstrel sings ;  
 Then, never may you, with caprice light,  
 Or seeming scorn, or wanton slight,  
 Forget that he has wings.

---

### HAPPINESS.

SAY, where dwelleth happiness—Where ?  
 With the peasant in yon low-roofed cot ?  
 So sages and statesmen declare,  
 Yet the peasant knows *there* she dwells *not*.

Is her home then in palaces grand,  
 Proud Royalty's favourite guest ?  
 With the gay and the great of the land,  
 Does she dwell 'mid the dance and the feast ?

Alas ! 'neath the coronet there  
 Oft hid is a dark aching brow ;  
 Oft the purple but hides in its glare  
 The choice victims of care and of woe.

Does she dwell with the famous in song ?  
Most of all *there* the search would be vain,  
Since the strains that our raptures prolong  
Are oft poured from a bosom of pain !

With the Learned and the Wise surely she  
Makes herself no rare guest, one would deem ;  
Lo, the fool, as he passes, may see  
She abides not with any of them !

Is she found where the wine-cup is drained  
'Mid laughter and revelry high ?  
Her presence is there only feigned—  
Her true self such scenes ne'er comes nigh.

A heart wholly freed from sin's stain,  
A soul with its maker at peace,  
There only content can remain,  
There only true happiness is.

---

### JEANIE'S NEW ALBUM.

#### A PREFATORY RHYME.

FRIENDSHIP'S gift so fair to see,  
What can I say worthy thee ?  
Thou'rt a tablet far too fair  
For aught else than fancies rare—  
Tablet where, in sequence bright,  
Rare gems of thought shall yet have place,  
As, one by one, the stars at night  
Come out adorning heaven's face.

Book of beauty, let me shew  
What should grace thy page of snow,  
What the themes on which may turn  
"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."  
Friendly wishes "short and sweet"  
Here may find admittance meet :  
Here may bard and artist be  
Found, in friendly rivalry,  
Painting, each in his own way,  
Now Old England's landscapes gay,  
Now the scenes less gay than grand  
Of thy own loved native land.  
Patriots struggling for the right  
Here, in verse, may win the fight ;  
Tyrants who the world would thrall  
Here in verse unpitied fall,—  
Here, too, may the bondsman's wrong  
Find a fitting voice in song ;  
Here the moralist may teach,  
Here the lover may beseech,  
To the idol of his heart  
    Doing homage like a true man ;  
Never pleases minstrel art  
    More than when the theme is woman,—  
Woman—pearl of priceless worth !  
Nature's purest, fairest birth !  
Woman—to whose grace is given  
To make Earth almost a Heaven !  
But for woman's smile I wis  
Earth her sweetest smiles would miss ;  
And even this poor lay I sing  
    Were poorer still, but that it has

The inspiration following  
The wish to win fair Jeanie's praise.

Never in this book be penned  
Aught that virtue may offend :  
Let the knave in friendship's guise  
Elsewhere vent his flatteries ;  
Dullards, pray keep distance wide ;  
Hands off, all ye slaves of pride !  
Wits whose pens are dipt in gall,  
Misanthropes and sceptics all,  
Aught that ye might have to spare her,  
Least of all would Jeanie care for.

Types of infancy ere yet  
Thought has its impression set  
On the brow that may be found  
Yet with the proud laurel crowned,—  
Joyful as a mother may  
Watch the dawn of reason's ray  
Growing into perfect day,  
Thus may thy fair mistress see  
All that she could wish in thee  
Growing, till thy glowing pages  
Prove thee all her heart presages.

## VERSES.

ADDRESSED TO A FAIR FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY.

SOME love the Springtime's promise bright,  
Some Summer's fuller joys ;  
Some most in Autumn's charms delight,  
But Winter most I prize :

For thou in winter had thy birth—  
Thou whose fair hand to own  
I'd count a gift of rarer worth  
Than any kingly crown.

'Tis true no scent of flowers nor hymn  
Of forest songsters free,  
Nor aught of beauty marks the time  
Of thy nativity,—

Yet, in thy presence dear, to me  
'Tis summer all the while ;  
Yea, more than all its charms I see  
In thy love-lighted smile.

Scarce didst thou reach thy teens, sweet one,  
When it was plain to see  
That Beauty meant her chosen throne  
Thy loving face to be.

And now that thou'rt a woman grown,  
He'd be of sumphs the rarest  
Who would not with me freely own  
Thee of earth's fair the fairest !

All honour then to that blest day  
That on this earth first found thee !  
May ever thus its advent gay  
Find loving friends around thee.

May all thy life, beloved one, be  
A life of perfect bliss ;  
And my reward for this brief lay  
Be now—a birthday kiss !

Nov. 23rd, 1845.

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TO MY FATHER, ON HIS EMIGRATING  
TO AMERICA.

SAFE be thy passage o'er the deep,  
My sire, to that far soil  
Where they who sow may hope to reap  
The fruitage of their toil.

Scotland has been a stepdame base  
To men like thee too long—  
Men who, though leaving her, confess  
Their love for her still strong.

A spirit fearless, ever prone  
To bravely say thy say  
'Gainst evil in high places when  
Thy silence best would pay,—



Too kind a man, in grab or greed  
To ever take much stock,—  
Too good and upright e'er to need  
Hypocrisy's vile cloak,—

Too strong in thy integrity  
Into the mart to bring  
Thy conscience, though it were to be  
The favourite of a king,—

Thou didst mid toil and trouble keen  
Stand ever in thy place  
A living libel on the mean,  
A terror to the base,—

A rock that meets the rushing waste  
Of waves with silent scorn,—  
A tree that yields not to the blast  
Till by the roots uptorn.


Let others trace their pedigree  
To princes if they can,  
More proud am I to spring from thee,  
Thou poor but honest man !

## THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

I've learned to look on fame as  
A breath of passing air ;  
Thy favours, fickle fortune,  
Were never much my care ;  
The crown poetic never  
May on my brow be set,  
But, O, my rustic wild harp,  
I love thee, love thee yet !

To beauty's smile is given  
My worship now no more ;  
From home and kindred driven,  
Sad thoughts are all my store ;  
Yet sweeter than the blossoms  
Of summer to the bee,  
Than fountain to the desert,  
Is my wild harp to me.

---



TRANSLATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S  
"CLARSACH NAM BEANN."

## LOCH-DUICH.

LOCH-DUICH, hail ! Scene so all-resplendent !  
Were power befitting my wish now mine,  
Soon, in a song as my theme transcendent,  
Thy charms unmatched would forever shine.

While storms are often o'er ocean sweeping,  
Unbroken here is thy slumber, deep  
And calm as that of an infant sleeping  
Near some sad mother who wakes to weep.

Well may the skiff of the fisher daring,  
When tempest-tossed on a sea more wide,  
Be often seen towards thee glad-steering,  
Assured of safety on thy calm tide.

Ye hills that soar in stern beauty yonder,  
Proud watchers over Loch-duich's rest,  
Well may ye glory to see your grandeur  
Thus mirror'd daily in Duich's breast !

How grand the sight when, with night advancing,  
The stars seem touching your summits bold !  
Nor less the joy when, your charms enhancing,  
The morning crowns you with wreaths of gold.

Hark ! 'tis yon urchins among the heather,—  
They see green woods in the lake below,  
And fondly question each other whether  
Brown nuts and berries may 'mong them grow !

The herd-boy near them, with no less wonder,  
 Sees kine within the lake's bosom clear,  
 And thankful seems, as he looketh on there,  
 The head he tendeth himself still near !

DUN-DONNAN !\* tow'ring there, grim and hoary—  
 Thou ghost of greatness long passed away,  
 Outliving scenes once thy grace and glory,  
 Good cause thou hast to look sad and gray.

Thou seem'st like Ossian, alone, lamenting  
 His vanished prowess—his kindred dead ;  
 Time, thy stern foeman, knows no relenting ;  
 Soon, soon shall all but thy fame be fled.

'Tis said, when moonbeams are round thee gleaming,  
 Oft by thy sea-circled base is seen  
 A maiden form of the gentlest seeming,  
 Sad-singing there 'mong the seaweed green.

The passing fisherman shrewdly guesses  
 That hapless nymph of the golden hair  
 Is sad because of the missed caresses  
 From some false lover once hers to share !

\* \* \* \* \*

Ye streams, that ever in grateful numbers  
 Pour to Loch-duich your tribute due,  
 I marvel not it so often slumbers,  
 Lulled by the anthems thus sung by you.

---

\* More properly, Caisteal Donnain, once the residence of the "Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high Chief of Kintail!"

Here—through fair, dlower-mantled meadows passing,  
Ye, lingering, waken your softest song ;  
There—higher up, bright as sunbeams flashing,  
Ye ceaseless roar, rage, and rush along !

SCUR-ORAIN, chief of a thousand mountains !  
Storm-swept and bare though thy forehead be,  
The stag delights to live by thy fountains ;—  
Hark ! 'tis the cry of the Chase in thee !

What though, with fleetness the winds excelling,  
The quarry far to the desert flies,  
Ere ends that yell 'mong the rocks far-pealing  
The antler'd Pride of the Forest dies.

Fain would I sing of yon dell roe-haunted,  
And thou, Kintail of the woodlands gay,  
Where the cuckoo's first spring notes are chanted,  
And wildflowers grace even Winter's sway !

Nor would Glensheil in my lay find wanting  
The praises due to its minstrel throng,  
But most of all to the charmers haunting  
That happy Eden of love and song !

But time forbids. Fare thee well, Loch-duich !  
Though thy green banks I no more may see,  
While life's warm stream in my bosom floweth  
I'll cease not lauding and loving thee.

ng,

tern son of

## THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

(Translated from the author's Gaëlic by the late Rev. Dr. Buchanan,  
Methven, Scotland.)

SHE died — as die the roses  
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,  
When the envious sun discloses  
His flame and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun-glow  
By fleeting shadows chased ;  
She died—like heaven's rainbow  
By gushing showers effaced.

She died—like snow glad-gracing  
Some sea-marge fair, when lo !  
Rude waves each other chasing,  
Quick hide it 'neath their flow.

She died—as dies the glory  
Of music's sweetest swell :  
She died—as dies the story  
When the best is still to tell !

She died—as dies moon-beaming,  
When scowls the rayless main :  
She died—like sweetest dreaming  
Quick changed to waking pain.

She died—and died she early ;  
Heaven wearied for its own.  
As the dipping sun, my Mary,  
Thy morning ray went down !

## ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME POEM.

(Contributed to the "*Teachdair Gaidhealach*," by the late  
Lachlan MacLean, of Glasgow.)

Thy life was like a morning cloud  
Of rosy hue, at break of day ;  
The envious sun appears, and soon  
The rival glory melts away.

Thy life was like May's sunny beams  
By shadows brushed o'er field and flower ;  
Or like the bow of heaven that sheds  
Its glory in a fleeting shower.

Thy life was like new-fallen snow,  
Gracing some sea-beach lately bared ;  
The tide returns with heedless flow—  
The sky-born guest hath disappeared !

Thy life was like some tuneful harp  
Abruptly stopped when sweetest strung,  
Or like "the tale of other years"  
To expectation half unsung.

Thy life was like a passing gleam  
Of moonlight on the troubled main,  
Or like some blissful dream which he  
Who dreams, may never dream again.

O child of promise bright ! although  
'Twere wrong to grudge to heaven its own,  
Our tears, withal, will often flow  
To think thy sun so soon gone down.

## A LOVER'S LAMENT.

(An abbreviated free translation of one of the Author's earliest  
Gaelic productions.)

IN vain do springtime's many charms essay  
To chase the gloom in Aray's glen to-day ;  
The strains that there once charmed my listening ear  
Can ne'er again avail my heart to cheer.

When that fair star, so late my soul's delight,  
Hath vanished, never more to cheer my sight, —  
When my fond heart, sad-missing joy so brief,  
Lies in the dust, enamoured of its grief, —

When, for the couch she soon might reach, love-led,  
The grave becometh Jessie's bridal bed,  
Well may the tears of friendship freely flow,  
And life to me be an unending woe.

Insatiate Death ! was it to make us see  
How all impartial fly thy arrows, we  
Are left to mourn her dead, whose graces might  
Make even thee ashamed our prayers to slight ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas for Life ! its frail unequal thread  
Is, like the gossamer in sunshine spread,  
The ready wreck of the first passing blast,  
And yieldeth first where it should longest last.

'Tis thus that all too soon in death's cold sleep  
Closed Jessie's eyes, while mine are left to weep ;



Better it were, than thus be left, to have  
My own last sleep beside her in the grave.

Shade of my love ! if it indeed be true  
That spirits blest, though hidden from our view,  
May still be round us, guardian angels rare,  
Oh, be it mine to feel thee often near,—

An inspiration ever leading me  
To justify thy loving sympathy  
By actions such as may alone secure  
The conscious favour of thy spirit pure.

Come then, in all thy wonted, loving grace,  
Making the grief, now my sole guest, give place  
To the sweet hope that, this vain life once o'er,  
I'll see thee and be near thee evermore.

---

### MAIRI LAGHACH.

(From the Gaëlic of J. McDonald, a Ross-shire bard of the  
last century.)

CHORUS.—Hey, my winsome Mary,—  
Mary fondly free !  
Hey, my winsome Mary,  
Mary, mine to be !  
Winsome, handsome Mary,  
Who so fair as she ?  
My own Highland lassie,  
Dear as life to me !

Long ere in my bosom  
Lodged Love's arrow keen,  
Often with young Mary  
In Gleusmeoil I've been ;  
Happy hours ! succeeded  
By affection true,  
'Till there seem'd 'neath heaven  
No such loving two !

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c.

Often I and Mary  
Desert haunts have sought,  
Innocent of any  
Evil deed or thought,—  
Cupid, sly enchanter,  
Tempting us to stray  
Where the leafy greenwood  
Keeps the sun at bay.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c.

What although all Albin  
And its wealth were mine,  
How, without thee, darling,  
Could I fail to pine ?  
As my bride to kiss thee  
I would prize far more  
Than the all of treasure  
Europe has in store.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c.

Fairer is the bosom  
Of my loving one  
Than the downy plumage  
Of the floating swan ;  
Hers the slim waist graceful,  
And the neck whose hue  
Matches well the sea-gull's  
Out on Gairloch blue.

CHORUS — Hey, my &c.

What a wealth of tresses  
Mary dear can show !  
Crown of lustre rarer  
Ne'er graced maiden brow.  
'Tis but little dressing  
Need those tresses rare,  
Falling fondly, proudly  
O'er her shoulders fair.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c

Hers are teeth whose whiteness  
Snow alone can peer ;  
Hers the breath all fragrance,  
Voice of loving cheer,—  
Cheeks of cherry ripeness,  
Eyelids drooping down  
'Neath a forehead never  
Shadowed by a frown.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c.

Out on royal splendours !  
 Love best makes his bed  
 'Mong the leaves and grasses  
 Of the sylvan shade,  
 Where the blissful breezes  
 Tell of bloom and balm,  
 And health-giving streamlets  
 Sing their ceaseless psalm.

CHORUS.—Hey, my &c

No mere music art-born  
 There our pleasures crowned ;  
 Music far more cheering  
 Nature for us found,—  
 Larks in air, and thrushes  
 On each flow'ring thorn,  
 And the cuckoo hailing  
 Summer's gay return !

CHORUS.—Hey, my winsome Mary,—  
 Mary fondly free !  
 Hey, my winsome Mary,  
 Mary, mine to be !  
 Winsome, handsome Mary,  
 Who so fair as she ?  
 My own Highland lassie,  
 Dear as life to me !

# SONGS.

## THE HILLS OF THE HEATHER.

AIR—*The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.*

Give the swains of Italia 'mong myrtles to rove,  
Give the proud, sullen Spaniard his bright orange grove,  
Give gold-sanded streams to the sons of Chili,  
But O give the hills of the heather to me !

CHORUS—

Then, drink we a health to the old Highland Bens  
Whose heads cleave the welkin, whose feet press the glens :  
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?  
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

The hills whose wild echoes delight to prolong  
The soul-stirring pibrochd, the stream's gushing song—  
Storm-vexed and mist-mantled though often they be,  
Still dear are the hills of the heather to me.

CHORUS—

Then, drink we a health to the old Highland Bens  
That fondly look down on the clan-peopled glens :  
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee?  
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

Your carses may boast of their own fertile farms,  
Yet give me the glens, shielding well in their arms  
Blue lakes grandly glassing crag, cliff, tower and tree :  
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

## CHORUS—

Then, drink we a health to the old Highland Bens,  
Their deer-haunted corries, and hazelwood dens :  
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee ?  
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

'Tis there 'neath the tartan beat hearts the most leal—  
Hearts warm as the sunshine, yet firm as the steel ;  
There only this heart can feel happy or free :  
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

## CHORUS—

Then, drink we a health to the old Highland Bens,  
Glad-leaving to England her flats and her fens ;  
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with glee ?  
The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

WHO LOVES NOT TO THINK OF GLEN-  
FINNAN ?

AIR—*Wood an' Married an' a'.*

Who loves not to think of Glenfinnan,  
And chiefs such as no one now sees  
Saluting young Charlie's bold standard  
There freely unfurled to the breeze !  
Well might he be proud of his place in  
Their hearts all so loyal and leal ;  
No foe to his rights would care facing,  
That day, the dread flash of their steel.

CHORUS—Chieftains and clansmen and all  
Yielding to loyalty's call :  
What Scot does not feel his heart beating  
With pride as he thinks of them all ?

Arrayed in the garb of the Gael,  
In fancy, I see him still there—  
The Prince so long loyally hoped for,  
Glad-trusting his cause to their care ;  
So worthy the throne of his fathers  
He looked that, like Highlanders true,  
"hey swear, his lost rights to recover,  
'Together to die or to do !

CHORUS—Chieftains and clansmen all  
Yielding to loyalty's call :  
What Scot does not feel his heart beating  
With pride as he thinks of them all ?

Woe's me for the mighty in battle—  
 The heroes in honor so steeled !  
 No "*Cothrom na Feinne*"\* vain-seeking,  
 They died where they never would yield ;  
 What man could well grudge to such true hearts  
 Their still-swelling meed of renown ?  
 Alas that the sun of the Stuarts  
 At such a dread cost should go down !

CHORUS—Chieftains and clansmen and all  
 Yielding to loyalty's call :  
 What S. does not feel his heart beating  
 With pain as he thinks of them all ?

### ELLIE BHÒIDHEACH.

AIR—"Sud e mar chaidh 'n cal an dolaidh,"  
 OR, "*The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

OF all the many scenes that be  
 A memory aye sweet to me,  
 My heart clings most to fair Carskey,  
 The home of Ellie bhoidheach. †  
 There first I felt love's pleasing pain ;  
 There told her smiles that not in vain  
 I might aspire some day to gain  
 The hand of Ellie bhoidheach.

Alas, that true love never may  
 Be left to choose its own sweet way !  
 If thus it were, my bride to day  
 Might be sweet Ellie bhoidheach.

\*The equal combat.

† Beautiful; pronounced "voyach."



And knowing this, come weal or woe,  
I trow that, till in death laid low,  
This heart of mine will overflow  
With love for Ellie bhoidheach.

---

THE LASS OF LEVEN-SIDE.

AIR—"Mary's Dream."

In vain I see fair nature's face  
In all its springtide beauty rare ;  
In vain old woodland walks I trace  
In search of joys once mine to share ;—  
One face — one only — everywhere  
My vision haunts, my footsteps guide ;  
That witching face so heavenly fair  
Is thine, sweet lass of Levenside.

The swan on Lomond's breast serene  
Delights to please her wooer gay ;  
The linnet in yon leafy den  
Rejoicing lists her lover's lay ;  
Could Annie thus my love repay,  
Unheeding who might frown or chide,  
How would my life be one long May !  
How Eden-like fair Leven-side !

O that I were the happy herd  
Who of her father's kye takes care,  
And often a kind look or word  
Finds at the milking time from her,

And sees her when his evening fare  
 She does with gentle grace provide !  
 To woo her though I might not dare  
 I still were blest on Leven-side.

---

THE BANKS OF LOCH-SHIN.

AIR—“ *The Hills of Glenorchy.* ”

THOUGH pleasant enough be our lakes of the west,  
 And many the swains who live nigh them, love-blest,  
 Yet often find I my fond heart ill at rest

When I think of the far-away banks of Loch-shin.  
 Well, well may those Banks ever dear be to me,  
 Since of all Beauty's daughters the fairest is she  
 Who with me changed hearts and love-promises free  
 One bright summer night, on the Banks of Loch-shin.

Give lordlings to revel in royalty's rays,  
 Give heroes their laurels the poet his bays,—  
 'Tis little reck I of rank, riches or praise

While blest with the love of the Lass of Loch-shin.  
 Each hour seems a year, thus so far from her side ;  
 Oh, for that glad time I can call her my bride,  
 And, proud as if lord of all Sutherland wide,  
 Live, loving and loved, on the Banks of Loch-shin !

## JEANIE STUART.

AIR—"The Banks of the Devon."

OH, why so long absent, beloved Jennie Stuart,  
 The home of thy childhood so far distant from ?  
 Far friends may be kind, yet the darling that thou art  
 Should surely forget not thy friends left at home.  
 Return, then, sweet truant ! my soul longs to see thee,  
 The bud always fair now a rose in full bloom ;  
 From this weary heartache there's nothing can free me  
 Till thou art returned once again to thy home.

Come, welcome as calm after storm on the ocean,  
 Come, fair as the dawn after darkness and gloom ;  
 Come, proving how vain was the fear that my chosen  
 Could ever forget me,—oh, come, loved one, come !  
 Come, proving how well may my joy and my pride be  
 Our sweet gloaming love-trysts once more to resume ;  
 Come, showing that death, only death, can divide thee  
 Again from thy lover—then oh, hasten home !

## WHEN I AM FAR AWAY.

AIR—"O' a' the Airts the Wind can blaw."

O'ER yonder ocean wide and wild  
 When I am far away,  
 Where never more thy voice, sweet child,  
 My spirit sad may sway,  
 This thought will cheer the minstrel's heart,  
 Forget though others may,  
 That thou wilt sing my songs, sweet child,  
 When I am far away.

Unknown to fortune's fickle smile  
Though oft the minstrel sings,  
If but his lays are loved meanwhile,  
He'll laugh at crowns and kings.  
And thus it is I comfort bring  
From out life's darkest day,  
Since thou, sweet child, my songs will sing  
When I am far away.

---

#### BONNIE ISABEL.

GIVE fortune's favoured sons to roam  
However far they please from home,  
And find their eventide delights  
'Mong Rhenish groves or Alpine heights,  
But give to me, by Shira's flow—  
With none to see and none to know—  
Love's tryst to keep, love's tale to tell,  
And kiss my bonnie Isabel!

A rustic maiden though she be,  
'Twould puzzle all the graces three  
To say where in her form or face  
They could have added to her grace.  
To see her tripping through the grove,  
So fair, so full of life and love,  
You'd think our glen some Elfland dell,  
And Elfland's queen sweet Isabel.

Ye guardian spirits hovering near  
 The cot where dwells this maiden dear,  
 Beware the glances of her eyes—  
 They'd make you to forget the skies !  
 And then her lips—take care, take care !  
 If once you'd taste the nectar there  
 I fear you'd get as fond's mysel'  
 Of kissing bonnie Isabel !

---

THE LASS WI' THE BRICHT GOWDEN HAIR.

AIR—"*Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane.*"

The pride of all the Dee-side is fair Jennie Stuart,  
 How dearly I love her nae words can declare :  
 The mair I see of her, the mair my fond true heart  
 Is charmed by the lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.  
 Her smile is the dawn breaking o'er the horizon,  
 Her voice is the lilt of the lark in the air ;  
 Nae mortal can look on her face all-enticing  
 And not love the lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

I'll fa' them who say I've in vain set my mind on  
 A lass of whose smile richer wooers despair !  
 Sic fools naething ken of the love-light I find in  
 Ilk look of the lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.  
 Oh, for that blest day this dear maid sae enchanting  
 Is mine, and mine only—my life's darling care !  
 This world would to me be a weary world, wanting  
 The love of yon lass wi' the bricht gowden hair.

## GLENARA, I LOVE THEE.

AIR—" *Air failirinn, illirinn, uilirinn O.*"

GLENARA, I love thee, though not for thy share  
Of far-stretching woodlands or baln-breathing air,  
Thy flower-spangled meadows or heather-clad braes ;  
Charms other than these now alone claim my praise.

I love thee—though not for the streamlets that run,  
Now hid in thy birch-woods, now kissed by the sun ;  
The notes of the song-birds no more charm my ear,  
Still less could the sportsman's rude work tempt me here.

O no—for unheeded the roe now skips by ;  
No trout from Carlunan to tempt do I try ;  
A magnet surpassing all these I find in  
The golden-haired lass in yon cot by the linn !

Yes, maiden beloved ! as a bee, that has found  
Some honey-bloom rare in his balm-seeking round,  
Returns and returns oft to feast on his prize,  
So seek I love's food in thy tale-telling eyes.

Give poets their choice of Parnassian bays,  
Give wealth's pampered puppets the crowd's passing praise ;  
Away with such shadows ! yon green trysting tree  
And the smile of my Jessie, dear Jessie for me !

WINNA THE SILLER MAKE UP FOR  
AN OLD MAN.

AIR—" *Bha mi air banais a'm Bail' Ionaraora..*"

MOTHER.

WINNA the siller make up for an old man !  
Winna the siller make up for an old man !  
'Twere silly against sic an offer to hold on ;  
Lass ! let the siller make up for an old man.

The old man has gowd an' braid acres a plenty ;—  
His house is weel stored wi' all things gude and dainty !—  
Ye may live to repent in a comfortless, cold one,  
Gin ye daftly refuse to be paired wi' the old man.  
Winna the siller, &c.

DAUGHTER.

Oh, mither, just think how maist people wad jeer me—  
Less wife than a nurse to a body sae eerie !  
Gin I wed not for love I'll a maid ever hold on ;  
Come weal, then, or wae, I will ne'er wed the old man !  
Winna the siller, &c.

MOTHER.

Love looks very nice as a dream,—but be sure, lass,  
It counts not for much when the wolf's at the door, lass ;  
A girdel aft toom is nae look-out sae golden  
That a lassie like ye should refuse sic an old man.  
Winna the siller, &c.

## DAUGHTER.

Yet, mither, 'twere sinful to wed ane sae frail-like ;  
His hair is sae scant and his cheek is sae clay-like ;  
Just think ye of airms such as his to enfold one !  
Oh mither, dear mither ! speak not of the old man.  
Winna the siller, &c.

## MOTHER.

Nae doubt he is auld,—then the sooner may *you* get  
The chance wi' his gear to look out for a new mate ;  
There be young men aueuch, once his banes ye've the mould on,  
Wad be blythe to be seen in the shoou of the old man.  
Winna the siller, etc.

## DAUGHTER.

'Tis true, that might be,—yet it seems a mean part, ma,  
To give up the hand where one can't give the heart, ma ;  
To pity his crase it may be I'm beho'den,  
But save, mither, save me mair talk of the old man !  
Winna the siller, &c.

## MOTHER.

In silks and in satins he'll busk ye up fine, lass ;  
Nor need ye wait long till his all may be thine, lass :  
Alas, and alas, for the fair, fickle, sold one !  
She's wed and away with the frail, foolish old man !  
Winna the siller, &c.



## THE LASS OF GLENFYNE.

AIR—" *The Banks of the Devon.*"

OH, would that my home were some green summer shieling  
 'Mid scenes far removed from all discord and din—  
 Scenes dear to the roe, and where skylarks keep trilling  
 Their songs from the day-dawn till gleaming sets in !  
 There, living to love and be loved by the maiden  
 I trysted yestre'en 'neath the moon's yellow shine,  
 How would all around me seem charming as Eden,—  
 So dear to my heart is you lass of Glenfyne !

All day with the flock, how delighted I'd roam there,  
 No song-bird more tuneful, no man more care-free !  
 How gladly at sundown my charge I'd bring home there,  
 Where, ready to milk them, my Peggie I'd see !  
 And when with a kiss she would welcome her lover,  
 No mortal can guess what a bliss would be mine :  
 Such life with a lassie perfection all over  
 O who would not live 'mong the braes of Glenfyne !

## THE BETRAYED ONE TO HER CHILD.

GAELIC AIR—" *O gu ma slan a chi mi mo chailinn dileas, donn.*"

OH, wae's me for thee, darling !  
 And wae's me for the hour  
 I trysted thy false faither,  
 In yonder greenwood bower !  
 Sae sweet the tale he tauld me,  
 Sae warmly wooed he there,  
 My trusting heart was soon deceived,  
 My peace lost evermair !

He said my neck and bosom  
 Were fair as winter's snow,  
 And that the rose for redness  
 Was naething to my mou ;  
 He vowed he aye would lo'e me,  
 Till death should us divide,  
 And that as soon as e'er I pleased  
 I'd be his wedded bride.

Oh sleep, now sleep, my dearie,  
 Safe in thy lanely lair !  
 Thy mither is too eerie  
 This nick to sing thee mair.  
 Alas for the forsaken  
 To the cold world's disdain !  
 When comes God's hour of reckoning  
 Alas the faithless then !

---

### SWEET ANNIE OF GLENARA.

AIR—" *Katharine Ogie.*"

LET Tannahill in tender strain  
 Sing her of Arrantern' ,  
 Let Ettrick's bard in witching vein  
 Extol the fair Kilmeny ;  
 The lassie who has won *my* heart  
 Is quite as bright a fairy :  
 You'd own it true, if you but knew  
 Sweet Annie of Glenara !

Her brow is of the lily's hue,  
Her lips a honey fountain ;  
Her cheek is as when Dawn doth show  
Her blushes o'er yon mountain :  
As any roe that haunts our glen  
Her step is light and airy ;  
In grace and mien a very queen  
Is Annie of Glenara.

Away with fashion's fickle set !  
Give me the darling creature  
All charming without knowing it,  
All woman in her nature.  
Small joy to me were any boon  
Dame Fortune well could spare me,  
Could I not with it call my own  
Sweet Annie of Glenara.

---

### THE SHEPHERD BOY.

AIR—"Gude Night an' Joy be wi' you a'."

THE shepherd boy was far away, —  
His heart was dowie as the song  
That often in the gloaming grey  
To pity moved his comrades young :  
They hinted of the coming May,  
With all its wealth of bud and bloom, —  
Yet aye the burden of his song  
Was, This is no my native home !

" There's trout to wile frae yonder burn,  
 Our fields are white wi' lambkins gay ;  
 The blackbird on yon flow'ring thorn  
 To love and song gives a' the day ;  
 Nae glen in a' the land can be  
 Mair fit than ours to chase thy gloom :"  
 Yet aye the burden of his lay  
 Was, This is no my native home !

" The cushat nestles in yon wood,  
 The cuckoo, too, will soon be there ;  
 Our muirlands teem wi' music good  
 Frae clouds of laverocks in the air ;  
 O'er hazel dell and berrie brae  
 We'll a', betimes, delighted roam ;"  
 Yet still the burden of his lay  
 Was, This is no my native home !

— — — — —

BELLA.

YE'VE seen frae heaven's blue  
 The star o' Gloamin' gleam—  
 The rosebud wet wi' dew,  
 The rowan by the stream ;  
 But naething hae ye seen,  
 And ne'er may see, I trow,  
 Sae bright as Bella's een,  
 Sae red as Bella's mou'.

Ye've seen the snow-wreath high  
 On Cruachan's airy steep—  
 The lake when zephyrs die,  
 And sunbeams on it sleep ;

Yet naething hae ye seen,  
 And ne'er may see, I trow,  
 Sae fair as Bella's skin,  
 Sae calm as Bella's brow !

---

MAGGIE STUART.

AIR—"O but ye're long a coming."

OH but she's sweet and bonnie,  
 Swee' and bonnie, blythe and bonnie !  
 A heart-charmer quite uncannie  
 Is young Maggie Stuart.

Ye who would see grace the rarest  
 Joined to form and face the fairest—  
 One to all perfection nearest—  
 Look on Maggie Stuart !  
 Oh, but she's sweet, &c.

Sweet her smile as May-morn gleaming,  
 Bright her eye as starlet gleaming,  
 Not one maiden charm worth naming  
 Misses Maggie Stuart.  
 O, but she's sweet, etc.

Thinking of her, late and early,  
 Wiser thoughts are mine but sparely ;  
 All the lads around are fairly  
 Daft for Maggie Stuart !  
 O, but she's sweet, etc.

Would that some kind star would move her  
 To make me her chosen lover,  
 Nothing then save death could sever  
 Me from Maggie Stuart !  
 O, but she's sweet, &c.

---

### INVERAE'S WOOING.

(Written to the Gaelic air of "*A Mhorag, an dean thu tighinn.*")

Thus a Highland wooer  
 Pleaded with a Lowland lassie,  
 As he fond'y drew her  
 'Neath his plaid, one gloaming gray :—  
 " Annie, gin ye love me,  
 Do, I pray thee,  
 Cease to Nay me ;  
 Now or never I must hae thee  
 Off to bonnie Inverae."

Answered she, " Na, I canna ;—  
 Weel tho' I'd like to gae,  
 Faither and mither winna  
 Let me gang to Inverae."

" Sweet along the glen, there,  
 Sounds the herd-boy's morning carol ;  
 Sweeter still at e'en, there,  
 Lilts the lass her milking lay ;

Nor less like to charm thee  
Songs of thrushes  
'Mong the bushes  
Bending o'er each burn that rushes,  
Flowret-fringed, through Inverae."

Still it was, " Na, I canna ;—  
Weel tho' I'd like to gae,  
Faither, and mother winna  
Let me gang to Inverae."

" Ne'er was such a welcome  
As my bonnie bride shall win there ;  
Hundreds proudly shall come  
To our bridal banquet gay :  
Bards shall sound thy praises—  
Gladly granting,  
'Mid their vaunting,  
Ne'er was bride so all-enchanting !  
Haste we, then, to Inverae."

Still, though 'twas, " Na, I canna,  
Weel though I'd like to gae,"  
Long ere they parted, Annie  
Said she'd gang to Inverae !





# Poems, Songs & Sonnets,

WRITTEN CHIEFLY IN CANADA.



## THE CHAUDIERE.

A SCENE ON THE RIVER OTTAWA.

WHERE the Ottawa pours its magnificent tide  
Through forests primæval, dark-waving and wide,  
There's a scene which for grandeur has scarcely a peer, —  
'Tis the wild roaring rush of the mighty Chaudière.

On, onward it dashes—an ocean of spray ;  
How madly it lashes each rock in its way !  
Like the onset of hosts, when spear breaks against spear,  
Is th' omnipotent sweep of the mighty Chaudière.

See ! see where it now from yon ledge wildly leaps, —  
Less swift down some Alp the dread avalanche sweeps ;  
That vortex below may well agonize where  
Right into its throat goes the mighty Chaudière !

Evermore, evermore, where sheer downward it springs,  
Its mist-mantle it weaves—its loud anthem it sings ;  
Yonder isle\* in its path seems to quiver with fear, —  
It may well dread the shock of the mighty Chaudière.

The proud conqueror's might is the boast of a day, —  
Thine, river majestic ! endureth for aye ;

---

\*The little isle above referred to was, at the time these verses were penned, a conspicuous feature in the channel immediately below the Chaudière. There is no trace of it now remaining.

Strange thought, that just thus upon Time's infant ear  
Came the God-speaking voice of the mighty Chaudière !

Though for lips uninspired it seems almost a crime  
To be aught else than mute near a scene so sublime,  
Could I voice all I feel as I gaze on it here,  
How immortal in song were the mighty Chaudière !  
Sept. 13, 1859.

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### THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

In vain, in saddest plight,  
Lucknow's defenders fight ;  
Its walls to heathen might  
Yield at last ;  
Yet though they well might grow  
Appalled at that dread show,  
Defiance to the foe  
Still they cast.

'Twas then, amid the wail  
Of women, children, frail,  
A daughter of the Gael,  
Fever-spent,  
Found from all care and grief  
A merciful relief  
In a sweet slumber brief,  
Heaven-sent.

Of home and kin she dreams,—  
One after one she names,  
As loved ones there she seems  
To embrace ;

Now seems some Sabbath psalm  
To yield its soothing balm,  
So heavenly is the calm  
On her face.

But hush! she starts,—her eyes  
Uplifting to the skies,  
“We're saved! we're saved!” she cries—  
“Dinna ye hear  
The pipes! the pipes! Ha! ha!  
Clan-Alpine's battle-ca',  
The grandest o' them a',  
Swelling near!”

Some, 'mid that scene of death,  
Take heart from what she saith;  
Some of more feeble faith  
Deemed her crazed,  
Till, as she shouts anew,  
“Dinna ye hear them noo!”  
They heard and shouted too,  
“God be praised!”

When, lo! through smoke and fire  
Advancing nigh and nigher,  
Their saviours in the attire  
Of the Gael!  
Quick banished are all fears;  
The doomed dry up their tears  
And with a storm of cheers  
Havelock hail!

## CREAG-A-GHÀRIE.

A SCENE ON LOCHFYNE-SIDE.

LET others sing of towering Bens  
 With cloud-capped summits stern and scaury ;  
 Give me to glory in such scenes  
 As grace my native Creag-a-gharie !

You may roam Scotland, east and west,  
 From the Bass Rock to Staffa sparry,  
 Yet sadly miss where she looks best  
 Unless you visit Creag-a-gharie.

Away with Erin's boasting of  
 Her own Avoca's Vale and Tara !  
 There's naught in them to praise or love  
 Compared with thee, dear Creag-a-gharie !

Here, towers Dunleacan o'er the lake ;  
 There, loom fair Cowal's summits airy ;  
 Nor less Ben-Vuidhe helps to make  
 A setting grand to Creag-a-gharie.

When winds are hushed, and night's fair Queen  
 Casts o'er Lochfyne a gleaming glory,  
 You'd think that Elfland there and then  
 Lent all its charms to Creag-a-gharie.

There spring's first lilies love to blow ;  
 The gowan white and primrose starry  
 You can't help treading on—they grow  
 So thick all over Creag-a-gharie !

There oft I've kissed (no mighty wrong)  
Some Hebe, 'spite her coy "How dare you!"  
The theft requiting with a song  
Breathed in her praise in Creag-a-gharie!

There first I sought thy witching smile,  
And won thy heart, my long-lost Mary:  
Alas, that death so soon should spoil  
That love-dream sweet of Creag-a-gharie!

How have I joyed in boyhood's days  
To list its woodland warblers cheerie,  
Nor less the lark whose thrilling lays  
Seem'd more for Heaven than Creag-a-gharie!

When nuts were ripe, and autumn skies  
Made plump the sloes on branches briery,  
To me there scarcely seems a choice  
'Tween paradise and Creag-a-gharie.

These were the days a planet new  
Would joy its finder less than *there* I  
To find some blackbird's nest, known to  
Myself alone in Creag-a-gharie.

Nor less the rapture in mine eye,  
When some shy lythe or sea-trout wary  
I, from his native haunts, close by,  
Triumphant lodged on Creag-a-gharie.

Small wonder, Alltaneadar's stream,  
The music of thy cascade fairy  
Is ever present in each dream  
I have of home and Creag-a-gharie :

It was within thy bosky bound  
I first adventured, somewhat chary,  
To weave those lays long after found  
Remembered well in Creag-a-gharie.

Twice twenty summers, woe is me !  
Have passed since then : A weary far way  
Is placed between us :—let it be,—  
My heart is still in Creag-a-gharie !

And thus it is from year to year,  
No matter how adverse my star be,  
I have an offset ever dear  
In memories sweet of Creag-a-gharie.

March 1st, 1876.

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TO PROFESSOR G—E, ON HIS LAST  
HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.

(The gentleman here addressed having, in a speech made at a certain public meeting, ventured to assert that "Scotchmen must admit their country to have been once conquered," the author, who was present, felt himself impelled to deny the truth of his assumption. Hence the following lines, written off-hand, and received by the professor next morning at his breakfast-table.)

SCOTLAND, a conquered land ! Learned sage,  
Pray tell us how, and in what age ?  
Not so *I* read historic page.

Thou canst not deem a mere invasion —  
A brief disputed occupation—  
To be the conquest of a nation ?

Think'st thou the homage of a knave  
Binding on those he would enslave ?  
Let Baliol answer from his grave !

Scotland a conquered land ! Ho, ho !  
Proud Edward found it was not so  
When dying—vainly still her foe.

No pandering, then, to Saxon pride !  
Pretensions by our sires defied  
Shall we not also cast aside ?

Forget'st thou Carun's crimsoned stream ?  
Is Bannockburn a myth or dream ?  
And Wallace a mere minstrel theme ?

Thou speak'st of Cromwell? Be it so:  
 Cromwell was never Scotland's foe—  
 How then her conqueror, prithee, show?

Her friend and Freedom's, north he came;  
*Her noblest sons backed well his aim,*  
 And scotched misrule in Cromwell's name.

Hold up thy head, then, Scotia! When  
 Thy sons forget that they are men  
 Thou may'st be conquered—*not till then!*

1857.

---

 ROBERT BURNS.

(Written for the centennial celebration of 1859.)

So many minstrels known to fame  
 Have made sweet Coila's bard their theme,  
 That like an oft-told tale may seem

All I can sing of Robin.

Yet to his cairn however high,  
 No Scot can mutely pass it by;  
 The tribute of a song and sigh

Let's therefore give to Robin.

His was the true poetic art  
 To sing directly from the heart:  
 To waken mirth, or tears to start,  
 No mortal matches Robin!



Now gently flow his thoughts along,  
Now, like a rushing river strong,  
A very cataract of song  
Resistless is our Robin !

The sun not aye unclouded shines ;  
There's dross within earth's richest mines ;—  
Rob had his faults, and grave divines  
Oft shook their heads at Robin.  
A lassie " coming through the rye"  
Unkissed he never could pass by ;  
Nor can I blame him much, for why,  
The lasses all loved Robin !

Rob loved to speak the truth right down,  
No matter who might smile or frown ;  
A rascal, be he king or clown,  
No mercy had from Robin.  
His sympathies—how dread to tell !  
Embraced all being —Nick himsel'—  
Yes, pity for the very de'il,  
No sin or shame thought Robin.

I see him with scorn-flashing eyes  
Detect "a cuif" in lordly guise ;  
To see was to denounce—despise :  
" A man's a man," quoth Robin !  
Hold, honest Labour, up thy head,  
And point with pride to Robin dead ;  
The halo round thy path he shed  
Immortal is as Robin.

Alas, that not till they are lost  
 The gifts that we should value most  
 Are rightly prized ! To Scotland's cost,  
     Thus fared it with her Robin.  
 Yet may she glory loud and long  
 To know, of all earth's sons of song,  
 The most world-honoured of the throng  
     Is Coila's matchless Robin !

---

### BURNS AGAIN.

(The following anniversary lay was written at the special request of the Burns' Society, of Des Moines, Iowa, to whom it is now respectfully dedicated.)

AGAIN comes round that happy day,  
 More welcome than thy brightest, May,—  
 A day that Scotia will for aye  
     Hold sacred to her Robin.  
 Let winds without blow e'er so chill,  
 That Scottish heart is colder still  
 Which beats not with a joyful thrill,  
     This day, to think of Robin.

The sovereign lord of song confessed,  
 He lives enthroned in every breast,  
 Where well I ween that dispossessed  
     Shall never be our Robin.  
 O, never was with laurels crowned  
 A bard more worthily renowned ;  
 All Scotland is made classic ground  
     By thee, immortal Robin !

As freely as yon sun forth flings  
 Incessant light in dazzling rings,  
 So, rare and rich imaginings  
     Around him flung our Robin.  
 The truest censor of his age—  
 He in the bard ne'er sank the sage ;  
 No mortal man could better gauge  
     The human heart than Robin.

The manners of his native clime  
 Are all made deathless in his rhyme ;  
 Poor toiling Worth throughout all time  
     Will bless the name of Robin.  
 What Scotsman reads his "Hallowe'en"  
 But feels as if a boy again,  
 And well may ask, Was ever seen  
     A wizard like our Robin ?

Though tender as a cushat's croon  
 He sings of love by "bonnie Doon,"  
 To war he well his lyre could tune,—  
     A hero born was Robin.  
 His "Scots wha hae" what patriot hears  
 And pants not for the strife of spears ?  
 He sings, and Bannockburn appears  
     Fought o'er again with Robin !

To see the hypocrite laid bare,  
 Just list to "Holy Willie's Prayer ;"  
 Let "Hornbrook" and "The Calf" declare  
     How witty was our Robin.

How eloquent the grief expressed  
Beside yon "mousie's" ruined nest !  
Oh, try him by whatever test,  
    No bard can match with Robin !

Let bigots, ready to deride,  
Themselves examine ere they chide,  
And learn, abashed, to cast aside  
    The stone they'd fling at Robin.  
To judge of him by *their* mean test  
Of sanctity were sure a jest !  
" He prayeth best who loveth best  
    All things," and this did Robin.

It may be Scotland did him wrong  
To leave him poor, the poor among ;  
Yet, to her honor be it sung,  
    She always loved her Robin.  
She gave him inspiration true,  
Such as no other land could do ;  
Hurrah, then, for the matchless Two—  
    Auld Scotland and her Robin !

## THE MODERN HERCULES.

OFFSPRING renowned of Water and of Fire !  
Thy triumphs, Steam, to sing I would aspire :  
Let critics who would deem my numbers tame  
Confess at least the greatness of my theme.

Power unmatched ! what wonders hast thou wrought !  
What feats sublime beyond the reach of thought !  
In thee we gladly realize at length  
The fabled Titans' all-compelling strength—  
A might that dwarfs what Grecian bards have told  
Of deeds Herculean done in days of old.  
The winged Mercury of *their* proud day  
Were, matched with thee, a lagger on the way :  
Scornful of distance, unfatigued by toil,  
No task thy temper or thy strength can spoil,—  
Whate'er thou doest doing with good will,  
And at such speed as seems a miracle.  
Man's mightiest ally upon land or sea,  
He owns indeed a glorious gift in thee !

Not mine the skill to sing in fitting phrase  
How science yokes thee to her car—the maze  
Of tubes metallic, wondrous as a spell,  
In which, like to a spirit, thou dost dwell—  
A worker with a zeal that naught can tire,  
Determined, prompt, impetuous as fire,—  
Seeming as almost taught to think and feel  
With that complex anatomy of steel !  
To this let others fitting homage pay,  
My task be thy achievements to portray.

Power surpassing fancy's wildest flight,  
No less for thy docility than might !  
Unlike the "Brownie"—Scotia's wayward loon,  
Who wrought such marvels at night's silent noon—  
Once at thy work, by day and night the same,  
No respite from thy labors dost thou claim.  
I see thee toiling in the busy mill,  
The faithful doer of thy master's will :  
Ever submissive,—if he but commands,  
Thine is the labor of a thousand hands ;  
The shuttle darteth with the speed of thought ;  
The fabric grows as if by magic wrought ;  
Th' astonished gazer freely must allow  
Penelope less diligent than thou !  
Less complex work, tho' valued not the less—  
We see thee yoked now to the plough and press ;  
Our corn thou threshest and our grain dost grind :  
We yet may teach thee both to reap and bind.  
Thy aid is asked, and from the lake below  
The limpid wave ascends in copious flow,  
And to the distant city rusheth, where  
Thou art confessed a benefactor rare.  
The oak that long has stood the forest's pride  
Thou with a speed like lightning dost divide :  
Thou strikest the anvil with such force as might  
Make Vulcan stare with wonder and delight :  
Thou heavest up from earth's internal store  
Pile upon pile of ever-precious ore—  
Such weight, I trow, as Atlas never bore.  
O wonder-worker ! with results so grand,  
Well may thy praises ring throughout the land ;  
Well may the muse declare, exultingly,  
Man owns indeed a glorious gift in thee !

Darer of danger in a thousand forms—  
Thou canst not shun, but thou canst scorn the storms !  
Where, zig-zag, slowly toils the sail-urged bark,  
As if she'd never reach her destined mark,  
How grand to see, upon her ocean way,  
Some stately ship beneath thy potent sway  
Cleaving the waves opposing her career  
As forceful as a thunderbolt the air !  
Naught recketh *she* of adverse winds or tides ;  
No canvas needs she as the wave she rides ;  
Straight as an arrow on her way she goes,  
Uncaring though Leviathan oppose,  
Till, a wide wilderness of waters past,  
Her anchor in the wished-for port is cast.

Lo !—dashing on through forest, glen and glade,—  
O'er rushing rivers—gorges deep and dread,—  
Now lost, now seen, far o'er the landscape's face,—  
Yon fiery steed, so peerless in his pace,  
A steed whose speed annihilateth space !  
Each passing minute over miles he sweeps ;  
Matched with his flight the hurricane but creeps :  
You'd think him and his chariot, madly hurled,  
Just off to make the circuit of the world,  
And bound to verify how may be done  
What Fiction feigned of coursers of the Sun !  
But see !—his goal emerging into view,  
His speed he slackens with a shrill halloo,  
And, as if conscious of a welcome wide,  
Into the city's heart doth proudly glide.  
Murmur'd applauses through the crowd prevail ;  
Long-parted friends once more each other hail,—

Friends who, but for their faith in him, I ween,  
Had never thus each other sought or seen.

But that this tributary lay I sing  
Might seem too long—my muse too weak of wing—  
With eye prophetic, fain would I pursue  
Thy future triumphs crowding on my view,—  
How to earth's utmost limits they extend,  
Age after age increasing to the end,—  
How the far Isles now 'neath barbaric sway,  
Shall smile and flourish in thy better day,—  
How the swart Indian, quitting club and spear,  
Shall be himself, in time, thy charioteer—  
His savage appetites all laid aside,  
His hunting grounds transformed to cornfields wide,—  
“A stoic of the woods” no longer now,  
But going forth to toil with cheerful brow,  
Grateful to Him who framed the social plan—  
Thus reaching the true dignity of man!

Peerless discovery! Blessing rich and true!  
When such thy pow'r, and such thy promise, too,  
We well may hope in thee at last to find  
A chain that shall in peace the nations bind—  
A chain of love embracing all mankind.

Immortal WATT! I surely were to blame  
If ceased my song forgetful of thy fame.  
By thee a secret, long by all-wise Heaven  
Concealed from man, at last to man was given.  
Though some there be who with presumption vain  
Would make their own the fruitage of thy brain,



Justice and Truth must scout the base design,  
And own the great achievement to be thine  
That has enriched the nations tenfold more  
Than all earth's boasted mines of golden ore,  
And giveth to thy name a right to be  
Throughout all time remembered gratefully :  
Scotland may well be proud to claim a son in thee.

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### CANADIAN GIRLS.

CANADIAN girls—the truth to tell—  
Sly arts coquettish practice well,  
Yet must we own them not the less  
Unrivalled in their loveliness.

I know of one whose lips to kiss  
To me were earth's most perfect bliss ;  
A lass whose loving heart to own  
A king might gladly give his crown.

Her step is light as is the flake  
Of snow just falling in the brake ;  
A creature full of life and grace—  
There's naught 'neath Heaven to match her face !

Small wonder that I would with pride  
Make this Canadian girl my bride ;  
None ever sees that darling one  
But owns her nature's paragon.

Then cease, ye bards, to longer hold  
 As matchless Beauty's queen of old ;  
 Ye would, if you could come with me  
 And bonnie Mary Murray see !\*

---

### THE CLANS OF 'FORTY-FIVE.

“ Ho ! landed upon Moidart's coast is Scotland's rightful  
 King ! ”

Such was the news to which the Gael once gave warm wel-  
 coming ;

And soon, glad-buckling on their arms, stout chiefs and clans-  
 men true

Have sworn in his good cause to try what good broadswords  
 can do.

No cravens they to count the cost of failure : Man alive !  
 We'll never see their like again—the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Brief time hath passed till Finnan's vale is all astir with men  
 From east and west in loyal haste proud-gathering : To their  
 ken

The royal standard is unfurled—their Prince himself is there,  
 Their loving homage to receive, their dangers all to share ;  
 Stout Chiefs who for his fathers fought, the fires of youth  
 revive,

To stirring pibrochds marshalling the Clans of 'Forty-five.

---

\* A Hamilton lady, then in her girlhood, and now the still charm-  
 ing wife of W. Hendrie, Esq., of that city.

Let no man say that to restore a creed proscribed they arm ;  
They think but of *his* loving trust, his Highland heart so  
warm,

His royal rights usurped,—and they upon his princely brow  
Would place his father's crown or die : Too well they kept  
their vow !

Let men who prate of loyalty, in this our day, derive  
Instruction in that virtue from the clans of 'Forty-five !

Ay ! let them think of brave Lochiel and Borrodale the bold,—  
Of Keppoch and Glengarry too, both men of might extolled,—  
The Chisholm, Cluny, Athol's lord, the Macintosh so keen,—  
The Appin Stuarts and MacColls,—thy lion-hearts, McLean,—  
With many a chief and clan besides, who quickly did con-  
trive

To make their names immortal in the famous 'Forty-five !

How well they fought let Falkirk-field and Prestonpans de-  
clare ;

Well might all Europe, as it marked, applaud their valor  
rare ;

Woe's me for dark Culloden Moor, where, all too rashly  
brave,

They to a force their own thrice told unequal battle gave !  
What mortal might *could* do, they did,—but who 'gainst fate  
can strive ?

To destiny alone succumbed the Clans of 'Forty-five.

Alas, that their descendants now, upon their native soil,  
Can hardly find, for deer and sheep, a spot whercon to toil !

Our good old race of Chiefs give place to mercenary knaves  
 Who, for a bushel, less or more, would plough their father's  
 graves !

"The age of chivalry is past," yet shall its fame survive  
 Forever brightened by their deeds—the Clans of 'Forty-five.

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A "FABLED OSSIAN."

[“He (Burns) was pre-eminently the poet of the Scottish people ; not that Scotland cannot boast of other bards. They shine as lights—they stud her history as stars, all along from the time of the fabled Ossian down to Adam Smith.” *From a speech by an English clergyman present at the Kingston celebration of the Centenary of Burns.*]

A “FABLED” Ossian, did'st thou say ?  
 That warrior-bard of deathless lay  
 “*Fabled*,” indeed ! I tell thee, *Nay* !

A bard whose praise all ages ring,  
 Forsooth, a mere imagining !  
 How judgest *thou* of such a thing ?

Go learn a tongue to thee unknown,  
 Be guided by the truth alone,  
 Then sit the critic's seat upon !

Do more,—read Scotia's bards forthwith ;  
 I think it will take all thy pith  
 Among them to find *Adam Smith* !

Adam a poet !—hear it, Cocker !  
Was ever such a funny joker !  
You'd be a fortune to "The Poker."

But as a nod's as good's a wink,  
I say no more about that "kink"—  
My duty is to make thee think.

Think, then, through what long ages came,  
Unwritten, Homer's song and fame :  
Why could not Ossian's come the same ?

What marvel that a strain that winds  
Its way into all hearts and minds  
A never-ending audience finds ?

Be not, then, sceptical, but wise ;  
Scan Ossian with no jaundiced eyes,  
And learn to blush at Saxon lies.

Yes, read the songs of Selma through ;  
Though old, they may be fresh to *you*—  
A study manifestly *new* !

1859.

## THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES.

Though Missouri's tide may majestic glide,  
There's a curse on the soil it laves ;  
The Ohio, too, may be fair, but who  
Would sojourn in a land of slaves ? \*  
Be my prouder lot a Canadian cot  
And the bread of a freeman's toils ;  
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,  
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles !

I would seek no wealth, at the cost of health,  
'Mid the city's din and strife :  
More I love the grace of fair nature's face,  
And the calm of a woodland life ;  
I would shun the road by ambition trod  
And the lore which the heart defiles ;—  
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand.  
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles !

O, away, away ! I would gladly stray  
Where the freedom I love is found ;  
Where the pine and oak by the woodman's stroke  
Are disturbed in their ancient bound ;  
Where the gladsome swain reaps the golden grain,  
And the trout from the stream beguiles ;  
Then hurrah for the land of the forests grand,  
And the Lake of the Thousand Isles !

---

\*The above verses were written some years prior to the abolition of Slavery in the U. S. of America.

## A SCOTTISH SYREN.

(The following lines were addressed to Miss Ellen Kennedy, at the termination of a vocal tour through Canada by the celebrated "Kennedy family.")

As when, through clouds dark-frowning, driven  
 Across the midnight vault of heaven,  
 Smiles on some lone belated wight,  
 Sudden, a star of beauty bright,  
 That with its gloom-dispelling ray  
 Quick-chases all his fears away,  
 Till, lo! as sudden from his ken  
 'Tis gone, and all is dark again!  
 'Twas thus upon my pathway drear,—  
 A stranger long to Scotland dear—  
 Her music sweet, her wealth of song—  
 The tartan sheen—the Doric tongue—  
 Thou camest, Nature's own bright child!  
 To cheer me with thy "wood-notes wild."  
 Such music! O thou Syren sweet!  
 I could have kissed thy very feet  
 What time the tuneful keys along  
 Thy fairy fingers moved, and flung  
 Such wealth of melody around  
 As made yon hall seem hallowed ground,  
 And thou—less of Earth's daughters fair  
 Than some bright spirit of the air!

Ye've marked some sky-lark, singing sweet  
 High up above earth's dust and din,  
 Stop sudden, as if heaven's gate  
 Had ope'd and let her in:

'Twas thus it seemed, each time withdrew  
 My bird of beauty from my view,—  
 Withdrawing only to enhance  
 The joys that each return attend,  
 Keeping my heart's tumultuous dance  
 Increasing to the end.

O "nicht" of rapture so complete !  
 Alas, the morn my song-bird sweet  
 Flew hence afar ! while here am I  
 In gloom still deeper than before,  
 Much fearing that so great a joy  
 May mine be nevermore !

Thou'rt gone — yet still, in thought, I trace  
 Thy faultless form, thy winsome face  
 Beaming with intellect and grace,—  
 Thy sunny smile, thy forehead fair,  
 The gleaming of thy auburn hair,  
 And all the other graces rare,  
 Which with me, spite of time and tide,  
 A "joy forever" shall abide !  
 Thou'rt gone, yet evermore to me  
 Thy name will wake the memory  
 Of dear old Scotia's hills and haughs,  
 Her woody dells, and sylvan shaws,—  
 Her matchless Rants, and Lilts and Reels  
 So dear to Highland hearts and heels,  
 From *Ruidhle Thulachain's* delights,  
 And *Gille Callum's* airy flights,  
 To *Tullochgorum's* whirls and flings,  
 And famous Neil's immortal springs !\*

\* Neil Gow, the composer of many of Scotland's most popular Reels and Strathspeys.



Yet most of all, bewitching elf !  
Whene'er I think of thee,  
Loves long since laid on memory's shelf  
Again revive in me ;  
Maidens as lovely as thyself  
In laughing groups I see,—  
Now, at " the milking o' the fauld,"  
Now, " when the kye come hame,"  
Now, by " the Birks of Invercauld,"  
And now by Aray's stream,  
Fond fancy, roaming free as wind,  
One after one, the long-lost find,  
And with a loving, ready will,  
Paints each dear charmer charming still !  
Well might a bard be proud to please  
And sing of maidens such as these ;  
Small wonder Scotia's bards always  
Sing best whene'er they sing *their* praise,—  
Those darling girls whose graces rare  
Might make the coldest lover there  
Less lover than idolator !

Long may old Scotia's sons rejoice  
In lays so worthy of her choice ;  
Long may such minstrels as thy sire  
Be hers to honour and admire ;  
And aye may Scotia's daughters be  
What with such joy and pride I see  
The bright epitome in thee !

SONNETS DESCRIPTIVE OF THE SCENERY  
OF LOCH-AWE, ARGYLESHIRE.

## I.

LOCH-AWE—SEEN FROM CROIS-AN-T-SLEUCHDAIDH.\*

No time nor tide can dim a genuine joy ;—  
 In thought I wander to that far-off day  
 When first upon my sight burst grand Glenstrae,  
 And from me brought Loch-Awe a sudden cry  
 Of ecstasy, as proudly to mine eye  
 It spread its glories. O! but now to be  
 Standing where, cross-crowned Innisfail to see,  
 The Celt, of old, his knee bent reverently!  
 Here, kingly Cruachan, twin-topped, cleft the sky,—  
 There, tower'd Ben-doran's head above the cloud,—  
 While on the lake's calm breast lay, lovingly,  
 Islets of which Elysium might be proud :—  
 When fades that landscape from my memory,  
 Some friendly hand may quick prepare my shroud.

---

\* *Crois-an-t-sleuchlaidh* (a term suggestive of Catholic times in the West Highlands) is the name of that moorland ridge where the road from Inveraray to Dalmally reaches its highest elevation, and from which the tourist, travelling northward, obtains his first view of Loch-Awe—its bosom adorned with many islands of great beauty. Chief among those more immediately in view are *Innisfail*, famed for its sepulchral crosses; *Innis-Druidhnic*, with its Druidical circle, and *Fraoch-Eilean*, no less distinguished by its stern, old, dilapidated castle telling its own tale of times of feud and foray.

## II.

## INNIS-DRUIDHNICH.

Fair Innis-druì'nich ! though, in this our age,  
 Few, save the fisher, haunt thy sylvan shore,  
 Well worthy art thou of a pilgrimage  
 From him who would, in thought, the Past explore.  
 By nature sole instructed, here, of yore,  
 The Druid taught his votaries to see  
 In day's bright orb the great creative power  
 To which he oft, adoring, bent the knee  
 Beneath the branches of some old oak tree  
 Tow'ring above yon circle of grey stones :  
 Grateful to God that better light have we,  
 Let us tread reverent o'er the Druid's bones,  
 And own, whate'er his faults, he reasoned well  
 In choosing in this paradise to dwell !

## III.

## FRAOCH-EILEAN.

Fraoch's lonely isle ! if of a hermit life  
 I were enamoured, 'tis on thee I'd dwell,  
 Where all around, afar or near, seems rife  
 With grace and grandeur more than tongue can tell.  
 Yon time-worn Keep would yield a ready cell ;  
 My drink would be the lake's pure crystal tide ;  
 My rod and gun with fish and fowl would well  
 An ample feast at any time provide.  
 If ever nature's face to bard supplied  
 'True inspiration, 'twould, methinks, be here,—  
 Loch-Awe in beauty slumbering him beside,  
 The sound of distant torrents in his ear,  
 And every feature of the landscape wide  
 Speaking of God in language loudly clear.

## IV.

## THE BRANDER PASS.

Hark ! 'tis the Awe loud-moaning in its course  
 Through yonder Pass, where once, in days of old,  
 Lorn's haughty lord met Bruce in conflict fierce,  
 And traitor dirks struck well for English gold !  
 It is enough to make one's blood run cold  
 To think what Scotland would have lost that day,  
 If, when through that deep gorge war's tide was rolled,  
 And chief met chief in battle's stern array,  
 The Bruce's sword hewed not a ready way,  
 Resistless through the thickest of the foe !—  
 Well may his country's scorn pursue for aye  
 The memory of the wretch who thus could show  
 Himself too base to ever rule a Clan  
 Oft found since then in Freedom's battle-van.

## V.

## KILCHURN CASTLE.

Lo ! yonder veteran pile by Urchay's flow—  
 Kilchurn ! proud home of many a warlike chief,  
 Seem'st thou there brooding o'er the long ago,  
 Like some old warrior musing, in his grief,  
 On years that shall return not : Time, the thief,  
 Has robbed thee of thy ancient pomp and pride,  
 Leaving thee there, all hopeless of relief,  
 Nodding to thine own spectre in the tide.  
 Thy sole friend seems the ivy spreading wide  
 Its dark-green mantle round thy aged form ;  
 The owl loves well within thee to abide,  
 A lonely tenant, safe from all alarm ;  
 While through thy halls, where beauty once enjoyed  
 The minstrel's song, oft howls the midnight storm.

## VI.

## GLENORCHY.

Talk not to me of Tempé's classic vale,  
 With fair Glenorchy stretched before my view !  
 If of *its* charms he sung, I could right well  
 Believe the Grecian poet's picture true.  
 What were his boasted groves in scent or hue  
 To lady-birches and the stately pine,  
 The crimson heather and the hare-bell blue ?  
 Be his the laurel—the red heath be mine !  
 No faun nor dryad here I care to see,  
 More pleased by far to mark the bright-eyed roe  
 Through Craig's green woodlands bounding airily ;  
 Nor less the joy when, in the glen below,  
 Some milking Hebe sings her *luinneag* free,  
 All hearts enchanting with its graceful flow !

## VII.

## A SUMMER MORNING AT DALMALLY.

'Tis morn : the lark is up in heaven's blue,  
 Flooding the air with melody divine !  
 A misty mantle made of morning dew  
 Half-hides the valley in its silky shine :  
 The bleat of lambs, the low of milky kine,  
 Come to my gladdened ears from strath and hill ;  
 While blackcocks, owning each a harem fine,  
 Yon nearer copsewood with their crooning fill.  
*Here* flows the winding Urchay, sweetly-still  
 As some fair fancy through a poet's brain ;  
*There* lifts it up its voice, with stronger will,  
 In fitful chanting,—to yon shepherd swain  
 A sign of rain ere yet the day is o'er—  
 To *me* a music glorious evermore !

## KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY, BOYS.

(Verses suggested by the threatened invasion of England by the French  
in 1859.)

HARK ! how the Gallic cock loud-crows  
A war-note, vain-reliant—  
A note whose mood Britannia knows,  
And treats with scorn defiant !  
The hour is coming soon, I ween,  
That will your mettle try, boys ;  
Then for your country and your Queen  
Just keep your powder dry, boys !

Long did the knave, with guileful art,  
Of our alliance boast, boys ;  
Peace was the idol of his heart,  
And peace with Britain mest, boys !  
'Tis thus the serpent seeks to charm  
The bird he dooms to die, boys :  
Let fools maintain he means no harm,  
Yet, keep your powder dry, boys !

The Dutchman's game within a trench,  
The Russ behind a wall, boys ;  
But Fat loves, when he meets the French,  
A fair field—that is all, boys !  
No Scotchman then has e'er a thought  
But just to do or die, boys ;  
John Bull has faith in steel and shot,  
So keep your powder dry, boys !

Just let the upstart false come on  
As soon as e'er he may, boys ;  
He and his bragging host will soon  
For coming dearly pay, boys ;  
Losh man ! I think I see the clans  
Slash at them as they fly, boys ;  
We all must help to break their bones,  
So keep your powder dry, boys !

Quite long enough we've listened to  
Their senseless, vain bravado ;  
We'll give them, should they come, I trow,  
The fate of Spain's Armada.  
From the Land's End to Pentland's Heads,  
"Have at them!" be the cry, boys ;  
Then trim your flints and whet your blades  
And keep your powder dry, boys !

---

### THE PRESS.

(Written in 1861.)

OF all the arts by man's inventive mind  
Devised to bless and benefit mankind  
Good Guttenburg's invention we may deem  
Possessed of the best claim to our esteem.  
Wanting the offspring of his fruitful brain,  
The world might look for "Quarterlies" in vain.  
Earth's Pharaoh's may build pyramids, yet be  
Forgotten soon for all their trouble,—he  
Built up the Press and lives immortally !

The Press !—What meaning in that common phrase !  
 What feats unthought of in old Caxton's days  
 Are of its daily triumphs ! Could he know,  
 How would his honest heart with rapture glow !  
 The friend of all progression justly owned —  
 Alas, that land where no Free Press is found !  
 What champion like it to defend the right ?  
 Who strikes a hoary wrong with such a might ?  
 With such a pow'r to back Emmanuel brave,  
 Thy rescued rights, fair Italy, are safe :  
 With such a pow'r against him to contend,  
 Thy tyrant, France, becometh Freedom's friend ;  
 With such a weapon 'gainst thy foes to cope,  
 For thee, poor Anderson,\* there yet is hope ;  
 The Law's decree may to the South seem good,  
 And yet a Matthews miss the price of blood ;  
 Such human blood-hounds, scent they ne'er so well,  
 It waveth off with execrating yell ;  
 The monsters ! human only but in name,  
 Their sight polluted hell itself would shame !

Joy to the Broadsheet ! In its might we prove  
 The real lever fit the world to move :  
 Where'er with earnest aim its power it wields,  
 Oppression trembles, spite of all her shields,  
 And Truth a victor stands in Error's chosen fields ;  
 Grey Superstition hides her ghastly face,  
 Skulking reluctant from her pride of place,

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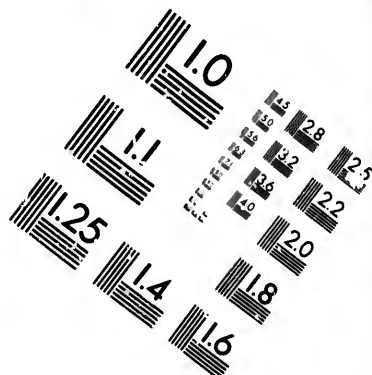
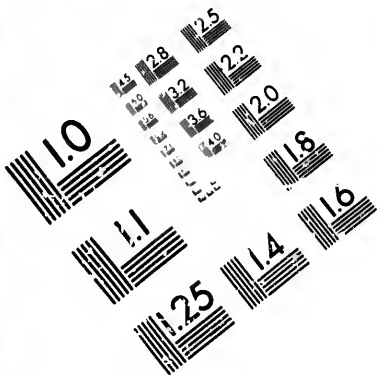
\* A fugitive slave who, in 1860, was tracked by his owner all the way from Missouri into Canada, where a restoration of his "property" was at once, though, of course, vainly insisted on by the Missourian.



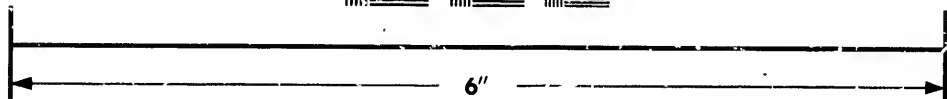
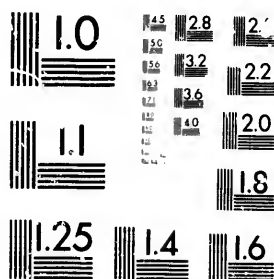
While Cant and Bigotry, oppressed with light,  
To glooms congenial take with her their flight !  
Commerce and Industry go hand in hand  
To bless and beautify a smiling land ;  
Science steps forward, queenly in her mien,—  
The Arts that life embellish in her train—  
The very lightning harnessed to her car—  
She sweeps majestic on to realms afar !  
Lo, with fresh triumphs ever in her view,  
Dauntless she cleaves the Empyrean blue,  
Or, diving down through ocean's depths profound,  
Weaveth a thread by which two worlds are bound—  
That wondrous cord along whose slender bars  
Speech travels faster than the flight of stars !

'Tis thus, wherever thought has fitting scope,  
Man reaches all we here of him can hope ;  
Yea, wheresoever a Free Press we find,  
No truth need fear, no sophistry can blind ;  
Genius is free to spread her wings of flame,  
And on all human hearts engrave her name ;  
Dagons adored are from their temples driven,  
No more to fool mankind or outrage Heaven ;  
Progress is stamped on everything we see,  
While, over all, glad-shines the sun of liberty !





**IMAGE EVALUATION  
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## DOMHNULL PIOBAIRE AND THE BAG-PIPES.

(Written for a Social Gathering of the Kingston Caledonian Society.)

AIR—" *Wooded an' married an' a'.*"

OUR Gathering Night—more's the pity—  
 But once in a year cometh round ;  
 Good-bye the dull cares of the city,—  
 This evening we're heatherward bound !  
 The bag-pipes to charm and to cheer us—  
 The darlings we love in full sight—  
 The tartan around us and near us—  
 Who would not be proud of our Night !  
     List'ning Mac's gathering call,  
     Surely his sense must be small  
     Who would not declare such rare piping  
     Enough any heart to enthral !

Away with your brass-bands a-braying !  
 John Bull thinks them grand—but you'll own  
 When Tubal invented such playing  
 'Twas surely worse discords to drown ;  
 Some think that such music he planned, sirs,  
 The wolves of his time to affright,  
 Then fashioned the bag-pipe so grand, sirs,  
 For times like our Gathering Night.  
     Heard or in hut or in hall,  
     Who, save one deaf as a wall,  
     But owns of all music 'neath Heaven  
     There's nothing to match it at all !

Let Donald but screw up his chanter,  
 And give us the *Tullaichean* rare,  
 What mortal but feeleth instanter  
 As if he could dance in the air !  
 He strikes up a charge, and proud Preston,  
 Or famed Killierankie's fierce fight  
 We fight o'er again as we listen,  
 Loud lauding both Mac and our Night.  
 Piobrachs, marches and all,  
 Enchant to charm even a Saul—  
 These are of the witcheries endless  
 That minstrel has aye at his call.

There's life in the voice of the *Clarsach*,\*—  
 But would you join rapture to praise,  
 Just hear some sweet spring from the *Oinnseach*,†  
 Just dance to its Reels and Strathpeys !  
 Its Coronach sets us a-weeping,  
 Its flings make us wild with delight ;  
 It has tones for all moods in its keeping—  
 Rare treat for a Gathering Night !  
 Out on the thick-headed thrall  
 Who his dislike o't would draw !  
 The right way to deal with such creatures  
 Were nailing their ears to the wall !

A bicker of good Athol brose is  
 Not bad when a battle is near ;  
 But the right thing, when coming to blows, is  
 The pipe's stirring notes in your ear :

---

\* The Harp. † The Bag-Pipes.

From Bannockburn down to this hour, sirs,  
Its place is the front of the fight ;  
Then hey for the gallant *Piob-mhor*, sirs,  
The glory and pride of our Night !  
Drums and bugles and all  
Such things may well suit a roll-call,  
But the Clans, when their foes they would scatter,  
The pipes takes to open the ball !

Long, long may fair Scotia flourish,  
Rejoicing in Rant and in Lilt !  
That day will her liberties perish  
She lacketh the Clans and the Kilt.  
To keep her proud triumphs still swelling,  
Her plan is to stick to them tight,  
And honor the patriot feeling  
Begot of a Gathering Night.  
Joy then, joy be to all  
Ready to hasten their fall  
Who would in the Gael's loved homesteads  
The deer and the stranger instal !

## "STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID?"

LAND of the Bruce ! I marvel how,  
With scarce a murmur, comest thou  
    To let it seem  
    As if thy name  
Were off the list of nations now.

Shall those who ne'er, as foes,  
Could their rule on thee impose  
    Not in vain  
    Ceaseless strain  
Now thy history's page to close ?

Up ! or evermore disown  
Thy once well-won fair renown !  
    If, of two,  
    One must do,  
Let the Saxon name go down.

Strange how word so brief as "Scot"  
Sticketh in the Anglo throat—  
    That Maelstrom,  
    Like a doom,  
Gulping down all else we've got !

Is there any noble deed  
Told of men born north the Tweed ?  
    Ten to one,  
    "Times" or "Sun,"  
'Tis of *Englishmen* we read !



If a battle has been won  
By a Campbell, Gough or Gunn,  
Take the blows,  
Macs and O's,  
England takes the *praise* alone !

Scribblers of the Cockney school,  
Verily you've crazed John Bull ;  
Saxon blood,  
Clear as mud !  
Who but he the world should rule !

Scotsmen, 'tis high time that we  
Ceased to feed such vanity, —  
Time to show  
Our old foe  
He is only one of *three*.

Sooner we our rights should yield  
Fighting on some battle-field  
Than thus be  
Quietly  
Worse than from earth's map expelled !

Teach we, then, those braggarts tall  
Theirs alone their own to call,  
And, save in drink,  
To never think  
That England yet is all-in-all.

## TO MARY, SLEEPING IN AN ARBOUR.

Thou feigning fair one, ope thine eyes !—  
She hears me not : My darling dear  
Seems dreaming more of Paradise  
Than of her lover's presence near !

Such sacred calm surrounds her bower,  
So rich the balm its blooms dispense,  
I marvel not *my* fairer flower  
Thus sleeps the sleep of innocence.

Well may the zephyrs fanning her  
Be glad to pilfer from her breath ;  
I trow they find more fragrance there  
Than in all flowers that grace the heath.

She dreams, methinks ! Ah ! can it be  
The vision of some chaste embrace  
That causes that warm blush I see  
Quick-crimsoning her neck and face ?

My beautiful, my darling one !  
How fondly round that neck I'd throw  
My arms, save that no mortal man  
Seems pure enough to touch its snow !

Those lips of Phydian curve divine,  
That bosom too, fair-heaving nigh,  
Once—only once—to press to mine,  
Methinks that I could gladly die !

Her guardian angel, hovering near.  
 Could hardly blame me much, I trow,  
 If, tempted by a chance so rare,  
 I kissed at least her lily brow.

Hush, hush, my heart, thy wild ado !  
 Here, freedom such as that would be  
 A sin 'gainst her and heaven too,  
 So pure, so holy, seemeth she !

---

#### A DAY WITH THE MUSE.

(The following effusion was written by way of apology to a friend who expected the author to devote his "next holiday" to the production of a poem wanted for a certain national celebration, then at hand—a task which he unluckily failed to accomplish.)

"THERE'S no place like home ;"  
 Quite true, I presume,  
 If spoken regarding the Deaf and the Dumb.  
 A bard, I opine,  
 Should at least be both these,  
 In a home such as mine  
 To feel much at his ease  
 Though each one of the Nine  
 Did her utmost to please.  
 Just fancy a house with a dozen or so  
 Of hearty young hopefuls, all trained *a la Combe*—  
 A day to myself, and the muse all aglow  
 Some web, long bespoken, to work off her loom !

The breakfast is taken,—  
As deskward I draw,  
The young ones I beckon  
Away with "Mamma;"  
On silence I reckon—  
My word being law.  
All right!—so I think,—  
Not the ghost of a sound;  
The muse in a blink  
At my elbow is found,  
When—horror to hear!  
Comes some ash-man's loud knock;  
That man, it is clear,  
Thinks our door is a rock!  
Anon, shouts the baker,  
"Bread wanted to-day?"  
"The baby's awake here,"  
Cries Fanny to May,  
While Betty—deuce take her!  
Falls down with a tray.  
A cry of despair  
Is now heard up the stair—  
'Tis Angie, who will not let Kate comb his hair,  
And strikes, in the struggle, his head 'gainst a chair!

By and bye, comes the blessing  
Of silence once more;  
My desk again facing,  
I muse as before,  
While Dan sits caressing  
The cat on the floor.

Now Dan, if he may,  
Will have his own way,  
And puss is not overly partial to play :  
Her beard he would catch—  
She gives him a scratch,  
Quick-causing a roar only thunder could match !  
The baby its lungs  
(Two miniature gongs)  
Now worketh with energy fine ;  
The school is let out,  
And now with a shout  
Our quota are on us to dine.  
Each tongue goes quick as an alarm bell ;  
Mamma herself confesses—sooth to tell—  
The din of Babel imitated well !  
O mercy ! mercy ! how they ever go  
In one unceasing flow !  
Not one there cares a jot  
Who listens, or does not,—  
And yet they seem in keen contention hot,  
Till I could almost wish a millstone in each throat !  
In vain with sudden tramp  
Upon the floor I stamp ;  
In vain I hope for peace 'mid forks and knives,  
And hungry girls and boys  
Whose very heaven seems noise :—  
I own that man is mad who ever wives !

The dinner over, and the youngsters gone  
Once more to school—a riddance blest ! anon,  
With zeal redoubled I proceed anew  
The thread of some fond fancy to pursue,

When—hark you there !  
I do declare  
That horrid kitchen-maid begins her scrubbing !  
A damsel with red hair who brooks no snubbing.  
Flop—slop—  
Bucket and mop  
Splashing about till I swear she must stop.  
What now ? Bless our lives !  
She's scouring the knives ;  
You'd think—such the discord—a saw-mill she drives !  
Now plies she the poker  
Till I feel like to choke her ;  
That woman would make a first-rate steamboat stoker !

Provoked to a passion, I swear by the saints  
To go for the fashion of living in tents,  
Or choose me a cave, in some solitude far,  
Where no such dread discords my musing may mar,  
And, donning my hat in a terrible ire,  
I bolt from the house as if all were on fire,  
Convinced that if ever I finish that stave  
It can only be after I find out the—*cave*.

## MY ROWAN TREE.

FAIR shelterer of my native cot —  
That Cot so very dear to me,—  
O, how I envy thee thy lot,  
My long-lost Rowan Tree !

Thou standest on thy native soil,  
Proud-looking o'er a primrosed lea ;  
The skies of Scotland o'er thee smile,  
Thrice happy Rowan Tree !

Well do I mind that morning fair  
When, a mere boy, I planted thee :  
A Kingdom now were less my care  
Than then my Rowan Tree.

How proudly did I fence thee round !  
How fondly think the time might be  
I'd sit with love and honour crown'd  
Beneath my Rowan Tree !

My children's children thee would climb,  
Inviting grandpapa to see ;  
I yet might weave some deathless rhyme  
Beneath my Rowan Tree !

'Twas thus I dreamed : That happy day,  
I'd die to think my fate would be  
So soon to plod life's weary way  
Far from my Rowan Tree.

Long years have passed since last I eyed  
Thy growing grace and symmetry :  
A stranger to me sits beside  
My well-loved Rowan Tree ;

Yet still, in fancy, I can mark  
Thy lily-bloom and fragrancy,  
And birds that sing from dawn to dark,  
Perched on my Rowan Tree.

Like rubies red on Beauty's breast  
Thy clustering berries yet I see  
Half-hiding some spring-warbler's nest  
Built in my Rowan Tree.

Fair as the maple green may tower,  
I'd gladly give a century  
Beside it for one happy hour  
Beneath my Rowan Tree.

The forest many trees can boast  
More fit perhaps for keel or knee,  
But none for grace, in heat or frost,  
Can match the Rowan Tree.

How beautiful above them all  
Its snow-white summer drapery !  
A cloud of crimson in the Fall  
Seems Scotland's Rowan Tree !



Well knows the boy, at Beltane time  
 When near it in a vocal key,  
 What whistles perfectly sublime  
 Supplies the Rowan Tree.

Well knows he too what ills that wretch  
 Might look for, who would carelessly  
 Home in his load of firewood fetch  
 Aught of the Rowan Tree.

In vain might midnight hags colleague  
 To witch poor Crumbie's milk, if she  
 Had o'er her crib a twig  
 Cut from the Rowan Tree!

Alas, that in my dreams alone  
 I ever now can hope to see  
 My boyhood's home, and thee, my own,  
 My matchless Rowan Tree!

---

### ERIN MACHREE.\*

(Written for, and read at the Kingston St. Patrick's Day celebration  
 of 1868.)

WHEN darkness barbaric plunged Europe in night,  
 One spot still remained where Truth's daystar shone bright;  
 'Twas a land whose mere name is like music to me—  
 That fair Ocean-Eden, old Erin machree!

---

\*Erin of my heart. The term "machree" is here used in deference to a popular though erroneous orthography. It is more properly spelt "mo-chri," or "mo-chridhe."

Land of minstrels the sweetest on earth to be found—  
Land for eloquent speech and rare wit most renowned!  
Pat may spoil for a fight now and then, all agree,  
Still the kindest of hearts beat in Erin machree.

Talk of Venus just sprung from the ocean-foam light!  
Old Erin has thousands of charmers as bright  
'Mong the white-bosom'd maids, all so modest, yet free,  
Who bloom thick as flowers in old Erin machree!

Would you wish for fair scenes, there's a choice of them  
there;  
Would sweet songs please you best, she has plenty to spare;—  
Would you like to make love to some smiling Banshee,  
You should just make your home in old Erin machree!

Would you find the true Lethé of every ill,  
You should taste her poteen just fresh down from the hill;  
Would you charm away grief or get dizzy with glee,  
All you want is the music of Erin machree.

Bad luck to the bards in whose verse she appears  
A Niobe-nation, for ever in tears:  
Though caught in a "caoiné"\* she sometimes may be,  
There's still heart and hope in old Erin machree.

O guard her, kind Heaven, and make her once more  
The envied of nations—the Erin of yore!  
That day so long looked for, methinks I can see  
At last fairly dawning o'er Erin machree.

---

\*A sorrowful wail—lamenting.

## A ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT IN CANADA.

(A free-and-easy sketch addressed to a distant friend.)

NEVER yet in "houff" or hall, sir,  
Was there such a carnival, sir,  
As we "Kingston Scots" had all, sir,  
At our late St. Andrew's.

Verily, we feasted rarely,  
Merrily we preed the barley ;  
Good Glenlivet had no parley  
From us on St. Andrew's !

The Piob-mhor, so justly vaunted,  
Each and all of us enchanted ;  
"Mac" seemed by Macrimmon haunted,  
Piping on St. Andrew's.

MacIntosh, with jibe and joke there,  
Saints to laughter would provoke there ;  
Whitehead ably played the "gowk" there  
For us on St. Andrew's.

Shaw was great in whoop and yell, sir,  
Gunn in grinning did excel, sir ;  
Kinghorn's horse-laugh bore the bell there,  
Keeping up St. Andrew's.

Judge MacKenzie, as he cast there  
A proud glance at Scotland's past, sir,  
All her foes, in fancy thrashed, sir,  
Bravely, on St. Andrew's.

The MacEwen clan was there, sir,  
Emblem'd by a spirit rare, sir,  
Charming every heart and ear there,  
Singing on St. Andrew's.

Tailor John, MacKay, and Keeiey  
Cut and cabbaged pretty freely ;  
In them each enough for three lay,  
Keeping up St. Andrew's.

With the haggis fairly stuffed there,  
Losh, how Ramage groaned and puffed there !  
The mere flavour o't set Duff there  
Dancing on St. Andrew's !

Little wonder though old Dixcn,  
Lured by Drummond's hot-scotch mixing,  
'Took of it enough for six in,  
Gladly, on St. Andrew's.

'Twas no feast of scones and scuddan  
Made McDonald to unbutton ;  
Dan on sheep's-head plays the glutton  
Aye at a St. Andrew's.

Far too narrow for his orbit  
Was the door to Sheriff Corbett  
With the good things he absorbéd  
With us on St. Andrew's.

When the bree had thawed Carruthers,  
Who but *he* above all others  
Claiming all mankind for brothers,  
Blythely, on St. Andrew's !

Not one Saxon guest attended  
But spake Erse ere all was ended ;  
Pat, of course, is " Scotch-descended "  
Always on St. Andrew's !

The finalé—fitting close there—  
Was a dance of Macs and O's there,  
Ending with three grand hurros there  
For our next St. Andrew's !

---

IN MEMORIAM OF DR. H. S. LAYCOCK, OF  
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

Mr Laycock's star already set !  
Laycock the gifted and the good !  
In thought, I seem to see thee yet  
Where last we met, by Mersey's flood.

Our feet were then on England's soil,—  
Thou, from thy kindred far away,  
Donning thine armour for the toil  
And tug of life's stern battle-day.

With gifts that well might make thee brave  
All obstacles to fair renown,  
Alas, that thy untimely grave  
Should cheat thee of the laurel crown !

Alas, that on thy path to save  
Others, thine own dear life was lost !  
How must thy friends across the wave  
Mourn, when the tale shall reach their coast !

MacLennan, Greatrex, Strype, MacBride,\*  
And Bailey too—that gifted one  
Whose ardent spirit, eagle-eyed,  
Has often soared where thou hast gone.

If grief could aught avail, there's room  
Abundant to indulge it here ;  
Could but their prayers avert his doom,  
The suffering still were Laycock's care.

How vain this stage of life ! Its hopes  
How evanescent ! All seems gay,  
When, announced, the curtain drops,  
And man, the actor, turns to clay.

Peace to the dead ! However keen  
Our sorrow for the early lost,  
There's less for grief than glory in  
A soldier dying at his post.

---

\* Members of the Liverpool Athenic Club—a literary society of which Dr. Laycock and James Phillip Bailey, the author of *Festus*, were at one time the leading spirits. Laycock's death was the result of an accident.

## A TIME THAT YET SHALL BE.

(Written on reading a report of the proceedings of the Peace Congress,  
sitting in Berlin, in 1877.

OH, who would not unite in a loud chorus  
Of praise to those brave spirits of our race  
Who o'er this blood-drenched earth would hasten for us  
The hallowed reign of universal peace !

Blest be they for the promise they are bringing  
Of angry nations sheathing up their swords—  
Wisely resolved, for discords 'mong them springing,  
To make their battle-fields be Council Boards :

Fair prelude to that time when, wholly ceasing  
From War's dread work, men shall see, satisfied,  
Nature's rude forces all employed in blessing,  
Power protecting where it once destroyed.

Oh for a fuller, joyful realizing  
Of earth's march onward to that happy goal  
When her Immanuel King shall see, rejoicing,  
The full fruit of the travail of his soul,—

That time millennial when all earth shall own him  
Her Sovereign Lord supreme, the Prince of Peace,—  
The sons of those who once with thorns did crown him  
The first to share the richness of His grace !

Not as the monarch vainly wished by Judah,  
But as the Victor over Death and Sin  
Shall Zion hail, 'mid many a hallelujah,  
The Lord of Life once more her gates within.

Well may the joy be great on Mount Moriah ;  
Well may, in him, at last poor Israel see  
Not hers alone but the whole world's Messiah,  
And gladly own the Lord her God is He.

Time that shall change all rancour and division  
To holy concord and assurance blest,—  
Time that shall give our earth, 'mid peace elysian,  
From sin and sorrow a long Sabbath rest !

Time of the light and glory all-illuming !  
Era of bliss unmatched since Eden's day !  
No wonder that the hope of thy sure coming  
Finds joyful utterance in the Poet's lay.

Well might the seer of old, the future glassing,  
Be lost in rapture thy approach to see ;  
If then to *him* it was a joy surpassing,  
What to *our* surer vision should it be ?



## THE MODERN MOLOCH.

'THERE'S a foe within our borders,  
One of most malignant might,—  
One who, fiend-like, loves the darkness,  
Though oft smiting in the light.  
Crowds of every rank and station,  
Year by year, become his prey ;  
What of that ? He pays state tribute ;  
Wise men license him to slay !

Here, 'tis some once wise bread-winner  
Helpless struggles in his hold ;  
There, to graves untimely hastes he  
Men who senates once controlled ;  
Often from the very altar  
Draggeth he a victim down :  
Would you learn to scorn and hate him,  
Only think such fate your own !

If poor Bruin in some corn-field  
Worketh e'er so slight a skaith,  
How we make quick war upon him !  
How we hunt him to the death !  
Not a wolf within our forests  
But a price has on his head ;  
Meanwhile, 'mid our streets, unchallenged,  
Strikes his prey this demon dread.

Well ye know, ye guilty nations,  
Alcohol, the fiend I sing,  
Works ye more of ill than ever  
Famine, war, or pest could bring.

These can only kill the body,  
    *This* corrupts and kills the soul ;  
Wise indeed are they who never  
    Touch or taste the "social bowl."

Talk of Juggernaut or Moloch !  
    Small would seem the whole amount  
Of their victims, many-millioned,  
    Matched with Alcohol's account.  
Well may Heaven indignant look on,  
    Well may good men mourn to see  
Such a hell-delighting record—  
    Suc'. law-sanctioned misery.

Think not, ye whose better vision  
    Helpeth you the pit to shun  
Which your brother, less observant,  
    Falls into, and is undone—  
Think not that a passing pity  
    Is the sole account ye owe ;  
Only such as try to save him  
    Guiltless of his fall can go.

Honour be to all whose chosen  
    Best-loved drink is "Adam's wine ;"  
Quickly may their good example  
    Thin the crowd at Bacchus' shrine,  
Leading them to break the fetters  
    Of a worse than Circean thrall,—  
Earning thus all good men's praises,  
    And God's favour, best of all.

---

**FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.**

(Lines suggested by a glance at the visitors' Album, kept at the  
Museum, Niagara Falls.)

GIVE up, ye would-be bards, your rhymes to tag here so,  
In vain you rack your brains to paint Niagara ;

A theme which even Milton's muse might beggar, you  
Had better let alone when at Niagara.

To all who can stand boasting fit to stagger me,  
I'd recommend a visit to Niagara.

Hear yon sleek slaver—not a bit in waggery—  
Toasting the " Flag of Freedom " at Niagara !\*

" You Canucks," quoth he, " need the starry flag o'er you  
To make you worth your salt benorth Niagara !

You can't too quickly have that British rag o'er you  
To disappear entirely from Niagara !

He calculates some day to blast a crag or two  
And drain Lake Erie all up from Niagara.

He speculates, just as myself I drag away,  
How Ætna's throat would like to gulp Niagara.

Oh, cousins, cousins ! what a set for brag are you !  
When will you learn mere froth is not Niagara ?

But I must cease, lest they should lynch or dagger me ;  
Already they have fleeced me at Niagara.

---

\* The above lines were penned previous to the abolition of slavery in the  
United States of America.

---

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE AND HIS  
TRADUCERS.

(Written on his retirement from public life, in 1858.)

ASSES, avaunt ! be careful how you kick !  
The *lion* ye deem dead is only sick,—  
Sick to the heart to see how all in vain  
Is freedom won for slaves who hug their chain ;  
Sick at beholding knaves to honour mount,  
The test of talent a well-cooked account,  
Votes in the House, like apples, bought and sold,  
Chiseling and quirks as statesmanship extolled,  
A Punch-and-Judy Cabinet in power,  
A French man-monkey hero of the hour,  
While, over all, a HEAD—ill-omened name—  
Smiles blandly on, and shields them in their shame !

'Tis true, ye dastards, that, to earn your hire,  
Ye must abuse,—abuse then till ye tire ;  
The head at which in vain your filth is cast  
Will honoured be when ye have flung your last,  
Finding, as fitting for such scribbling knaves,  
Your last, best recompense in nameless graves.

Alas for public virtue in a land  
That brooks the curse of such a helot band !  
The loathsomest of Egypt's plagues, I trow,  
Were far less fatal to our weal than you,—  
Creatures whose praise is censure—hate, no less  
The highest compliment to uprightness.

O for the time when, weary of their thrall,  
The people shall deal justice to you all,  
And with befitting tar-and-feathers deck  
Each well-whipped scoundrel up from heel to neck !  
A retribution righteously due,—  
Hanging's too good for wretches such as you !

---

### A GIRL I KNOW.

“Love's a fire that needs renewal  
Of fresh beauty for its fuel.”—CAMPBELL.

WERE the vain hard who thus could write, but once  
Blest with the smile of one dear girl I know,  
The joy exceeding born of her love-glance  
He surely would not for a world forego.

In vain would any mortal try to see,  
Unmoved, the wondrous beauty of her face,  
Which, as her humour for the time may be,  
Is grave or gay, yet ever full of grace.

Oh, but to bask forever in the light  
Of her sweet, sunny smile, now lost to me  
Save only when in visions of the night  
My soul with hers holds fond communion free !

## GLORY TO THE BRAVE.

(Written on the declaration of war against Russia, in 1854.)

HARK ye how the Czar threatens Europe's peace,  
Marshalling his millions for the fray !  
Britons ! up and on at the despot base,  
Dashing in between him and his prey.  
Up ! 'tis Freedom's cause ;  
Up ! nor ever pause  
Till some ditch Crimean be his grave.  
Who, that day to see,  
Would not shout with glee,  
Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

On the Euxine's wave on the Baltic tide  
Soon shall our proud banners be unfurled ;  
Britain and the Gaul, heart and hand allied,  
Well may dare to battle half a world !  
On then, stern as fate—  
Striking ere too late  
Europe you from Cossack rule would save ;  
Onward in your might,—  
God defend the right !  
Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

Waken, Poland, wake from thy dream of death !  
Think of all thy wrongs yet unavenged ;  
Hungary, arise ! proving in thy wrath  
The oid hate of tyranny unchanged :

By thy sword of flame,  
 Schamyl ! son of fame,  
 Swear that now or never thou shalt have  
 Thy Circassia free,—  
 Her best hope is thee :  
 Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

Glory to the brave ! soon may they return  
 Crown'd with wreaths of never-dying fame,  
 Leaving Russia's lord, now so crouselly stern,  
 Cover'd with discomfiture and shame.  
 Potent though he be,  
 Europe shall him see  
 Mercy on his knee from you crave.  
 Such be quick the fall  
 Of earth's despots all :  
 Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

---

### SCOTTISH CHURCH MUSIC.

(A remonstrance addressed to a certain church choir-leader of the  
 Old School.)

AIR—" *Alister MacAlister.*"

How canst thou, John, with conscience clear,  
 Join sacred song to tones so drear ?  
 Have pity on us, and forbear  
 This owlet harmonie !  
 A choir of ghosts would less appal  
 Than these dread sounds you "singing" call :  
 One would need ears as deaf's a wall  
 To stand such melodie !

O, weary sir ! O, weary sir !  
 'Twould tire a saint to hear thee, sir ;  
 Job's patience, were he near thee, sir,  
 Would quick exhausted be.

There's something lively in the chant  
 Of tom-cats on some spree gallant ;  
 The bull-frog, though his notes be scant,  
     Ne'er strikes a drawling key ;  
 But you, whate'er the Psalmist's tone  
 Of thought may be, go m-o-a-n-i-n-g on,  
 Till some poor Crumbie's dying groan  
     Your model seems to be !  
     O, weary sir ! O weary sir !  
     If David could but hear thee, sir,  
     He well might wish some thistle-burr  
     A down thy throat to see.

Now some old wife's asthmatic croon  
 Seems the sole spirit of the tune ;  
 Now some long *ba-a*, much like a droné,  
     Breaks from thy choir and thee ;  
 And now the climax grand you reach,—  
 A something 'tween a scream and screech,—  
 Your sole ambition seeming which  
     The most can torture me.  
     O, weary sir ! O, weary sir !  
     O, dismal, dismal, dreary sir !  
     A whip-saw rasped, or yelping cur,  
     I'd sooner stand than thee.



The "kist o' whistles" may be bad,  
 Yet, where's the mortal man not mad,  
 Who once heard you, would not, right glad,  
     Give it a welcome free?  
 Oh! any, anything at all  
 To drown this Kirk-nursed caterwaul:  
 How Scotland can it "sacred" call  
     None but herself can see.  
     O, weary sir! O, weary sir!  
     Small wonder that, anear thee, sir,  
     I sometimes wish thyself and choir  
     Down where the mermaids be!

---

## THE WORK BEFORE US.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY REVERIE.

YEAR just born, while bells rejoicing  
     Ring thy advent, I would be  
 In thy youthful ear fond-voicing  
     What a most desire of thee.

May'st thou witness triumphs mighty  
     In Truth's holy battle-field—  
 Shafts unerring going right through  
     Hoary Error's triple shield!

May he prosper who, sans swither,  
     Helps his brother man in need,—  
 Helping without asking whether  
     This or that may be his creed.

Shame o'ertake the wretch whose only  
Care is to increase his pelf !  
The mean money-grub unmanly,—  
May it all end with himself !

Down with every form of folly !  
Earth with hollow shows is cursed,—  
At her age, 'tis melancholy  
To see shams so fondly nursed.

Knaves are everywhere abounding :  
With enough of "brass" at call,  
Mountebanks go empire-founding  
Where their betters seek the wall.

Lo ! where Low looks on, scarce heeding  
How sleek Traffic's wires are pulled,—  
Here, the few to fortune speeding ;  
There, the millions robbed and fooled !

Half the wealth kings waste, so mad, on  
War's proud panoply alone,  
Year by year, would feast and gladden  
All the poor beneath the sun.

Time 'tis men were realizing  
They are brothers, one and all,  
And each other's welfare prizing,  
Ban all knaves that would them thrall.

To improve the world we live in,  
Folded arms will never do ;

He who hopeth all from Heaven  
Wrongs himself and Heaven too.

Ho, for praying less than toiling  
For the good time long delayed !  
Never faileth Heaven to smile on  
All who thus its advent aid.

---

### A MISSING MINSTREL.

(His friends, in consultation with a Wizard, thus address the  
ghostly Presence.)

Know you aught of Erin's Bard ?\*  
Igo and ago.  
Is he in this life still spared ?  
Iram, coram, dago.  
Has he gone in a balloon,  
Igo and ago,  
O'er the seas or to the moon ?  
Iram, coram, dago.  
Is he, above or under ground,  
Igo and ago,  
In some foul enchantment bound ?  
Iram, coram, dago.  
Taken to a Gipsy life ?  
Igo and ago :  
Ta'en a broomstick ride to Fife ?  
Iram, coram, dago.

---

\* Not Tom Moore; but the well-known Scoto-Canadian bard, Alexander MacLachlan, from whom the above bagatelle in the *Scottish-American Journal* soon brought the author a reply to a long unanswered letter. MacLachlan at the time in question lived in the township of Erin, Ontario.

Is he 'mong New Yorkers "guessing" ?  
     Igo and ago,  
 Or fair Bostonian maids caressing ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.  
 'Neath Canadian snow-wreaths smothered ?  
     Igo and ago,  
 Or in Kentucky tarred and feathered ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.  
 Was he shot at Harper's Ferry ?  
     Igo and ago.  
 Crossed he Styx in Charon's wherry ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.  
 Stands he now beyond Death's portal,  
     Igo and ago,  
 Fityly crowned a bard immortal ?  
     Iram, coram, dago.  
 Was he murdered for his gear ?  
     Igo and ago,  
 A poor-paying job that were !  
     Iram, coram, dago.  
 Was he drowned in Morton's *bree* ?  
     Igo and ago—  
 A more likely case, say we !  
     Iram, coram, dago.  
 Wizard ! haste, resolve all doubt,  
     Igo and ago :  
 Let us have the truth right out.  
     Iram, coram, dago.  
 Ghostly shade or man alive,  
     Igo and ago,  
 We fain would hear how Mac does thrive.  
     Iram, coram, dago.

January, 1860.

dress the

Alexander Mac-  
 ican Journal  
 acLachlan at

## JOHN BULL ON HIS TRAVELS.

JOHN BULL goes on a tour through France ;—  
    Its people dance  
And laugh and sing—all happy, rich and poor :  
“ What brainless fools these French are, to be sure !  
He never saw such goings on ;—  
    He'll write the *Times* each in and out o't :  
That land is blest—that land alone  
    Where Saxons rule, that's all about it ! ”

Now goes he grumbling up the Rhine,  
    Self-superfine,—  
Finds Rhenish wines but sorry stuff,  
And the calm German “ such a muff ! ”  
A boor not fit to come between  
    The wind and his nobility !  
The Teuton thinks the man insane,  
    And leaves him to his humours free !

Anon, he roams through Switzerland :  
    Its mountains grand,  
If grand to *him*, is pretty much a question  
Dependent on the state of his digestion.  
He finds the Swiss *sans* any lord  
    Or duke or marquis—men who must  
Be rulers born : the thing's absurd !  
    He quits the country in disgust.

The Isles of Greece now wandering through,  
    Scenes fair to view

Are fair or foul to him, just as the sinner  
 Findeth the chances of roast beef for dinner !  
 He owns indeed the Greeks one day  
 'Mong nations held the foremost place ;  
 Yet all that granted, what were they  
 Matched with the Anglo-Saxon race !

At last arrived in Italy—  
 What does he see ?  
 Half-naked beggars swarming everywhere,—  
 A contrast vile, of course, to England fair !  
 Such sights our traveller sets a loathing,—  
 He sighs for England once again,  
 Where, though men starve, 'tis counted nothing,  
 If only they but starve unseen.

---

### TO A FAIR FAVOURITE FRIEND

ON HER MODESTLY DOUBTING HER RIGHT TO BE THOUGHT BEAUTIFUL.

It may be bards, like love, are blind  
 To faults which others quickly find,  
 But *thou*—the flow'r of womankind—  
 Why this mistrust ?  
 Thy doubts prove more a modest mind  
 Than judgment just.

Thou speak'st of maidens many a one  
 Fair as thyself to look upon :  
 If such there be, 'tis strange that none  
*I* ever see—  
 Blinded perhaps by looking on  
 My sun in thee !

Well may he bless his stars whose fate  
 It is to be thy wedded mate,  
 When thy mere friendship is so sweet  
     To hearts like mine,  
 That my whole being, when we meet,  
     Seems lost in thine.

Were mine the bliss to meet thee when  
 My years were only three times ten,  
 How more than that of any queen  
     Thy love I'd prize !  
 How would I count thy hand to win  
     The joy of joys !

Fate willed not this—yet be thou sure  
 That, ever till my life's last hour,  
 Thou in my bosom's inmost core  
     Shalt live enshrined,  
 My beau ideal evermore  
     Of womankind.

---

### THE WALLACE MONUMENT

*versus*

#### "OLD HUMPHREY."

(The following verses were written by way of a rejoinder to a letter which appeared, anonymously, in a Kingston paper during the time that subscriptions were being taken up in Canada towards the erection of a monument to William Wallace—that now adorning the Abbey Craig, near Stirling.)

WHAT a Solon hath the *News*  
 Got in Master Humphrey !  
 Of good counsel so profuse  
 Is old Master Humphrey !

Liberal of nought beside—  
Wherefore should old Humphrey chide  
Men of sympathies more wide ?  
Fie, fie on thee, old Humphrey !

Little reck we how John Bull  
Likes our purpose, Humphrey :  
John's wishes ne'er were Scotia's rule  
To go by, Master Humphrey.  
Poor Pat, accustomed to his yoke,  
May well indulge a jealous joke,  
But thou, a Scotchman, thus to croak  
Seems downright baseness, Humphrey !

A Scot, indeed ! Alas the day  
That Scotland, Master Humphrey,  
Can boast no sons of nobler clay  
Than thine, good Master Humphrey !  
He's no true Scot who does not own  
He's rich in Wallace's renown,  
Though parting with his last half-crown  
To prove it, Master Humphrey.

A Cairn to Wallace—what a crime  
To think of, Master Humphrey !  
A thing, forsooth, so " out of time !"  
A " slight to England," Humphrey !  
As if a wholesome hate of wrong  
Can ever be indulged too long,  
Or Scotchmen care a cricket's song  
For Cockney humours, Humphrey !

to a letter  
g the time  
he erection  
the Abbey



Out on thy Judas charity !  
Five centuries, old Humphrey,  
We owe the debt that now shall be  
Paid, will ye, nill ye, Humphrey.  
Cease, then, thy craven counsels tame !  
Enough for England is the shame  
Of his foul end—nor less to blame  
All Scots who think like Humphrey.

In fancy, I already see,  
Tow'ring triumphant, Humphrey,  
That pile which for all time shall be  
A pride to Scotland, Humphrey,—  
A nation's homage to the brave  
Who died her liberties to save :  
Stern-frowning o'er ambition's grave,  
Think of it looming, Humphrey !

Yes—standing there, an altar grand  
To freedom, Master Humphrey,—  
A sign that Scotland, heart and hand,  
Is still old Scotland, Humphrey,—  
A monitor perpetual to  
Earth's Edwards,—to all patriots true  
An inspiration ever new  
To deeds heroic, Humphrey !

## LET US DO THE BEST WE CAN.

Nor in riches, rank, or power  
Is true greatness to be found,—  
Mere possessions of an hour,  
By the sordid often owned.  
Better far than noble blood  
Is the deed Samaritan :  
If we can't do all we would,  
Let us do the best we can.

Mark yon worldling, lost in self,  
Dead to every social glow ;  
Would'st thou, to own all his pelf,  
All life's purer joys forego ?  
Truest wealth is doing good—  
Doctrine strange to him, poor man !  
If we can't do all we would,  
Let us do the best we can.

Did we all with one accord  
Labour for the common good,  
Nature at her ample board  
Would see no one lacking food.  
Let us then, in loving mood,  
Make the most of life's short span :  
If we can't do all we would,  
Let us do the best we can.

TO JOHN F. CAMPBELL, YOUNGER, OF  
ISLAY,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "POPULAR TALES OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS."

THOU whose delight it is to stray  
The bowers of Fairyland among—  
Renewing o'er our hearts the sway  
Of Fairy tale and song,—

This book of thine will long endear  
Thy name to all who love the land  
Where thou hast gleaned, with zeal so rare,  
Those legends quaintly grand.

As shells that on some lonely strand  
The sea casts careless, may confine  
Pearls which, when touched by skilful hand,  
With peerless lustre shine,

So these stray waifs of ancient lore  
Turn, touched by thee, to treasures rare,  
Rich gems of which for evermore  
The world will well take care.

Well do I mind that long-past day  
I met thee first and sought thy smile,—  
I, a poor minstrel—thou, the gay  
Young heir of Islay's isle.

No seer am I—yet in the boy  
Before me, right well could I trace  
The man who yet would prove a joy,  
A pride to Diarmid's race,—

One who, with every grace endowed  
Befitting rank and lineage high,  
Would win, withal, a place as proud  
In Mind's nobility.

What though a stranger lords it now  
O'er that fair isle so dear to thee,  
Still lord o'er all its hearts art thou,—  
The land alone hath he.

Fortune hath wronged thee much—yet still  
A heritage more rich remains  
Than any subject to *her* will—  
Thy place in Thought's domains.

Long in a field, now all thine own,  
Be thine to work with loving care ;  
Rare gems of wisdom, random-strewn,  
Will yet reward thee there—

Gems which, when thou in death dost rest,  
More green shall keep thy memory  
Than if arose above thy breast  
A Cairn as Cruachan high.

CANADA'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF  
WALES.

Blow gently, ye winds, o'er yon wide waste of ocean ;  
 Ye waves, for a season, your brawling calm down :  
 A bark for the West o'er its breast is in motion ;  
 Its freight is the heir of Britannia's crown !  
     Sovereign already of  
     Canada's warmest love,  
 Soon shall he prove this no idle pretence :  
     Welcome, then, o'er the tide,  
     Albion's hope and pride ;  
 Hail to thee, Albert, hail ! God save the Prince !

New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and green Nova Scotia  
 Watch for thy presence, exultant and proud ;  
 Ontario, too, gladly grants that she owes thee  
 A "*ciad mile failte*" as warm and as loud.  
     Saxon, and Celt, and Gaul,  
     Building up arches tall,  
 Seem all as one in their zeal to evince  
     Homage befitting thee,—  
     Well may that homage be  
 Blent with the fervent prayer, God save the Prince !

From stormy Cape Sable to far-off Vancouver  
 Triumphantly sweepeth the flood-tide of joy ;  
 The whole land awaits, like a bride for her lover,  
 Each hour seems an age till thy sails we descrie.

Then shall by thee be seen  
How we all love our Queen,—  
Then shall our pride be thy heart to convince  
Britain need never fear  
Traitor or treason here  
Where we, as one, all pray, God save the Prince !

Already, in fancy, I see thee approaching  
'Mid booming of cannons and chiming of bells :  
What's that, so electric, the Highland heart touching ?  
The "set" of thy Tartan the secret reveals !  
Long on thy princely breast  
May its rich foldings rest —  
Garb ever foremost in FREEDOM'S defence !  
Well may the Clans rejoice,  
Proud of thy kingly choice,  
Rending the welkin with, God save the Prince !

May the wisdom of Alfred be thine to inherit,  
The Bruce be thy model to do and to dare,—  
Thy grandeur be found still eclipsed by thy merit,  
Till earth's farthest ends learn to worship thy star.  
Humble, with all thy state—  
Thus be thou truly great,  
Thus may kind heaven its blessings dispense  
Ever on thee and thine :  
Kings rule by right divine  
Only where men can pray, God save our Prince !

1860.

---

A VERY ILL-USED SQUAD, SIR.\*

LET Clear Grit scribblers vent their jibes  
 As freely as they may, sir,  
 They'll find us governmental scribes  
 Well worthy of our pay, sir :  
 If mother Public plays the goose,  
 And lays so very gleg, sir,  
 All own we do the cackling crouse,  
 And bravely suck the egg, sir !

CHORUS.—Scarce work for one in every three—  
 This really is too bad, sir !  
 We're kilt entirely, so we be—  
 A very ill-used squad, sir !

There's Smith, who nothing has to do  
 Throughout the livelong day, sir,  
 Gets Jones to help him to pass through  
 The time as best they may, sir.  
 At brandy " nips " those zealous chips  
 Have quite a stiff, hard time o't :  
 " Good fellows they ! increase their pay,"  
 Their patrons well may chime out !

Scarce work, &c.

---

\* The author is willing to believe that the above picture of Civil Service life in Ottawa twenty years ago will be found scarcely applicable to the present time (1883).

Arrived at ten—love-notes we pen,  
Or read the papers through, sir ;  
If more we write, 'tis to indite  
Perchance an I. O. U., sir,  
What time comes lunch, at drinking punch  
We pass a pleasant hour, sir,  
Then yawn away, as best we may,  
The time till it is four, sir.  
Scarce work, &c.

Sometimes indeed, by way of change,  
Our nails we pick or pare, sir,  
Or through the lobbies chatting range,  
Or lark from stair to stair, sir ;  
Or slyly pin to some one's skirt  
Some dusting-cloth or stamp, sir,  
Or watch for duns, who oft athwart  
Our pleasures cast a damper.  
Scarce work, &c.

Good luck be to the bees that hive  
Our honey in such store, sir !  
Long may they in their labours thrive,  
And help to bring us more, sir !  
A health to all who do their best  
In such snug berths to meet us ;  
To thin us here would be, I fear,  
To overcrowd the poor-house !  
Scarce work, &c.



MACAULAY *versus* SCOTLAND.

["Such travesties of history cannot long survive the age in which they were written. No literary excellence; no airs of philosophic impartiality; no lofty pretensions to more than ordinary research, and much more than ordinary sagacity; no silver-toned press or golden exchequer, can long save them from the fate that awaits the ill-omened productions of learning without principle, of eloquence leaning on fables, and of talent in league with error. \* \* \*"]

"We have heard, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that Thomas Carlyle, when exhorting a friend to amuse himself, after hard so with light reading, and being asked what books he would recommend replied, "Why, Thackeray's last novel, or Macaulay's last volume, or *any other* of the best works of fiction."—*From a review of Macaulay's History of England, by Hugh Miller.*"

MACAULAY! Macaulay!  
 They surely miscall thee  
 To Scotland thy lineage who trace;  
 Thou a Scotchman! Good lack!  
 Scot alone in the "Mac"  
 One would think far more likely thy case.

The "Arabian Nights,"  
 So renowned for its flights,  
 We once deemed the sublime of romance;  
 But the gift to outshine  
 Its inventions is thine,  
 As thy "History" proves at a glance.

A History, forsooth!  
 What an outrage on truth  
 Thus to title a tissue of lies!

That we read it, 'tis true,  
 Though 'tis only to view  
 Of thy figments the shape and the size.

\* \* \* \* \*

Foul defamer of men  
 Whose stout limbs did disdain  
 To bow down at Proud Prelacy's nod—  
 Ages after thy name  
 Is forgot, their fair fame  
 Shall be dear to their country and God.

The apologist now  
 Of a massacre ! thou  
 Might defy Nick himself to fib harder  
 When, with sophistry vile,  
 Thy pet prince to assoil,  
 Thou contrivest to justify murder.

Oh, falsest of tongues !  
 Oh, foulest of wrongs !  
 Oh, prince that could sanction such deed !  
 " Out, out, damnéd spot !"  
 Though I fear thou wilt *not*,  
 Spite of all this smart sophist can plead.

Mac ! Mac ! do give o'er  
 This wild work ! Let's once more  
 List the tones of thy classical lyre ;  
 Stick, sir, stick to thy " Lays ;"  
 There alone we can praise—  
 There alone thy inventions admire.

## GARIBALDI THE BRAVE.

(Written during the war of freedom in Italy.)

OF all heroes known to fame  
There is no one men can name  
Who, Caprera's chief, can claim  
Rank before thee.

Ever battling for the right,  
Ever victor in each fight,  
Fillest thou the world's glad sight  
With thy glory.

O, who would not join that band  
Who, on fair Italia's strand,  
To a royal hunting grand  
Hasten on with gun and glaive !

O, who would not pant to be  
In the vanguard of the free,  
To the fight led on by thee,  
Garibaldi the brave !

See him in the battle's van  
His stern veterans leading on—  
His own spirit burning keen  
In each bosom !

Swift as lightning cleaves the air  
On he dashes—Bruce-like, there  
Dealing death to all who dare  
To oppose him !

In the battle's wildest roar  
Making havoc evermore,  
Like Achilles famed of yore,  
A charmed life he seems to have !

When his falchion flashes bright,  
Never doubtful is the fight :  
God defend thee and the Right,  
Garibaldi the brave !

Ever honoured may they be  
Who from lands already free  
Haste to do or die where he  
Moves victorious.  
Vain may Austria brow-beat,  
Vain may Pius execrate :  
See where Tuscany's crowned cheat  
Flies, inglorious !  
See where Parma's prince abhorred  
Cowers beneath fair Freedom's sword !  
Lo, where Naples' heartless lord  
On his knees doth mercy crave !  
Such a blood-stained king and crown  
In the dust to trample down  
Well may climax thy renown,  
Garibaldi the brave !

Matched with *thy* career, I ween  
Cæsar's triumphs were but mean ;  
In *thy* life no trace is seen  
Of Ambition.  
"Noblest Roman of them all"—  
'To lead lands 'neath despot thrall  
Forth to freedom's festival  
Is thy mission.

On, then, on ! and never spare  
 Till, triumphant, in the air  
 Stout Immanuel's ensign dear  
     O'er the Quirinal shall wave.  
 May that happy day soon be  
 When all Italy, made free,  
 Shall triumphal wreaths decree  
     Garibaldi the brave !

CURLING *versus* SHINTY.

(Verses suggested by a visit to the Strathadder Curling Rink.

SOME get crazed through drinking,  
 Some through grief or fear ;  
 They're *born* fools, I'm thinking,  
 Who come curling here.

CHORUS.—Hey for famed Strathadder  
 And its curlers free !  
 Long may they have weather  
 20 below Z !

At some shot by Drummond,  
 Laughing, all admit  
 Were the " Tee " Ben Lomond  
 Tom might make a hit !

Now 'tis Craig that's likened  
 To a frozen snail ;  
 Now 'tis Todd that's reckoned  
 Hardly worth his " Kail."

At the broom Bob Struthers  
 Beateth all the squad ;

Practice at his mother's  
Bob must oft have had !

Though but sorry sport there  
Kirk makes at the stone,  
On all fours—his forte there—  
He makes food for fun.

To see Kerr practising  
Motion on his stern,  
Shows how, sometimes, wise men  
Laughing-stocks may turn.

Sweep away, MacMartin !  
Wherefore shouldst thou mind  
That half-yard of shirting  
Swinging out behind !

Just to hear their nollas,  
See them slide and sprawl,  
One would think these fellows  
Fit for Bedlam all.

Home themselves now dragging,  
None without some maim,  
Hark them still a-bragging  
Of " the roaring game ! "

Game supreme ! The ninnies !—  
All the boys know well  
'Tis but playing " stonies "   
On a larger scale.

Ho for shinties flashing  
On some chosen lea !  
Of all games surpassing  
That's the game for me.

---

### CHRISTMAS TIME.

Of all glad sounds we mortals here  
May listen to with grateful ear,  
The sweetest surely is the chime  
That ushers in the Christmas-time.

It minds me of far Beth'lem's plain,—  
I seem to see that angel train  
Who chanted there the song sublime  
That told of Earth's first Christmas-time.

“Glory to God in highest Heaven !  
Peace and good-will to man is given”—  
Yon choir from a celestial clime  
Seem chanting still at Christmas-time.

To think of all that marked the morn  
On which the Prince of Peace was born,  
A mood unthankful were a crime :  
Let's all bless God for Christmas-time !

O, for that day when praise supreme  
Shall from all hearts flow forth to Him  
Who yet shall to her Eden prime  
Restore our Earth some Christmas-time !

## REMEMBER THE POOR.

## A WINTER-TIME APPEAL.

REMEMBER the Poor,—'tis a duty most holy ;  
The terrors of winter are on them once more ;  
The cold winds abroad teach, with moan melancholy,  
That now is the time to remember the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—not with needless deriding ;  
Enough, without this, are the griefs they endure :  
No good ever comes of too niggardly guiding ;  
The best way to wealth is rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—all experience teaches  
Who does so is always most blessed in his store.  
There's none half so wretched as he who has riches  
Yet misses the joy of rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—nor delay till to-morrow  
The hallowed delight which to-day may procure ;  
'Tis godlike to lessen life's great sum of sorrow :  
All good men rejoice in rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—there's no rank or condition  
So high but misfortune upon it may low'r ;  
What theirs is to-day may be yet our position :  
He wrongs himself most who forgetteth the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—the great Lord of Creation  
To him who gives freely will tenfold restore ;  
True charity is of no creed, race or station :  
God bless him and his who remembers the Poor !



## A GOOD-BYE.

THOUGH a wide sea, loved one,  
Soon shall me sever  
From thee and Aray's glen,  
Haply forever,—  
Yet, wheresoe'er I go,  
Whether in weal or woe,  
Change shall I never know,  
Never, Oh never !

Light were life's hardest toils  
Wert thou but near me ;  
Vain all, without thy smiles,  
Fortune can spare me,—  
Vain were a kingly crown,  
Vain a world-wide renown ;  
Till thou art all my own  
Nothing can cheer me.

---

## TO A FAIR FRIEND IN A FOREIGN LAND.

(Written in response to a Yule-time greeting received from her after a  
silence of many years.)

Of all good Yule-time glee,  
Mine ever most depends  
On the kind wishes wafted me  
From far-off, long-loved friends.

Think, then, with what a joy  
I read thy greeting rare,—  
A joy caused less by what my eye  
Than what my heart found there.

Once more I seem to be  
 Watching thy tell-tale sigh ;  
 Once more I mark with ecstasy  
 The iove-light in thine eye,—

Thy wealth of golden hair,  
 And O, thy witching face!—  
 To me time makes no change whate'er  
 In their exceeding grace.

I own it not o'erwise  
 To speak this way,—but then  
 I ne'er forget the gulf that lies  
 Myself and thee between,—

A gulf not yet o'erwide  
 To make it sinful be  
 To thus recall, with loving pride,  
 All thou wert once to me !

---

### TO THE SAME FRIEND

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

A GREETING wafted o'er the sea  
 I always value dearly,  
 Though only when 'tis one from thee  
 The joy upsets me fairly.

The long ago revives again,—  
 I cannot help but feel  
 That, spite of fate, not all in vain  
 I loved thee—love thee still !

Again I seem to hear that voice  
 Which once could so enthrall me ;  
 Again a thousand graces choice  
 To love and rapture call me.

Thus, basking in thy maiden charms,  
 To crown my sum of blisses  
 Fond fancy paints thee in my arms,  
 Half-smothered by my kisses !

But I forget myself, I fear,  
 Thus of past memories chiming ;  
 So, lest my muse should further err,  
 I now must end my rhyming.

---

### THE WELLINGTON ST. PEACOCK.

A MIDNIGHT SOLILOQUY.

If there's a torture one may deem  
 Transcending Dante's wildest dream,  
 It is to hear the horrid scream  
 Of my next neighbour's Peacock.

I often wish that "goblin damned"  
 With poison to the throat was crammed,  
 Or in some fox's jaws well jammed :  
 The deed—I take that Peacock !

Sure they who own this midnight grief  
 Must be most hopelessly stone-deaf,  
 Else, to their neighbour's great relief,  
 They'd quickly cook that Peacock,

Talk not to me of shrieking ghoul,  
Or howling wolf or hooting owl ;  
Such noise were music to my soul  
    Matched with this fiendish Peacock.

Hark ! there he comes ! In vain I try  
To shut my ears that villain nigh ;  
As for the shutting of an eye  
    None thinks of near that Peacock.

From roof to roof, close o'er one's nose  
" Making night hideous " he goes ;  
Enough to break the dead's repose  
    Were that unhallowed Peacock !

Vain torturer ! he minds me well  
Of many a would-be-vocal swell  
Who thinks himself a nightingale  
    When only but a Peacock.

At dawning's hour 'tis no rare case  
To see the " Chief " and Mac a space  
Out in their night-gowns, in full chase,  
    And swearing at that Peacock.

For all the wealth of all the Jews  
I would not stand in that man's shoes  
O'er whose head hangs each curse they use,  
    Stone-pelting that dread Peacock.

O for one hour where Maxwell\* rare  
 Doth law's dread thunderbolts prepare,  
 And Jove-like hurls!—then quick nowhere  
 Would be that wretched Peacock!

May 6th, 1873.

---

### THE TANDYS.

(The following poetical tribute to the Canadian vocalists popularly known as "The Tandy Brothers" was written for and read at a concert at which they were the leading singers.)

EARTH's purest pleasure and, I trow, that of the worlds beyond us  
 Is music in its sweetest flow—such music as the Tandys'.

To some, a joy—I know not why—the Babel of a band is,  
 But give to me the ecstasy of listening to the Tandys.

I love right well the Pipe's grand swell, as each true-hearted  
 man does,  
 Yet must I own, though "Mac" may frown, 'tis nothing to  
 the Tandys.

What would our brightest concerts seem without the aid they  
 lend us?  
 The play of Hamlet, wanting *him*, would be to miss the  
 Tandys.

All will agree that Kennedy at Scotch songs extra grand is.  
 But, for a feast of all things best, give me the matchless  
 Tandys!

---

\* Maxwell Strange—the then City Magistrate of Kingston.

With strains now like Apollo's lute, now sweet as when the  
swan dies,  
Our hearts, at will, they melt or thrill—such wizards are the  
Tandys !

Now, such the air, you'd think a-near Calypso's siren strand  
was,—  
Now, clear as bells, each proud note tells you're listening to  
the Tandys.

So much of *heart*, as well as art, is in each note they send us,  
One seems to hear the birds of Spring whenever sing the  
Tandys !

Small wonder that on "Nichts" like this they in Elysium  
land us ;  
No thought unblest finds any rest in presence of the Tandys.

To cure the taste for things of paste and paint, with names  
outlandish,  
The surest plan for maid or man is once to hear the Tandys.

To feel due scorn for Nigger raps, snut jokes, and strum-  
ming banjos,  
One needs but hear with half an ear such singers as the  
Tandys.

From all such trash, ill worth our cash, may heaven in mercy  
fend us,  
And, when we would feel blest and good, give us to hear the  
Tandys !

The ever, ever charming, clever, all-delighting Tandys !  
Like ocean's roar be each *encore* this night we give the Tandys !

## CAPTAIN CREIGHTON.

Let stout Chabot be Gallia's boast ;  
 Let Yankees their Paul Jones delight in ;  
 A nobler name be mine to toast—  
 Our own far-famous Captain Creighton !  
 Hip, hurrah for Captain Creighton !  
 True-blue aye is Captain Creighton !  
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—\*  
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

In vain 'mong Nelson's captains keen  
 You'd look for one to match this bright one ;  
 They could "blow up" a foe, but then,  
 For *running down* commend me Creighton.  
 Drouthy, dashing Captain Creighton !  
 Stout, stramashing Captain Creighton !  
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

The dread of wharves — 'twould try your nerves  
 To see him at them rush at night on ;  
 The stoutest beam must yield to steam,—  
 Good sport it seems to Captain Creighton !  
 Ever-blazing Captain Creighton !  
 All-amazing Captain Creighton !  
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

---

\*A once well-known steam ferry-boat plying between Kingston and Cape Vincent, and of which the hero of these verses was for a time chief officer.

If Ailsa Craig stood in his way,  
Our captain still would paddle right on !  
There's scarce a craft on lake or bay  
But has some mark of meeting Creighton.  
Spouting, yarning Captain Creighton !  
Danger-scorning Captain Creighton !  
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

Now comes he silent as a ghost,  
Now like some fateful storm-cloud straight on ;  
Leviathan upon our coast  
Were a less dreaded sight than Creighton !  
Nothing-sparing Captain Creighton !  
Devil-daring Captain Creighton !  
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

With Stanley on Nyanza's Lake  
How would the *Star* its tenants frighten !  
I think I see the hippos quake,  
As well they might, if meeting Creighton,  
Careless, fearless Captain Creighton !  
Pushing, peerless Captain Creighton !  
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

The Devil-fish makes quick small bones  
Of all round whom its dread arms tighten ;  
But for short shift to Davie Jones  
Your surest way is crossing Creighton !



Moonlight-larking Captain Creighton !  
Mermaid-sparking Captain Creighton !  
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

If e'er the cracken we would catch,  
Or the sea-serpent's backbone straighten,  
'Twill be when they their strengthen would match  
'Gainst the all-crushing *Star* and Creighton.  
Nothing-daunting Captain Creighton !  
Gay, gallanting Captain Creighton !  
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

That North-west passage, still unfound,  
If ever we are doomed to light on,  
'Tis plain to all smart men around  
Our next explorer should be Creighton.  
Smashing, crashing Captain Creighton !  
Ram-stam-dashing Captain Creighton !  
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

Let's hope that yet this soaring soul  
The frost-king's furthest haunts may sighten,  
Climb proudly up the great North Pole,  
And write thereon, "Eureka ! Creighton !"  
Then hip, hurrah for Captain Creighton !  
True blue aye is Captain Creighton !  
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—  
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

## ABRAM LINCOLN.

(Written immediately after the passage of the Act abolishing Slavery  
in the United States of America.)

LET whoso will think Washington  
Columbia's greatest patriot son,  
I think him fairly matched by one,  
    And that is Abram Lincoln.  
A Yankee witty, cute and smart,  
Yet tender, truthful, full of heart,—  
No man e'er played the patriot's part  
    More nobly than does Lincoln.

What though in Abram's form and face  
You'd little of Apollo trace,  
Good sense makes up for what of grace  
    Is lacking in Abe Lincoln.  
No Webster-flow of diction grand  
Is honest Abram's to command ;  
The simple, naked truth, off-hand,  
    Suffices good old Lincoln.

The Chivalry of whips and chains  
Would widen slavery's domains ;  
"They'll soon sup sorrow for their pains,"  
    Quoth brave, right-loving Lincoln.  
And so they did : Lo, millions thrall'd  
At once to Freedom's banquet call'd !  
The whipper's back is now the gall'd :  
    " That's tit for tat," quoth Lincoln !

Pray we that soon, his work to crown,  
 The South may find her Dagon down  
 A blessing in disguise, and own  
     A God-sent Chief in Lincoln.  
 And when — his foes all changed to friends—  
 His upright rule auspicious ends,  
 The joy that work well-done attends  
     Be richly owned by Lincoln.

### A HIGHLAND HERO'S "CORONACH."

(The following verses were occasioned by the death of Lieutenant Colonel Duncan McVicar, one of the many brave Scotsmen, bred to military life, who accepted commissions in the United States army at the commencement of the late civil war in that country. Returning from a reconnoitring ride into the country occupied by the Confederate army, on the day immediately preceding the battle of Chancellorville, Colonel McVicar found his passage suddenly intercepted by General Fitzhugh Lee, at the head of a large body of the enemy, previously concealed in an adjoining wood. Determining, however, to break through the snare thus prepared for him, onward at a gallop, straight at the foe before him, he led his devoted troop—the 6th New York Cavalry—and fell, mortally wounded by a rifle ball, while in the act of cutting his way through the enemy's ranks. Col. McVicar was a native of the Island of Islay.)

My friend so late my boast—  
 My noble-hearted one !  
 Alas, that he is lost  
 To Freedom's battle-van !

Far from his native shore—  
The bravest of the brave—  
Mid battle's storm and stour  
He found a soldier's grave.

The land that gave him birth  
Taught him the hate of wrong :  
To knaves o'er all the earth  
That hate was fierce and strong.

He, round the Upas tree  
Of slavery abhorred,  
Saw warring hosts, and he  
Instinctive grasped his sword.

What boots it now to sing  
How he, without a pause,  
Gave—welcome offering—  
That sword to Freedom's cause,—

What boots it to declare  
How danger's post he wooed,  
Till, all too frequent there,  
His star was quench'd in blood !

I think I see him where,  
His path by foeman crossed,  
He meets the shock of war,  
A handful to a host.

One moment, and but one—  
The lion in his mood—

H."

lieutenant  
n, bred to  
s army at  
Returning  
Confederate  
cellorville,  
y General  
previously  
to break  
o, straight  
New York  
the act of  
as a native

He scanned the foe, then on  
Dashed like a lava flood !

Well might Fitzhugh admire  
That spirit unabashed,  
As through a storm of fire  
His gory falchion flashed.

If on stout hearts and steel  
Alone the issue lay,  
The sands of Stuartsville  
Had never clasped his clay !

What though, in that foul fray,  
Ordained his last to be,  
His spirit passed away  
Uncheered by victory, —

Let no dull mortal think  
He perished all in vain ;  
Each patriot's death's a link  
Snapt off from Slavery's chain.

Well may to those whom he  
Led, in his last dread ride,  
McVicar's memory be  
A glory and a pride.

Well may Columbia strew  
Choice laurels o'er his grave, —  
A homage justly due  
The bravest of the brave !

## MY WHERRY, "BRUNETTE."

CANADIAN FISHERMAN'S SONG.

Though my wherry, *Brunette*, and yon cot by the shore  
Are all I can boast of estate,  
Where others, with much, are aye craving for more,  
I thankfully take what I get ;  
And woe may I ween that not many there be  
Who pass through this life with a heart so care-free—  
Getting all that I need from my good friend, the sea ;  
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

With my boys for a crew, off each evening I go  
Where our train is soon cunningly set ;  
If only good luck be the fruit of the throw,  
What care we for wind or for wet !  
Of some fish from our nets and a good oaten cake,  
All cooked there and then, a prime supper we make—  
Fond-hoping, meanwhile, for a bountiful take ;  
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

At morning returning, mayhap with a haul,  
The joy of my heart is complete ;  
My wife is all smiles, and there's nothing at all  
Thought too good for her boys and her mate ;  
The young ones contend who'll get first on my knee,  
And who shall next night go a-fishing with me ;  
Thus I'm proud of my lot, as I right well may be ;  
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

---

 THE LAND OF THE LAKES.

(Written during the voyage of the Prince of Wales to British America, in 1860.)

AIR.—“*When the kye come hame.*”

SAFE may thy passage, Albert,  
 Across the ocean be !  
 We all are almost dying  
 A living prince to see.  
 Ho, for arches, flags and torches !  
 Hurry, hurry up the cakes !  
 We will soon have famous feasting  
 In the Land of the Lakes.  
     In the Land of the Lakes,  
     In the Land of the Lakes ;  
 Hasten then, and make us happy in this Land of the Lakes !

Though we cannot match with England  
 In the perfume of our flowers,  
 And the music of our woodlands  
 Be not quite as rich as yours,  
 We have swamps alive with bullfrogs  
 That can “in a brace of shakes”  
 Get thee up a rousing concert  
 In the Land of the Lakes.  
     In the Land of the Lakes,  
     In the Land of the Lakes,—  
 Such the wonderful resources of this Land of the Lakes !

Though we leave to our smart neighbours  
 Across the way to puff  
 Of mile-long alligators,  
 Young mermaids, and such stuff,

We have quite a handsome sample  
 Of mosquitoes, skunks and snakes,  
 As thou'lt find, to thy great comfort,  
 In the Land of the Lakes.  
     This nice Land of the Lakes,  
     This choice Land of the Lakes !  
 Quite a paradise to live in is this Land of the Lakes !

We of statesmen have a sample  
 Quite expert in Walpole's ways ;  
 We have corporation-suckers  
 Right well worth a passing gaze ;  
 We are anything but wanting  
 In pimps, loafers, snobs and rakes,  
 So we proudly bid thee welcome  
 To the Land of the Lakes.  
     This fast Land of the Lakes,  
     This blest Land of the Lakes !  
 Quite a promising young country is the Land of the Lakes !

Would'st thou see how " double-shuffle "   
 May be practiced and extolled ?  
 See the very seat of justice  
 In the market bought and sold ?  
 Would'st thou learn how humbug fattens,  
 While his " pound " each Shylock takes,  
 The right region for such studies  
 Is the Land of the Lakes.  
     This famed Land of the Lakes,  
     This shamed Land of the Lakes !  
 We are all smart people—very—in this Land of the Lakes.



Yet withal, there's much to charm thee  
 In our scenes of beauty rare ;  
 Our yeomen are leal-hearted,  
 Our maidens kind and fair.  
 Thou might do worse than with us  
 Kindly choose to fix thy stakes,—  
 Helping us to make earth's grandest  
 Of this Land of the Lakes.  
 This fair Land of the Lakes,  
 This rare Land of the Lakes ;  
 We would all be proud to keep thee in the Land of the Lakes.

---

### HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG ?

(Suggested by witnessing a riot consequent on an Orange Procession  
 through the streets of the so-called "Derry of Canada.")

How long shall, in Religion's name,  
 Pretenders vain Religion shame  
 With silly shows and shams supreme ?  
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

How long shall blatant bigots be  
 The gods of men's idolatry—  
 For such, alas ! forgetting Thee ?  
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

How long, their own base ends to gain,  
 Shall knaves a zeal they feel not, feign—  
 Fooling with shibboleths profane  
 Their dupes ? O Lord, how long ?

How long till, wisely, men eschew  
 Distinctions vain of race or hue,  
 And all the weal of all pursue ?  
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

How long till each partition-wall  
 We in our blindless build, shall fall,  
 And thy great love encompass all ?  
 How long, O Lord, how long ?

---

ON A WOULD-BE CANADIAN POET.

IMMORTAL B — pours on the town, at will,  
 A flood of rhymes enough to turn a mill,—  
 Measure, not quality, the only rule  
 E'er thought of by that metre-murdering fool,  
 Who will, if but to shine in song you're willing,  
 Spin you a yard-long lauding for a shilling !  
 Critics may laugh—B—— pocketeth the dimes,  
 And weaves away his mercenary rhymes :  
 The best o't is, that, spite of scoff and scorn,  
 He dubs himself a poet heaven-born !

'Tis wonderful how very little varies  
 The graces of his chosen luminaries ;  
 His muse no nice distinction incommodes ;  
 He paints them all so many demigods.  
 Give him the slightest hope of half-a-crown,  
 And lo, a Solon where you thought a clown !

Now Reverend *this*, now Reverend *that* he praises ;  
 Truth matters little if the wind he raises ;  
 And thus sometimes the butter's luid so thick on,  
 It wère enough a very dog to sicken.  
 A horse might laugh while he a D——n paints  
 The very pink of sages and of saints ;  
 Nor less the laugh, when in his venal page  
 F——e looms, the Æsculapius of our age.  
 So much of slaver has our bard to spare  
 That even S——k secures an ample share :  
 He caps the climax painting sans a flaw  
 The sum of all perfection in John A. !

Alas, poor B—— ! I pity much thy pains ;  
 Have mercy on thy little all of brains,  
 Or soon, I guess - blest riddance to the town—  
 Rockwood\* will have a poet all its own !  
 Rhyming at best is but a sorry trade ;  
 A genuine bard requires both heart and head :  
 The fact is, B——,—the truth I cannot smother—  
 In thy sad case there's neither one nor t'other.  
 Be counselled, man, nor waste thy time away,  
 To vain illusive hopes a willing prey.  
 I'll undertake thy cure : Come, let me see ?  
 Thy Pegasus a good saw-horse shall be,—  
 The only Pegasus becoming thee.  
 A few good sweatings o'er a pile of wood  
 Might chase this itch of scribbling from thy blood,  
 And give thee strength to stand a man erect,  
 Restored to reason and to self-respect.

---

\*The Asylum for the Insane close by Kingston.

## ENGLAND'S MIGHTY DEAD.

(Written on reading "a Monody on the death of Lord Macaulay," the burden of which was, "Macaulay now is registered 'mong England's mighty dead !")

HECH, sirs ! " Macaulay's registered  
 'Mong England's mighty dead !"  
 Let's hope that he lies buried near  
 Her first mean-mighty Ned ;  
 Scotland can never well forget  
 The zeal of those two men,—  
 The one, to stab her with the sword—  
 The other, with the pen.

Of course " all England's bards are bound  
 To praise with all their lyres "  
 One who so oft maligned—disowned  
 The country of his sires.  
 The muse of history well may say  
 She ne'er had such a son ;  
 Such was his art that oft he made  
 Herself and Fiction one !

" 'Mong England's mighty dead he lies,"  
 " In Poet's Corner " too !  
 Strange mate indeed for those true Scots  
 Who rest there, not a few :—  
 Men who within their native earth  
 Might be more fitly laid,  
 Since they would rather quit their graves  
 Than rank as "*England's* dead."

But let that pass,—he's there,—John Bull  
 Is not so much to blame ;  
 He lived to magnify John's rule,—  
 John magnifies *his* name.  
 The wonder, after all, is how  
 John could be fooled so far  
 As a mere meteoric light  
 To worship as a star.

---

### OUR CANADA—AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

THOUGH scarce two centuries have rolled  
 Since thou wert in the Red Man's hold,  
 The best of Europe's nations old  
 Might envy thee, fair Canada.

Lo, towns where, lately, forests grew,  
 Church chimes where war-whoops once we knew !  
 And see! the red man at the plough  
 Where once he "scalped" in Canada !

For Corduroy roads, jolts and jars,  
 We've railways now whose well-filled cars  
 Glide o'er them quick as shooting stars  
 Seen in the skies of Canada.

The Steamboat supercedes the Batteau ;  
 Where stood the shanty, lo ! the Chateau,  
 Whose owner, now a statesman haughty,  
 Came plackless to this Canada.

---

To look at the St. Lawrence spanned  
By its Victoria Bridge so grand,  
You'd think that Titans owned this land  
    We proudly call our Canada.

We tap it, and behold, the ground  
Sends oil in flowing floods around ;  
An isle of solid silver\* found  
    Is our last "strike" in Canada !

Down East, small odds what wind prevails,  
The fisher's harvest never fails ;  
From shoals of mackerel up to whales  
    His luck's aye sure in Canada !

If you the buffalo would chase  
Where earth seems trembling 'neath their pace,  
You'll find for such rare sport no place  
    To match with this our Canada.

But I must cease :—A country where  
We glory in earth's fairest fair  
May well command the homage rare  
    Her sons glad yield to Canada.

---

\*Silver Islet, Lake Superior.

## MY MODEL HIGHLANDER.

(Inscribed to John Murdoch, Esq., Editor of the "Ard-albannach," Inverness, on his having been prosecuted for a so-called libel on Captain Fraser of Uig, one of the Isle of Skye evicting landlords.)

I SING not now of men who don  
 The Highland garb their limbs upon,  
 Forgetting that such garb alone  
     Ne'er constitutes a Highlander.  
 Though well I wot the man I mean  
 Delighteth in the tartan sheen,  
 If that were all, he ne'er had been  
     *My* chosen model Highlander.

The Gael true alone is he  
 Who what he thinks speaks frankly free,  
 And to God only bends the knee,  
     Like to my model Highlander,—  
 One who in all things acts the man,  
 No matter who his course would ban ;  
 Step out, my Murdoch ! If there's one  
     On earth, *thou* art that Highlander.

I think I see thy manly form,  
 Firm and unyielding as Cairngorm,  
 The poor man's cause maintaining warm,  
     Just like a true-souled Highlander ;  
 I see the scorn within thine eye  
 As some evicting chief goes by—  
 One whose forbears would sooner die  
     Than dispossess a Highlander.

But shall those dastards have their way,  
And we stand by, unheeding? Nay!  
Thy cause is ours:—No true man may  
Sole-fighting see my Highlander.  
Up, clansmen! Why alone should he  
Do battle with the enemy?  
'Twere nothing less than infamy  
To let them crush our Highlander.

Think of the heartless knaves who long  
To rob you of your mother tongue,  
And thankful be the craven throng  
Well watched are by my Highlander.  
When dies its speech a nation dies,  
No more to a new life to rise:  
Would you avert such fate, be wise  
And rally round my Highlander.

Despoilers worse than Cumberland  
Are busy at it,—law in hand,  
Filling with forest beasts the grand  
Old country of the Highlanders.  
'Tis time we tried to stop their game,—  
If need be, facing sword and flame,  
And, as our proper birthright, claim  
The Highlands for the Highlanders!



## A WORD WITH THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

(Suggested by the assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in 1868.)

"THE Fenian Brotherhood" !—the phrase sounds well,  
 But what's *your* right to such a title, tell ?  
 Strangers alike to honour, truth, and shame—  
 You well might blush to think of such a name.  
 If truly sang the bard of Selma old,  
 The Fenian race were of no cut-throat mould :  
 Though sometimes they in Erin loved to roam,  
 A land more north was their heroic home ;  
 The "Cothrom Féinne"\* was their pride and boast ;  
 Of all base things they scorned a braggart most ;  
 Besides, 'twas not a custom in their day,  
 Assassin-like, one's victim to way-lay  
 And shoot, unseen—contented if, cash down,  
 The price of blood were only half-a-crown !  
 Fenians, indeed ! all true men of that race  
 Fraternity with you would deem disgrace ;  
 Fenians, forsooth ! renounce that honour'd name ;  
 "Thugs" would more n'tly suit your claim to fame !

Poor souls ! I pity your demented state ;  
 You *will* be vicious if you can't be great ;  
 Better for Erin any fate would be  
 Than to be ruled by Bedlamites like ye :  
 The war of the Kilkenny cats renewed  
 She'd find, I think, a very doubtful good !

---

\*The equal combat.

O wondrous-valiant, treason-hatching crew,  
If words were deeds, what great things might ye do !  
Ye, who have left your country for her good—  
Ye talk of righting all her wrongs in blood !  
'Tis laughable—the more so, that we feel  
Your necks were made for hemp, and not for steel ;  
At Britain's lion you may spare your howls,—  
That noble beast is never scared by owls :  
'Tis well for you, with all your vapouring frantic,  
You have 'tween him and you the broad Atlantic.

Let no one think that he who now cries shame  
On your misdeeds, your Celtic blood would blame ;  
A Celt himself, his great grief is to see  
The land that nursed you cursed by such as ye ;  
So bright the record of her better days—  
So much to love she still to us displays—  
So rich her heritage of wit and song—  
So warm her heart, so eloquent her tongue,—  
He honours Erin ;—'tis to fools like you  
Alone the tribute of his scorn is due.

Union is strength. Soon may the nations three  
In heart as well as name united be—  
A loving sisterhood as great as free,—  
The first and foremost in fair freedom's van—  
An empire built upon the Shamrock plan—  
A seeming THREE and yet a perfect ONE !

## UP AND AT THEM! SPARE THEM NOT!

(Verses occasioned by the threatened invasion of Canada by the  
"Fenians," in 1870.)

MUSTER! muster! On's the order!  
On, then, Saxon, Celt, and Scot!  
Fenian fiends are on our border;  
Up and at them! spare them not!

Anarchists with hell in union  
Merit well reception hot:  
Cannucks all of this opinion,  
Up and at them! spare them not!

On the soil they seek to plunder  
Give we their vile bones to rot;  
Sudden as the crash of thunder  
Up and at them! spare them not!

At Fort Erie quite a tasting  
Of their flesh the kites have got;  
Cornwall's crows will soon have feasting:  
Up and at them! spare them not!

Not alone the land that bore them,  
Earth were well rid of the lot:  
Haste we, then, the doom before them;  
Up and at them! spare them not!

Onward! onward! never ceasing  
Till their last you've hanged or shot,  
Earning thus all good men's blessing:  
Up and at them! spare them not!

## THE CADI BEN-BRAMMACH TO HIS BEAKS.

A "JUSTICE SHOP" LYRIC.\*

HURRAH for a dozen "drunks!"  
 Hurrah for a regular haul  
 Of suckers to skin, to-morrow, in  
 The shop that maintains us all!  
 Look sharp, than, my hearties, look sharp  
 Through back street, and front street, and square  
 Nothing charms me so much as a "cove" in your clutch,  
 And the smell of fat fines on the air.

What would be the use of Jails,  
 Of Magistrates or Police,  
 Asylums or Orphans' Homes,  
 Were the traffic in grog to cease?  
 Cease! mercy forbend, or else  
 To us 'twere a bad lookout—  
 No fun and no fee—and for "horns" going free,  
 Think of quenching one's thirst at the spout!

What matters to us with whom lie  
 The fault that grog-shops so abound?  
 What matter to us who supply  
 The cup in which reason is drown'd?  
 Cities cannot get on without cash:  
 Nor can I much blame them who think  
 'Twere no mighty evil to license the devil  
 If he only came out with the "chink."

---

\* At the time the above lines were penned, Police Magistrates in Canada were allowed to pocket all the fees imposed by them on all "the drunk and disorderly" brought before them.

'Tis well that our lawmakers wise  
 Believe not in Gough or in Dow ;  
 Else soon would no more greet my eyes  
 Fresh " pigeons " to pluck in your tow ;  
 My name to all top-heavy chaps  
 A terror would quick cease to be :  
 Hurrah then, say I, for more power to Old Rye !  
 Our good friend never-failing is he !

---

TO JOHN CARRUTHERS, ESQ.,

ON HIS LEAVING KINGSTON FOR A YEAR'S SOJOURN IN HIS NATIVE  
 SCOTLAND.

(Written as an accompaniment to a Farewell Address from the  
 Kingston St. Andrew's Society, of which Mr. Carruthers was then  
 President.)

AND shalt thou take thy purposed way,  
 Carruthers, o'er the ocean tide,  
 And friendship's voice be silent ? Nay !  
 We *will* speak of thee—smile or chide.

If in this land there liveth one  
 Than thou more worthy men's esteem,  
 I own I'd like to see the man,  
 And bring him blushing into fame.

The patriot spirit staunch as steel—  
 The manners manly, truth severe, —  
 The hand ne'er shut to want's appeal—  
 To give unseen its only care, —

The feelings warm, the judgment sound,—  
 The scorn of all that's mean or base,—  
 All, all combine to make thee owned  
 An honour to thy name and race.

Well may the country of thy birth  
 Rejoice to welcome back her son—  
 Not for the thousands he is worth,  
 But for the worth that stamps the man.

Farewell, our friend beloved, farewell !  
 Thyself and us though ocean parts,  
 Distance can never break the spell  
 That binds us to each other's hearts.

---

#### A BIT OF ADVICE.

(Addressed to a certain Common School teacher, famed for a cruel  
 use of the tawse.)

THE teacher of a Common School—  
 Thou'rt yet a most *un*-common fool,  
 Believing when a child goes wrong,  
 The sovereign remedy's a thong :  
 Could blows the least improve the dull,  
 Nought needs them more than thy own skull !  
 Jack, burn thy birch without delay ;  
 Try kindness, as the better way ;  
 Rude applications of brute force  
 No good does ever child or horse !  
 That teacher least commends his art  
 Who only makes the "bottom" *smart* :  
 The rascal who believes in "stripping"  
 Himself the most deserves a whipping.

IS NATIVE

from the  
 was then

## LORD LORNE AND THE LADY LOUISE.

AIR—" *The Hills of Glenorchy.*"

HURRAH for the news o'er the wide world just gone out !  
 The clans are all wild with delight to think on it :  
 A son of the Mist (Up yet higher, my bonnet !)  
 Has won the fair hand of Balmoral's Louise.  
 Glad tidings to all save the Southerners who wanted  
 To see that rare gift to some Saxon lord granted ;—  
 Well might they look glum when young Lorne, nothing  
 daunted,  
 Stept in, and walked off with the Lady Louise !

Well, well may bright bonfires, its hill-tops all over,  
 Turn night into day in the land of her lover,  
 And "Islay" flow freely as Aray's own river  
 When home to its banks he brings Lady Louise.  
 Though earth's greatest king might right glad be to wed her,  
 She's far better matched—thanks to love 'mong the heather ;—  
 A lad who can sport the MacCailean's proud feather  
 Is just the right mate for the Lady Louise !

A gathering grand on my vision is looming ;  
 The air is alive with "The Campbells are coming !"  
 Dunquaih proudly echoes the "gunna can" \* booming  
 Its own hearty welcome to Lorne and Louise.  
 Alas, that in fancy alone can I wend there,  
 My welcome to give them, my homage to tender,  
 And help happy thousands the welkin to rend there,  
 Proud-toasting "Lord Lorne and the Lady Louise !"

\*The cannon popularly known as the "gunna can" is an old-fashioned piece of artillery which most visitors to the pleasure grounds around Inveraray Castle make a point of seeing. Although old as the time of the Spanish Armada—there being good ground for believing it to have formed a part of the armament of the ill-fate *Florita*, sunk in Tobermory Bay—it can still make itself be well heard on occasions of special rejoicings to the House of Argyll.

## A PROLOGUE.

(Written for a concert given in honour of the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on the occasion of their visit to Kingston, in 1879.)

WHILE crowds, outside, their jubilations vent  
 'Mid arches, torches, rockets skyward sent,  
 Here are we met, on gentler pleasures bent.  
 Ears often charmed by England's nightingales,  
 Albion's sweet thrushes, and the larks of Wales,  
 May in *our* "woodnotes wild" find meikle cause  
 For kind forbearance rather than applause;  
 Yet here we are, resolved to do our best,—  
 Leaving to you—and you—and you—the rest.

With this bright audience fanning fond desire,  
 Well may the wish to please our hearts inspire.  
 Well may old Erin's, England's, Scotland's lays  
 Be sung as ne'er before, to win your praise,—  
 For, have we not in this bright companie  
 A guest illustrious who can claim to be  
 By right of blood linked to those nations three!  
 And thou, loved lady, whose fair presence shows  
 How sweetly blends the Thistle with the Rose,  
 Will not, however partial to Arg'ill,  
 List aught less pleased some lay of Erin's Isle.

Daughter of our good Queen! beloved by all,  
 Not only for *her* sake: Heaven, prodigal,  
 Has showered upon thyself such graces rare  
 As well may claim men's homage everywhere;  
 Stars like to thee need no reflected light  
 To magnify their native lustre bright.

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If, therefore, here we, in our joy elate,  
 The Princess in the woman may forget,  
 It must be owned we have a reason good  
 In thine own gentle, perfect womanhood--  
 Thy winning ways—thy speech and look benign,  
 Making all hearts in thy fair presence thine,—  
 Just what we all were taught to hope for in  
 The gifted daughter of our peerless Queen.

MAC-CAILEAN'S SON! 'twere strange indeed if we  
 A greeting aught less loyal gave to thee—  
 Thou whose bright promise well should make us all to  
 Be proud to give thee a "*Giad mile failte*"!—  
 Long may this land, fair-spreading far away,  
 Delight to boast of thy vice-regal sway.  
 Too much inherits thou of patriot fire  
 To make us doubt thy purpose to aspire  
 Our welfare to advance—our love to win—  
 No matter who the party, "out" or "in,"—  
 Nor less to lead us all to keep in view  
 That to be noble is to nobly do,—  
 That truthful lives are more than rank or station,—  
 That righteousness alone exalts a nation.  
 Thus—thus alone—a people truly free  
 We, in "this Canada of ours," may be ;  
 Thus may we lifted be to virtues Spartan  
 'Neath the congenial shadow of the Tartan !

So much by way of prologue : Ere away  
 We bow ourselves, this further we would say,—  
 If, after starting in a key so crouse,  
 We may not just at once "bring down the house,"  
 We trust it may be owned that, ne'ertheless,  
 We are, upon the whole -- "a great success" !

## THE WORLD AS IT GOES.

THIS life has mysteries we may not hope  
To solve, or, trying, find we thrive but ill,—  
Things which, in our imperfect summing up,  
Seem scarce accordant with high Heaven's will.

Talents God-given in the devil's pay,—  
Honesty crush'd where rascals make their "pile,"—  
Knaves in high places wielding wicked sway,—  
Shams palace-housed and patriots in exile ;—

The poor made by oppression still more poor,—  
The crust that might have saved a life denied  
Till, all too late, some rich man opes his door  
And finds his neighbour perishing outside !—

Loved ones, whose presence made our homes a heaven,  
Untimely carried to the silent tomb ;  
Friends, whose dear sight we would forever live in,  
Estranged, or doomed in foreign lands to roam ;—

Fond hearts ne'er mated, or but mated ill ;—  
The good and true linked to the vile and base ;—  
Creatures as angels pure and beautiful  
Yielding to clowns what should be Love's embrace !

In vain we darkly grope, in vain surmise  
How such things *can* be : Wise alone is he  
Who is content to let such mysteries  
Find a solution in the life to be.

## CANADA'S RESOLVE.

(Written during the Annexation Movement in Nova Scotia, in 1863.)

SHALL the star that to empire ~~has~~ pointed our way  
 Be quenched all so soon? Our proud answer be, Nay!  
 Though dimmed for a moment, yet quickly shall shine  
 More brightly than ever that herald benign;  
 Let cowards cry halt, yet its course we'll pursue;  
 Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Old Milton once sung of a spirit so fell,  
 Than *second* in bliss, he'd the *first* be in—bale;  
 I fear we have some such far down by the sea—  
 Rank breeders of discord who crushed out must be:  
 They will—if but we to our duty prove true—  
 Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Let Jonathan banish his vain hopes forlorn;  
 As friends, we can greet him—as foes, we can scorn;—  
 Our good ship *Dominion* will ne'er woo the fray,  
 Yet woe to the pirate that crosses her way!  
 The flag at her masthead was always “true blue;”  
 Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Would Canada prosper, a land without peer—  
 The Atlantic her front, the Pacific her rear,—  
 The watchword must now be of one and of all,  
 Henceforward, together we flourish or fall!  
 As brothers thus banded, to dare is to do:  
 Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

## ON RECEIVING AN ENGRAVING

REPRESENTING INVERARAY CASTLE AND THE SCENERY SURROUNDING IT.

ALL honored be the artist true  
Who bringeth thus, so charmingly,  
Thy woods and floods, and mountains blue,  
My boyhood's home, to me.

Scenes which from childhood's days have been  
Deep graven my heart's tablets on,  
Seem here before me fair as in  
Years now long, long agone.

There have I lived and loved and sung  
My youthhood's happy time away ;  
There first my rustic harp I strung,  
No lark than I more gay.

There, too, it was that Beauty's smile  
Taught me to feel love's pleasing pains, —  
Some Meg or Mary all the while  
The theme of all my strains.

Oh but once more to wander free  
By Esachossain's "fairy ring!"  
Nor less the Lady's Linn to see  
Would cause my heart to sing.

And thou, Dunquaich, whose lofty brow  
Looms over all in pride serene,  
My walks around thee to renew  
I'd feel a boy again !

Oft have I thought, when face to face  
With all thy charms, here well outlined,  
One would need seeing Paradise  
A match for them to find !

---

SONNET.

(On visiting my native Highlands after long absence.)

My own dear, long-lost, lovely Earraghael,  
How gladly to thy presence I return !  
The tow'ring Ben, the far-retiring Vale,  
The deer-frequented corrie, torrent-worn,  
The wildwood green, the lone trout-teeming tarn,  
The gray crag mimicing the eagle's scream,  
The breezy braes dear to the broom and fern,  
And O, the lakes that all so witching seem !  
I love you all. Whatever else of strange  
Or new my eyes, unwilling, here may see,  
Here shew ye still, defiant of all change,  
The old soul-charming graces dear to me—  
Graces which all who see may well declare  
To be, of all 'neath Heaven, the most fair.

## A GATHERING CALL.

(Written for the Kingston Caledonian Society's Games of 1863.)

On to our Gathering! Highlanders, on!  
Sons of the Lowlands! come, every one;  
Let all who love Scotland the blue bonnet don,  
And joyfully come to our Gathering!

The games styled Olympic were grand in their day,  
Yet nothing to match with *our* coming display:  
In all manly pastimes the Scot leads the way;  
Hurrah, then, hurrah for our Gathering!

Would you see kilted lads of the manliest frame,  
Would you hear the *Piob-mhor* played in manner supreme,  
Would you see feats performed that would Hercules shame,  
Then take care that you miss not our Gathering!

Ye who deem the famed *Feinne* extinct as a race,  
Believe me that this is by no means the case;—  
'Neath the graceful "Glengarry" their features to trace  
You have only to come to our Gathering.

Come Celt and come Saxon, come Teuton and Gaul;  
A right Highland Welcome we offer you all:  
Each true Caledonian, proud of our call,  
Will exultantly join in our Gathering!

## A ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT GREETING.

(Telegraphed in the name of St. Andrew's Society of Kingston to their brethren in Montreal, dining there on St. Andrew's Night, 1869, and having Prince Arthur as one of their guests.)

OUR brithers by Mount Royal braw,  
We gladly greet ye, ane an' a'—  
Wishing ye lochs o' uisgebaugh  
    To wet your whistles,  
Made dry, nae doubt, by many a blaw  
    'Bout Kilts and Thistles !

What tho' we canna boast, like ye,  
A plaided prince frae Hieland Dee,  
We're quite contented o'er our bree,  
    And wad be happy  
To pledge ye now, wi' three times three,  
    That royal chappie.

May he in due time be renown'd  
As Arthur of the Table Round,—  
In all that's noble, manly, found  
    Without a flaw,—  
A prince 'mang princes peerless own'd :  
    His health ! Hurrah !

## TO MISS GOODALL,

OF THE SALVATION ARMY, ON HER REMOVAL FROM KINGSTON.

Thou of the fair Madonna face  
In all its matchless, rare completeness,  
Well may we grieve so soon to miss  
A girl of such angelic sweetness.

Well may the friends who know thee best  
Be proud to live in thy esteem,  
And in their prayers to heaven addressed  
Remember oft thy happy name.

Were Paul but here when "Abbie"\* won  
Warm praise from Pulpit and from Press,  
He surely would not be the man  
To order silence in her case.

Nor would he find in thee less zeal  
Our thoughts and hopes to heavenward raise ;  
He loved his Master's cause too well  
To frown on thy soul-winning ways.

To think with what persuasive grace  
The "old, old story," ever new,  
Came from thy lips, may well increase  
Our grief at bidding thee adieu.

To-day thou leavest us, yet though  
Thy face no more we here may see,  
With much of love and blessing, too,  
Our thoughts shall often turn to thee.

---

\* Miss Abbie Thompson, a very popular Salvation Army "captain."



A VOICE FROM THE DESK : OR, THE SOR-  
ROWS OF MR. SNOOK.

A PARODY.

AN Ottawa employeē who  
Loathed work and believed in Sir John,  
Thus mourned an experience new  
In tones 'tween a growl and a groan :—  
“ Toil—toil—toil,  
Nothing but toil for me !  
Compared with this fearful turmoil  
'Twere bliss in a treadmill to be.  
'Tis true that I wear no chains,  
'Tis true I've no stripes on my back,  
Yet, never did slave to untimely grave  
Hurry down upon such a rack !

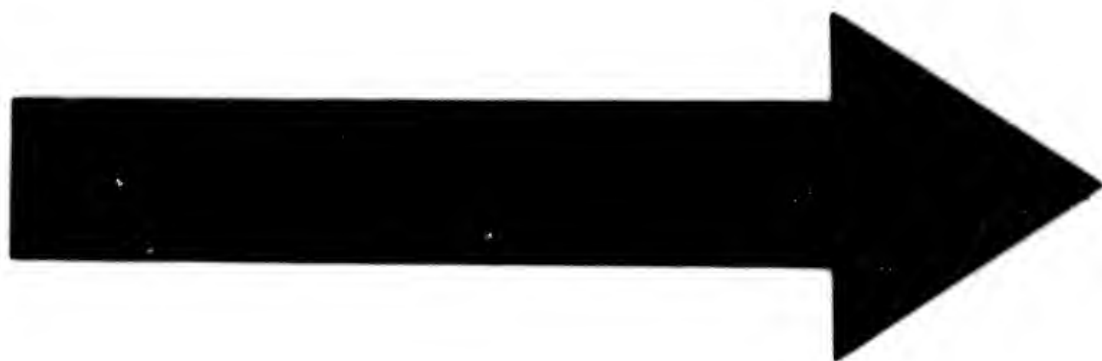
And it's work—work—work,  
Till my body to dust is bent !  
And it's work—work—work,  
Like a felon to Sydney sent !  
With this and that else to be done—  
No time left for loafing or play—  
No coming to duty at ten,  
And leaving at noon for the day,—  
I feel how much better must be  
The life of a cabman's horse  
Than thus to be driven like me  
By men without ruth or remorse :  
To end all my care in the friendly Chaudiere  
Is plainly my last resource !

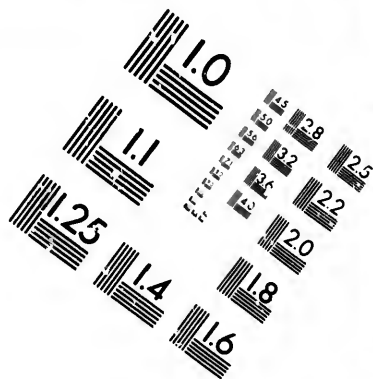
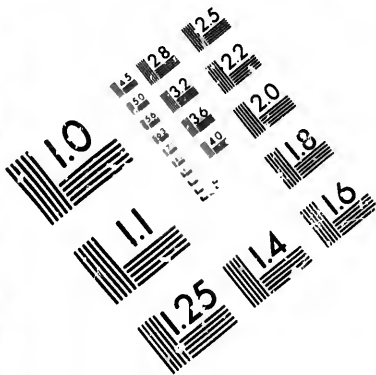
Well may our new masters' broad grins\*  
 Give proof of their wicked delight  
 To see men at work like machines  
 Where once killing time was all right.  
 All round 'tis the same "hurry on"  
 From morn till the daylight's close ;  
 Nor yet when the day is done  
 To us cometh rest or repose.  
 Dread thoughts of arrears to pull up  
 Haunt even our sleeping hours.  
 O for the good ways of Sir John's golden days  
 And the sinecure seats that were ours !"

O'ercome with the thought of lost bliss,  
 He choked, when a friend near him spoke,  
 "'Tis shameful, egad, so it is,  
 In this manner to murder poor Snook !  
 Were it only *us* horrible Grits,  
 'Twere nothing at all, I trow,  
 But my bosom burns and bleeds by turns,  
 My dear Snook, to think of you.  
 That slaves cannot breathe 'neath the flag  
 Of Britain, is all a farce !"  
 Snook own'd with a sigh his case proved it a lie,  
 Adding something less kind than coarse.  
 "'Tis a shame," his friend resumed,  
 "A shame most foul, I say,  
 That good fellows like you, fond of nothing to do,  
 Must work if they would get pay !"

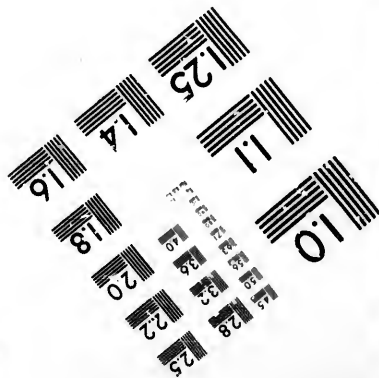
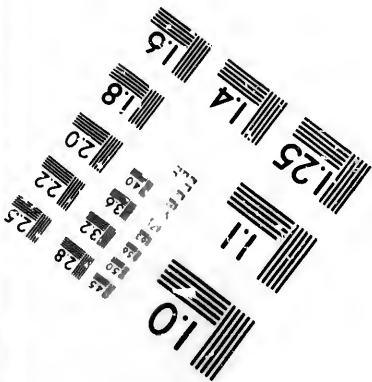
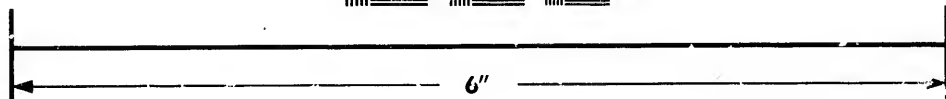
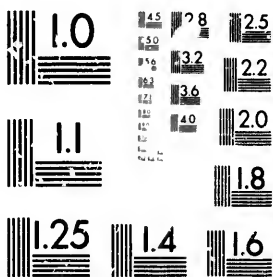
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\*The Mackenzie Government, then newly established.





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Then again spoke Snook,—no swell  
 Ever spoke in braver key :  
 “ I swear by book and bell  
 That no slave henceforth I be !  
 Better than what I endure  
 Were the service of some Turk :  
 Better being dead than more  
 Of this work—work—work ! ”  
 So, scarce knowing where to jog,  
 The wide world once more faced Snook :  
 Good for him ! the plucky prog,  
 He is now a—shanty-cook !

1879.

---

### THE BOLD CHIEF OF THE BRAVE “BRITISH WHIG.”

(Respectfully inscribed to E. J. Barker, Esq., the founder of the  
*British Whig*, and for many years its editor also.)

Your Walters and Russells and Greeleys may be,  
 As Knights of the Broadsheet, well worthy their fee ;  
 But the man of all men for *my* homage is he,  
 The bold chief of the brave *British Whig* !

The Nestor revered of fair Canada's Press,  
 Fair play is his motto, and aye will, I guess ;  
 A falsehood to nail, or a wrong to redress,  
 Ready aye is the bold *British Whig*.

The foe unrelenting of buncome and bosh,  
Few ever forget, who have once felt, his lash ;  
All ritual nonsense his joy is to squash,  
Like a sensible, wise *British Whig*.

Let blockheads beware how they tread on his corns,—  
Such creatures soon find they've the bull by the horns !  
Not one ever tried it but helplessly mourns  
Ever rousing the stern *British Whig* !

And yet, for all this, never lamb on the lea  
Has a nature more gentle, more loving than he ;  
The pink of politeness, you all will agree,  
Is at all time the stout *British Whig*.

With a record so bright in the times that are past,  
I think all must own 'twere no compliment vast  
If Vic. at his feet her next garter should cast,  
And ennoble the brave *British Whig* !







# SONGS.

## THE THISTLE.

AIR—“*The Hills of Glenorchy.*”

JOHN BULL, if he likes, may get smothered in roses,—  
The odour of leek give to Cambrian noses,—  
Let Pat praise the grace which the Shamrock discloses,—  
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !  
Its stern “*Nemo me impune lacessit*”  
Has just the right ring for the race who caress it ;  
They aye come to grief who too rudely would press it :  
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !

Fierce kings from far Lochlin, to break or to bend it,  
Oft tried all their might—vow'd by Odin to end it ;  
Let Loncarty—Largs—show what luck them attended :  
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !  
The Saxon next tried with the Rose to supplant it,  
But found a reception ne'er dreamed of or wanted ;  
Retreat, or a grave, was just all he was granted !  
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me.

Our emblem, true blue as the Heaven above it—  
 What bard worth the name would not proudly sing of it?  
 What patriot heart would not bless it and love it?  
     The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!  
 Well, well may the sons of St. Andrew revere it,  
 All Scotsmen delight in their bonnets to wear it,  
 And proudly defy any symbol to peer it:  
     The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me!

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### UPPER-TENDOM.

AIR—“*Behave Yoursel' Before Folk.*”

'Tis fit that humbler folk should show  
 Due reverence for the great High-low;  
 Hats off for Snooks! Why, don't you know  
     He's of our Upper-tendom!

CHORUS—Sing hey for Upper-tendom!  
     Good luck to all who cherish it!  
 Though vulgar folk its claims may mock,  
     Still great is Upper-tendom!

What though the mother of Fitzfluke  
 Once *was* where now she *has* a cook,  
 Let's all do homage to the—puke.  
     He goes for Upper-tendom!  
     Sing hey, &c.

Poor Peg-tops nothing now can see  
 Without an eyeglass! Ten to three  
 Peg purchased with a borrowed V  
     That mark of Upper-tendom!  
     Sing hey, &c.

Sir Snipp may well plain people slight —  
His sire was of *The Goose* a knight ;  
He now has got a double right  
To top our Upper-tendom.  
Sing hey, &c.

Who doubts the Dowds from kings have sprung  
Had better, near them, guard his tongue ;  
Folk just as lately from the dung  
Are of our Upper-tendom ;  
Sing hey, &c.

The Smiths, as through our streets they go,  
Now never own their father Joe ;  
What right has he, poor man, to know  
The SMYTHES of Upper-tendom !  
Sing hey, &c.

Commend me always to the Coys  
For grubs transformed to butterflies,  
And making food for mirth likewise  
To all save Upper-tendom !  
Sing hey, &c.

Well may plain people laugh to see  
Such barber-block gentility,  
And pray for grace to aye keep free  
Of aping Upper-tendom !  
Sing hey, &c.

## EIGHT IN ONE ARE WE.

(Words for a Canadian March. Written to the tune of an old Highland  
*lilt* beginning "*Dhamsadh-mid, ruidhle-mid,*" etc.)

Ho for that land never  
Matched for lake and river !  
Canada for ever,

Boys, for you and me !  
Living land so choice in,  
Who would not, rejoicing,  
Join us, proudly voicing,  
" Eight in one are we ! "

CHORUS—Comrades true, ready to  
Do or die united,  
Here we go, proud to show  
Eight in one are we !

Though content to stay, boys,  
'Neath the old Flag aye, boys,  
Yet, should come a day, boys,  
This no more may be,  
On we'd march, nought caring,  
A new banner airing,  
Its device declaring  
" Eight in one are we ! "  
Comrades true, etc.

By our prairies flowering,  
By our mountains towering,  
By the woods embowering  
Our loved homesteads free,

Swear we to abide, boys,  
 Ever side by side, boys,  
 Counting it our pride boys,  
 Eight in one to be.  
 Comrades true, etc.

Let Ambition's story  
 Tell of conquests gory, —  
 Peaceful triumphs more we  
 In our path would see :  
 Still 'gainst wrong contending,  
 Still the right defending, —  
 Might with meekness blending,  
 Reach we empire free.  
 Comrades true, etc.

### THE BONNET, KILT AND FEATHER.

AIR—“ *Wha'll be King but Charlie!* ”

WHEN time was young, and Adam strung  
 His leafy garb together,  
 Then first were planned in fashion grand  
 The bonnet, kilt and feather.

CHORUS—O! dear to me as life can be  
 The land where blooms the heather,  
 And doubly dear the lads who wear  
 The bonnet, kilt and feather.

Your dandy vaunts his skin-tight pants,  
Just fit such things to tether,  
But give to me, all flowing free,  
The bonnet, kilt and feather.  
O ! dear to me, etc.

For lordly hall, or courtly ball,  
Where all that's grand foregather,  
There's nothing seen to match the sheen  
Of bonnet, kilt and feather.  
O ! dear to me, &c.

The gorgeousness of Solomon's dress  
Put Sheba's queen throu'-ither, —  
A proof to me his Majesty  
Dressed in the kilt and feather !  
O ! dear to me, &c.

Let despots all, both great and small,  
Who wish to "save their leather,"  
Beware how they come in the way  
Of bonnet, kilt and feather !  
O ! dear to me, &c.

Let Rome's proud ranks, on Carthon's banks  
Quick-scattered hither-thither,  
Tell how, of old, their own could hold  
The bonnet, kilt and feather.  
O ! dear to me, etc.

Of Edward's turn at Bannockburn  
Just think, and answer whether  
There's aught to fear for Freedom near  
The bonnet, kilt and feather ?  
O ! dear to me, &c.

If e'er in mood awe-stricken stood  
The Corsican blood-shedder,  
It was to scan in battle's van  
The bonnet, kilt and feather.  
O ! dear to me, &c.

On Egypt's sands they taugth his bands  
To rue they e'er went thither ;  
At Waterloo, immortal grew  
The bonnet, kilt and feather !  
O ! dear to me, &c.

O garb renowned the whole world round !  
What mortal man would swither  
To toast with me—now three times three  
“ The bonnet, kilt and feather ! ”  
O ! dear to me, &c.

## THE DAY AN' A' WHA HONOUR IT.

(The following lyric, as well as the four songs immediately succeeding it, appeared originally among the "bard's" quota of rhyme, contributed over a series of years to the St. Andrew's Night festivities customary with the Kingstonian Scots.)

WHAT though we Scotsmen may agree  
 To differ somewhat now and then,—  
 Each in his own opinion free  
 Unflinching as a Grampian Ben,—  
 No Kirks or creeds divide us here ;—  
 Alike Conservative and Grit  
 As one rejoice to toast and cheer  
 "The Day an' a' wha honour it!"

"The Day an' a' wha honour it"—  
 What magic in that simple phrase !  
 It fires my blood to fever heat,  
 It minds me of far broomy braes :  
 Fair Scotia's Forths and Clydes and Speys  
 Seem gliding at my very feet :  
 A patriot-ring exultant has  
 "The Day an' a' wha honour it!"

It wafts me back to days long gone  
 When grasped the Bruce his Carrick spear,  
 And deeds eclipsing Marathon  
 Made him to fame and freedom dear ;  
 I see the flash of broadswords bare,  
 And Scotland's foes in full retreat ;—  
 Hurráh then for our slogan rare,  
 "The Day an' a' wha honour it!"



St. Patrick—terror of the snakes—  
 Old Erin's sons may well hold dear ;  
 They got him from the Land of Cakes,  
 And thus *we* too his name revere :  
 St. George loved less the Cross than Spear,—  
 Why *sainted*, puzzles quite my wit :  
 Here's to St. Andrew's memory rare,  
 "The day an' a' wha honour it !"

Let niggard bodies count our joy  
 A pleasure bought at too much cost,—  
 The patriot flame to fan, say I,  
 Is never love or labour lost.  
 Then of our Day let's make the most ;—  
 Time never travels half so fleet  
 As when together Scotsmen toast  
 "The Day an' a' wha honour it !"

---

### THE LAND EVER DEAREST TO ME.

AIR—" *Cogadh no Sith*," or, " *Air Faillirinn, Illirinn* "

Who loves not the land of the plaid and *piob-mhor*,  
 The gowan-gemmed carse and the heath-mantled moor,—  
 The mother of heroes who ne'er met a foe  
 Save to make them submit or in death be laid low !

CHORUS—

Then here's to the land of the Bens and the Braes !  
 What bard would not proud be to sing in her praise ?  
 The Scot's fatherland, so far-famous and free,—  
 Oh, who would not toast it with honours thrice three !

What patriot, striking for freedom and right,  
Can match with such heroes as Ellerslie's Knight,  
The Randolph, the Douglas, the Bruce and the Græme ?  
The bare thought of their deeds sets my blood in a flame !  
Then here's to the land, etc.

Who knows not how stoutly, when Truth did require,  
Her Camerons and Knoxes faced faggot and fire,—  
Bequeathing to us the rich freedom of Mind,  
Spite prelacy, priestcraft and devil combined !  
Then here's to the land, etc.

Just think of her minstrels—a glorious throng !  
What strains so sublime as in Selma were sung ?  
Who lists not enraptured to Coila's sweet lyre,  
Whose lays will enchant till this earth shall expire !  
Then here's to the land, etc.

Alas for the foeman who hastes not to yield  
When "shoulder to shoulder" the Clans take the field !  
When duty demands them their might to display,  
The Titans might envy their deeds in the fray.  
Then here's to the land, etc.

O Albyn ! my country so brave and so blest,  
'Tis on thy dear bosom I'd take my last rest ;  
Oh, living or dying, give, give me to dwell  
'Mid the music of streams, in some green Highland dell !  
Then here's to the land, etc.

## THE LAND OF THE GREEN MAPLE LEAF.

AIR—"Tam Glen."

OF all the fair lands under heaven  
The fittest to rank as the chief  
Is surely this one that we live in—  
The Land of the Green Maple Leaf !  
A patriot land well may be, boys,  
That land of bright annals, though brief :  
Whoever would feel truly free, boys,  
Should live 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.

To praises of moorlands and mountains  
They well may grow readily deaf  
Who dwell by the lakes and the fountains  
Fair-fringed by the Green Maple Leaf.  
'Tis there that the woodman's axe bringeth  
The lords of the forest to grief,  
Till up to paradise springeth  
His home by the Green Maple Leaf.

He here who a bachelor liveth  
May well be set down for a "cuif,"  
Well shunned by each darling who giveth  
Love's kiss 'neath the Green Maple Leaf,  
The heart that is proof to such graces  
As theirs, must be hard as a reef ;—  
Let's hope that such desperate cases  
Are rare 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.

In Lords and their lackeys dependent  
 'Tis well that our list is but brief ;  
 The homage on tinsel attendant  
 They'd miss 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.  
 Where Autumn the toils of the ploughman  
 Rewards with a forty-fold sheaf,  
 The true lords of the soil are our yeomen,  
 Who guard well the Green Maple Leaf !

Sam Slick more than once, in full feather,  
 To grab it tried hard—the foul thief !  
 For his pains we well riddled his leather,  
 And our own kept the Green Maple Leaf ;  
 And our own—ours alone—it shall be, boys,  
 Despite all who'd work it mischief :  
 We love it too we'll e'er to see, boys,  
 Aught harming the Green Maple Leaf.

---

### CHIEFTAIN MACLEAN.

AIR—“*Come o'er the Stream, Charlie.*”

WHEN Noah turned seaman, most people agree, man,  
 MacLean of that day had “a boat o' his ain ;”  
 A clansman less famous, though ev'ry inch game, is  
 Our own gallant Chieftain—the *other* MacLean.\*

CHORUS—

Up, bonnet and feather ! Up, thistle and heather !  
 St. Andrew's good advent is on us again :  
 What Scotsman, revering its mem'ries endearing,  
 Would not make a night o't with Chieftain MacLean !

Away with your grumblers whom nothing but tumblers  
 Of punch and a haggis can tempt to fall in !  
 The fair happy faces that here fill their places  
 More proud of by far must be Chieftain MacLean.  
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

Old Scotland's grand story, so pregnant of glory,  
 The ballads that cheered her in days that have been,  
 Her songs so heart-touching, all hearers bewitching,  
 O, who would not feast on with Chieftain MacLean !  
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

From Ossian and Selma to Lucknow and Alma,  
 Such triumphs are linked to the war-pipes' proud strain  
 That fellows who'd hear it, its music to sneer at,  
 Had best shun the sight of our Chieftain MacLean !  
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

Let pinks of perfection, themselves vainly vexing,  
 A good Scottish reel call a pastime profane ;  
 The worst I wish for them would be "Tullochgorum"  
 To dance till they sweated with Chieftain MacLean !  
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

O, Scotland, dear Scotland ! alas that there's *not* land  
 Enough in thy bounds all thy sons to contain !  
 Else not this far west one, but thy own dear breast on,  
 Our joys would be perfect with Chieftain MacLean.  
 Up, bonnet and feather, etc.

---

\*The "Chieftain" here referred to—Professor Donald MacLean, of Ann Arbor College, Michigan—is of the Lochbuy branch of the Clan MacLean. He was, at the time these verses were penned, President of the Kingston St. Andrew's Society, and as such presided at the Festival for which they were composed.

## MINE OWN DEAR ROMANTIC COUNTRIE.

THOUGH its climate be cold, and its sands hide no gold,  
Yet the Land of the heather for me!  
Since, despite its bleak air, Freedom's footsteps are there;  
Her loved home, bonnie Scotland, is thee!

## CHORUS—

Then hey for the Old Land! that stern, sturdy, bold land,  
Whose sons 'tis our glory to be!  
O, who would not love thee, and proudly sing of thee,  
Mine own dear, romantic countrie!

Not without tug and toil, Albyn dear, on thy soil  
Our bold sires planted Liberty's tree;  
And we swear that no foe shall e'er touch stem or bough  
While we've hands to defend it and thee.  
Then hey for the Old Land, etc.

From the homes of their birth, to the ends of the earth  
Let thy sons wander ever so free,  
As to magnet the steel, so, in woe or in weal,  
Turn their hearts ever fondly to thee.  
Then hey for the Old Land, etc.

Land of heroes high-famed—land by foe never tamed,  
Sorely tried though thou sometimes might be,—  
Bards are aye most inspired—hearts heroic best fired,  
When they think, bonnie Scotland of thee.  
Then hey for the Old Land, etc.

## MY MORAG.

AIR—" *The Haughs of Cromdale.* "

I WOULD not, if I could, declare  
How all-surpassing sweet and fair  
Art thou, my fond heart's only care,  
    My bonnie, blithesome Morag !  
I'd rather play the miser, dear,  
And hide thee as he hides his gear ;  
Small chance for me, did all but hear  
    How lovely is my Morag !

Yet wert thou only once mine own,  
How would I praise my treasure won—  
Of all earth's daughters counting none  
    So charming as my Morag !  
How would my song in joyful flow  
Proclaim thee queen of hearts below,  
And immortality bestow  
    On dear, delightful Morag !

## AVICH'S FAIRY BOWER.

The following song was suggested by an old favourite fairy "luinneag," the chorus of which runs thus:

"Am bun a chruidh cha chaidil mi,  
Am bun a chruidh cha bhi mi;  
Am bun a chruidh cha chaidil mi,  
'S mo leabaidh anns an t-sithean."

The *luinneag* in question had its origin in a superstition not yet entirely dead in the Scottish Highlands, where for a pretty mortal maiden to be wooed by a "*leannan-sìth*" was, up to the beginning of the present century, quite a popular belief among a large portion of the people. A no unfrequent consequence of such intercourse was, that the damsel thus wooed allowed herself to be charmed away by her elfin lover into some near-by abode of the "good people," never again to revisit her own home!

In vain to me shews Beltane fair  
Its wealth of song and flower,—  
The elves have wiled my Annie dear  
To Avich's fairy bower!

CHORUS — Ochoin a righ for Annie O,  
Sweet Annie of Glendower!  
Woe's me to think of Annie O  
Within yon fairy bower!

They met her in the gloaming grey  
Near Dovan's warlock tower,  
Syne witched her with their music gay  
To yonder fairy bower.  
Ochoin a righ, etc.



Where oft together herding kye  
I in my plaid did row her,  
Alone I now may sing or sigh,  
Sad-thinking on yon bower.  
Ochoin a righ, etc.

To tempt her stay, the fay folk may  
A queenly state allow her,  
And yet, withal, her heart be wae ;—  
The sorrow take yon bower !  
Ochoin a righ, etc.

With endless youth and beauty both,  
'Tis said they can endow her ;  
Small joy to me, who thinks she'd be  
More happy in Glengower.  
Ochoin a righ, etc.

O that some wizard magic key  
At my good service *now* were !  
Then would this night her latest be  
In Avich's fairy bower.  
Ochoin a righ, etc.

## PEGGIE BHAN OF DRIMALEE.

AIR—“ *Mo run Mairi mhin, mhoadhail,  
Mo run Mairi mhodhail, mhin.*”

CHORUS— Oh ! how I love yon maiden,  
Peggie bhan\* of Drimalee !  
Fairer far than any Eden  
Is her moorland home to me !

As a river resting never  
On its pathway to the sea,  
So my thoughts go ever, ever  
To the lass of Drimalee.  
Oh ! how, etc.

Blithesome, airy as a fairy  
Dancing 'neath the moon is she ;  
Yet as solemn as a priestess,  
When she likes, the lass can be.  
Oh ! how, etc.

Tell me not of laughing Hebe,  
Venus, or the Graces three ;  
All that mortal beauty may be  
In my Peggie bhan I see.  
Oh ! how, etc.

Peggie bhan has woers plenty  
At her feet ; but, faith, they'll see  
Shira's river rolling upward  
Ere she breaks her troth to me !  
Oh ! how, etc.

---

\* Fair Peggie.

## THE HERO OF KARS.

AIR—“ *When the kye come hame.*”

WHEN mad Muscovite ambition  
Challenged Britain to the fight,  
And the bravest of the brave went forth  
To battle for the Right,  
There is none that you can name me  
Of those soldiers stout and tars  
Who more nobly did his duty  
Than the Hero of Kars.

The born Hero of Kars !  
The stern Hero of Kars !  
Never was a chief more gallant  
Than the Hero of Kars !

Think of yon beleaguered city  
Where, like lion bold at bay,  
The more dread the odds against him,  
The more fierce he fronts the fray ;  
Where, beside the hostile Cossack,  
He with pest and famine wars,  
Till, in yielding, still a victor  
Seemed the Hero of Kars.

The born Hero of Kars !  
The stern Hero of Kars !  
Never was a chief more gallant  
Than the Hero of Kars !

Well may Nova Scotia proudly  
 Boast the prowess of her son ;  
 Long may chief so justly famous  
 Wear the laurels he has won.  
 Never did a grateful country  
 Deck a truer knight with stars ;  
 Never knight did more to win them  
 Than the Hero of Kars.  
 The born Hero of Kars !  
 The stern Hero of Kars !  
 Never lived a chief more gallant  
 Than the Hero of Kars !

---

MAGGIE MARTIN.

AIR—" *Nora Crina.*"

Your flirting belle may look as gay  
 As silks and satins well can make her,  
 And, in her own coquettish way,  
 Of fools be quite a brisk heart-breaker ;—  
 A fickle thing, all sham and show—  
 None such will e'er *my* hand or heart win ;  
 You would not wonder did you know  
 That woodland fairy, Maggie Martin.  
 Sweetly-smiling Maggie Martin !  
 Winning, wiling Maggie Martin !  
 Fond and free, and fair is she ;  
 The girl for me is Maggie Martin !

In her combined, how sweet to find  
The charms of mind and form and feature !  
No praise she courts, yet wins all hearts  
By the mere force of sweet good nature.  
Let others task their wits to bask  
In fame or fortune's smiles uncertain,  
More happy far I'd count my star  
If mine were darling Maggie Martin.  
Sweetly-smiling Maggie Martin !  
Winning, wiling Maggie Martin !  
This life would be no life for me  
If wanting thee, sweet Maggie Martin !

---

ETHEL TYE.

LET others in the wine cup seek  
The way to lift their spirits high ;  
Give me for care a cure more rare—  
The presence dear of Ethel Tye !

Girls not a few of beauty rich  
Have charmed me much in days gone by,  
But my fond heart to quite bewitch  
Was left to thee, sweet Ethel Tye.

Who'er would feel from head to heel  
A thrilling sense of perfect joy,  
Should hasten straight to win a sight  
Of bonnie, blithesome Ethel Tye.

Had Beauty's queen *thy* beauty seen  
 It well might cause her pride a sigh,—  
 With all her grace a second place  
 She'd have to take near Ethel Tye.

Could I but win this jewel rare,  
 How would I all my life employ  
 To make her weal my one great care!  
 So dearly love I Ethel Tye.

---

TELL NOT TO ME OF SPRING'S RETURN.

AIR—" *Mary's Dream.*"

TELL not to me of spring's return,  
 Ye songsters of the leafy grove,  
 While here I wander, all forlorn,  
 Sad-thinking of the maid I love!  
 Woe to the laird who drove her kin  
 To seek a home far o'er yon sea,  
 And make the glen she once lived in  
 A very wilderness to me!

Vain for me now the skylark gay  
 Has in her song the old-time ring;  
 Vain all the wild-flow'rs in my way  
 Their sweetest odours round me fling;  
 Vain all things else, or fair or bright,  
 That speak of their own springtime glee,—  
 With Jessie lost to my fond sight,  
 'Tis winter, winter still to me!

## THE HEIRESS.

Thus counselled dame Jones her vain daughter one day :  
 " Since 'tis time ye were wedded and frae us away,  
 I've a plan in my mind which I think wad weel pay,—  
 'Tis to hint of your being an heiress."

" A legacy good from some ane of our kin  
 Just dead o'er the seas, is a card that might win ;  
 A big crock of gowd found concealed 'neath some stane  
 Wad dae also richt weel for an heiress."

" There is Bess of the Glen, who, without ae baubee,  
 Gat the name of the clink—a sly hissie was she,—  
 Noo she's wed to a laird, as I doubtna may ye,  
 Ance that folk come to think ye an heiress."

Alas for dame Jones and her daughter as well !  
 Their plot was well laid, yet it somehow befel  
 That people saw through it, and thus no love tale  
 Has as yet reached the ears of our heiress.

Poor lads would not have her—what could they do wi'  
 One whose dreams were of carriages, courts, pedigree ?  
 So they thought it as well to just let her abee  
 And as long as she liked play the heiress.

The lairds that she looked for were just as unkind,  
 The hook baited for them no nibble could find,—  
 A warning to all silly girls thus inclined  
 To avoid ever acting the heiress !

RETURN.

ee,—

## ETHEL.

AIR—" *The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

'Tis said that angels in disguise  
Are sometimes found beneath the skies ;  
And, looking into thy dear eyes,  
I cannot doubt it, Ethel.

The one thing sure is, that thy face  
So full is of angelic grace  
That all I once could love give place  
To thee, delightful Ethel !

That swain thrice happy must be owned  
Who with thy virgin love is crowned ;  
If I that chosen one were found,  
How would I bless thee, Ethel !  
Though living in a desert waste,  
I'd feel as if in Eden placed,  
Could I but there to my fond breast  
Enfold thee, lovely Ethel.

May thine, dear girl, thy whole life through,  
Be earth's best gifts, and with them too  
The loving care that seems thy due  
From all good angels, Ethel.  
Soon must I cease thy face to see,  
Vain-thinking of what cannot be,  
Yet ever shall fond thoughts of thee  
Dwell with me, darling Ethel !



## JEANIE GREY.

COME, busk thee up, darling, and hey for Glen-fyne !  
Though fair thy own home be, still fairer is mine ;  
They who would detain thee may yet come to see  
'Twas well their dispraise found no favor with thee :  
As our hearts, so our home should be one, therefore say  
Thou wilt come to the Highlands, beloved Jeanie Grey.

As never was bride so enchantingly fair,  
So ne'er was such welcome as thine shall be there ;  
With a *ciad mile failte* the hills shall resound,  
The song and the dance and the feast shall abound ;  
Oh, nought shall be wanting to make thy heart gay,—  
Then hey for the Highlands, beloved Jeanie Grey !

Our walks shall be often by wood-skirted leas,  
Where the myrtle and birch fill with fragrance the breeze,  
Where the music of song-birds makes vocal the air,  
And the fleet-footed roe finds his eventide lair :  
'Tis mid scenes such as these true love knows no decay,—  
Come, then, come to the Highlands, beloved Jeanie Grey.

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EXTRACTS FROM A SERIES OF CARRIER  
BOYS' NEW YEAR'S DAY ADDRESSES.

In some Canadian cities it is customary for most newspapers of any standing to have, each in its New-Year's-Day issue, "A Carrier Boy's Address"—a medley of rhymes chiefly made up of reflections on the leading events of the year just ended. Copies of these, ornamentally done up, are, on that day, handed by Carrier Boys to all city subscribers accustomed to have their papers brought to their homes by these little lads—a Christmas-box reminder that seldom misses its object. The author, as the writer of not a few of these ephemera, made them often the medium of giving expression to feelings and opinions which he is vain enough to believe the majority of those who read this book will allow to be not unworthy of a place in its pages. Hence the following extracts :

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1860.

YES !—an eventful year has been the past :—  
The sky of Italy, long overcast  
With clouds portentous, saw at last descend  
The storm, and lo, the Frank and Hun contend,—  
The Hun to hold Italia as his prey,  
The Frank to free her from his clutch : Well may  
All genuine friends of freedom, looking on,  
Wish her quick riddance of both Frank and Hun.

Victor Immanuel—Garibaldi, hail !  
By heaven's good help soon may your cause prevail ;  
The very Druce and Wallace of our time—  
Fain would I with your deeds adorn my rhyme ;  
But space forbids,—so let the curtain drop ;  
The end not yet is ; —let us wait and hope.

Hark! 'tis the British lion's angry roar,  
 As, watchful, looks he towards Gallia's shore,  
 Whence, sudden sallying across the main,  
 He fears his "uncle's nephew," upstart vain,  
 Means some dark midnight o'er the waves to creep  
 And stab to death Britannia in her sleep!\*

To plain John Bull the thought might well seem odd  
 To have for king Gaul's mushroom demigod,  
 And thus he standeth ready for the strife  
 Which yet may cost the Corsican his life!

Need I relate how, on far India's strand,  
 Treason lies throttled,—thanks to that brave band  
 Led by far-famed Sir Colin, sword in hand!  
 Need I describe how China—treacherous still—  
 For that heroic blood she late did spill,  
 Is just about to "catch it" with a will!  
 Since nothing else to common sense may win her,  
 What better *can* befall that hoary sinner?

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1863.

OLD SIXTY-TWO, now folded in thy shroud,  
 Thine was to leave us much of which we're proud;  
 And yet what saddening memories!—Albert gone—  
 Albert the Good, whom millions mourn as cue!  
 Thine was to bring us o'er th' Atlantic's roar  
 The wail of want from England's distant shore;  
 Fit punishment for industry misled;—  
 Her rural hamlets changed to factories dread—

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\* A threatened French invasion was one of the "sensations" of 1859.

Cotton and Cash accounting Earth's sole good—  
 She took to spinning, and she now lacks food !  
 Thine was to mark a king who owes a crown  
 And kingdom to his victim, hunting down  
 The wounded Garibaldi,—Italy,  
 Blush at the thought, and haste to set him free !

A sight still sadder, Sixty-Two, was thine ;—  
 Lo, in the name of Liberty divine,  
 Millions in arms, for freedom shouting high—  
 A freedom which to others they deny !  
 Had Lee and Jackson but a better cause,  
 Well might their prowess win the world's applause :  
 Would that, while *here* we at *their* blindness rail,  
 We could forget our own sight once as frail :  
 Heaven haste the issue—let the Right prevail !

See where, in contrast bright to scenes like these,  
 Beauty brings Albert Edward to his knees,  
 And Denmark's daughter, good as she is fair,  
 Is wooed and won !—may heaven bless the pair !  
 Lo, Russia's serfs, long centuries enthral'd,  
 Up from the dust to freedom's banquet called !  
 A monarch speaks, and the ignoble yoke  
 Of ages is, as if by magic, broke.  
 Mean were *thy* triumphs, Macedonia's lord,  
 Matched with such deed. Nor thine, nor Cæsar's sword  
 E'er won a claim to greatness such as he  
 Attains by this magnanimous decree,  
 Which will throughout all time keep green his memory.

\* \* \* \* \*

So far so well : yet ere I say good-bye,  
Here goes a song—more truth than poetry :

## THE CARRIER BOY.

Of all the rat-tats folks are happy to hear—  
A knock ever welcome through all the long year—  
I trow there is none that occasions such joy  
As that of the newspaper Carrier Boy.

The knock of her lover, expected, may be  
To Maud, fondly waiting, sweet music—yet she  
Takes very good care not so swiftly to fly  
To the door as when knocks there the Carrier Boy.

Well may he oft laugh at the jealous ado  
Begot of his presence—each one trying to  
Be first at the paper to cast a glad eye—  
All blessing, meanwhile, the smart Carrier Boy.

O, who would not gladly, this first of the year,  
Do all they can well do, his young heart to cheer ?  
No one can well value his merits too high,  
Or welcome too kindly the Carrier Boy.

Methinks I hear thousands glad-shouting, Amen !  
That's right ! You shall see him right shortly, and then  
You shall all have a chance, while you praise him skyhigh,  
To put gold in the fist of the Carrier Boy !

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1867.

SCENE.—*A snug Editorial Sanctum—Black Jack sitting in an easy chair, with writing materials at hand. Time.—New Year's Eve, approaching midnight (1866-67).*

HERE sit I racking my poor brain, yet not  
 One bright idea can I get to jot ;  
 My powers poetic, like all else around,  
 In Winter's icy manacles seem bound.  
 This will not do—a glass of good hot "Morton"  
 May thaw my frozen fancy—Here's to fortune !

Bless me ! that bumper worketh like a charm ;  
 The past returns—I see a motley swarm  
 Of coramon cut-throats land upon our soil,  
 Hoping to make this country fair their spoil.\*  
 I see our yeomen rising in their might,  
 And send the howling miscreants quick to flight ;  
 Knaves more akin to Mercury than Mars,  
 Wondrously valiant over whiskey jars ;  
 The worst Canadians fear from such blacklegs  
 Are hen-roosts harried, and a dearth of eggs !

Invaders worthier far now greet my view ;  
 Two mighty ships their way o'er ocean plough ;  
 For far Columbia westward straight they sweep,  
 Giving in keeping to the stormy deep  
 That cord by which two worlds in one are bound,  
 And Science wins a triumph most profound ;  
 Well may she pride herself that thus they're brought  
 To greet each other with the speed of thought !

---

\* The Fenian invasion of 1866.

The scene is changed. Lo ! to my joyful sight  
 The ship CONFEDERATION,\* strong and tight,  
 Looms through the fog that late her path obscured ;—  
 Her quick arrival is a fact assured :  
 Let us but have her safely once in port,  
 Of Fenians and their friends we can make sport.  
 What though cute Jonathan looks rather glum  
 To think of missing a long-envied plum,  
 Let him take heart,—we have no wish to vex him,  
 And promise in due season to “annex” him !

---

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1869.

AGAIN comes round to you the happy day  
 I so much dread :—My tributary lay  
 May fail to please :—If so, I cannot help it :  
 Rhymes you must have, and while my best I skelp out,  
 You must not yawn, should they seem somewhat tame,—  
 'Tis oft the same with bards of deathless fame.  
 O for a B——e or S——n's ready style !  
 Then might this screed be measured by the mile ;  
 Then might I proudly on my forehead label,  
 “A rhyme for sixpence,—length, Atlantic cable !”  
 But being not thus gifted, well I wot  
 You must forgive me if my muse should not  
 Show better paces than the old jog-trot.

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* In allusion to the Canadian Federal Union, then very nigh to being consummated.

Men worthy freedom never long remain  
Content to live in fetters. See how Spain,  
Roused from her sleep 'neath priestcraft's Upas tree,  
Walks forth into the air of Liberty,  
Where the base yoke by her so lately worn  
She casteth off with a befitting scorn!  
No friend to Freedom's cause can well do less  
Than wish her and her Castellar success,  
And thou too, Prim! without whose courage rare  
The vampires at her throat might still be there.  
Let's hope that with her Jezebel exiled  
Her court with such a *quean* shall be no more defiled.

Now turn we north to where the Sphynx of France  
With Prussia's Bismarck longs to break a lance,  
And nightly finds how, spite the softest down,  
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."  
Well may the knave be troubled with the thought  
That far too dearly *his* with blood was bought —  
A heartless deed for which he may, anon,  
Be made with his own base blood to atone.  
But hush, my muse,—he's Britain's ally tried,  
Nor found much wanting: Let the fellow slide!

Lo, on the Adriatic, Greek and Turk,  
Their sabres whetting, threaten bloody work!  
Shall Moslem hordes ne'er from their grasp release  
The land of Homer and of Pericles?  
Shall o'er the Cross again the Crescent wave,  
And Freedom find in Greece once more a grave?  
Forbid it, Heaven!—to Grecia's hands restore  
The sword that won 'Thermopylæ of yore,



And let the Moslem know, to his dismay,  
 How sharp it strikes—how vainly would he stay  
 The hour foretold that shall his sceptre see  
 Forever broken. Quickly may it be !

Joy to thee, Erin ! Land of love and song,  
 Thy night departs—a weary night and long !  
 O'er thy green hills a day-dawn glad I mark,—  
 That day long promised ! Quickly may thou hark  
 The shouts that shall reveal the robber sway  
 By thee so long endured, forever swept away.  
 Would that thy son, whose loss we all deplore,  
 Had lived to see the land he loved once more  
 Rejoicing in the reign of Peace and Right !  
 How would his spirit gladden at the sight !  
 But he is not,—O, misery to think  
 His star so bright should all so sudden sink !  
 Woe to the hand accursed which sped the ball  
 That left him lifeless ! Long yon Senate Hall  
 Shall miss the voice that charmed all list'ners there  
 With wisdom, wit and eloquence so rare :  
 Well may his country's *caoine* bitter be—  
 She lost her noblest son when fell beloved McGee !\*

Highlanders, up ! determined not to pause  
 Till ye have made your own the same good laws  
 Now promised Eriu : 'Tis high time that ye  
 Ceased asking for your rights on bended knee.

---

\*Thomas D'Arcy McGee, poet, orator and historian, assassinated while on his way from the House of Commons, Ottawa, on the night of April 7th, 1868.

Too long on lands in Heaven's sight your own  
 Others have reaped what you alone have sown ;  
 Up, then ! Speak out ! nor fear the upshot just  
 Will be, your spoilers made to lick the dust !

A growing murmur from besouth the Tweed  
 Shews that *there* too is felt oppression's tread :  
 The " merry England " of old minstrel rhymes  
 Has quite evanished—leaving for our times  
 A land where gold is god, and, face to face,  
 Splendour and squalor—Dives and Lazarus ;  
 Toil, toil, and little for it being now  
 The sole, sad portion to the sweating brow  
 Her heartless Mammon-worshippers allow :  
 What need they care, where flesh is cheap as dirt,  
 How many sing the sad " Song of the Shiri ! "

Let well alone, quoth suppie Disraeli ;  
 Let Right prevail, shouts Gladstone, in reply,  
 Indignant at the brazen pow'r of nerve  
 That calls that land well ruled where thousands starve !

---

FROM ADDRESS EOR 1878.

\* \* \* \* \*

CAST we a glance where Russian legions are  
 'Gainst Moslem hosts barbaric waging war,  
 And Osman,\* with a pluck that wins applause  
 E'en from his foes, his sword undaunted draws,

---

\*The Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Army.

Till, overpowered, he yields in such a way  
 As makes us almost grieve his star's decay.  
 For such sad work the Russ may blameful be,  
 Yet may we hope, withal, in him to see  
 The heaven-appointed sword ordained ere long  
 To chase the Moslem back to whence he sprung,—  
 A sword beneath whose strong, protecting sheen  
 May happen that in Patmos long foreseen—  
 A dried Euphrates, o'er which Israel may  
 Turn Zion-ward once more her joyful way!  
 But, leaving wiser heads to solve that quest,  
 Let's turn to France, where patriot and priest  
 Seem fierce-contending who that land shall rule,  
 And would-be-wise MacMahon acts the fool.  
 'Tis no slight joy for Freedom's friends to know  
 His plans all baffled, and his pride laid low,  
 While France to her Gambetta proudly brings  
 A loving homage seldom earned by kings.

What of Britannia? Has she really sold  
 Her proud place 'mong earth's powers through greed of gold?  
 I fear it much—and yet there is some hope  
 While she has men like Bright 'gainst knaves to cope;  
 And thou too, Gladstone, bravely girding on  
 Thine armour where fresh laurels may be won;  
 A war 'gainst Wrong, long sheltered 'neath the shield  
 Of "vested rights," thou'rt just the man to wield.  
 Let magnates, on "class privileges" who stand  
 Beware the thunderbolts in thy right hand,  
 And cease of their just rights to baulk or foil  
 Their betters far—the "pedigree of toil."

Fain would my muse do homage fit to him,  
The noblest yet of an illustrious name,  
Stanley ! who to the sea from its far source  
The mighty Congo did so bravely course ;  
A grand achievement, seeming, all alone,  
Enough t' immortalize the year just gone !  
Glad would I be to sing of Dufferin bright,  
That graceful Ariel, full of life and light,  
Who late, on slopes Pacific far away,  
Like to some grand Aurora in full play,  
Aired his rare eloquence in such a mood  
As charmed the very " stoic of the wood,"  
And leaving those who there would discord brew  
Ashamed their tactics further to pursue.  
But time forbids that on such topics tempting  
I here should dwell, the WING alone exempting—  
Our own brave WING ! who, witty as he's wise,  
Ne'er fails " to shoot at folly as it flies."  
Armed with the Truth—that true Ithuriel spear—  
He crowds within the space of one brief year  
Such triumphs as may make us fondly deem  
His well-earned fame, like to some noble stream  
Ever increasing in its seaward flow,  
Shall, year by year, from great to greater grow.

\* \* \* \* \*

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1882.

HARK ! 'tis the tolling of the midnight bell :  
 Old Year of scenes eventful, fare thee well !  
 Despite some ugly wrinkles on thy face,  
 To us, Canadians, great has been thy grace :—  
 Barns full to overflowing,—that's a fact,—  
 " Hums " in abundance by great Tilley\* tracked,  
 " Tall chimneys " gladdening the *Mail's* horizon,  
 The *Globe* vain-asking for a sight of one,—  
 Blake to applauding thousands by the sea  
 Airing his eloquence triumphantly,—  
 Lorne, in the land where bisons breed and browse,  
 With crowds of red men holding grand pow-wows,—  
 Wild 'mong the "lost tribes" finding himself lost,  
 Yet bound to play the fool at any cost,—  
 Vennor triumphant in his prophecies,—  
 Comets in couples racing through our skies,—  
 Sea serpents of our own, and no mistake,  
 Found quite convenient down in Rideau Lake,—  
 B——e and the bard of famed Niagara river  
 Food for our laughter quite as much as ever,—  
*Grip's* humour, too, as you right well may ween,  
 The *ne plus ultra* it has always been !

Alas to think that, with so much to please,  
 There should be found some saddening memories,—  
 Alas, that of those stains, thy skirts around,  
 The blood of martyred Garfield should be found !

---

\* The then Canadian Minister of Finance.

Alas, too, that crazed Russia's noblest Czar  
Should, dying as he did, Old Year, much mar  
The record left us of thy vanished star !  
To right the wrongs endured by any nation,  
Fiends only could suggest assassination !

The world is moving ! See in Cuba's isle  
The bondsman casting off his fetters vile ;  
See, in the East—a sign of glorious hope—  
The symbolled Euphrates quick drying up, —  
Greece bravely striving to prove hers once more  
The patriot spirits of her sons of yore ;  
In France, Gambetta—Castelar, in Spain  
Fast circumscribing bigotry's domain, —  
Italy, too, with no unworthy pride,  
Mediæval fetters throwing quite aside !  
Where'er we turn our gaze, the whole earth through,  
Dagons, long worshipped, prostrate meet our view.  
When such Truth's triumphs now, how grand the sight  
When the poor pagan feels its fuller might,  
And all the earth is filled with Gospel light !

Cast we a glance now on that honoured Isle  
Whose flag waves proudly o'er our own fair soil,  
And lo, great Gladstone leading still the van  
Of patriots toiling for the rights of man !  
Disraelian tactics, scornful, set aside—  
The law of righteousness alone his guide, —  
That spirit full of Demosthenic fire,  
That wondrous worker whom no task can tire,—

That scholar great as any on earth's ball,  
 That statesman in whose presence kings look small,—  
 That Christian God-fearing above all,—  
 Small wonder is it that he stands confessed  
 Of all Britannia's sons the noblest, best !  
 If all his toils for Erin's good had been  
 His only claim to honour, well I ween  
 It were enough to make his much-loved name  
 Be handed down to everlasting fame.

Here we might aptly throw a brief glance critical  
 At our own somewhat muddy state political,—  
 Viewing, much grieved, the mischief and the muss  
 Created by our "beasts at Ephesus,"—  
 The loaves and fishes of official life  
 Too oft the only cause of all their strife,—  
 But let them at each other tear away,  
 Kilkenny-cat-like, in the doubtful fray ;  
 To most of us, who are the " Outs " or " Ins "   
 Is a concern not worth a row of pins,  
 Believing it a truth as any sure,  
 That " few of all the ills that men endure  
 Are those which laws or kings can cause or cure."

\* \* \* \* \*

And now, gentle readers  
 Of every degree,  
 Who oft have glad-listened  
 Jack's roundelays free,  
 The least he can do  
 Ere he ends his rude rhyme  
 Is to wish you all joy  
 Of this glad Christmas-time.

May kisses be plenty  
'Neath mistletoe boughs—  
No damsel too dainty  
Such boon to refuse,—  
While matrons, rememb'ring  
Their own happy prime,  
Think it all quite O K  
At this gay Christmas-time !

May men more than ever  
Be led to believe  
How greater the bliss is  
To give than receive,  
And none having wealth  
Count it less than a crime  
To forget poorer folk  
At this blest Christmas-time.

Self-praise is no honour—  
Yet still you must own  
The boys of the WHIG  
Quite a pride to the town.  
No citizen good  
Can well grudge them big hauls  
Of dollars, while making  
Their New-Year's-Day calls.

BLACK JACK O' THE WHIG.



## EXTRACTS FROM NOTES

—OF A—

# TOUR THROUGH THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND,

IN 1838-39.

Oct. 23.—At Inverness.—Spent the evening with Mr. MacInnes, a self-taught artist of great merit. A very lovely girl, just entering her teens, his only child. Addressed a complimentary verse to her picture—one painted by her father, and in which she is represented in the attitude of caressing a favorite dog. MacInnes is an enthusiast in his art, and one of the most intelligent men I ever met with.

Oct. 24.—Visited the Moor of Culloden, on my way to Nairn. Grieved to find the graves in which rests the dust of so many heroic spirits most shamefully desecrated by burrowing tourists. It seemed as if a herd of swine had been lately digging there. Nearly as bad is the "reclaiming" work going on all around, and threatening soon to bring the whole battle-field under the dominion of the plough—graves and all!

Oct. 25.—At the Manse of Croy. My reverend host, a warm-hearted, hospitable soul; his wife, a very superior woman and an enthusiast in Celtic literature.

Oct. 26.—Visited Kilravock Castle and also that of Calder in company with Miss Campbell, their daughter. Calder Burn, exquisitely romantic. According to a tradition very prevalent in the north, Calder Castle is the scene of King Duncan's death. The room where he is said to have slept, and where Macbeth slew him, is yet shown to visitors; so is also a curiously concealed chamber, in which the unfortunate Lord

Lovat secreted himself for six weeks during the reign of terror succeeding the battle of Culloden. Some of the rooms are hung with tapestry, in which several scriptural characters are very artistically portrayed.

Oct. 28.—At Nairn. Had an interview with Mrs. Grant, of Duthil, a most intelligent, venerable lady—the author of a work on education and also of several poetical “flights” in the Ossianic style.

Oct. 30.—Met the Nairnshire poet, William Gordon—the most self-important, egotistical specimen of the doggerel class of rhymers ever seen by me.

NOVEMBER 4.—Attended a little evening party at the house of the Misses Carmichael—three delightful maiden ladies from Strathspey, and occupying the very house in which Prince Charles is said to have slept on the night preceding the battle of Culloden. In a fit of Jacobite enthusiasm I proposed, and was cordially welcomed, to sleep in the identical room where Charlie stretched his own royal limbs—a privilege of which I gladly availed myself.

Nov. 6.—Met Mr. Priest, gardener at Kinsterrie, the author of several clever poems and songs in the Scottish dialect.

Nov. 8.—Left Nairn for Forres. Village of Auldearn on the way. Quite close to it the celebrated *Biar Ault-Eirinn* of our Celtic bards was fought—Montrose and Alastair MacColla, with 1,500 men, gaining a complete victory over the Covenanting clans, 3,000 strong. Of the latter, about one half the number were slain, while Montrose is said to have lost only twenty men! In the village churchyard are the tombs of many of the principal men who fell on that day. Over one pious tenant of the tomb is erected a dial with a suitable inscription—perhaps the very one that suggested Hugh Miller’s beautiful address “To a Dial in a Churchyard.” There it indeed stands, “in mockery o’er the dead! the stone that measures time.” Three miles further east is the “Har-Moor,” where the “Weird Sisters” met Macbeth. Here stands, preserved by the good taste of Lord Murray, as a mark and memorial of the scene, a clump of fir trees, the sole remnant left now of a once extensive fir wood lately given to the axe. The road to Forres passes within gunshot distance of the very spot where that celebrated meeting is said to have taken place. In selling the wood in question, Lord Murray forgot to make an exception as to these trees; and I have been told that it was not till that nobleman had agreed to pay the mean-souled purchaser thrice their value did he consent to spare them.

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Visited, a little further on, Brodie House, a very interesting mansion. Beautiful suspension bridge over the Findhorn, which I crossed on my way to Forres, where I took up my quarters for the night.

Nov. 9.—Visited the Cluny Hills in the vicinity of Forres. On one of these stands Nelson’s tower, built by the spirited people of Forres in commemoration of that naval hero’s victories over the French, etc. Most extensive view from it of the surrounding country—the Moray Frith with the “Sutors” of Cromarty seen in the distance, and Ben Wyvis, further off, rising in cloudy grandeur to terminate the westward prospect. Many other hills of lesser note, from Benvaichard, in Strathglass, to Morvern, in Caithness, conspire to make the view altogether a magnificent one.

Nov. 15.—Dine with the Macleans of North Cottage—a fine family from my own native county. Gaelic—music—very happy.

Nov. 16.—An excursion up the banks of the Findhorn to Relugais<sup>8</sup>—lately the property and favourite residence of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who here wrote his “Wolf of Badenoch;” and who, by a happy blending of art with nature, left Relugais a scene altogether worthy of fairyland. Immediately below the house, the river Devine joins the Findhorn, where they embrace, like lovers in the greenwood, never more to part company till lost in the Moray Frith. Near by, are the remains of a vitrified fort. Two miles further up the Devine is seen Dunphail, the charming home of Major Cumming-Bruce. An old romantic ruin—once a feudal residence of great strength, and connected with much that is wild in the traditions of the country—overlooks the river, at a few hundred yards’ distance from the Major’s house. Called on him—had a very kind reception and the pleasure of being introduced to his wife, a great-grand-daughter of Bruce, the celebrated traveller. Dined at the house of a very worthy gentleman, Mr. Simpson, of Outlaw-well—one of Sir William Gordon Cumming’s sons being the only other guest present. Had a distant view of Darnaway Castle and its surroundings on my way back to Forres.

Nov. 17.—Waited on Lady and Sir William Gordon Cumming, of Altyre—an invitation to dine at Altyre House next Monday, the consequence of the interview.

SUNDAY, NOV. 18.—Attended parish church. Heard a good discourse from the Rev. Duncan Grant. Dined with him at the Manse after-

wards. Mr. Grant is the author of several pretty hymns and other pieces of poetry.

Nov. 19.—Dined and passed the night at Altyre House. Sir William a most humorous man, a strange compound of great good sense and drollery. Lady Cumming a very charming woman, supremely accomplished, and even talented—paints beautifully, sings well, and is a splendid player on the piano. Miss Cumming and her younger sisters all very graceful. Sir William's son and heir dressed in the Highland garb and looking every inch a chief.

Nov. 21.—Accompanied Captain Maclean (North Cottage) to Burgie House, the seat of General Macpherson, the Captain's brother-in-law, and a very worthy man. Partridge shooting—good sport. Dine and pass the night at the General's.

Nov. 22.—Visited a remarkable plane-tree in the General's garden; ascended the old tower in the vicinity—splendid view of land and sea; and, after diverging two miles off the road to have a peep at the ruins of Kinloss Abbey, return in the evening to Forres.

Nov. 23.—Visited the "Sands of Culbin," a bank of that material extending to a considerable distance from the mouth of the Findhorn, and covering (as tradition has it) several hundred acres of what was one hundred years ago the best arable land in Morayshire. It was then the property of some "wicked Laird of Culbin," who in one tempestuous night lost both his life and estate in these sands driven by wind and wave over his head! Dined in the evening at Altyre House, where I had the honor of being introduced to the Hon. Colonel Grant, M.P. for Morayshire, and also his accomplished daughter,—Major Cumming-Bruce, his wife and daughter,—Mr. Macleod of Dalvey, and other notables also present. Sir William a most genial host, full of life and soul, and making all around him happy. Miss Cumming-Bruce a very delightful girl, an exquisite singer, and having the good sense to prefer Scottish airs to any foreign music.

Nov. 24.—Dined again at Altyre House, Colonel Grant, his wife and daughter, still there.

Nov. 27.—Dined at Dalvey House. Bonfires all over the country in course of the evening, on account of Brodie of Brodie's marriage. Wrote a song for the occasion at Mr. Macleod's request.

Nov. 30.—Proceeded to Elgin. Magnificent cathedral in ruins. It was stripped two hundred years ago of all the lead on its roof, by

the then Town Council of Elgin, with the mean object of making a little money by its sale! The Lossie, a rather sluggish stream, flows by its walls. Its precincts were for a long time a favourite place of sepulture with the chiefs of the Clan Gordon and many other once distinguished northern chiefs "of high and warlike name." Elgin's other principal buildings are a huge barn-like church, surmounted, however, by a rather elegant dome, an infirmary or hospital, and an academy—the two last-named being both very handsome structures.

DEC. 2.—Visited, in company with Mr. Brown, editor of the *Elgin Courant*, the Lady's Hill, a little "cnoc" rising immediately behind the town to the west. It was at one time surmounted by a castle, part of the walls of which are still seen. A nunnery once stood close by it. A monumental column in honor of the late Duke of Gordon is intended soon to ornament this little Calton Hill of the north. Dined at Mr. Forsyth's, the bookseller, a brother to Forsyth whose "Travels in Italy" has gone through seven or eight editions, and whose remarks upon the Fine Arts in that country have drawn high encomiums from Lord Byron and other distinguished critics.

DEC. 5.—Dined at the house of Mr. Shearer, late Postmaster-General of the North of Scotland, a worthy, hospitable old gentleman. His wife a very intellectual woman, and must have once been quite a beauty. She is a daughter of the "Black Captain" of Badenoch, whose death in a snow-storm, when on a hunting excursion, is connected by his countrymen with so much of the marvellous and mysterious, and by the Ettrick Shepherd made the foundation of one of his most romantic tales.

DEC. 6.—Read Mr. Brown's "Poetical Ephemeras." Love and friendship almost entirely his themes. Melancholy the prevailing tone of his lyre—very delicate health the probable cause of this. His rhymes are always harmonious, yet, being all pitched in the same sombre key, they are to me rather dull reading—a mere "monotony of sweet sounds."

DEC. 16.—Went to hear Mr. McLaren, of the Episcopalian Chapel. Shown many of his poetic productions in MS., and thought them beautiful. He is an occasional contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*—a great Jacobite and a good singer.

DEC. 17.—Breakfasted with Mr. Maclaren, and went with him afterwards to see one of the only two existing original portraits of

Claverhouse. It is, along with another of the great Montrose, in the possession of a maiden lady living in the vicinity of the town.

DEC. 24.—Visited the old Priory of Pluscardine. The devastation made on it by the hand of time is scarcely more to be regretted than is a wretched attempt on the part of its proprietor, Colonel Grant, at something like a renovation, with a view to its being used as a school-house, I believe. The effect is to greatly mar the veneration and interest with which we always gaze on real ruins. It was once tenanted by a colony of White Friars, but is now the favourite haunt of a colony of crows. Had an interview with the venerable father of the Church of Scotland, Mr. Lesslie. He is ninety-two years old, and yet hale and hearty. He walks to Elgin, a distance of three miles, every other day, and preaches long and loud twice every Sabbath in the year!

DEC. 26.—Bade adieu to Elgin; and after passing by the castle and lake, or rather *marsh*, of *Swiney*, reached Lossiemouth at night. Fine new harbor—much needed. Speymouth and the woods around Castle Gordon seen in the distance.

DEC. 27.—Set out for Burghead, the most northerly Roman station in Britain. Called at the Manse of Drynie, on the way,—visiting afterwards a field close by it, where, amidst the foundations of what some conjecture to have once been a bishop's palace, and others a fortification, the Rev. Dr. Rose lately discovered a stone coffin and some urns, fragments of both of which were shown me. Three miles further west, on a mound forming at one time an islet in the now drained Lake of Spynie, stand the ruins of the Castle of Duffus. Reached Burghead in the evening. Find it a most shabby-looking village, and determine upon leaving it; not, however, until having a look at the Roman well discovered there, deep hid in earth (or rather sand), about twenty years ago. Till then the inhabitants of this sterile little promontory must have been very ill off for water. The well is well worthy of the antiquarian's notice. Made my way back to Forres, arriving there about 8 p.m.

DEC. 28.—Left for Grantown, Strathspey, which I reached about 10 P.M., weary enough, and much needing a good glass of "Glenlivet" after so long a walk.

DEC. 29.—Visited the celebrated "Haughs of Cromdale," four miles down, on the east bank of the river Spey. Kindly invited to pass

the Sabbath at the manse with Mr. Grant, which I declined doing owing to a prior engagement.

DEC. 30.—Heard Peter Grant, author of the “Dain Spioradail,” preach. His discourse most edifying, and wondrously well arranged, though delivered *extempore*. His diction and delivery are alike poor, but he is rich in matter, and argues his point with great clearness. Without much mental power, but with a deep religious feeling, and persevering industry to make the most of the talent given him, he has been enabled to take a deep hold of the minds of his Gaelic-speaking countrymen, both as a poet and a preacher. He is fifty years old, has a numerous family, and lives on the very farm on which his father and grandfather lived before him.

JAN. 1, 1839.—Had an interview with Mrs. Mackay, a granddaughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, lately come from Nairn to Grantown. Here I was presented with a breastpin worn by her mother (Flora’s daughter)—a gift which I am proud to possess. Mrs. Mackay is a widow with three daughters, and enjoys a pension from the Government of £50 a year. It was procured her through the interest of Sir Walter Scott, when George IV. was at Edinburgh in 1822. There never was a farthing of public money more worthily bestowed. Mrs. Mackay had been a widow for many years previously; her husband, a respectable shop-keeper in Nairn, having been drowned while bathing, and that in her own sight. It was a brother of hers—a particularly fine young fellow, holding a lieutenant’s commission in the army—who was killed many years ago in a duel forced on him by the then Chief of Glengarry. The affair arose from a trifling misunderstanding between them at one of the Northern Meeting balls. Elizabeth, her youngest daughter, has set up a sewing and reading school, which is attended by several pretty little girls. She is a very pious, amiable girl, and is the author of several sweet pieces of poetry.

JAN. 2.—I this day received the very highest compliment ever paid me as a minstrel. This was in the shape of a visit from a young lad who came several miles through the snow to see me and solicit a lock of my hair, bringing with him, as an offering, a copy of the “Lay of the Last Minstrel.” He came three several days upon the same errand, but having no one to introduce him, he went home twice without having seen me. On the third occasion of his coming, his courage was equal to a self-introduction. Though so young and modest, there

seems to be scarcely a poem in the English language that he has not contrived to read, and, to a very great degree, committed to memory.\* Having quickly undeceived him as to the awful dignity with which his imagination had invested me, we soon learned to enjoy each other's company immensely.

JAN. 3.—Dined and spent the night with the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Abernethy, a most kind-hearted gentleman, and the author of two or three capital bits of English poetry. A splendid group of hills, amid which *Cairngorm* stands the chief, seen from the manse.

JAN. 4.—Proceeded up Speyside to Rothiemurchus. The scenery here charming beyond description, its beauties being chiefly of an Alpine character, with forests of pine and birch spread in the most splendid profusion far over hill and dell. Nature herself is the only planter, and nobly does she accomplish her task! Between the river and the hills that rise sublimely grand to the south and south-east, Loch-an-Eilein sleeps in its mountain cradle. Beautiful it is, with its little castellated islet, and its banks thickly studded with pine trees of gigantic stature gazing upon their own dark forms in its ever placid bosom.

JAN. 6.—Left Rothiemurchus early this morning. Road much blocked by snow. Visited the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, of the Parish of Alvie, on my way further west. Mr. Macdonald has written some pretty fair poetry in his younger days. His manse and church are most picturesquely situated on the banks of a little lake whose name I forget, and close by Kinrara, long a summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon. Seven miles still further west is Belleville, the romantic birthplace of Macpherson, the celebrated translator of Ossian's poems. A monument on the north side of the road reminds the traveller that he is on classic ground; and base is he indeed who can pass by it and bless not the memory of the man who had done so much to wrest from oblivion these glorious productions. Two miles further on is Kingussie, where I now write, and from the window of my room can gaze on the Castle of Ruthven, a very picturesque ruin on the opposite side of the river. It was here that the little hurricane cloud which, in the *Forty-five*, gathered in Glenfinnan, and carried distraction and dis-

\*John Grant MacIntosh—afterwards for some time an employee in the Inverness "Courier" office, and more recently an officer of excise—was the lad here alluded to.



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may in its course towards England, melted at last into "thin air." After the battle of Culloden, the muster of scattered clans at the Castle of Ruthven might amount to about 8,000. Although in this gathering there was found many a chief whose voice was "still for war," it was ultimately agreed upon that any further attempt on their part to prolong hostilities would be altogether in vain.

JAN. 8.—Proceeded towards Laggan. Snow very deep. A lake on the left hand side; its scenery about the most romantically beautiful I have ever gazed upon. It was night, but the waste of snow around, with a star here and there peeping through the skirts of the snow-clouds hanging over-head, made it appear less like night than a "day in absence of the sun." It required no small effort to tear myself away from a spot so very bewitching, notwithstanding all that Mrs. Grant, the author of "Letters from the Mountains," has told us of its haunted character! About two miles farther on, on the right, is Cluny Castle, the residence of the chief of the Clan MacPherson. Two miles still farther on, stand the manse and church of Laggan, which I passed, making my way, "weary and worn," to the little inn near to them, on the south side of the river (Spey), where I took up my quarters for the night.

JAN. 9.—Visited the parish minister, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, by whom I was hospitably received, and much blamed for daring to pass his manse on the preceding night to take up my abode in less comfortable quarters. But a promise to pass a whole week of next summer with him made matters all right. After sufficiently admiring this region of grace and grandeur both, and amid which the gifted Mrs. Grant lived so long and sung so sweetly, I bade farewell to Badenoch; and after breasting the hill of Drumuachdrach, spent the night at Dalwhinnie, on the road to Perth. Capital inn; very kind landlord. Scenery around wildly grand beyond description. Close by, is the eastern termination of the far-famed Loch-Errochd, which, before the arrival of the mail of to-morrow morning for the south, I am determined to visit. In the meantime, however, I shall go and dream of its beauties in bed.

JAN. 10.—It was scarcely dawn this morning when the mail arrived, and I was forced to leave Loch-Errochd unsewn. Why should I, or how can I, describe my journey to the "Fair City?" It was done in too much hurry, and the snow all along far too deep to admit of my

"takin' notes" with any degree of comfort or correctness. Suffice it, in the meantime to say that our road lay through scenes of such wonderful beauty as I can scarcely ever expect to see equalled. Reached Perth late at night *minus* my portmanteau, which I found to have been taken off the coach during our halt at Dunkeld, likely through a mistake on the part of somebody.

JAN. 11.—Traversed the city. Think it hardly worthy of its flattering title. Its suburbs, however, are sufficiently fair and romantic. The Tay glides, or rather rushes, by it—a majestic flood which, taken all in all, has not its match in Scotland. Waited the arrival of the evening mail, and traced my portmanteau to safe hands. Started about eleven o'clock at night with the mail for Glasgow, where I arrived safely this morning (Jan. 12) at ten o'clock.

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