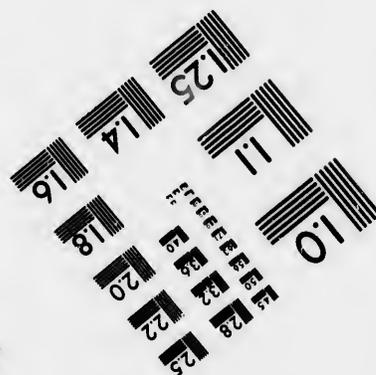
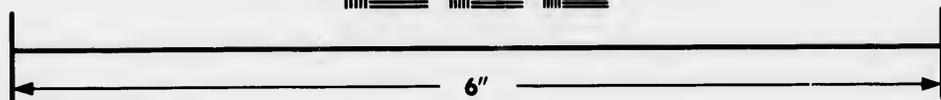
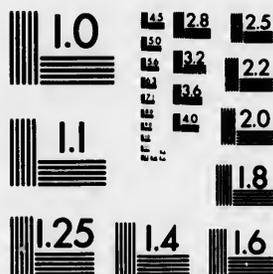


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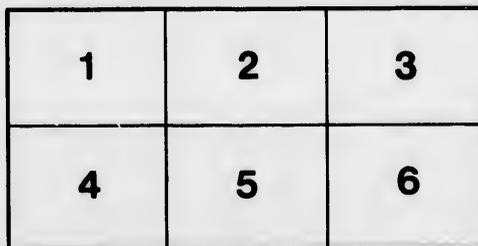
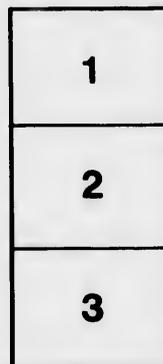
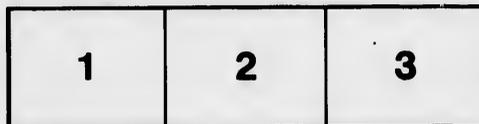
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L A M E N T

FOR THE

Right Reverend James Gillis, D.D.,

BISHOP OF EDINBURGH.

AC. AC. AC.

But yesterday! (we call it years, indeed, (x)
So slowly, yet so swiftly flows Time's course,)
By Death's sad couch, in hour of direst need,
Mourning, thou stood'st, lone by the Prelate's corse,
Whose venerable age thy tears forbade,
And hope inspired, that thou should'st long remain.
Faithful as he had been, in that high grade,
To which a people's love thy mind could gain.

And, hopeful, through hour Time's eventful days,
Didst thou look out, and many promised years,
With richest blessing fraught, beheld'st, thy ways
Ever to prosper, and dispel thy fears.
But vain those high aspirings! Time, with thee,
False reckoning hath kept. Scarce yet begun
Thy greatest, noblest works, in fell envy,
Remorseless, she's thy thread of life outspun.

Too brief thy span! yet, much didst thou achieve.
Enlightened Prelate! Still around the Throne
Of mighty Bourbon, doomed so soon to grieve
Its downfall, ere its powerful sway was gone,
Stood marshalled haughty France's chivalry;
And thine the task, to wield a keener sword
Than Bourbon's, long so famed in history.
Vain their essay who dared repel thy word. (1)
And Christian, pious men, list'ning, consoled,

Beheld great Paul himself, as erst he spoke
 In Athens' learned Senate, and unrolled
 Salvation's plan, and Pagan minds awoke,
 And bade them revel in the noonday Light
 Of Revelation,—Heaven's best boon to man,—
 Joys unknown before,—deep, untold delight,—
 Bright thoughts, their utmost grasp of mind outspan.

Mourn, loved Edina! more was thine this Paul
 Than e'er thou 'lt know. Thine all his thought, his care.

For thee, for thine, not for the kindred Gaul,
 His love profound, no toil could ever spare.

High soared his mind. No common man was he.
 Enthusiast say'st thou? Well, what e'er was done

Without enthusiasm? What e'er could be,
 Improvement's views apart, that ever won

With firm resolve, the destined, wished for end,
 That haughty minds, impatient of control,

To their great purposes could nobly bend,
 And bid celestial thunder dazzling roll!

Dear, ever, to his Patriot heart thy Fame.
 Vouchsafed had bounteous Heaven, the progress power

Thy glories to extend, a mightier name
 Thou 'dst have, than Heroes gave, the world out-o'er.

His sphere though limited, he made thee shine,
 Like favored Orleans of high renown.

Lo! now in Europe's Tale, two Stars conjoin.
 In one, two glories live;—these both thine own.

Heroic Joan, conqu'ring Orleans' pride!
 This pride thou 'lt share, remaining constant bound,

By ties historic, to fair Joan's side;
 Now Orleans and thou, one classic ground. (2)

Holier than Aaron's Heavenly Priesthood, thine.
 High, to its loftiest heights, thou soar'dst sublime,

In thought, in deed, in eloquence Divine,
 Thy memory shall outlive devouring time.

Fade may Ravignan's and Lacordaire's fame.
 Thine secure, the admiring world shall engrave

Deep in its heart of hearts, thy honored name,
 In mockery of the cold oblivious grave.

With Orleans' gifted Prelate, long conjoined,
 In holiest bonds of Christian amity;

Like him, thou, earnest, fervent, taught'st mankind,

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Great lessons of the Church's Liberty.

Thy glowing words the haughtiest minds enchained,
Like his, whom ages style the Golden Tongue, (A)

The wayward and the wavering they restrained,
And listening Senates on thine accents hung.

Thine was the gift, rebellious wills to quell,
The Athanasins of degenerate times.

Few dared against thy earnest will rebel,
And vainly flaunt in open day, their crimes. (B)

An Ambrose wert thou at the Church's Gate,
Although with Golden ring, and Royal Crown,

Should come the sinner, still with pride elate,
And sin unwept, and guilty thoughts high flown,

Thou bad'st him stand aloof, and meekly stay,
The Flock apart,—seek Him who bore our stain,

Lowly of mind, and penitent to pray,
With joyful heart, then enter Christ's high Fame.

And open was thy Soul to Friendship's ray,
Tender wert thou, like Augustinae, and kind.

By goodness still, and love, thou ledst the way,
Whilst gushed, in torrents, from thy well stored mind,

Uncompromising Truth. If stern thy mood,
Indignant rolled thy sin-condemning word.

Dark, hardened guilt, all pale and trembling, stood,
Dumb, quailing, shunned the Presence of the Lord.

But, softly, sweetly flowed thy gentler tones;
"Ne'er broken be the bruised reed," says HE.

Who for our crring weakness all atones,
And pleads for us, His own sad agony.

Nobly he strove, thine honored shrine to save,
Scotia's Saint James! Thou, long, on German plains,

Resplendent shone. But, from thy destined grave,
Thy life to snatch, vain were his care and pains.

Parent of Learning's Homes, thou gav'st to men, (3)
Through num'rous streams, enlightening, saving Truth.

One thousand years and more, by word and pen, (4)
'Twas thine, to teach famed Europe's noblest youth.

Dark o'er those ages, brooded direful strife,
Reigned war supreme. But for thy warning voice,

To better Worlds that called, inspired new Life,
Lost were mankind, in ignorance and vice.

Most Holy Benedict! was thine the task,

High o'er the moral waste, aloft to bear
 Loved Science' Torch, that made all Europe bask
 In the bright Sun, that ever shone so fair,
 Thy Fanes throughout, the matchless, radiant Sun
 Of Life bestowing Faith, in maziest way,
 Unerring guide, like to that Light, which shone
 O'er Israel's Host, and made the night as day.

Time favoring rolls;—thine honors prosp'ring grow.
 Witness brave Scotia's sons, the noblest, best, (5)

Within thy walls that dwelt, and made them glow
 With genius' fires filling thy wise behest.

New scenes, new wars, new men, a world all new!
 Still tranquil thou, amidst the toiling race

Of late sprung heroes! Reverent, they review
 Thy storied years, nor from thy walls efface (6)

The record hour, that centuries had engraved,
 Deep in thy choral aisles. They, in their turn,
 Thy lessons hear, and they, the foe that braved
 So gallantly, now with new rapture burn.

The statesman and the sage, with care outworn,
 The warrior, by toil and strife, bent down,

The homeless exile, from his country torn,
 Dwell by thy hearth, and thou, St. James alone, (7)

Amid the general crash of States, art seen
 In pristine glory,—not one honor gone.

Thy light refulgent still, erect thy mien.
 More than thine ancient, was thy modern Fame.

And he, the Bard, a world's applause could gain, (8)
 Of Scotia sprung, new lustre on thy name,

In deathless song conferred, as erst in pain,
 By thy lone streams, mourning and sad, he poured,

O'er Erin's banished son, his thrilling lay,
 Or soaring high, in tones sublime, he towered,

And sang of Hohenhinden's glorious day.
 But, thou hast been, St. James, and art no more!

Spared thee, dread, scourging war, in peace to fall,
 Of avarice the prey. Thou, long that bore

A Nation's light, who shall thy life recall?

Niggard Bavaria! was such thy need, (9)
 Thine ancient Church so fallen, that thou should'st steal

The widow's mite, to satisfy thy greed?
 In vain, thou plead'st, 'twas for the gen'ral weal.

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Rememb' rest not, that Justice is the good,
The gen'ral good, of nations as of men?
Thou could'st not, in thy democratic mood,
This Truth behold;—it fled thy downward ken.

Such, ever, Continental Democrats,
Not an enlightened people's noble mind,
Nor the high soul of born Aristocrats,
Nor that of old, which, powerf^l, ruled mankind,
Rejected Royalty,—thy ways could guide.
No counsel, wise and kingly, might avail (10)
'Gainst thy rapacious hand, and thou 'lt abide
The with'ring scorn, that ever shall prevail.

And thou, whom proud Toledo's mitre crowned!
But Peace,—indignant muse! Thou 'rt humbled now.
The weeping Sister whom thy pride disowned,
Forgives thy slight, and will not, spiteful, vow
Eternal vengeance. More will she rejoice
In thy regenerate country's hopeful state,
And more Iberia's Future will she poise,
And praise the glories of her new-born Fate.

But, speak we now of Him, whose early call,
In days of fitful change, a place to fill,
That common minds could only hopeless thrall
Our age endowed, and is our honor still.
This Child of Destiny, in days long gone,
VILLE-MARIE claimed. But no, aspiring hand! (C)
Too youthful, yet, thou could'st not call thine own,
A son so nobly born, his lot too grand.
His country she, whom ages have endowed
With Patriots, Heroes, Sages, goodly throng!
And Scotia's Fate hath generous allowed,
To Scotia, ever, shall his Fame belong.
Truth's fearless herald, o'er her smiling plains,
And in her crowded cities, long his name
For work and word extolled, and anxious pains
He, faithful, patient, bore, as well became
His Minister, who, meek and humble, strove
Heaven's Gift on Earth to spread, and ever gave
Bright proofs to man, of His Paternal Love,
And bade forgive, as He Himself forgave.

Witness, ye teeming fields, where Gala flows,
Where fabled Eildon rears its verdant brow,

And Melrose' hallowed light in ruin glows,— (D)
Melrose, of old so bright, less bright than now.

The vase, so sang the Bard, in fragments thrown,
Of roses still the freshening perfume bears ;

So, Holy Fane, thy shrines and altar gone,
The Pilgrim more thy sacred influence shares.

And thou, sweet silver Tweed, that reigned'st, of old, (E)
Of Scotia's Trade, the Queen, now pour thy lays

In mournful mood, o'er him, who more than gold,
Thy soil enriched, and claims thy brightest bays.

Even as thy classic Erskine, pattern bright
Of taste refined, and filial love, who gave

Thy streams along, sweet bowers that could delight
Declining age, and soothe the sinking Brave.

With theirs, immortal, shall endure his name,
Who o'er thy waters shed their deathless strain.

The Bard, the Saint, alike Divine, to Fame
Belong ;—in one, their memories shall remain.

Thy honored Scott, 'mong Scotia's Great, renowned,
To songs unheard before, attuned his lyre.

So, he, whom long thy erring sons disowned,
With mind high soaring, caught Celestial Fire ;

And bade it blaze, as erst was seen to burn
The warning beal fire, from thy hills that drove

The robber foe ; and made him basely turn,
So rolled his Thunder ;—all was peace and love.

And speak, Columba's Fane, by Solway shore ;
And Nith's fair vale, the first that daring claimed

Our age's secret,—Steam's amazing power,—
His cherished Home, DALSWINSTON'S MILLER, named (F)

Who bade the cleaving steamship plough the main,
Mightiest Reformer of advancing Time,

Be his, loved Albion, thy noblest strain,
Who pours into thy lap, from every clime,

In stream continuous, all thy varied store
Of boundless wealth, and far extends thy fame

To distant lands, and on thine Empire more
Bestows, than Mede or Roman e'er could claim.

But, mourn, sweet Land, thy glory needs no song,
No more along thy plains, shall Heavenward call

The inspiring voice :—no more shall it prolong

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The choral strain ;—grim death extends his pall,
 Lone Cloudeu groans, and echoes to the wail, (G)
 The ruined aisle, where Scotia's fated Queen (H)
 Sighed o'er her warriors fallen, and e'er her sail
 She spread, yet, hopeful, prayed, her griefs unseen.

And they will earnest mourn, where tranquil Tay (I)
 With Northern waves, fearless, commingling, bears
 Her wealth untold ; and, where, of yore, held sway
 The tutored Piet, brave Scotia's sons, with tears (J)

Will pay their grateful tribute ; and, thy bays,
 Loved City, styled "The Fair," will ever crown [K]
 The Patriot and Sage, whose Heavenly ways
 Thou lov'dst, reforming, and could'st call thine own.

And, far, where Caledonia's "MISRUEL" song [L]
 Its rapture flung, and wide o'er teeming plains,
 To Birnam's classic shades, the wail prolong ; [M]
 None worthy more, such melancholy strains.

Where ope the portals of the mountain Land,
 Thy vales, Dunkeld, spontaneous in his praise [N]

Their lyre shall tune, and, o'er thy heath-grown strand,
 In solemn tones, the choral anthem raise.

Nor will forget to mourn that noble Fane,
 'Mid hospitable bowers, where frequent join
 In social bliss, from care exempt and pain,
 The Warrior and Sage, whilst cordial combine

Gravity and Wit, with choice rural joys,
 That ever on thy hills, and by thy streams,

Abound, fair land. The mind with thee, employs
 Healthful, its Powers, nor e'er of Luxury dreams.

If art shall please, along the storied wall,
 In rich profusion, lustrous, it displays

Its glowing board, inviting to recall,
 Of Greece, Rome, Italy, the glorious days.

If taste prefer, in rapture thou may'st view
 Scenes varied, rare, that will your thoughts engage [O]

The day throughout, and far to worlds all new,
 On vivid Fancy's devious pilgrimage,

Your mind convey,—now mingling in the chase,
 O'er boundless meads, and now from rocky heights

In Alpine grandeur, towering into space,
 Unwonted views beholding,—dazzling sights,—

Vast rivers, in our narrower lands unknown,
 Internal seas, which cities, fields adorn,

Isles, mountains, in these rolling Oceans thrown,—

Suns, skies, stars,—bright as an Orient morn.

Be hushed Imagination, stay thy wing.

DUNBLANE the Faithful, claims thy sorrowing lay. [P]

And thou, Royal home, that gav'st to England's king, [Q]
Shelter and safety, in that direful day,

When banished Richard sought the peaceful strand
Of Scotia ever true, where reigned of old,

The Island Monarch,—Lord of half the land,
Hospitable and kind, though brave and bold,—

STIRLING, that saw'st of yore, rolled back the Power [R]
That 'unbled Gaul, in turn, by Patriot arms,

To night compelled; ah! now, your tears outpour,
His grave to deck, more than for war's alarms.

Ye too, shall grieve, DUNFERMLINE's Regal Towers,
Where flowed so late, the Patriotic tear

O'er HIM who, Scion of thine ancient Powers

Thy grief could claim;—weep as on BRUCE's bier. [S]

But, most, EDINA, mourn! His gifts more thine.

Thy skill in art, thy bright historic page,

All that the raind could store, or taste refine,
Genius with Science crown, and thought engage

In high pursuit, with thee, he early found.

In vig'rous youth, thy learned sons he sought,
Caught inspiration from thy Classic ground,—
Of glowing eloquence, the grace unbought.

Richly and well, did he repay thy care.

And time will be, famed age, when thou 'lt conceive,

How in the march, he lagged not, but would share
Thy progress power. Yet will Scotia receive

His life bestowing views, and wise shall live,
As none till now have lived,—a people, bound

By concord's ties, and noblest lessons give
To jarring sects, and hostile tribes, all round

The spacious world,—proving how peace may reign,
And bless'd of Him, to all, who said, "Good will,"

Sweet Union dear, that never can disdain

A Brother man,—though fallen, a Brother still.

With MURRAY, thus, he strove thy ways to guide, [T]
And him alike, who from thy RALPH had sprung, [U]

And liberal ORMELE, free from bigot pride. [V]

He, too, though to his infant Church he clung,

That Church they called "the Free," nobly combined,

Sage plans to execute, by sectary way,

Untrammell'd yet. And, thus, were youth inclined

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To sacred Truth,—from evil torn away.

And long shall Erin, true, and steadfast, tell
How in her cause, he toiled, and bade her live
'Mong free-born men, and, patient hope, and well,
The wished for age, when fruitful time should give
Renewed existence,—bright, propitious days.

With Britons, in their varied works, conjoin,—
A lot, meanwhile, more grand than warrior's bays,
Strenuous, with them to conquer, now combine.

Much he aspired her children's state to raise.
Witness that Fane, amidst Edin's towers,
Where thousands meet, the glorious NAME to praise,
And man, in thought sublime, his soul outpours.

More longed he to achieve, and would have done,
Works grander still, our eyes would have beheld,
Lustrous, his name would live, in living stone,
But jealous time her favoring aid withheld.

Of mightiest men, long praised, who late held place
'Mong Scotia's sons, he filled the lofty seat.

But lo! I judge him! No. He sate with grace,
Their labours not unworthy to complete;

And high this praise, his name fearless to join,
With his of ancient line, whose stainless life [I]

With learning crowned, shall ever fragrant shine,
Towering, serene, beyond all critic strife.

With him of Heroes sprung, Iberia claimed, [II]
With him Iberian Mitre longed to crown,

For Saintly zeal, and Patriot wisdom famed,
Will he compare; like merits all his own.

Even with that light august, which later shone, [III]
He might be kindred joined; but cruel fate

Envious forbids. The Pontiff sage that's gone,
Whom faithful hearts still mourn, Divinely great,

Like Patriarch of old, his honored years
Useful, prolonged. His venerable state

Few may behold. Alone, he claims our tears.
And great like His, was thy expanded mind,

That liberal, could the varied world unfold,
In Charity unfeigned, enlightened, kind,

Richer thy willing heart than India's gold,
By narrow views unfettered, Peace thy word,

Alike to all, and near thee, trusting, claimed
Each weary soul that, earnest, sought the Lord,
Shelter and Hope. Long, long wilt thou be famed,

'Mong them, our age's lights, who from them flung
 Ignoble prejudice, and wisdom's way
 E'er deemed, whilst to their honored cause they clung,
 Thoughts to revere, wide from their own astray.
 Witness Adolphus. Thou can'st truly say,
 His early friend, faithful in days long gone,
 Ere yet untimely fate had torn away
 Thy priceless life, how brightly ever shone
 His Spirit's fairness, how he zealous spoke
 In Sage's warfare, anxious to sustain
 Truth, one, essential; nor yet rash, awoke
 The hostile mind, from the foul venom stain
 Nobly exempt, of bigot rage, fierce, proud,
 That argument defies, and reason's light
 Contemptuous shuns, and, scowling, throws its shroud
 On thoughts, facts, words, affrighted truth to blight.
 But foreign was He all, in manner, gait?—
 It only was the culture of his mind,
 That to the highest, holiest mental state,
 Ceaseless aspired, by Gallia's art refined,
 And natural bent, that ever anxious sought
 Whate'er was perfect, beautiful and good.
 Hence was to him that "grace of life unbought,"
 Our statesman praised; hence his more polished mood.
 When, in his earlier days, the Northern wave
 Bore Gallia's exile to Edina's shore,
 He, not ungrateful, cordial welcome gave,
 He but obeyed thy gen'rous will—no more.
 And Scotia, long so hospitable famed,
 Magnanimous rejoiced, a son she owned,
 Who could misfortune, soothing, greet, that claimed
 His care not less, that 't was Gaul's King uncrowned.
 Happy, Britannia, thy favored land!
 May never be the day, when adverse fate
 Scornful repelled, shall shun thy wave bound strand,
 And struck by party, or by tyrant hate,
 A refuge seek,—a peaceful, honored stay,
 Far from thy shores, in stranger, distant climes
 More prosp'rous, potent, grown, thy power away,
 Or less than now. May Heaven avert such times!
 The exile ne'er, in vain, thy shelter claims.
 No care of thine, his country or his cause;
 No less the humblest, than the mightiest names
 Have ever sought the safety of thy laws.

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So he, whose lot we mourn, ne'er yet beheld,
 And steeled his soul, the banished, or forlorn,
 His favor need, nor e'er his care withheld.
 Alike to him the child in bondage born,
 And he whose sires in royal purple shone.
 The fall'n lot, the care-worn sorrowing brow,
 The happier days, the gifts of fortune gone,
 E'er caused the sympathetic tear to flow.

And equal was bestowed his Past'ral zeal.
 Gallia, indeed, might loving kindred own,
 And fair Italia for Religion's weal,
 Her skill in art, and learning's high renown,
 Superior claim prefer; while Britain's sons
 A faithful Patriot's love might all engage.
 Celts to him the same, Ansonians, Saxons.
 Debtor was he, gen'rous, alike to all.
 Greck or remote Barbarian, bond or free,
 Gentile or Jew, as taught the inspired Paul,
 Christ's Flock in all, his lib'ral gift to see.

Expanded views, the glory of our age,
 His mind illumed, and great Redemption's plan,
 He knew, and could this Truth sublime unfold,
 For all was given, who bore the name of man:
 Varied, though one, the Heavenly Shepherd's Fold.

This Fold to guard, extend, his constant care.
 Its sorrows his,—its joys his brightest crown.
 Its walls to build, time's breaches to repair,
 His thoughts employed; and this, his chief renown,
 That whilst, with vig'rous hand, he earnest toiled,
 The sword, like Judah's valiant Prince he bore, (IV.)
 And when foes, jealous, bold, in pride defiled
 The sacred pile, displayed his conqu'ring power,
 Rolled back the battle's tide, and bad revere
 The sacred place, so glorious of old.
 In glory yet renewed to rise, whate'er
 The baseless tales, by Prophet vain foretold.

To war of words, more than was meet inclined?
 No. Such not the truth. Aggressive never.
 But e'er should they who boasted learning's mind,
 The fight, engage, forth from well stored quiver,
 With quick, unerring aim, his darts he flung,
 And, they who, inexperienced, victory sought,

Struck down, with humbled crest, and bough unstrung,
Astonished fled, new wisdom dearly bought.

And, surely, not so poor the cause he owned,
As none dare speak, its honor to sustain ;
So deep in mire of libel, hopeless, drowned,
That honest words shall ne'er its truth maintain.

If cause like this there be, 't was not the trust
To him divinely given,—the sacred call
To Israel's Holy Fold, that ever must
Her champions arm, who herald like, to all,
Her laws proclaim, and fearless of disdain,
The trumpet sound, her Banquet, rich prepared,
That chosen souls may share, and they may gain
Who ne'er before, such bliss to seek, have dared.

A watchman true, high on her towers he stood,
Her Peace to guard ; not his the ignoble part,
Silent to cower, when bold, in hostile mood,
Approached the foe ; he owned no coward heart.

Such not his daily toil, in peaceful hours,—
Those blessed hours, so frequent now enjoyed,
When tyrant rule no more the mind o'erpowers,
Nor cherished life itself, poisoned, destroyed,
In sacrifice continual, writhes, nor dares,
Hopeful, look up, and sigh for Freedom gone.

On Time's wing change hath come ; and, cheerful, shares
Each Briton now, rich gifts, none may disown,—

Liberty's sweet gifts,—thought no thrall that bears,
Save Heavenly Wisdom's sway,—words—acts,—all free,

And, what the faithful soul delights and cheers,
Religion free, in new prosperity

Rejoicing, as in days of pristine power,
Ere yet, by Time's dull course, her bright car wheels

Encumbered, clogged, sad and reluctant bore
A crushing weight,—a weight the soul that steals

'Gainst influencing Truth,—the incubus
Of worldly favor, that, deceitful, smiles,

Invites to prosper, luring, thus, and thus,
Whilst ruin waits upon its treach'rous wiles.

These HALEYON days, his best, habitual care,
The highest, holiest duty to fulfil,—

His Priesthood's work sublime,—continual prayer :
Thus, earnest, and sincere, to that High Will

Deferring, which, in Heavenly Wisdom, made

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Each heart an altar, whereon sacrifice
 In richest, choicest offerings, daily laid
 To the eternal Throne, doth grateful rise,
 Like od'rous incense, such famed magians brought
 From eastern clime, the cradle of mankind,
 Where first, aspiring souls their author sought,
 And soared, like Seraphim, the adoring mind.
 Nor, now, with time, have ceased these lofty cares,
 'Tis but a change of scene; and cruel fate
 No victory hath won; its victim shares,
 Subdued its power, in glory increate,
 The office high, angelic, which ere while.
 In robe of light arrayed, and bade Him bear
 God's message unto men, and strenuous toil
 In Christ's great cause, that all might list'ning hear,
 Truth hearing, believe, and meet homage pay,
 Adoration, heartfelt, earnest, profound,
 To HIM ever; who LIFE IS, KNOWLEDGE, WAY.
 Whose throne most soaring intellects surround.
 From earth removed, but to associate
 With spirits bright, pure essences, sublime,
 In bliss that dwell, in Heaven's exalted state,
 Whose sole employ, scarce known in earthly clime,
 His will to execute, who reigns alone, †
 Stand in His presence, and, delighted, bear
 In "golden vials," to the Almighty throne, †
 Vows of devoted souls, best, holiest prayer.
 Is ever glorious seen amidst this throng,
 Still, "as if slain," the LAMB that all atones. *
 A thousand and ten thousand tongues prolong,
 Through Heaven's Dome, the Alleluia tones,
 That loud, His praise announce, and Seraph's kneel
 Around His mercy seat, and glowing pour
 Their burning thoughts, and blissful minst'ring feel,
 That worlds on worlds, upon their wings of power,
 Are Heavenward borne.—Mid these, now rapt adores
 He who on earth, so late, in humblest mood,
 The LAMB adored, and of His temp'ral stores,
 That he could give, deemed it his Sovereign good,
 A dwelling not unworthy to provide,
 Where willing souls, CHRIST'S loving MYSTERY
 Might honor, morning, noon, and eventide ‡
 Fate, death, grave, oh! where is your victory? †

NOTES
TO THE
POEM ON BISHOP GILLIS.

NOTE X.—“But yesterday, &c.”

Bishop Gillis succeeded to the mitre, and became virtually, although with the title, only, of “VICAR APOSTOLIC,” BISHOP OF EDINBURGH, and the EASTERN DISTRICT OF SCOTLAND, at the decease of his immediate predecessor, BISHOP CARRUTHERS, on the twenty-fourth day of May, 1852. His widely lamented death was announced by the *Scotsman*, (Edinburgh Newspaper,) of 27th February, 1864, in the following words:

“DEATH OF BISHOP GILLIS.—There will be deep regret far beyond the limits of his Church at the announcement of the death of the Right Rev. James Gillis, D.D., virtually though not titularly Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh and the East of Scotland. Bishop Gillis has been for months, more or less, an invalid, but a few weeks ago he rallied, and remained in comparatively fair health until the late return of severe weather. On Tuesday, Feb. 23, his illness underwent a rather sudden aggravation, and he gradually sank until he expired at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Bishop Gillis' age was 62. His father was a native of the Scottish Highlands, his mother a French Canadian; and doubtless his lineage on the mother's side, along with his early training, contributed largely to make him so much of a Frenchman as he was in appearance and manner. He was ordained priest in 1827, consecrated Bishop of Limyra in 1838, acted for several years as coadjutor of the late Bishop Carruthers, and since that greatly beloved prelate's death has acted as Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern District of Scotland. Bishop Gillis possessed great general accomplishments and a polished manner; and though very zealous for his Church, he had many friends and admirers differing widely from him in opinion. He was eminent as an orator and preacher, not only in English, but perhaps even more in French. So highly was he esteemed as a French pulpit orator, that he was lately selected by the French Bishops to preach before the Emperor the sermon at the Commemoration of Joan of Arc. By the death of Bishop Gillis the Catholic Church in Scotland has lost a prelate of untiring zeal and extensive influence, and Scotland herself has lost a son fairly entitled to be classed as eminent.”

NOTE 1.—“Vain their essay, who dared repel thy word.”

Shortly before the events of July, 1830, Bishop Gillis preached, with universal acceptance, before the Court and Aristocracy of France. Although his object was only to interest the French people and their rulers in the cause of the Scottish Catholic Church, which was, at that

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time, beginning to revive, he produced a profound religious impression by his extraordinary eloquence, which was pronounced by competent judges, to be unrivalled. His knowledge of the French language could not be surpassed. His diction was considered pure and unexceptionable at the polished Court of Charles X.

NOTE 2.—“Now Orleans and thou, one classic ground.”

Bishop Gillis was invited by the Bishops of France to preach at Orleans, on occasion of the magnificent national celebration there, of a centenary festival in honor of Joan of Arc. The French people,—and they were largely represented in the Cathedral of Orleans,—together with their Emperor, their Prelates and their Senate, listened with no ordinary delight, to the truly grand oration of the Scottish Bishop. The people of Orleans, in order to mark their appreciation of the learned and highly gifted Prelate, confided to his care a valuable relic—the HEART OF KING HENRY II. OF ENGLAND—which had been so long preserved in their city, in order that it might be borne back in safety, to the country over which that monarch had reigned.

NOTE 3.—“Parent of Learning’s Homes.”

FORMER Scotch Monasteries in Germany, had sprung from the Foundations of the Scottish Benedictine House of St. James at Ratisbon. —(See a very able article—“Scottish Religious Houses Abroad,”—in the “*Edinburgh Review*,” for January, 1864.)

NOTE 4.—“One thousand years and more.”

The Foundation of the Monastery of St. James, was co-eval with the Norman Conquest. But, it was a consequence of the wonderful Scoto-Irish civilization in the sixth and seventh centuries, which is, now at length, beginning to attract the attention of the more fashionable LITERATI. It was more directly the result of those Hospitals of the Scots which Holy men of that nation had built in Germany, previously to the ninth century.

NOTE 5.—“Scotia’s sons, the noblest, best.”

In the latter years of St. James, after the re-modelling of the establishment by Father Placidus Fleming, of the Scottish Family of the Earls of Wigton, many of the leading families of Scotland sent their sons to be educated under the superintendence of the Benedictine Fathers. Of these some thirty made their religious profession, either as Benedictines at Ratisbon, as Cistercians at Waldsassen, or as Theatines at Munich, whilst ten, as nearly as can be at present ascertained, became Secular Priests for the Scottish Mission. The greater number remained Laymen. Among their names, are observed those of Gordon of Bel-dorney, Gordon of Dorleathers, Gordon of Lecheson, Gordon of Letterfourie, Anderson of Teinet, Arbutnot of Rora, Duguid, Auchenleck, Drummond (of the Dukes of Perth), Leslie of Balquhain, and Menzies of Pitfodells.

NOTE 6.—“Nor from thy walls eface the record, &c.”

At the Peace of Amiens, Napoleon spared the Institution, exempting it from secularization, on the ground that it was an educational establishment.

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The learned Edinburgh Reviewer informs us, quoting Romana Robertson's Journal, that at this period, (the Peace of Amiens,) "The Lord Abbot Arbuthnot, and several members of the community were to be seen in the first circles of that Imperial City (Ratisbon, where the Diet assembled,) where their extensive acquirements, and of some of the number it may be said their brilliant talents, gave them a conspicuous position." The British Envoy generally availed himself of their services, as Interpreter at the Diet, and, "not unfrequently commissioned them to act in his stead."

NOTE 7.—"Dwell by thy hearth, &c."

Hospitality was always characteristic of the Benedictine House of St. James. It remained to the latest hour, true to its time-honored traditions. In the days of Father Placidus, the accomplished writer in the Review above quoted, informs us "we find traces of aged Scottish Gentlemen, who had been engaged in foreign military service, weary of the wars, coming to pass a tranquil old age, without the vows, in this quiet Cloister; such as George Gordon, a Brother of the Earl of Aboyne. Sir George Etherege, the gay companion of Charles II. had kindly relations with St. James, for he left them a library of valuable books."

NOTE 8.—"And he the Bard, &c."

Among those who resorted to the Classic Halls of St. James, at the commencement of the present century, was Campbell the Poet. He was most kindly received, his biographer states, by his fellow-countrymen, the members of the Benedictine Community at Ratisbon. It was here that he first beheld the sad realities, and the horrors of war, and derived from thence his inspiration of "the noblest lyric in the English language," his ode on the battle of Hohenlinden. From the walls of the Monastery, he beheld sights which nothing could ever obliterate from his recollection. In company with his new friends, the monks of St. James, he witnessed a charge of Klenman's cavalry upon the French, under Greneir.

NOTE 9.—"Niggard Bavaria! was such thy need,
Thine Ancient Church so fallen, that thou should'st steal
The widow's mite, &c."

It is not yet very long since the unpleasant intelligence was published, that the Bavarian Government had seized and appropriated for Bavarian purposes, the Church and Monastery at St. James, with whatever property remained in connection with these buildings. None of these properties were Bavarian. The circumstance that they were held for eight hundred years under the protection of German Governments, did not constitute them such. And the Government of Bavaria felt that in taking possession of them, they were guilty of an iniquitous act. They acknowledge this by pretending to pay for them. People do not pay for what is already their own. A *forced* sale, even at an adequate price does not constitute a just transfer of property. Far less is such transfer effected without any sale at all, by a violent seizure, in opposition to the wishes and earnest remonstrances of the party or parties in possession. A comparatively small sum given, as compensation, on account of such seizure, does not remedy the matter. The

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Church of St. James alone is worth ten times the sum (£10,000) with which Bavaria pretends to pay for the properties it has unjustly seized. The Government of that country, perhaps, calculated on the Protestant temper of the British Government. They may have been mistaken however, and they may even discover that they have only forgotten that in the age in which we live, there is a new spirit abroad, which has not yet travelled so far as certain parts of Germany—the spirit of Justice, which metes out equal measure to all, irrespective of religious opinions. It is by no means extravagant to suppose, therefore, that Justice may yet be done. *Fiat!*

The following beautiful passage from the *Edinburgh Review* for January last, will shew that the Church of the SCUORTEN KLOSTER of Ratisbon is not here over-rated.

"The British Traveller who visits the ancient and beautiful City of Regensburg, the *Regina Castro* of the Romans, the *Ratis bona*, or convenient landing place, of the Middle Age, where, in early times, the Latin merchant bartered the commodities of civilized life, for the furs of the eternal forest; where, in the days of Arnulph the bastard, a mighty commerce had established itself; and where, for many a year, the Diet of the *Holy Reich* used to assemble,—will not have exhausted the objects of interest in that most picturesque Cathedral City, unless he see what is termed, the *Kirche des Schotten Klosters Zu S. Jacob*. He will there find a most remarkable Romanesque Church, which owes to the later poverty of the Monastery, a comparative immunity from *sei-cento* restoration. He will note the two Eastern Towers, of great beauty and grace; the well developed narthex, in the upper part of which is the Benedictine Choir; the solemn Cloister paved with the sepulchral stones of many generations; and above all, the rich and elaborate Norman doorway, unique so far as Germany is concerned, and recalling the peculiar sculptured stones which are found, most plentifully, in the Eastern Counties of Scotland, as well as the serpentine and interlacing decorations which are noted as the distinctive ornamentation of the ancient Celtic manuscripts. In this almost deserted spot, he will recognize the dwelling place for nearly 800 years, of a small and interesting colony of his countrymen, who, after having done their work, have yielded to time, and to circumstances, and, not without some remonstrance, have, lately, surrendered their property, for the use of the Episcopal Seminary, to the authorities of the Bavarian Government."

That this surrender was by no means voluntary, is clearly established by the same well informed Reviewer

"In 1848, the Government of Bavaria founding on the difficulty of perpetuating a succession of Scottish Benedictines, determined to transfer the establishment to Bavarian members of that order. The Scottish Vicars Apostolic resisted on the plea that the Government had no right to alienate an Institution, intimately associated with such a School for the secular education of Scotsmen as was the Foundation of Abbot Fleming, and they succeeded for a time, in staying off the evil day; but, within the last three years, a new enemy, in the form of the Bishop of Ratisbon, has succeeded in making good his point. Finding the remains of the ancient Nunnery of the Oberminster, a very insufficient Episcopal Seminary, he determined upon possessing

himself of the Schotten Kloster, and in spite of a spirited protest by Father Anselm Robertson, the only remaining professed Father, and the last of the Scottish Benedictines, this Prelate has induced the Bavarian Government to possess themselves of the buildings, and to bestow upon the Scotch, in lieu of their possessions, the inadequate compensation of £10,000, and, thus, the venerable foundation of Mariannus, the last record of a Scotch civilization of nearly a thousand years duration, has passed, it is to be feared, for ever into German hands."

The Reviewer may not be mistaken as regards the conduct of the Bishop in the nefarious transaction, (and this remark is not made from a conviction that Bishops are essentially above doing mean and dishonest things,) but, it is well known that when, about 1848, Bishop Gillis went to Germany, in order to negotiate with the Bavarian Government, as the representative of the Scotch Vicars Apostolic, he was kindly received by the Bishop of Ratisbon, who moreover, employed his good services in support of the object he had in view. Since that time, however, there may have arisen a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph.

NOTE 10.—"No counsel wise and kingly, &c."

When Bishop Gillis was deputed by the other Bishops of Scotland, to negotiate with the Bavarian Government, with a view to the preservation of the Scotch Benedictine House of Ratisbon, he was graciously received by King Louis, who advised, moreover, that his ministry should arrange the matter in a manner satisfactory to the Bishops of Scotland.

NOTE A.—"Like his whom ages style the Golden Tongue."

St. John Chrysostom.

NOTE B.—"And vainly flaunt, in open day, their crimes."

This line was suggested by a circumstance which occurred many years ago, and which may now, not inappropriately, be called to mind, as it not only proves the power of Pastoral zeal and truly Christian eloquence, but shows, also, at the same time, what the opinion of a learned and pious Bishop was, in regard to a species of pastime which has, of late, enjoyed more than its due share of notice by the press, but, which has, nevertheless, subjected the principal actors on a recent occasion, to certain legal consequences, which are, perhaps, as hard to bear, as, at least, any ordinary "milling." The Bishop having learned that it was proposed to hold a prize fight, in the neighbourhood of the city, at which, many of the members of one of the congregations over which he presided, were to be the principal spectators, he addressed the assembled people, so vigorously on the iniquity of such spectacles, pointing out their demoralizing and retrograde tendency, and shewing, likewise, that he was perfectly well acquainted with all the details of the intended arrangements, that the proposed conspiracy against peace and order, was abandoned. The oration that proved so successful, could be likened to nothing less than the celebrated speech in which Cicero, the Prince of Orators, informed the Roman Senate, of Cataline's most minute proceedings, and struck terror into the hearts of the conspirators.

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NOTE C.—"Ville-Marie."

Montreal, called also *Ville-Marie*, the birth-place of Bishop Gillis. It is at present the most populous City of British North America.

NOTE D.—"Melrose."

"The ancient and beautiful Monastery of Melrose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire, as when newly wrought. In some of the Cloisters, as is hinted in the next Canto, there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in stone, with accuracy and precision so delicate, that we almost distrust our senses, when we consider the difficulty of subjecting so hard a substance to such intricate and exquisite modulations. This superb Convent was dedicated to St. Mary, and the Monks were of the Cistercian Order."—(*Sir Walter Scott, Lay of the last Minstrel, "Appendix."*)

NOTE E.—The Tweed—Berwick (on the Tweed.)

The great mart for foreign commerce, in the kingdom (of Scotland) previous to 1296, appears to have been Berwick. The importance of this place was considerable. Even in the reign of Malcolm IV., it possessed more ships than any other town in Scotland, and was exposed from its wealth, to visits from the piratical fleets of the Norwegians.

The wealth and importance of this ancient emporium of commerce, became so great in the reign of Alexander II., as to excite the admiration of contemporary authors, one of whom calls it a "second Alexandria," and eulogises the inhabitants for the extent of their donations to religious houses. "But we have," says McPherson, in his *Annals of Commerce*, "better authority than the voice of panegyric, for the prosperity of Berwick; as we find the customs of it assigned by King Alexander, to a merchant of Gascoigne for £2,197 8s. sterling, a sum equal to 32,061 bolls of wheat, at the usual price of sixteen pennies."*

NOTE F.—"His cherished home, Dalswinton's Miller, named."

So long ago as 1707, the idea existed that vessels might be propelled by steam. Several experiments were at that time tried by M. Papin, on the river Fulda. In 1783, similar attempts were made by de Jouffroy in France, and Fitch in America. "The first practically successful steamboat," says the *London Illustrated News*, of January 9th, 1864, "was worked in 1787 by Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton in Scotland."

NOTE G.—"Lone Clonden."

A tributary of the Nith, celebrated in Scottish song. On its banks stand the ruins of the once magnificent Collegiate Church of Lincluden.

NOTE H.—"The ruined aisle, where Scotia's fated Queen."

DUNDRENNAN ABBEY, where QUEEN MARY of Scotland, after the fatal field of Langside, spent the night preceding that ill-fated day, on which, the unhappy Princess embarked for a land, which, for once proved ungenerous.

* The Customs of England, from Easter 1281, till Easter 1282, netted £8,411 10s. 11d. The value of money at the time, was the same in both countries.

NOTE I.—“Where tranquil Tay, &c.”

The great commercial City of Dundee, where there are two large Catholic Churches, and a numerous body of Catholics.

NOTE J.—“Where of yore, held sway,
The untutored Piet, &c.”

ABERNETHY, the ancient Pietish Capital.

NOTE K.—“Loved City, styled ‘the Fair,’ &c.”

The ancient City of PERTH on the river Tay. On account of the surpassing beauty of its scenery, it is called “the fair city.” In the time of the Romans, there appears to have been a hamlet, or village of some kind where the city now stands. When the invading legions first came in sight of it, they could not avoid exclaiming: “*Ecce Tiberim. ecce Romam!*”

NOTE L.—“And far where Caledonia’s ‘MINSTREL,’ song, &c.”

Lawrence Kirk, the birth-place of Beattie, the author of “The MINSTREL,” &c., &c.

NOTE M.—“To Birnam’s classic shades, &c.”

Birnam hill, near Dunkeld, celebrated by Shakspeare.—*See Macbeth.*

NOTE N.—“Thy vales Dunkeld.”

The Cathedral of this See has not been demolished. Gawin Douglas, known as the poetical translator of Virgil’s *Æneid*, was Bishop of Dunkeld.

NOTE O.—“Scenes, varied, rare, &c.”

In allusion to the highly artistic representations of American scenery, which decorate some of the apartments of Murthly Castle, on the Tay, near Dunkeld, Scotland.

NOTE P.—“Dunblane, the faithful, &c.”

An allusion to the courageous resistance made by the Clergy of Dunblane, when a lawless mob came to “purify” the Cathedral.

NOTE Q.—“And thou Royal Home, that gav’st to England’s King
Shelter and safety, &c.,”

It is now a well established fact that Richard II. of England, escaped from the Castle of Pontefract, where he was supposed to have died soon after his deposition, and that he found means to convey himself in the disguise of a poor traveller to the Western Isles of Scotland, where he was accidentally recognized by a lady who had known him in Ireland, and who was sister-in-law to Donald Lord of the Isles. Clothed in this mean habit, the unhappy Monarch sat down in the kitchen of the Castle (of Dunavertie) belonging to this Island Prince, fearful even in this remote region, of being discovered and delivered up to Henry. He was treated however with much kindness, and given in charge to Lord Montgomery, who carried him to the Court of Robert III., where he was received with honor. It is certain, adds the eminent historian, M. Patrick Fraser Tytler, that during the continuance of the reign of Robert III., and after his death, throughout the regency of Albany, a period of nineteen years, this mysterious person was

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treated with the consideration befitting the rank of a king, although detained in a sort of honorable captivity; and it was constantly asserted in England and France, and believed by many of those best able to obtain accurate information, that King Richard was alive and kept in Scotland. So much, indeed, was this the case, that the reign of Henry IV. and that of his successor, were disturbed by repeated conspiracies, which were invariably connected with that country, and which had for their object his (Richard's) restoration to the throne. It is certain also, that in contemporary records of unquestionable authenticity, he is spoken of as Richard the Second, King of England; that he lived and died in the Palace of Stirling; and that he was buried with the name, state and honors of that unfortunate Monarch.

These facts are all confirmed by quotations from Bower, a contemporary historian and the continuator of Fordun, as well as many other documents of indisputable authority. Bower's account of the death of Richard, in 1419, is confirmed by an ancient manuscript (*Extracta ex Chronicis Scotie*) preserved in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh: "Richard the Second, King of England, died in the Castle of Stirling, in the aforesaid year (1419), and was buried on the feast of St. Lucia the Virgin, on the North side of the High Altar of the Preaching Friars."

King Richard's Royal image was painted there, and over it, were written the following lines:

"Anglia Ricardus jacet hic Rex ipse sepultus,
Lancastrie quem Dux dejecit arte, nota proficione,
Proficione potens, sceptro potitur iniquo,
Supplicium huius-ipsius omne genus,
Ricardum inferis hinc Scotia sustulit annis
Qui Caastro Striveling vitæ peregit iter,
Anno milleno quatercento quoque deno
Et nono Christi, Regis finis fuit iste."

The Church of the Dominican or Preaching Friars, no longer exists. But, the celebrated writer, Boece, speaks of this inscription over King Richard's Tomb, as visible in his day.—*Boece Hist.* p. 339.

The Chamberlain accounts translated and quoted by Fraser Tytler, are conclusive as to the long sojourn of King Richard at the Scottish Court. The first passage occurs at the end of the accounts for the year 1408. It is as follows: "Be it remembered also, that the said Lord Governor, down to the present time, has neither demanded nor received any allowance for the sums expended in the support of Richard King of England, and the messengers of France and Wales, at different times, coming into the country, upon whom he has defrayed much, as is well known."—*Rotuli compotorum, vol. III., p. 18.*

At the conclusion of accounts for the year 1414, there is the following passage: "Be it remembered, also, that our Lord, the Duke, Governor of the Kingdom, has not received any allowance, or credit for the expenses of King Richard, incurred from the period of the death of his brother, our Lord, the King of good memory, last deceased."—*Ib. vol. III., p. 18.* A similar statement is found, and in precisely the same words, at the termination of the Chamberlain accounts for the year 1415.

At the conclusion of these accounts for the year 1417, occurs the

following passage: "Be it remembered that the Lord Governor has not received any allowance for the expenses and burdens which he sustained for the custody of King Richard of England, from the time of the death of the late King his brother of good memory, being a period of eleven years, which expenses, the Lords Auditors of accounts estimate, at the least, to have amounted, annually, to the sum of a hundred marks, which for the past years, makes in all, seven hundred and thirty-three pounds, six shillings and eight pence."—*Ib.* p. 95.

It was generally believed in France, also, that King Richard had escaped and was in safety. A Poet of the time, Creton, addressed to him an epistle in prose, in order to express his joy at his escape, and his astonishment that he should have been able to survive the wretched condition to which he had been traitorously reduced. The epistle is thus inscribed: "Ainsi come vraye amour requiert, a très noble Prince et vraye Catholique, Richart D'Engle-terre, Je, Creton, ton liege serviteur, te renvoye ceste Epistre."

The same Poet wrote a Ballad, called, "the metrical History of the deposition of Richard the Second." The first stanza is as follows:

"O vous Seignors de sang Royal de France,
Mettez la main aux armes, vistement,
Et vous avez certaine cognaissance
Du Roy qui tant a souffert de tourment
Par faulx Anglois, qui traiteusement
Lui ont tollu la domination;
Et puis de mort fait condemnation.
Mais Dieu, qui est le vray juge es saintz cieulx,
Lui a sauvé la vie. Main et tart
Chascun le dit par tut, jeunes et vieulx,
C'est d'Albion le noble Roy Richart."

NOTE R.—"Stirling that saw'st of yore, &c."

The Castle of Stirling overlooks the Field of Bannockburn.

NOTE S.—"As on BRUCE's bier, &c."

The late EARL OF ELGIN, whose lamented death so shortly preceded that of the gifted PRELATE. Dunfermline was for several centuries, the burial place of the Royal Family. It was also the Royal residence till the accession of James I. to the English crown. Its historical associations are of the highest interest. The unfortunate Charles I. was born in its Palace, and Robert I., the Bruce of Bannockburn, lies buried under the Tower of its Church.

NOTE T.—"MURRAY."

The late SIR JOHN MURRAY, Bart., known as LORD MURRAY of Herdlerland, a distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court of Scotland.

NOTE U.—"From thy RALPH had sprung."

The late LORD ABERCROMBY.

NOTE V.—"ORMELIE."

The late MARQUESS OF BREADALBANE, so long known as LORD ORMELIE.

NOTE I.—BISHOP HAY.

Born at Edinburgh in 1729; died 1811. He was the last of the Hays of Moneton, a branch of the Family of the Marquess of Tweeddale.

Bishop Hay was not only a pattern of unaffected Piety and Pastoral zeal, but also a profound Theologian and painstaking Biblical Scholar. He is well known to the Catholic world by his learned works; "The Sincere Christian," "The Pious Christian," "A Treatise on Miracles," &c., &c., &c.

NOTE II.—BISHOP CAMERON.

Born 1747; died 7th February, 1828. In 1786, he was appointed Rector of the Scotch College at Valladolid in Spain, by Bishop Hay, whom, at a later period, he succeeded as Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh.

He was so highly appreciated when in Spain, that he was prevailed upon to supply the place of the aged Bishop of Valladolid. He was Administrator of that Diocese for about three years, when on the demise of the Venerable Prelate, he was strongly urged, both at Valladolid, and by the Government of Spain to accept the vacant mitre. But nothing could divert him from his purpose of returning to Scotland, in order to devote his energies to the service of his country.

Such a character could not fail to win golden opinions amongst the intelligent citizens of Edinburgh. The following quotation from a work which enjoyed great popularity at the time of its publication, will show in what estimation this Prelate was generally held. The author was a Protestant, and if we may judge by the impartial and frequently unsparing manner in which he deals with many of the public characters delineated in his book, he was by no means disposed, either to overpraise, or to depreciate, on account of rank and position, whether in Church or State. He speaks, as follows, of Bishop Cameron, under the name of *Bishop Perfect*:

"He looks straightforward to the interests of his religion, and to rendering it amiable, exemplary, easy and respectable. He is mild, unaffected, cheerful and gentlemanlike. There is a beauty of holiness which exalts him, and a highly finished polish of manners which fits him for any Court in Europe; nay, there is in him, even such a vivacity of expression, accompanied by politeness, and the beams emanating from a good heart, which so play over and enlighten his countenance and his smile, that you might fancy him handsome while conversing with him. No man could ever have been better chosen to accommodate his religion to a country inimical to it than the Bishop is. Besides these qualities, he is a man of science, and of deep reading, which, however, has never disfigured him into a bookworm, nor unfitted him for society, nor fettered him with a monastic air. In a word, he is a *rara avis*, being a Bishop without a Bishopric, a Scotchman without a national prejudice, a zealot without bigotry, a man of learning without pedantry, and a Roman Catholic without prejudices, religious, political or in any possible shape."

NOTE III.—BISHOP CARRUTHERS.

This "greatly beloved Prelate"—we use the language of the well informed and liberal minded, as recorded in the *Scotsman* newspaper (see Feb'y. 27, 1864), departed this life on the 24th day of May, 1852, at the advanced age of 83.

NOTE IV.—“The sword, like Judah’s valiant Prince, he bore.”

—(Vide II. *Esdrae*, cap. 4.)

Bishop Gillis’ “LETTER TO THE MODERATOR OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, containing a refutation of certain statements made in that Assembly by the REV. FRED. MONOD,” and also, his smaller work on TAHITI, shew how ably, and how temperately the learned Prelate could wield, on occasion, the sword of controversy. It was generally remarked that when he conceived it to be his duty to discuss any controverted matter he invariably did so as became the Preacher of peace, not in the spirit of disputation and angry controversy. The works alluded to, were published by Mr. Marshall, Edinburgh, and at 61, (now 53,) New Bond Street, London.

NOTE †—“His will to execute,” &c.

Ministri ejus qui facitis verbum ejus.

NOTE †—“Having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the Saints.”—Apoc. V. 8.

NOTE *—“In the midst of the Throne and of the four living creatures, and in the midst of the Ancients, a LAMB standing as it were slain.” “*Tunquam occisum.*”—Apoc. V. 8.

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THE LATE BISHOP GILLIS, OF EDINBURGH.

(From the Tribune.)

SKETCH OF THE REV. MR. DAWSON'S LECTURE ON THE LATE BISHOP GILLIS, DELIVERED IN ST. PATRICK'S HALL, OTTAWA, ON SUNDAY EVENING, 19th JUNE, 1864.

The liberal portion of the Protestant press in recording the death of Bishop Gillis, had remarked that not only the Catholics of Scotland, but also the country itself, had lost "an eminent man," and, indeed, there was scarcely a Prelate of our time, so highly distinguished. There were pious and very learned Bishops, but with the single exception of Mgr. Dupauloup of Orleans, none had been more prominently before the European world, in the zealous fulfilment of his sacerdotal functions. His fame would ever belong to the nation to whose families he owed his descent, and which had been so long the scene of his labours and the witness of his success. But Canada, the land of his birth, might well be proud of so great a son. His extraordinary eloquence, more a gift, than an acquisition, was warmly admired at the polished Court of Charles X. of France.

At a later period, such was the estimation in which he was held, the Bishops of France invited him to preach in the Cathedral of Orleans at the national celebration in honor of Joan of Arc, the heroic liberatrix of her country. On that occasion the people of Orleans marked their appreciation of his character by confiding to his care a precious relic which had long remained in their keeping, the heart of Henry II. of England, in order that it might be safely borne back to the country over which that monarch had reigned.

His earnest labours in behalf of the Church to which the learned Prelate was called, were as successful, as they were strenuous and unceasing. He bore a principal part in providing funds for the reviving missions of Edinburgh, and he succeeded in endowing them with invaluable institutions. The Guild of St. Joseph, entirely his creation, will long survive, and prove a lasting monument to his memory. Generations to come will praise him for having introduced into the Scottish metropolis, that devout and accomplished community of Religious Ladies, who act in the two-fold capacity of Sisters of Charity and teachers of youth.

Of no Minister of religion could it be more truly said, that "he loved the beauty of God's house." The principal Catholic Church of the city which he improved and decorated, bears witness to his unquestioned taste, and to the soundness of his views as regards the ornamentation of churches.

St. Patrick's Church, Lothian Road, in the erection of which, together with his venerated predecessor, he shared so largely, entitled him to the gratitude of the Irish portion of his fellow-citizens. But this work, however important at the time it was accomplished, is now lost sight of in the presence of the greater things that have since been done. To the zeal and munificence of Bishop Gillis alone are the Irish people of Edinburgh indebted for that more spacious and magnificent church, known as "New St. Patrick's," which, may we hope, will long remain a bright ornament in the most densely populated portion of the city.

The Chapel of St. Margaret, although not of large dimensions, would alone suffice to show that his ideas of ecclesiastical architecture were in perfect harmony with those of the greatest masters. This is further shewn by the cordial and liberal manner in which he seconded the labours of the celebrated Welby de Pugin, in his endeavours, which have proved so generally successful, to revive, throughout the British Empire, that beautiful and most appropriate style of Church architecture, which had so long been one of its chiefest glories.

It had been remarked that the deceased Bishop was "addicted to controversy." If to repel with becoming spirit the calumnies that have been heaped upon the Church, of which he was a minister, could lay him open to this charge, he must, indeed, be found guilty; but if, when driven by hard necessity to defend himself and the cause he had espoused, he spoke and wrote in the language of courtesy and moderation, we must hold him to be honorably acquitted. And such was the verdict of the enlightened portion of the Protestant world, by whom he was held in the highest estimation. With Protestants too, he was accustomed to live on terms of friendship, and concert with them in the promotion of schemes of charity, benevolence and improvement. The country now laments the loss of many of those large-minded men—who co-operated with him—such as Lords Murray and Abercrombie, together with the Marquis of Breadalbane, who, although a member latterly of the Free Presbyterian Church, had always been, like the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, a friendly advocate of the Catholic cause.

His energetic efforts to preserve the celebrated Scottish Benedictine Monastery at Ratisbon, must be gratefully remembered by the polite and learned, as well as by the whole Catholic world. In order to effect this purpose, he went to Germany as the representative of the Catholic Bishops of Scotland. Highly recommended by the liberal government of the time, he succeeded in obtaining the favour of King Louis, of Bavaria, who advised his ministry to deal generously with him, as regarded the object of his mission. Finally, however, he only prevailed so far as to retard for some time the unjustifiable act of spoliation, which we have now at last to bewail. It was not the fault of Bishop Gillis, if that splendid monument of Scoto-Celtic civilization in Germany, which had outlived the disorders and the misasters of the dark ages, and which, in a later age, even the fierce Bonaparte respected, came, in our days, to be annihilated.

Corpus Christi.

WRITTEN IN FRENCH, BY ALPHONSE ESQUIROS.

I.

Pure is the air, all cloudless clear—
 Mother of dews the paly dawn
 Uprises, fresher now appear,
 The leafy bower and verdant lawn ;
 The buzzing bee 'mong lilies pale,
 The tuneful birds with loud acclaim,
 And the far sounding village bell
 JENOVAN'S festival proclaim.

Now ivy leaves adorn the way,
 And now, with veils of purest white,
 Full many a cottage wall is gay,
 The poor now hail the God of might,
 A prayer the wretched orphans breathe,
 While joyful 'mid the flowery fields,
 A beauteous blue-bell crown beneath,
 Her tresses fair the milkmaid shields.

Now od'rous incense mounts the sky,
 And now, amid the gath'ring throng,
 With angel voice and downcast eye,
 The virgin choir their notes prolong,
 While flowers are strewn in every part,
 And tuneful boys their SAVIOUR greet
 With cherub lips and guileless heart,
 An offering more than perfumes meet.

Her new-born babe the mother bears,
 The solitary path along,
 And this the burthen of her prayers ;
 " Mine infant shield, O LORD, from wrong."
 Not much she says, but with a smile,
 She fondly throws some flowrets wild,
 And her full heart thus speaks the while ;
 " Kind Father, bless, O bless thy child."

O'er garlands fresh, and roses gay,
 O'er carpets and o'er scattered boughs,
 The loving Jesus bends his way,
 Attentive to His people's vows.
 Of old He bore the tempest's shock ;
 And now He finds no place of rest,
 Save the cold bosom of the rock—
 The woods—mayhap, some friendly breast.

Be rung ye bells, the valleys round,
 Be opened every temple gate,
 Bid music's sweetest voice resound,
 To hail the Almighty Potentate!
 To-day let ev'ry tongue proclaim,
 In ev'ry place by mortals trod,
 The praises of JEHOVAN'S name
 The triumph of the incarnate God.

The mighty Conquerors of yore
 Through Pagan Rome exultant rode,
 Some lifeless idol to adore !
 'Mid sufferers' groans, they hailed their God,
 While moved along the vanquished foe,
 Sad victim of destructive war,
 With uncrowned head and look of woe,
 Before the haughty Victor's ear.

This is the SAVIOUR'S festal day,
 How peaceful HE, paternal, kind !
 Before HIM, all, is cheerful, gay ;
 Rejoice, bids HE, the lame, the blind ;
 And sufferers all his goodness tell.
 The fields are blessed, the grafted tree
 Is blessed, and the pure village well,
 'Tis thus, HE crowns His victory !

II.

The soul of man this world and God between,
 To man by ties corporeal bound,
 Is, by the sacrament of CHRIST, unseen,
 The Fane august, where 'mid this earthly scene,
 Is felt the DEITY profound.

Lo ! nature's Priest, a puny mortal even !
 Creation's centre HE, His heart

An altar, where all nature's praise is given,
 His voice, the echo of men's thoughts to Heaven,
 His vows, the vows of all impart.

A poet and a prophet, heavenly fired,
 The rapturous transport warms his breast,
 His glowing words by God's own breath inspired
 With them as with a charm, is Truth attired,
 The will of Heaven to men expressed.

A body vast this world, the sea its zone,
 The starry spheres its canopy,
 Its eyes o'er shining bright, the sun and moon ;
 Its locks aye waving, are the forests lone,
 Its soul, the wisdom of DIVINITY.

Reflected are these wonders all in man,
 His soul beholds the DEITY ;
 With comprehensive glance, he dares to span
 The Earth and Sea, each hidden thing to scan,
 A world amidst immensity !

Great Heaven itself, as owning Him its Lord,
 Descends, obedient to His nod !
 Bright proofs of power created things afford,
 Vast worlds existing by the Eternal word,
 Whilst thine, O Priest, presents to man his God !

Dies Iræ.

Day of anger, day of dread !
The world, in fire, shall pass away :
The doom in David's and Sibylla's lay.

Oh ! what fear shall then prevail,
When God shall come, the judge of man,
And all his deeds inexorable scan !

Loud shall the last trumpet sound ;
Shall hear the silent grave its tone.
Shall face each startled soul the judgment throne.

Death and Nature both shall see,
Spring from the dust each creature forth,
Before the Judge severe, to plead its worth.

The doom book in Heaven writ,
Wherein the witness all is read,
Mankind to judge, that day will be outspread.

What, ah ! wretched, shall I say ?
What patron's aid shall I invoke ?
When scarce the good shall 'scape stern justice's stroke.

Awful Thou, Heaven's Majesty !
Yet free doth Thy salvation flow :
Bid ope Thy mercy's fountain,—favor show.

Forget not, Saviour, Lord,
My guilt hath caused thy mortal life,
Give me to conquer in the final strife.

Borne for me Thy crushing load,
For me endured the Cross' pain :
Oh ! be not all Thy mercy's toil in vain.

Just Thou art, avenging Judge ;
Oh ! yet ere dawn that awful day,
Do Thou, in pity, wipe each stain away.

Ever scourges me remorse,
Ever burns me sin's devouring shame,
I, suppliant now, Thy generous pity claim.

*On his throne the Sovereign Lord,
Each hidden deed all earth shall see
And unavenged no mortal crime shall be*

Thou did'st Magdalen forgive,
 And heard'st the robber's humble prayer ;
 Me, too, (I hope in Thee) Thou'lt gracious spare.

Ah! how worthless all my vows!
 Yet, for Thy bounteous, Heavenly name,
 My soul Thou'lt save from Hell's eternal flame.

Ever 'mongst thy faithful few,—
 Thy chosen ones,—Thy throne beside,
 My place secure,—far from Thy foes divide.

Be Thine enemies abashed,
 Hopeless, condemned to endless fire ;
 Amidst Thy saints to dwell shall I aspire.

Humble and suppliant ever,
 Contrite, my soul each sin deploras ;
 Mine end be peace,—my treasure Heavenly stores.

Oh! that day! what tears shall flow!
 When guilt-stain'd man from dust shall come.
 The judgment seat around, to meet his doom.

Spare, O Lord, each sinner spare,
 Thy mercy, Jesus, liberal show,
 Thy blessed peace eternally bestow.

AMEN.

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Te Deum Laudamus.

Praise, praise ever, to God be given !
 Thee, Lord alone, bid men proclaim ;
 Parent of all adored in Heaven,
 On earth, Eternal One Thy name !

Thee, rapt, extol the angel choirs,
 The Heavens and all the Heavenly powers ;
 The Cherub's strain to Thee aspires,
 The Seraphim his song outpours.

With ceaseless and with glad acclaim,
 Enraptured, they Thy glory sing,
 Holy, thrice holy is Thy name,
 Oh, Thou, Lord God, great Sabaoth's King !

Thy majesty the world pervades,
 The Heavens immense thy glory own ;
 Apostles in exalted grades,
 The Prophet band of high renown,
 The Martyr host in robes of light,
 The Holy Church all earth around,
 Thee, Majesty, sole great and bright,
 Confess, and loud Thy praise resound.

Thy venerable only son
 True God, alike we faithful praise.
 To Him the same, till time be done,
 The Spirit Paraclete, our lays
 We ceaseless pour, Christ ever more,
 Of God alone, eternal sprung,
 In Truth and Spirit we adore.
 Oh! let Thy praise be cordial sung !

Our erring, fallen race to save,
 The meek and lowly Virgin's womb
 Thou willing sought'st, and freely gave
 In expiation to the tomb,

The life which snatched from death its sting,
 And Heaven's barred portals opened wide,
 To all who faithful round Thee cling;
 Whilst Thou, in glory, by the side
 Of God the Father reign'st supreme.

From thence one day, Thou'lt powerful come
 The world to judge. That hour extreme
 Who shall abide? But Thou the doom
 Pitious avert! Thy servants plead,
 For whom was shed thy precious blood.
 Oh! In their utmost, direst need,
 Thine aid extend; Thy Mercy's flood
 Bid plenteous flow, and 'midst Thy Saints,
 Our place secure in Glory's state,
 All power beyond, of worldly taints,
 Of erring, blind, capricious fate.

Thy people, Lord, look down to save,
 Thy choicest blessings ever pour
 On them whom Heaven propitious gave
 To dwell in shadow of Thy power.

Oh, be they ever 'neath Thy sway!
 Thou wilt exalt them evermore,
 And, as they humble, earnest, pray,
 Wilt aye dispense Thy bounteous store.

Each day, our voice to Thee we raise:
 From age to age, we bless Thy name,
 And bid our children speak Thy praise—
 The praise Divine none else can claim.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, that free from stain,
 We pass Time's bourn! Thy guard bestow:
 Sin's luring snares, like victims slain
 O'erthrown, Thy mercy shew.

Fails not, good Lord, our trust in Thee;
 When faint and weak, in darkest hour,
 Boundless to us thy mercy be.
 Oh, never can we doubt Thy power,
 And never shall confusion see.

AMEN.

Stabat Mater Dolorosa.

By the lost world's redeeming wood,
 Mournful the Holy Mother stood,
 As that atoning life was given,
 Which oped for man the gates of Heaven.
 How groaned that soul with anguish torn,
 The load of sin that long had borne!
 How sorrow pierced as with a sword,
 The heart of Christ, the Incarnate Word!
 Oh! how that blessed mother lone
 Bewailed her agonizing son!
 Oh! how she wept her cruel loss,
 When racked upon the bitter Cross
 The best of sons she trembling saw,
 Borne down by death's unconquered law!
 How could their sorrow's flood restrain
 They who beheld that mother's pain?
 None could refuse her pangs to share
 Who saw the feeling mother there,
 The anguish of her Son partake,
 Who loving sought our yoke to break.
 Oh! cruel grief, the Lord to see
 Torn, scourged, and bleeding on the tree!
 And she beheld, oh! woful scene!
 Him who in life her joy had been,
 An outcast now, and desolate,
 Pursued by unrelenting hate,
 As in his last expiring hour,
 Earth felt, and the dark grave His power.
 Blest mother! may I favored be
 Thy keenest grief to share with thee?
 The fountain of thy love impart,
 Bid sorrow fill, like thine, my heart.
 Oh! be my ice-cold soul on fire
 With love divine! may it aspire
 Christ the Lord God ever to seek.

His word obey reverent and meek.
 Oh! let it be my dearest care
 My Saviour's wounds that I may share!
 Oh! let them ever graven be,
 Like those which pierced Him on the tree!
 Was willing bruised for me thy Son;
 Let not His work in vain be done!
 But in His passion give me part,
 My offering meet a contrite heart.
 Whilst yet remain life's fleeting years,
 Shall flow my sympathizing tears.
 Oh! be my sorrow like to thine,
 That wept sincere thy Son Divine.
 Near to the Cross my place shall be,
 In blest society with thee.
 Oh! earnest ever shall I mourn
 Like thee, so faithful when forlorn.
 Oh! brightest of the Virgin train,
 Be not my prayer to thee in vain.
 Be like to thine my sorrow poured
 O'er Him the Saviour and Lord.
 Oh! in my heart I'll ever bear
 Christ's death, His passion faithful share.
 And thou His wounds around me throw,
 A guard secure 'gainst every foe.
 On me His cruel bruises fall,
 His cross my erring mind recall,
 His love my soul inebriate,
 No better portion can I take.
 This gift alone I favored claim;
 With love divine my soul on flame,
 Safe, 'neath thy powerful shield and sway,
 I hopeful wait the judgment day.
 Bid aye the cross my guard remain,
 My surest stay Christ's lethal pain.
 His grace be evermore my light,
 My refuge, hope and greatest might.
 When death shall seize mine earthly frame,
 Oh! for thy Holy Son's high name,
 Be every sinful deed forgiven,
 And oped for me the gates of Heaven.

AMEN.

Sonderberg bombarded, without warning, by the Prussians.*

SEVENTY WOMEN AND CHILDREN SLAIN.

Did'st hear that groan—that agonizing wail,
 So quickly wafted o'er the Northern wave?
 Better thy death knell, Prussia—so sad the tale;
 Mourn shall thy iron soul that gory grave.

Thy war till now was with the warrior Dane,
 Till now, 'twas man 'gainst man, 'twas steel 'gainst steel;
 Whilst only heroes fell none dared complain,
 But now thy fight is 'gainst the common weal.

Was't not enough, presumptuous, upstart race,
 Europe's peace to mar, and proudly defy
 Opinion's power, and struggle to efface
 A nation's name in history so high?

* The London correspondent of the *Ottawa Citizen* (newspaper), writes as follows:

LONDON, April 9th, 1864.

"The bombardment of Duppel proceeds at a steady pace, and with marvellous fierceness. Sonderborg has been nearly destroyed by the Prussian shells. It was cruel policy to cast these implements of death among the women and children of a considerable town without notice. Nearly seventy of these non-combatants—for children and women do not fight—were killed. The furniture and homes of many more of the inhabitants were burned or destroyed. A feeling against the Prussians is common everywhere. No doubt the Danish army made Sonderborg answer their purpose. Understand that Duppel is a promontory with which the continent terminates there. Alsen is an island that, at the foot of the Duppel promontory, approaches within 200 or 300 yards of the mainland. Sonderborg is built on the point of Alsen nearest Duppel. Two pontoon bridges connect the batteries on the continent with the town on the island. These bridges were not reached by the Prussian shells; therefore the commanders decided to bombard the town. By burning and destroying it they would oblige the Danish army to encamp farther from their batteries. This step was allowable by the modern rules of war. It might have been followed, but first warning should have been given to the helpless inhabitants. Therein the Prussians failed—so shame rests on them."

Were such the lessons of thy sapient King,
That fierce thou should'st wage reckless, cruel war
On helpless women? Long thou'lt bear the sting
Of burning shame, and curse thy fatal star.

Thou, Prussia, first 'mong modern states, as sage,
Till now wert held. No more thou'lt lustrous shine
In wisdom's path bright pattern of our age.

Hath fallen the withering curse on thee and thine.
Of slaughtered innocence; and reeking homes
In days to come shall tell of thy disgrace,
And the dire tale, wide o'er thy regal domes
Aloud proclaimed, thy glories shall efface.

Speak shall the nations still thy by-gone fame,
But on thy 'scutcheon dark will e'er be read
The deep reproach that now must blight thy name—
The stain of blood, so basely, foully shed.

Oh! woful day!—the fateful book of time
Thy like contains not—when a despot king
Brave men reluctant drives to deeds of crime.
Yet, o'er thee, Prussia, shall flap its wing
Wronged Scandinavia's Raven, and thou'lt share
Strange ills thou wot'st not of,—dread war's alarms,—
Intestine strife that knows not whom to spare,—
'Gainst thy own children turned thy dastard arms.

the Prussians.*

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April 9th, 1864.

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Tribute to the late Earl of Elgin, Viceroy of India,

&c. &c. &c.

I.

Mourn, Hero-Land, as for a Monarch gone !*

The good, the brave, the sage, in Eastern clime,
Untimely falls ! He was thy noblest son !Erewhile thy Freedom's Champion, ere the time
Had come, when it should need no Statesman hand,High, o'er the admiring world, its flag to raise,
And, loud, and long, as in his own famed Land,

In deeds of glory, speak its deathless praise.

II.

On Bannock's stream is heard the Banshee's wail :

Rock, flood and mountain, re-echo the sound ;

On Forth's dark wave, lumenting tones assail

The listening ear ; and, all her waters round,

The lowering woods in direst sorrow bend ;

He's fled, who was the honor of these shores !

And, patriot, kindred spirits solemn lend

Their voice, amid the melancholy flowers

That vainly paint the mansions of the dead.

A nation's grief to tell, a people's tears !

Soon as the warning, withering words are read,

That hope shut out, that rouse all true men's fears,

Beneath the sombre crypt, is heard a groan,

Echoes the dim aisle that shadowy strain ;

From hoar Dunfermline's tower, a dismal moan

To parent dust recalls, and, not in vain,

OUR AGE'S BRUCE. As tolls that fatal hour,

'Neath India's sun, succumbs he in his prime,

The Statesman and the Sage, endowed with power,

To conquer worlds, and rule in every clime.

* Lord Elgin died at Dhurumsalla, India, on the 20th November, 1863.

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III.

And, first, great Wilberforce, thy work his care! *
 Well hadst thou torn the fetters from the slave;
 Nobly, Britannia pressed, thy toil to share.
 But vain the boon, even Freedom's boon she gave,
 If ne'er in timely hour the mind had risen,
 With genius blessed as thine, lamented sage,
 That made avail to man the gift of heaven;
 That could in salutary toils engage
 The hand unused to holy Freedom's sway,
 To sloth inclined, and deadly pleasure's lure
 'Neath Western skies, where Sol's refulgent ray
 Rank weeds of vice uprears in soil impure.
 Thine was the task, each art of life to blend,
 With Liberty's sweet joys, unknown before;
 And savage men, with rapture, learned to bend
 Beneath the yoke thou bor'st from Britain's shore—
 Freedom's sweet yoke—labour with social bliss,
 Enriching commerce,—interchange of minds,—
 The sacred care, no useful aim to miss,
 That man to man in holy concord binds.

IV.

And, mourn Columbia! thine, too, the soul
 That bade the Negro live, in Freedom live,
 And, when emancipate from base control,
 Of peace and order brightest lessons give.
 Vain, but for him, were liberal DURHAM's toil,
 Long had'st thou groaned beneath the bigot sway
 Of narrow-minded tyrants, born to foil
 The best laid schemes, and drive fair Peace away.
 Divided wert thou, Canada! the spoil
 Of faction, warring fierce, unsatisfied,
 Ambitions, grasping,—in eternal moil,—
 That held all minds, and sacred Truth defied.
 Of what avail to thee, that Freedom's Sun,
 The Party strife, that raged so long, now quell'd,
 O'er Albion's favored Isles, triumphant shone

* I have heard persons of the most liberal education, and who were deeply interested in the welfare of the West Indies, speak in the highest terms of Lord Elgin's rule in Jamaica.

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Thou from the Constitution's pale, expelled,
 An Iron age endured'st, and helpless lay,
 Vanquished, despairing, powerless, at the feet
 Of enemies, who quenched the glorious ray—
 The light of Liberty—thou deemed'st so sweet.
 Ah! long unheard thy voice—thy tale of woe!
 It fainter grows!—But, ere 'tis stifled in thy gore,
 Enlightened DURHAM nobly strives to show
 Thy griefs, and ELGIN hastens to thy shore.

Victory awaits thee, BRUCE, and fields are won,
 That long shall live in History's proudest page;
 And, when our Age's Warriors are gone,
 Will genius' toil, in days to come, engage.

Loud, jubilant and long, bid swell the strain,
 As erst o'er HIM, who in the days of yore,
 By Bannock's brook, heedless of toil and pain,
 A NATION'S LIBERTY victorious bore.

Mourn not thy BRUCE, the Saviour of thy Race!
 He loved thee well, and did thy land adorn;
 But ne'er shall envious time his fame efface,
 Although from bleeding hearts too early torn.

Cold wert thou, pale and dead! He bade thee live
 Fair Freedom's life! and thou became'st a gem,
 The Richest, Earth or Ocean e'er could give,
 The brightest in VICTORIA'S Diadem!

V.

And equal wert thou to the improving age,
 Great ELGIN! Nought but a vast Empire's fate,
 Thy course might stay. If INDIA could engage
 Thy counsel and thy arm, its power shall date
 From that auspicious day thou lent'st thine aid;
 And thou shalt honored live, in History's page,
 'Mongst them whose memories shall never fade—
 With Havelock and Clyde, brave, good and sage!

Now onward speeds thy Bark, and Tartar hordes
 Vanquished recoil. The conqueror Mongol's pride
 Subdued, craves Peace of Europe's mighty Lords,
 And vows that Europe's laws it will abide.

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Ye boast, in vain, proud Race, Celestial fire,
 Nought in your varied ways, was there of Heaven,
 Till HE whose soaring genius could inspire
 New thoughts and sweet humanity, was given.

England, in rapture, hails her honored son,
 Rich with new spoil, returns he o'er the main ;
 Empires, not gold, the Glorious Trophies won !
 Thine own, loved Albion, ever to remain.

Elate, each haughty Conqueror of yore
 Fast bound to victory's car, the trampled foe !
 Pageants, so monstrous, shall be seen no more.
 Impious, unworthy Britain's Crown, such show !
 Isles, Diamond bright, in the far Eastern Sea,
 Thy power attest, sage BRUCE, and long thy NAME
 Thy country shall embalm, and twine for thee,
 Perennial wreaths, decay shall never claim !

Peace to thy Shade ! Secure is thy Renown !
 And thou, as calm, shalt sleep on Orient plains,
 As if by warm and weeping Friends laid down,
 By thy loved Forth's fair tide, 'mid Regal* Fanes.

Near Scotia's Patriot CHIEF, thou may'st not dwell ;
 But, o'er thy Laurelled Bed, shall reverent sweep
 SAVED INDIA's perfumed gales, and thou, as well,
 Whilst Guardian Spirits Holy Vigils keep,
 Shalt patient wait, in Cashmere's balmy vale,
 The hoped for, glorious Resurrection Morn,
 As if recorded were thy death's sad tale,
 In that Dear Land, thou didst so long adorn.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

* The ancient Abbey Church of Dunfermline was, for several centuries, the burial place of the Royal family. A stone sarcophagus containing the remains of KING ROBERT THE BRUCE, the Hero of Bannockburn, is placed immediately under the great Tower.

St. Andrew's Day at Ottawa, 1864.*

Hail, patriot band, loved Scotia's children, hail!
Bid spread the feast, bid joyous song prevail.

How bright this day!
Each heart so gay.
Yet long hath rolled time's course,
Since first, this festive board around,
Flowed sweet discourse
And music's stirring sound.

Bid fill the bowl!
B'd flow the soul!
Lo! Reason's festive hour!
Lo! now blest union's power
Her throne around, in spacious halls,
Her charm bound votaries calls.

* The natives of Scotland and numerous persons of Scottish descent resident on the continent of America, take great delight in celebrating their national festival.

This year, the St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa caused the feast to be observed with more than the usual éclat. A numerous body of the members, together with invited guests dined together in a large room attached to one of the Hotels. A Legislative Councillor, a Member of Parliament and many gentlemen of the learned professions honored the festive board with their presence. The Artillery of the place also did honor to the occasion by firing a salute as each toast was given. Speech and Song prevailed throughout the evening, and it were difficult to decide whether the former or the latter expressed the greater amount of patriotism and good humor, whilst there was not the slightest inclination to depreciate the other important nationalities of which the Empire is composed.

The hall was elegantly—even richly decorated. The Banner of St. Andrew was conspicuous. Full length portraits of the Queen, and other members of the Royal Family; a beautiful transparency representing the Poet Burns, together with other paintings suited to the occasion, were seen along the walls. Magnificent vases of flowers, as fresh and fragrant as in July or August, adorned the tables. And if in this, the feast was classic, no less than as regarded the elegant and *recherche* nature of the viands, it was more than classic by the admirable moderation which prevailed. It may well be doubted whether such luxurious revellers as those who graced the banquets of Greece and Rome, would have enjoyed with so keen a relish, the remarks illustrative of the history, the warlike achievements and the philosophy of ancient Caledonia, which the occasion called forth, or could have participated in the sentiments that opportunely found utterance, and were received with manifest delight.

O'er war's alarms,
 And hostile arms,
 Victorious of yore,
 From never failing store,
 Bold Scotia gave,
 Each warrior brave
 Nobly to cheer, as home he sped,
 His toils achieved, his foes all fled.
 The wine cup flowed,
 Gladdened hearts glowed ;
 In thrilling strain
 —Song's deathless vein,—
 The tale prolonged each patriot bard,
 And highest praise, dear bought, was heard
 Of victor Kings that valiant led
 The battle's van, and glorious led
 In Freedom's cause, a nation's life
 Foremost to save, in gore-dyed strife.

Lo! now no more,
 What was of yore,
 The nation's task now done,
 The hard-fought battle won,
 The Peace wreath, brightly now,
 Surrounds her tranquil brow.
 New toils her care demand,
 New leaders take command ;
 Onward, aye, onward still ;
 Such the great age's will.

Songs new be sung,
 The harp unstrung,
 Enchantress like that bound,
 The festive board around
 Our hero sires, and fired
 The raptured breast, inspired
 Each ardent mind, and nerved
 The arm that never swerved.

Now changed the tone ;
 To PEACE alone,
 The gifted muse will bow ;
 HER victories to show,
 The sweetest songs will pour,
 And all the world out o'er,
 HER praises loud proclaim,

HER paths to lasting Fame
 Aye leading sure, our days,
 (More blest than ancient ways,)
 Hastening by rapid pace,
 With trophies new, to grace.

All strife away,
 Bid cease the fray,
 So long that vainly raged,
 And war eternal waged,
 And cruel made each mind,
 That else were good and kind,
 A shrine to hatred given,
 High swollen with evil's leaven.
 Sweet Peace and Union dear;
 Around our board appear.
 Our sainted patron true,
 Bound by no narrow view,
 A debtor was to all;
 Nor could his mind enthrall
 Sectarian bigot pride,
 That dared the world divide,
 Made fiendish discord reign,
 And ills on ills, an endless train.

Bid flow the bowl,
 Rejoice each soul!
 So Bruce of old,
 As bards have told,
 The wine cup quaffed,
 Whilst Barons laughed
 Right jovial round,
 And music's sound
 The victor praised,
 And sky-ward raised
 Each victor bold,
 For deeds extolled,
 Of high renown,
 The laurel crown
 That bravely won,
 All foes out-done,
 And Freedom given,
 Best gift of Heaven,
 Our land to save,—
 Loved Scotia,—ever great and brave.

To —————

EDINBURGH.

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Good Tidings from your distant shore ;  
For which my thanks, the pleasure more  
Than words, however true, can tell.  
You joy, in turn, to learn all's well.

Much doth your envied land of bliss  
Contain. Nor will it e'er to this  
Our upstart world, the palm resign.  
To speak its praise, no task of mine.  
Its list of glories, bright and long,  
All chronicled in tale and song,  
Familiar to your patriot mind,  
Like golden links that faster bind  
The many charm-bright fairy chains,  
That tie you to loved Scotia's plains.

Though proud be your historic name,  
Unrivalled in the rolls of fame,  
Far o'er the main with learning's eye,  
And taste refined, you can desery  
Whate'er of beauty boasts our clime,  
Its story read by hoary time  
Unhallowed yet, and with the sage  
And statesman, watch its tender age  
With progress crowned, in all the ways  
Of various art,—a nation's praise,—  
With steps unbroken, onward borne,  
As erst, ere yet, by discord torn,  
In days primeval, Adam's race  
Strode powerful on, with giant pace,  
And all those wonders early wrought,  
Best fruit of knowledge, lore unbought,  
That still our admiration claim,  
And eternize the ancestral name  
Of mighty Nimrod's ancient sway  
Of Nineveh's and Egypt's day,  
Of Babylon the great, and Rome,

Of science as of power the home,  
Till pride and pomp and wrecking war  
Stalked forth, man's noblest works to mar.

Much that was great with you of yore,  
Its ancient greatness owns no more.  
Where proudly rise Edina's Towers,  
Exist not now those sovereign powers  
That wisely gave a nation's laws,  
And waved the sword in freedom's cause.  
Famed Stirling's grandeur's but a name,  
And now are only known to fame,  
Dunstaffnage and Dunolly hoar,  
With Royal Malcolm's roofless tower,  
And storied Lithgow's shattered walls,  
And stately Scoon's historic halls.  
Even Holyhood is desolate,  
Its monarchs gone and regal state.

With you hath been what here may be,  
Yea, will be yet, and we shall see  
New glories crown this virgin land,  
Whate'er is beautiful and grand  
Its own become, as time pours forth  
Of art and toil the varied store,  
Us now enriching, as of yore,  
The father people with the spoil  
Of ages gone, the treasured hoard  
Into the lap unceasing poured  
Of generations as they rise,  
By lib'ral sires, whose high emprise  
Bids earth and air and ocean wide  
Their wealth untold with man divide.

With you, Promethens' like, Heaven's fire  
Bold men have stolen, and bid aspire  
O'er isles and continents, its light  
Daring to throw, its radiance bright  
Intelligence diffusing wide,  
Vast seas beyond, where Ocean's tide  
Sweeps India's shores, and fabled lave  
The Ganges and Euphrates wave  
The Hindoo land. Your conquest great,  
But, yields it yet to ours, complete  
Our victory more, in forests drear

And dismal swamps that bids appear  
 The aerial messenger to joy  
 The exile, and bring sweet alloy  
 To sorrow's cup, in log built home  
 So oft that dwells, ere yet have come  
 Toil's luscious fruits, and, cheering more,  
 Loved friends long lost from Britain's shore.

Aught, is there, favored, you possess,  
 This Western land that does not bless?  
 Famed are your num'rous streams, and long  
 Have echoed to the voice of song,  
 Not useful more than ours, which flow  
 Unsung as yet. Long years ago  
 Arose your Bards. The torrent wild  
 Immortal grew, and to each child  
 Familiar was your hero tale,  
 And ev'ry hill and storied vale  
 With life instinct, 'neath genius spell,  
 Forth mirrored as the limpid well,  
 Your more than thousand years of fame  
 That aye the Poet's meed will claim.

Harp of the North! thy deathless strain  
 Be wafted o'er the foaming main!  
 Bid thine ecstatic numbers flow,  
 Where bright Columbian waters glow.  
 Echo thy music to the roar  
 Of cataracts! Bid smile the shore  
 Of beautiful Ontario's flood,  
 Where late the red man's wigwam stood,  
 With song wreaths new;—with such of old,  
 As thou didst crown each warrior bold,  
 Who for his Scotia loved to wield  
 In patriot warfare's gory field,  
 Bright freedom's dauntless sword, and well  
 His laurels won, as they can tell,  
 Exultant, free as breeze of morn,  
 Whom victory's happy fruits adorn.

The gifts so fair, that blessed their toil,—  
 LAWS EQUAL,—grace Canadian soil.  
 Nor to her conquering patriot sires  
 Ungrateful, Canada aspires,  
 Onward, in time's great march to speed,  
 Like them to win the victor's meed.

And now, with energetic will,  
 Anxious her high career to fill,  
 The genius of her lakes appears,  
 And as on Nith's fair stream, in years  
 Not yet long gone, the wondrous power,—  
 This age's boast, even now her own,  
 Bids frequent ply, where late unknown  
 All kind of sail, the steamship grand,  
 The sons of trade from ev'ry land  
 That willing bears, and on our shores  
 The wealth of worlds continual pours.

Yet is not commerce all our care ;  
 Destined each blessing rich to share,  
 Earth's teeming bosom ceaseless pours  
 Into the hand of toil, are ours  
 The healthful labours of the field,  
 And the dark forests ever yield  
 New scenes of industry, where man  
 All skill and art employs, that can  
 The untamed wilderness subdue,  
 And deck with verdure ever new,  
 Untrodden, trackless wilds, where roamed  
 The savage bear, unheeded foamed  
 The torrent loud, and winter's reign  
 Uncheered, unchecked by joy or pain,  
 Held sway unbroken o'er the land,  
 Fast clenching in his icy hand,  
 The mighty world that lay concealed,  
 Expectant still to be revealed,  
 And open thrown, to bless mankind.  
 Thus, to the all-disposing mind,  
 Obedient more, than when unknown,  
 And wolves fierce howled in forest lone.

Nor woods and fields alone bestow  
 The gifts that bid us prosp'ring grow.  
 Lo ! treasures vast the mineral reign  
 Outpours, and now, advent'rous gain  
 Our hardy sons, whose skill explores  
 Tracts desert, pathless, and their stores  
 Plenteous and rich, strives to possess,  
 More than in ages gone, could bless  
 The race of man, in fabled times,  
 Or now, in earth's more favored climes.

Nor Oural gold, nor gems of Ind  
 The wealth surpass our children find,  
 As aye with science for their guide,  
 The field they search so grand and wide,  
 From distant Hudson's frozen wave  
 To lands remote, where lave  
 The Atlantic tides bleak Gaspe's shore.  
 Things beauteous, rare, unknown before,  
 And purest gold and marble bright,  
 Their toils reward,—their minds delight  
 With prospects grand;—whilst bold aspires  
 Our infant race, their giant sires  
 To emulate, from sea to sea,  
 Their Empire's power one day to be.  
 Where flows the vast Pacific tide, (\*)  
 Even now mankind our laws abide;  
 Where sweeps the rugged Eastern strand  
 Wild ocean's foam, our rule and land.

Not liberal nature's gifts alone  
 Our soil enrich; each art its own  
 Wants to supply, life to adorn.  
 Here revels genius native-born;  
 Their gifted sons remotest climes  
 Bestow: these willing grace our times  
 With ornament and wealth of mind,  
 Their study to improve mankind.

With soaring view they anxious tend  
 The opening intellect to bend,  
 By lures that art and science lend.  
 Thus, where by great St. Lawrence tide,  
 Stately arise in martial pride,  
 Quebec's famed walls, and Diamond's towers (1)  
 Defiance frown to hostile powers,  
 The painter's varied skill displays  
 The artist mind of other days;  
 The architect's ingenious lore.  
 The art of times gone by, even more  
 Sets forth, as wond'ring you behold  
 Those massive walls now gray and old,  
 That oft have beat the foeman back,  
 Repelling, firm, each bold attack,  
 As powerless fell the shattering ball  
 Against the compact, bomb-proof wall. (2)

Nor fail with time our wisdom powers  
 Of modern skill the genius ours.  
 Witness those edifices grand  
 That deck the foaming Ottawa's land :  
 Magnificent in all their parts,  
 The Architect's and Sculptor's arts  
 Our people's taste and gen'rous will  
 Glorious display, as on to fill  
 Their high career, they eager speed  
 By honor's paths, more pleased the need  
 Of industry to win, than fame  
 Of hero bold, whose lanrelled name  
 In fields of blood that lustrous shone,  
 Survives.—a shadow, bright but lone.

Nor deem our lot so wretched here ;  
 Winter terrific more than half the year  
 O'er rivers, lakes and smiling fields,  
 Sternly his frozen sceptre wields.  
 Meanwhile, are we, not all forlorn,  
 As if from ev'ry pleasure torn.  
 Changed is the season, true ; arise  
 New scenes, and, frequent now the skies  
 In all their wintry grandeur lower,  
 And conscious of their giant power,  
 The tempest hurl. To refuge driven,  
 Wayfaring men 'gainst angry Heaven  
 Contend not. To their homes they cling.  
 Hoping the God of light will bring  
 Ere long, the sunshine back,—the ray  
 So bright of the Canadian day.  
 In winter, even, so cloudless,—clear,  
 We think no more this time of year  
 A period dull and tiresome grown,  
 When summer's Halcyon days are flown,  
 And Autumn, as for very grief,  
 Hath strewn the sere and withered leaf.

Each frame, the winter air so keen,  
 Not languid now, as it had been  
 In scorching Summer's heat, delights  
 In healthful exercise, excites  
 Anew its powers by manly toils  
 And sports invigorating, spoils  
 The forest of its wealth, and rears

The fabric vast, in future years  
 Will bless the store, and bid increase  
 The nation's strength, secure its peace,  
 Its bulwarks raise, that will defy  
 Each foe that e'er shall daring try  
 Its soil to win. Thus plies his axe  
 The hardy woodman, to relax  
 Unwilling, even when rudely blows  
 The biting wind, and gathering snows  
 Whiten the grim pines, and all trace  
 Of herb and footpath to efface  
 Hasten infallible. His art  
 Fails not meanwhile, and his bold heart  
 Exultant wars against the blast  
 Nor thinks he till his toils are past,  
 Of cot or wigwam. They who can  
 Crush this unconquerable man.

Dreaded is our winter; but amiss;  
 Sweetest home joys and social bliss  
 Its ever fruitful growth. These more  
 Here dwell, than on the happy shore  
 Of prosperous Britain. Here is found  
 True happiness, and here abound  
 Pleasures all pure, now long unknown  
 Whence truth and frugal ways are flown.

Favored Isles! by Steamship and Rail  
 Onward you speed o'er hill and vale.  
 Nought can your progress stay; your ways  
 Like net-work spread, the land unite  
 As magic spell both strong and bright  
 The votary binds in charmed tie  
 That none may break, so wide and high  
 Your art extends; and now no more  
 Your races foreign are, the shore  
 Of mainland, in our day, conjoined  
 With islands lone, bid live mankind  
 In amity, by commerce bound,  
 And social joys, your Empire round.  
 Thus, they who barb'rous erst were deemed  
 And lost their lot and hopeless seemed,  
 Delighted now the progress share,—  
 Our age's pride;—and glad prepare  
 For times to come, all that is grand

In prospect yet to bless your land.

Not yours alone, the power of steam,  
 The sea-wide lake and limpid stream,  
 The light canoe so late that bore,  
 Now, gladdened, waft from shore to shore,  
 The golden freight, 'neath swelling sail ;  
 With conscious art, now bid avail  
 The mystic engine. Thus, on land,  
 As on our waters, deep and grand,  
 An ever living scene you view,  
 Behold, with pleasure ever new,  
 The fleets that richly laden glide,  
 Aye bearing on the peaceful tide,  
 Our people's hopes,—the costly stores  
 That greatly bless these Western shores.

Nor only this the victory we claim ;  
 Even now much honored is our name  
 'Mongst all who for the love of gain  
 Or pleasure's dreams ; heedless of pain  
 And travel-toil, seek distant climes,  
 And here meet all that modern times  
 To please or to enrich have found  
 In art's or science' endless round,  
 Welcome to these the coursing train  
 That grandly sweeps the lake bound plain  
 The gloomy swamp and forest wide,  
 From furthest lake to ocean's tide.

Severe our winter ; grant you this ;  
 But who shall tell what store of bliss  
 From climes remote, upon its wings,  
 Unto these ice-girt shores it brings,  
 Scarce wafted o'er the surging brine,  
 Rich laden ships with snows combine  
 Their treasures on our land to pour ;  
 And now, when howling tempests lower,  
 And blinding drift, each way to bar,  
 Hastens resistless ; when the car  
 Steam-power defies, then rapid glide  
 Through field and swamp and forest wide,  
 On thousand roads of beaten snow,  
 Sleigh-horse and man ; now brightly glow  
 'Neath wintry Sol's returning ray,  
 The merchant loads that crowd each way ;

Now pleasure's votaries healthful scorn  
 Both time and distance, lightly borne  
 O'er land and lake and ice-bound stream ;  
 Nor pain nor labour now they deem  
 The forest dark and dense to scour,  
 Nor rock nor mount resists their power.  
 On, on, they, joyous, eager, speed ;  
 Nor the keen piercing cold they heed,  
 Braced each nerve by the cheering day,  
 And glowing warm in furred array.

What with our Summer can compare ?  
 Nought you possess, though great and rare,  
 Our days of sunshine can excel ;  
 Pleasing your clime, and who can tell,  
 What victories art with you hath won—  
 —Art that bids of Orient Sun  
 The warmth, though not the light bestow ;  
 That causes o'er the land to glow  
 Each beauty of the floral reign,  
 Sweet, luscious fruits, your wondrous gain.

But cheering more the gifts of Heaven  
 Beneath our Sun spontaneous given.  
 Too short, we own, our Summer time,  
 But glorious bright,—in Eastern clime  
 Unknown its splendour ; the clear day  
 Sheds genial the refulgent ray  
 Our earth that warms, and bids appear  
 The lustrous honors of the year.  
 Flowers of innumerable hues  
 The eye in rapturous transport views  
 The land around,—in shady vale,  
 Hill-side retired and forest dale.  
 The garden's various, rich array  
 Even Science' pen could scarce portray,  
 So vast the store kind nature gives  
 Where every plant unbidden lives.  
 Some care in Winter's keener hours,  
 Shelter from chilling Springtide showers,  
 And each exotic you desery,  
 Exultant in the Summer sky.

Too brief, alas ! this season bright ;  
 Yet to a time of new delight  
 Softly it yields ; cooler the days

That, now, less vivid, mellowed rays  
 Shed o'er the ripened fields ; and now  
 Freshened with dews, the sweet flowers glow  
 In chastened Sunshine ; now the leaves  
 Their rich hues change, as Summer grieves  
 Her throne to abdicate, her ray  
 Graceful to pale, 'neath the mild fall† day.  
 Nor grieves she as if Winter's blast  
 When she withdraws, rushed fierce and fast  
 But mournfully recedes to own  
 A rival worthy of her crown.  
 Kind, fruitful Nature's revel time  
 Is the resplendent Summer's prime ;  
 Her rest, when torrid days are flown,  
 And Autumn's gentler breath hath blown.  
 Far less exerts she now her power,  
 The conquest won. In tranquil hour  
 Rejoicing, now her giant might  
 Put forth no more, her sole delight  
 Sweetly to bask in the soft ray  
 Of the less warm September day.  
 The Sun unclouded, brightly still  
 His calm, cool beams o'er dale and hill  
 Benignant pours, invites to rest,  
 As now serene, on Autumn's breast  
 He sinks to sleep, the toil-worn race  
 Of busy men, and bids efface  
 Each furrow dark that care had wrought,  
 Whilst striving to attain, dear bought,  
 The wished for prize, in searching glow  
 Of Summer's heat. Now from the brow,  
 Anxious no more, are wiped away  
 The dews of toil, and the blest swain  
 From labour now of Sun-struck plain  
 Emancipate, with Nature's song,  
 Blends his glad voice, and bids prolong  
 Throughout the calm, sweet Autumn time  
 The joyful strain, in favored clime  
 That grateful swells around the land  
 Where Summer with unsparing hand,  
 Into the lap of Autumn pours  
 Bounteous, her never failing stores.

From heats oppressive now relieved,  
 Sol's brighter, fiercer course achieved,

The season ever calm, serene,  
 Gracious, a sweet and soothing scene  
 To wearied men presents, the eye  
 With new pleasure bright, to the sky  
 Enraptured soars, and the joyed mind  
 Expanding, grateful, bids mankind  
 Their thousand voices choral raise  
 And jubilant, the YEAR-KING praise.

When from his couch of driven snow  
 Came vig'rous Spring, and first bade glow  
 The earth with verdure, and arrayed  
 Each herb and tree in garb new made  
 Of richest foliage, the view  
 So cheering, joyous was, that few  
 Could look unmoved. Of coldest steel  
 The soul, that could not inward feel  
 The influence sublime, that ran  
 Through ev'ry sense, and made each man  
 His worship true, who bids appear  
 The glories of the rolling year.

More lovely Autumn. Hope's kind ray  
 Cheering to man. In rich array  
 Comes hoped for good, and now sweetly  
 Yields promise to reality.  
 Thus, Spring's live joys that hope inspire,  
 The banquet spread may all admire  
 But taste not yet, pale their glad ray  
 To glorious Autumn's teeming day.  
 And now the feast, so rich prepared,  
 And lib'ral given, is thankful shared.  
 The happy guests expectant long,  
 The board around, in raptures throng.

And lo! this Autumn feast to grace,  
 Their beauteous leaves the woods apace  
 With loveliest tints endless adorn.  
 These ever changing hues each morn  
 Rapt you desery in aspect new  
 Of many colored robe, the view  
 So rich and cheering, varied, grand,  
 That annual decks this Western land,  
 The forests vast in their array,  
 The glories of our Autumn day

With fields and flowers conspire to raise,  
And waft to distant shores its praise.

Adieu my RAVENSCRAIG! no more  
Behooves it now this gifted shore  
Joyful to sing. Will come the day  
When not unworthy Poet's lay,  
A fitting theme,—its social state,  
Its statesmen and its sages great,—  
The muses shall inspire, and song  
Shall sweetest eulogies prolong,  
Till field and flood and forest lone,  
Harmonious, echo to their tone.  
Remotest shores shall hear the strain,  
And far, beyond the Western main,  
In days to come, shall speak its fame  
The Bard unborn. Its honored name  
Glorious, with wreaths unfading twined,  
'Mong them whose labors bless mankind,  
Whose conqu'ring power, nor warrior band  
Nor Ocean's waves may now withstand.

Deign, gentle PEACE, thine aid to lend.  
Thy yoke beneath, willing to bend,  
Bid all incline. This favored soil  
Ever to bless, the sons of toil  
Bid happy speed in the grand way  
This better age hath traced. Bid grow  
With time their growth. Bounteous bestow  
The progress meed. With garlands new  
Thy votaries enwreath. Aye their view  
Guide onward, till thy crowns of gold  
Their brows encircle, wealth untold,  
And all thy treasures, Peace, abound,  
And Happiness each hearth surround.

OTTAWA, *October*, 1864.

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#### NOTES.

\* It has been proved that those portions of the North-West Territory which border on the Pacific Ocean, were subject to Canadian law until erected lately into separate Colonies. They are still governed by the same laws and the same Sovereign authority as Canada.

(1) The renowned Citadel on Cape Diamond.

(2) Some of the ancient buildings at Quebec are known to be bomb-proof.

† I have no wish to introduce a Provincialism. But, I must aim at being understood. On the continent of N. America, the word "fall" is universally used instead of "Autumn."

"Lo! treasures vast the mineral reign outpours, &c."

—Pages 4 and 5, of *Epistle to — — Edinburgh.*

It may be stated in reference to what is said in the foregoing lines, in regard to the mineral resources of Canada, that no fewer than thirty-five Acts have been passed in the Canadian Parliament, during the course of the current year, for incorporating Gold-mining or other mining Companies, or otherwise regulating the working of valuable mines in Canada. Thus, there are Acts to incorporate "The Eastern Townships Eldorado Gold and Copper Mining Company," "The Ophir Gold Mining Company," "The River Famine Gold Mining Company," "The Du Loup Gold Company," "The Atlas Gold Mining Company," "The South Ham Gold and Copper Mining Company," "The Kennebec Gold Mining Company," "The Havalah Gold Mining Company," "The Magog Gold Mining Company," "The Bunker Hill Gold Mining Company," &c., &c., &c.

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ERRATA.

Page 2, 7th line, for *out-spun*, read *out-span*.

Page 12, 10th line from end, for *steals*, read *steels*.

Page 13, at end of second last line, for (?), place (;), and at the end of the last line, for (;), (?).

At the end of Note 6, page 16, for *interpreter*, read *interpreters*.

Page 24, Note \*, for (Apoc. v. 8.) read (Apoc. v. 6.)

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## CONTENTS.

|                                                                       | PAGE. |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Lament for the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis.....                          | 1     |
| Notes to the Lament, &c.....                                          | 14    |
| Corpus Christi .....                                                  | 27    |
| Dies Iræ.....                                                         | 30    |
| Te Deum Laudamus.....                                                 | 32    |
| Stabat Mater Dolorosa.....                                            | 34    |
| Sonderborg bombarded without warning by the Prussians.....            | 36    |
| Tribute to the late Earl of Elgin, Viceroy of India, &c., &c., &c.... | 38    |
| St. Andrew's Day at Ottawa.....                                       | 42    |
| Epistle to — — — Edinburgh, descriptive of Canada .....               |       |

|             | PAGE. |
|-------------|-------|
| .....       | 1     |
| .....       | 14    |
| .....       | 27    |
| .....       | 30    |
| .....       | 32    |
| .....       | 34    |
| .....       | 36    |
| &c. . . . . | 38    |
| .....       | 42    |
| .....       |       |

