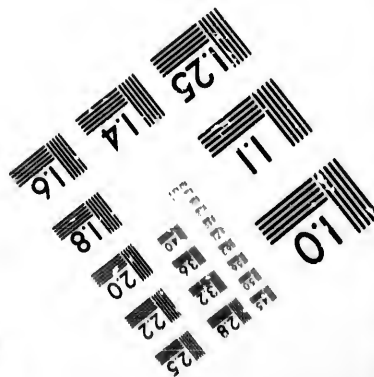
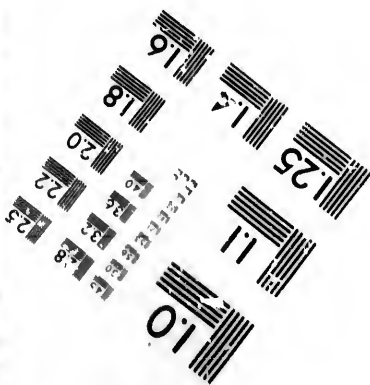
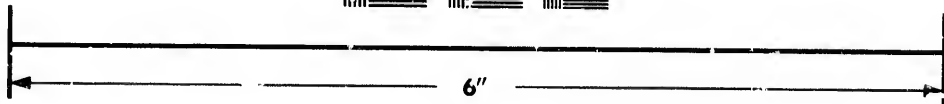
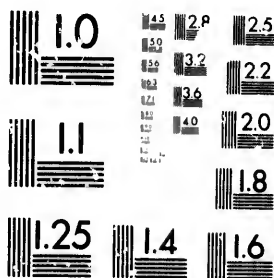


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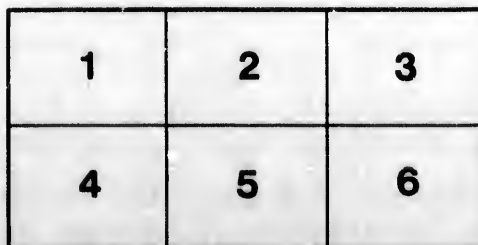
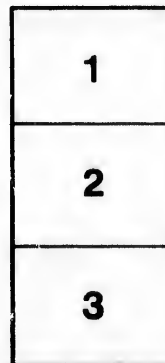
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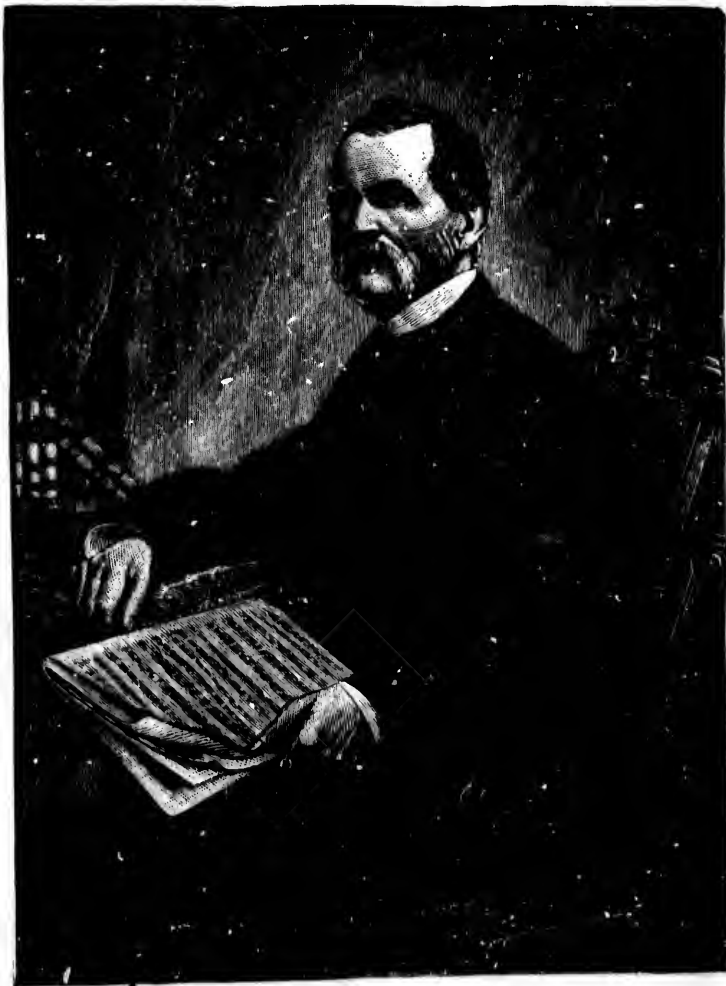
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Yours very sincerely

Edw. Maclellan

IN HIS 74th YEAR.

7

THE ENGLISH
POETICAL WORKS

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

Author of "Clarsach nam Beann."

WITH
A Biographical Sketch of the Author,

By A. MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Scot.,

INVERNESS.

SECOND CANADIAN EDITION.



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DEDICATION	iii
A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR	9
THE MOUNTAIN MINSTREL :—	
A May Morn'ng in Glen Shira.....	31
My own Native Cot.....	33
Annie's eyes.....	34
An Autumn Day on Loch Lomond.....	36
Raven-Black Tresses.....	39
The River Beauly.....	40
The Castle of Lochavich.....	43
Glen-Urquhart, Inverness-shire.....	55
Jessie of Carlunna.....	56
Another Dagon down	57
The Findhorn.....	58
Definition of a Poet.....	60
Maggie of Lochgair.....	61
On a Lady playing the Harp.....	62
Staffa.....	64
Donald and Sawney.....	67
Love in hiding	71
On viewing Tobermorry Bay.....	73
Shams.....	74
My three Charmers.....	79
Lines addressed to a young Poetical Friend.....	80
A Snowfall in Glen-Urquhart	81
Craigantarvie	82
Britain vs. Afghanistan.....	85
Mary Mine	86
The Fisherman's Return	87
The Highland Emigrant's Last Farewell.....	88
On the Death of a Beloved Parent.....	89
An Impromptu.....	90
Iona.....	91
Duncan's-Bay Head.....	95
To Mary	97

	PAGE
Love's Last Appeal	98
A Stolen Kiss	100
A Warning Word	101
The Metamorphosis	102
My First Railway Ride	106
Sellars and his, Shears	108
An Epistle to a Poetical Friend	110
Elegaic Stanzas	113
To the Morning Star	115
A Dreamland Delight	116
Lines written on the banks of the Dee, near Chester	118
"The Dingle"	119
Sonnet—The Primrose	120
Sonnet—To a Robin Singing on a November Morning	121
Sonnet—Addressed to J. Ferguson of Carlyle	121
Disenchanted	122
Tarlochan's Advice to his Son	123
A last fond Farewell	124
The Captured Bird	125
Where dwelleth Happiness?	127
Jeanie's new Album	128
Verses addressed to a fair friend on Her Birthday	131
The Minstrel to his Harp	132
TRANSLATIONS :—	
Loch-Duich—From the Author's Gaelic	133
Elegaic Stanzas—From the same	136
Mairi Laghach—From the Gaelic of J. McDonald	138
The Child of Promise—From the Author's Gaelic, by Rev. Dr. Buchanan, Perthshire	141
Another version of the same poem, by Lachlan McLean	142
SONGS :—	
Who loves not to think of Glenfinnan?	145
The Hills of the Heather	146
Ellie Bhòidheach	148
Glenara, I love thee	149
O Why so long Absent?	150
When I am far away	151
Bonnie Isabel	151
The Lass wi' the Bricht Gowden Hair	152
Sweet Annie Bhàn of Inverglén	153
My Morven Maid	154
The Maid of Leven-side	155
The Lass of Loch-shin	156
Winna the Siller make up for an Old Man?	157
The Lass of Glenfyne	159
The Betrayed One to Her Child	160
Sweet Annie of Glenara	161
The Shepheard Boy	162
Bella	163
Maggie Stuart	163
Inverrae's Wooing	165
I love thee not, April	166
POEMS, SONGS, AND SONNETS—Chiefly written in Canada :—	
The Chaudière	169

	PAGE
The Relief of Lucknow.....	170
Creag-a-Ghàrie.....	172
To Professor G——e on his last Historical Discovery.....	175
Robert Burns.....	176
Anniversary verses.....	179
The Modern Hercules.....	182
Canadian Girls.....	187
The Clans of 'Forty-five.....	188
A "Fabled" Ossian.....	190
The Lake of the Thousand Isles.....	192
A Scottish Syren.....	193
Sonnets descriptive of the Scenery of Loch-Awe, Argyleshire :—	
I. Loch-Awe.....	196
II. The Brander Pass.....	197
III. Innis-Druidnich.....	197
IV. Kilchurn Castle.....	198
V. Fraoch-Eilean.....	199
VI. Glenorchy.....	199
VII. A Summer Morning at Dalmally.....	200
Keep your Powder Dry, Boys.....	201
The Press.....	202
Domnhull Piobaire and the Bagpipes.....	205
"Stands Scotland where it did?".....	207
To Mary sleeping in an Arbour.....	210
A Day with the Muse.....	211
My Rowan Tree.....	215
Erin Machree.....	217
My First St. Andrew's Night in Canada.....	219
In Memoriam of Dr. Laycock, of Woodstock. Ont.....	221
A Time that yet shall be.....	223
The Modern Moloch.....	225
From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.....	227
William Lyon Mackenzie and his Traducers.....	228
A Girl I know.....	229
Glory to the Brave.....	230
Scottish Church Music.....	232
Verses written on New Year's Day, 1869.....	234
A Missing Minstrel.....	236
John Bull on his Travels.....	238
Lines addressed to a fair Friend.....	240
The Wallace Monument <i>vs.</i> Old Humphrey.....	241
Let us do the best we can.....	243
Verses addressed to John F. Campbell, of Islay.....	244
Canada's Welcome to the Prince of Wales.....	247
A very ill-used Squad, sir.....	249
Macaulay <i>vs.</i> Scotland.....	251
Garibaldi the Brave.....	253
Curling <i>vs.</i> Shinty.....	256
Christmas Time.....	258
Remember the Poor.....	259
To a fair Friend in a Foreign Land. (Written in response to a Yuletide greeting received from her after a silence of many years)....	260
To the same Friend on a similar occasion.....	261

	PAGE
The Wellington Street Peacock	262
The Tandys	264
Captain Creighton	266
Abram Lincoln	269
A Highland Hero's "Coronach"	271
My wherry, "Brunette"	274
The Land of the Lakes	275
How long, O Lord, how Long?	277
On a would-be Canadian Poet	278
England's Mighty Dead	280
Our Canada—an Extravaganza	281
A Bit of Advice	283
My Model Highlander	284
A Word with the Fenian Brotherhood	286
Up and at them! Spare them not!	288
The Cadi Ben Brammach to his Beaks	289
The Ordering of the Medal	290
To John Carruthers, Esq., Kingston	292
Lord Lorne and the Lady Louise	293
A Prologue	294
The World as it goes	296
Canada's Resolve	298
A Gathering Call, 1863	299
A Telegram	300
To Miss Goodall	301
An Impromptu	302
SONGS :—	
The Thistle	303
Upper Tendom	304
Eight in One are we	306
The Bonnet, Kilt and Feather	308
"My Morag"	310
Avich's Fairy Bower	311
Peggy Bhan of Drimalee	313
The Hero of Kars	314
Maggie Martin	316
The Day, an a' wha honor it	317
The Land ever Dearest to Me	319
The Land of the Green Maple Leaf	320
Chieftain Maclean	322
My own Dear Romantic Country	323
Ethel	324
EXTRACTS FROM A SERIES OF CARRIER BOYS' NEW YEAR'S DAY	
ADDRESSES :—	
From Address for 1860	326
From Address for 1863	328
From Address for 1867	330
From Address for 1869	332
From Address for 1878	335
From Address for 1882	337
EXTRACTS FROM NOTES OF A TOUR IN THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND IN	
1838-39	341



A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE AUTHOR.*



GVAN MACCOLL was born on the 21st September, 1808, at Kenmore, Lochfyne-side—a farm situated on the banks of that famous Loch, about five miles west from Inverary, Argyleshire, and at the time in the joint occupation of several tenants, the poet's father, Fergald MacColl, being one of them. The bard, who was the youngest but one of a family of six sons and two daughters, was fortunate enough in having for his father one who, in addition to many other excellent qualities, was famed far and near for the richest store of Celtic song of any man living in his part of the country. His home became, in consequence, the common resort of those in the district who delighted in such things; and long and frequent were the winter *ceilidhs* at his house to listen to him

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

singing Gaelic song after song—especially the Jacobite lays of such favourite minstrels as *Mairi nighean Alastair Ruaidh*, Alexander Macdonald, and Duncan Bàn Macintyre, every line of whose compositions he could repeat from memory, and in a manner well calculated to attract and captivate the rustic audience congregated round his hospitable fireside. He had a keen and genuine appreciation of the beautiful and the grand in the natural scenery which adorned his native land, and it was charming to hear the bard relating his recollections of how, when a mere boy, his father had made him familiar with the best positions in the neighbourhood of his home from which to view to advantage any scene of more than ordinary attraction—a circumstance which, no doubt, tended to implant in the mind of the future poet that love of Nature which afterwards found such mellifluous expression in his "Address to Loch Lomond;" his "Sonnets descriptive of Lochawe," which appeared in these pages; his "Loch-Duich," and many more of his most beautiful and best descriptive poems.

Digald MacColl, possessed of a manly presence, fine personal appearance and great natural intelligence, was received among, and lived on close terms of intimacy with, men who moved in a sphere of social life far above his own, and was in consequence able to procure the use of books, otherwise inaccessible, for his children; for parish libraries in those days were things undreamt of. Nothing delighted him more than to see the patriot flame fanned in the bosom of his young family by the perusal

of such books as Blind Harry's Metrical Life of Sir William Wallace, the Life of Hannibal, Baron Trenck's Autobiography, and other works of a similar character. He was descended from an old family—the MacColls of Glasdrum—a family in which resides, it is said, the chiefship of his clan—a small but heroic branch of the race of Somerled of the Isles. He possessed superior natural endowments—physical as well as mental—and was reputed to be altogether as fine a specimen of the Highlander as could be found in the whole county of Argyll in his day. He delighted to wear the Highland dress, and continued to do so, at least as a holiday dress, long after it had ceased to be used by any other of the adult population of his native parish.

In his mother, Mary Cameron, a daughter of *Domhnall mor a Gharbh-choirre*—in his day a man of considerable mark in the district of Cowall—the bard was scarcely less fortunate. She was noted for her store of traditional tales, legendary and fairy lore, and was withal thoroughly familiar with her Bible, and led a life of much active benevolence; and for her memory the bard cherishes the most tender filial feelings and affection. She is also said to have been somewhat of an improvisatrice, and her leanings in this direction, coupled with her frequent exercise of the gift, gave a bent and tone to the boy-mind which time, an ardent soul, and carefully directed thought have fully developed, if not perfected, in the man.

John Mackenzie, in his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry, and Lives of the Gaelic Bards," informs us that the poet's

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

taste for English literature. A circumstance occurred about this time which tended materially to encourage our author's poetic leanings. His father, while transacting business one day in a distant part of his native parish, fell in with a Paisley weaver, who, in consequence of the depression of trade, had made an excursion to the Highlands with a lot of old books for sale. MacColl bought the entire lot, and returned home groaning under his literary burden, which Evan received with transports of delight. Among other valuable works he was thus put in possession of were the 'Spectator,' 'Burns's Poems,' and the 'British Essayists.' He read them with avidity, and a new world opened on his view; his thoughts now began to expand, and his natural love of song received an impetus which no external obstacles could resist. Contemporaneous with this literary impulsion was the artillery of a neighbouring Chloe, whose eyes had done sad havoc among the mental fortifications of our bard: he composed his first song in her praise, and, although he had yet scarcely passed the term of boyhood, it is a very respectable effort, and was very well received by his parishioners."

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

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

Of his educational opportunities in early life the bard,

in a letter recently received from him, gives the following interesting account:—

“My earliest schoolboy days were spent in a most miserable apology for a school, existing quite close to where I lived, and conducted by a dominie of whose scholastic acquirements you may judge from the fact that he was content to be paid for his services at the rate of £10 per annum, besides board and lodging—the last being secured to him at the expense of a constant round of house to house billeting, one day at a time for each child attending school. Here, in a building little better than a hovel, and where the discipline was such as I even now shudder to think of, I first learned to master the A B C the ab abs, and so forth. This important preliminary being once through, I, in common with all little ones of similar standing, were made to grope our way through the Shorter Catechism—the English version, mind you—for to be taught at that stage of our progress to read a word of Gaelic was a thing never dreamt of. So much for *our* First Book of Lessons! Our next was the Book of Proverbs, then the New Testament, and afterwards the Old—all in English, of course, and the same as Greek to most of us. These were followed by some English Collection, or it might be Goldsmith’s History of Rome, in the case of children whose parents could afford to buy such books; and where that could not be done, I have known an odd volume of Dean Swift’s writings doing duty instead! Last of all came in the Gaelic Psalm-book for such of us as might wish to attain to a know-

ledge of reading our native tongue. When it is considered how very little English any of us knew, I think it must be allowed that a total reversal of all this would have been the infinitely-more sensible procedure. In those days, and in such schools, a boy caught speaking a word of Gaelic was pretty sure to be made to mount the back of some one of his sturdier schoolmates, and then, moving in a circuit around the master, tawse in hand, get his hips soundly thrashed. You may well guess what a terror was inspired by such a mode of punishment in the case of little urchins wearing the kilt, as most, if not all of us then did. Another barbarous mode of forcing us to make English our sole vehicle of speech at school was, to make any trespasser on that rule carry on his breast, suspended by a *gad* made to go round the neck, the skull of some dead horse! and which he was by no means to get rid of until some other luckless fellow might be overheard whispering a word in the prohibited tongue. How Highland parents, with the least common sense, could approve of all this is to me now inexplicable. Little wonder if, under such circumstances, we could often devoutly wish that the Saxon and his tongue had never existed! It is to be hoped that no such foul, short-sighted means of killing off my good mother-tongue are still allowed to exist in any part of the Highlands. If it must die—though I see no good reason why it should—let it have at least a little fair play in the fight for its life.

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

MacColl’s mind is of a peculiarly delicate and sensitive texture, and the strongest impression of his early childhood still remaining, he informs us, is his recollection of his extreme sensitiveness to pain inflicted on any creature, even among the lower animals. This characteristic peculiarity of his nature made the day set apart for killing the “*Mullag-gheamhraidh*,” or any other occasional victim necessary to furnish the household with animal food,

to him a day of special horror and anguish. On all such occasions it became necessary to send him out of the way until the necessary proceedings were over. It led him also, often at the expense of much rough treatment from boy companions older than himself, to become a regular little knight-errant in the defence of his favorite wild-birds and their brood from the harrying propensities so common to most boys; and a lapwing could not more successfully wile away from her nest the searcher after it than he often did from their mark the would-be-despoilers of some poor robin's *cuach*, as yet undiscovered by them. With a boy so constituted we may well believe him when he writes in his poem on "*Creag-a-gharaidh*," given to the public a few years ago, that

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

Like most Highland boys brought up in rural life, MacColl was early trained to all the various duties and labours incidental to that sphere of life—the spade, the plough, and the sickle, being for many years implements far more familiar to him than the pen. The herring fishing season in Lochfyne was also to him for several years of his early manhood a period of more than ordinary activity—himself and his wherry, "*Mairi Chreagh-a-ghàraidh*," the praises of which have been already sounded in excellent Gaelic verse in these pages, being generally foremost in opening the fishing campaign, and seldom missing a fair share of

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

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

His first publication in volume form appeared in 1836, under the title of *The Mountain Minstrel*, containing Gaelic songs and poems, and his earliest attempts in Eng-

lish. Though the names of MacLachlan and Stewart appear upon the title page, the work was entirely published at the risk of the author. It was well received, the sale covered the cost of publication, and left a small balance to the bard.

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

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

The late Dr. Norman MacLeod, reviewing it in an Edinburgh paper, writes:—"Evan MacColl's poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and the grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work

is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild, indeed, and sometimes rough are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and striking, images and comparisons so beautiful and original, feelings so warm and fresh, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man." Hugh Miller says, in the *Inverness Courier*: "There is more of fancy than of imagination in the poetry of MacColl, and more of thought and imagery than of feeling. In point, glitter, polish, he is the Moore of Highland song. Comparison and ideality are the leading features of his mind. Some of the pieces in this volume are sparkling tissues of comparison from beginning to end. The images pass before us in quick and tantalizing succession, reminding us of the figures of a magic lantern, hurriedly drawn athwart the wall, or the patterns of a web of tapestry, seen and then lost, as they sweep over the frame. Even when compelled to form a high estimate of the wealth of the bard from the very rapidity with which he flings it before us, we cannot avoid wishing at the same time that he had learned to enjoy it a little more at his leisure. This, if a fault, however, and we doubt it after all, is a fault of genius." Dr. Browne, author of "The History of the Highland Clans," noticing the work in the *Caledonian Mercury*, wrote:—"Genius, wherever it displays itself, constitutes nature's title of nobility, with heaven's patent right visibly stamped upon it, and thus levels all other distinctions. Here, for instance, we have it breaking out amidst every disadvantage in the person of a Western Celt,—one, who, obedient

to the voice within, sought to embody in song those feelings and emotions which external nature has kindled up in his bosom; and who, with none of the means and appliances furnished by the schools, has thrown together in his *Mountain Minstrel* more gems 'of purest ray serene' than could be found in a decade of *lustra* amongst the measured dulness of the choristers and songsters in the cities of the south."

This is surely high praise, but we must yet quote Bailey, the celebrated author of "Festus" and of the "Angel World." "There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the *Mountain Minstrel*, which seems to breathe naturally of the hungry air the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of the melodies towards the close of this volume, are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame."

Our Minstrel having thus established for himself a name which his countrymen "will not willingly let die." the time to leave his beloved Lochfyne-side, not for Canada, but England, at last drew near. For, having been in the spring of 1839, through the influence of Mr. Campbell, of Islay, then M.P. for Argyleshire, appointed to a clerkship in the Liverpool Custom House, he, in that year, bade his native home an affectionate farewell, and exchanged the Highland hills and heather, which had so

often occupied his poetic mind, for a sphere of life which, with its necessary duties and surroundings, had little attraction for one of his temperament, tastes and feelings.

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

Promotion in the public service in Canada, being a matter almost entirely dependent on political influence,—and the Liberal party,—that to which MacColl owed his appointment,—having, unfortunately for him, been left in the cold shades of opposition, with but a very short interval during the whole of his official life in that country, his portion at the "public crib" was never much to boast of. We suspect that a further barrier to his advancement lay in a suspicion that not a few of the political lyrics anonymously contributed from time to time to the Reform press, were from his pen. It is cer-

tain that the bard never professed to be much of an admirer of his countryman Sir John A. Macdonald, the leader of the Conservative party there; and, this being the case, he made it a point of honor never to solicit any favour at his hands. Yet Sir John, who had it so often in his power to befriend him, can hardly be excused for not acting towards him in a more generous spirit than he seems to have done. It was hoped that when, in 1874, Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the Liberal party, came into power, MacColl's well-established claims to promotion would result in some lucrative place being at once given him. A promise to that effect was cheerfully made; but, yielding to political exigencies, Mr. Mackenzie delayed its fulfilment, more clamorous claimants having to be provided for,—while the bard, too modest to press his claims, and altogether too confident that the time would come when his patience would be amply rewarded, kept vainly trusting on until the upset of the Mackenzie government, in 1878, suddenly put an end to all his hopes of preferment.

We have said enough to show the stamp of man, whom we (on this side of the Atlantic) had almost permitted to die out of remembrance; but we must yet be allowed to add one more tribute in his praise from a brother Canadian bard, of no mean powers himself; for it is not often that one poet can be found to speak so well of another. We quote from a *Biographical Sketch*, written by the poet, Charles Sangster, for General Wilson's work on the *Scottish Bards*, published a good many years ago, by the Harpers, of New York.

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

Among MacColl's literary friends and acquaintances in the Highlands were, first and foremost, John Mackenzie, of "The Beauties," allowed, like many more of his class, to die prematurely in neglect and poverty, though his great services to the Celtic cause are now being fully acknowledged. The late Robert Carruthers, L.L.D., he

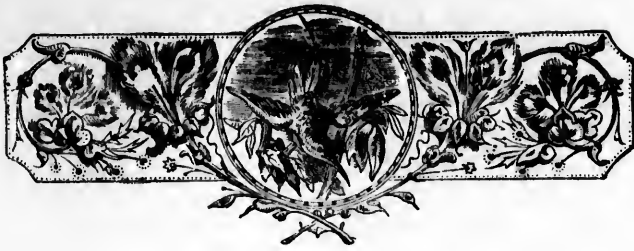
met several times, "first of all in the studio of my dear departed friend, Mr. Alexander MacInnes, the artist, then a resident of Inverness," He met Hugh Miller, too, more than once, the last time being at the old Cromarty homestead, celebrated in his "Schools and School-masters." He also spent some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

In London, he was intimately acquainted with James Logan, author of "The Scottish Gael;" Fraser, of *Fraser's Magazine*, and Hugh Fraser, an Invernessian, the publisher of "Leabhar Nan Cnoc." These, in all, form a circle of literary friends, though not altogether our most brilliant stars, with whom the Bard of Lochfyne might well be highly pleased, indeed gratified.

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

The Mountain Minstrel.





THE
MOUNTAIN MINSTREL.

A MAY MORNING IN GLEN-SHIRA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thou comest, and the clouds are not,
Rude Boreas has his wrath forgot,
The gossamer again is in the air afloat.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MY OWN NATIVE COT.

My own native Cot, aye so dear unto me—
Whose hearth to the homeless was always so free,—
Though long from it roaming, and far from it too,
That home of my childhood is always in view:

That home where the stranger found welcome unbought,
That home where sweet fancies came to me unsought,—
Its place in my heart nothing else e'er can fill :
God bless the old cot at the foot of the hill !

Methinks I still see the sweet neuk of bright green,
Where calmly it nestles, half hid and half seen ;
I hear the bees hum in the the sycamores fair
That vied with each other to shelter it there ;
The burn wimpling nigh it still sings in its glee,
The gowan and primrose still bloom there, for me :
Illusions, alas ! yet my heartstrings they thrill :
God bless the old cot at the foot of the hill !

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

ANNIE'S EYES.

My Annie's form, my Annie's face
Fain would my trembling pencil trace ;

But Fancy will not compromise—
She bids me sing of Annie's eyes.

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

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

The more I look, the more I see
How matchless is their glamorie;
Himself he would immortalize
Who'd fitly sing of Annie's eyes.

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

Had she been of that group renowned
For Beauty's prize once rivals found,
Methinks the Trojan's verdict wise
Would take its cue from Annie's eyes.

The patriot will forget the soil
That nursed him, bards the muse's smile

And saints their hopes beyond the skies,
Ere I, forget my Annie's eyes.

AN AUTUMN DAY ON LOCH-LOMOND.

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

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

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

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

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

See yon eagle skyward soaring—
Air's proud empress lightning-eyed :
Lo, she swoops! the prey alluring
Was her image in the tide.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Reaping-hook

† Song.

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

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

RAVEN-BLACK TRESSES.

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

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

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

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

The poets, fond fools ! in the time 'elept the olden,
Described Love's own queen proud of locks that were
golden :

But had they seen *thee* they would own that the Graces
Misjudged in not giving her raven-black tresses.

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

THE RIVER BEAULY.

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

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

Graces

'Tis grand thy crystal flood to view
Benvaichard's borders leaving,
Nor less to see the Strath below
Thy fuller flow receiving;
But grander far
To see thee where
Its narrowing bounds thou'rt cleaving
Through rocky ridges opening wide
In very terror of thy tide.

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

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

O scene most magically wrought !
What minstrel pen can paint thee ?
Thy charms, fantastic beyond thought,
Art never could have lent thee :
 Enchanting spot,
 I wonder not
The muses love to haunt thee ;
And long, loved Dream ! may they delight to stray
Through thee with tuneful King-descended Hay.*

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

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

THE CASTLE OF LOHAVICH.

A WEST HIGHLAND LEGEND.

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

LOHAVICH'S banks are fair to view,
The swan loves well its bosom blue,
And well the angler is aware
His paradise of sport is there.
Yet, pilgrim to that solitude,
However sceptical thy mood,
I would not counsel thee to bide
On Avich's breast at twilight tide,
And least of all, to ply the oar
Near Innisluna's haunted shore.
It is an islet green, where lave
The birch her branches in the wave,

And towers a time-worn pile,—although
The winds wail through its chambers wide,
It looks upon the flood below
 With something yet of feudal pride.

When night resumes her dusky sway,
The shepherd shuns yon beechward way;
The hunter, lated and alone,
May well with quickened pace move on
Whenever meets his watchful eye
That pile unhallow'd frowning nigh.
For there between him and the tide
A maiden form doth often glide,
Now with a low beseeching wail,
Now silent as a cloudlet frail
Dissolving in the moonlight pale,
Till sudden passing from his sight,
She startles with her shrieks the night!
"It is the Nighean ruadh," he says—
"Protect me, Heaven good!"
And while he yet doth wilder'd gaze,
 She sinks into the flood.

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

Glendovan's Chief—a chief far famed
For daring deeds unblest,—untamed
And fierce as wild boar of the wood,
Lived in Glendovan's solitude,
Where, in a wild, barbaric way,
Five hundred clansmen owned his sway.
Alas for them, or friends or foes,
Who would stout Ardan's will oppose!
A chief was he who never long
From strife his hand could stay:
The leader of a reiving throng
Who ne'er distinguished right from wrong—
His creed was that unto the strong
The weak were lawful prey.
But now at length grown grey in strife,
With foemen thirsting for his life,
And deeming insecure, I ween,
His home ancestral in the Glen,
He plans that on yon isle ere long
Shall tower a castle stout and strong,
Where, if in war no longer famed,
He'll pass life's winter still untamed.
When Art can wield his father's brand,
And chiefs contend for Runa's hand,
(Fair Runa, his sole daughter mild—
The Sunbeam of Glendovan styled)—
Stern Ardan on his castled rock,
His stoutest foe right well may mock.

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

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

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

"Why, Fergus, is that frequent sigh?
That dreamy, unobservant eye?
Thy duty fitly to fulfil
Needs all thy wonted zeal and skill.
My cares are doubled since the day
Thou'st taken to this moody way!
It seems, my son, as thou wouldst have
Us never more to cross the wave,—
As if the day our task is done,
You'd have it only just begun!"
Ah, Patrick, thou art old as wise,
'Tis long since love could wake thy sighs;
But yet experience might thee shew
What woman's witching smile may do,
And how in vain would youth defy
Th' omnipotence of Beauty's eye.

But to my tale and Fergus :—Fain
Would I describe in fitting strain
How thrilled beneath his minstrel art
Each fibre of the Highland heart;
How—oftener than his father knew—
His evening walk he would pursue
To where, begirt by rock and brake,
An *diridh* overlooked the lake,—
A scene whose features wildly fair
Young Runa loves, and oft is there
With maids who milk her father's flocks,
The while they vocal make the rocks,

With songs whose melody so sweet
Alone might thither tempt his feet.
Nor did their lilted charm for nought
The youth who thus their presence sought ;
For often, when encouraged by
A word or glance from Runa nigh,
He'd touch his harp, and sing, the while,
Some thrilling lay of Erin's Isle.
The wondering shepherds praise his skill,
Confessing Torran's fairy hill
Could boast no minstrel to compare
One moment with that harper rare !
Their fair companions, though they praise
Less loud, list with as glad amaze ;
Or rude or gentle—one and all
His music held in willing thrall.
Another and another strain
Succeed,—so charms he heart and brain,
The briefest silence seems a pain !
But why, like wavelet in the light
Of sunbeams on the lake,
Heaves Runa's gentle bosom bright ?
Can song such tumult wake ?
Ah Runa ! be upon thy guard !
Thou lov'st the music well,—
Yet frequent sighs may well be spared,
And blushes more than tell the bard
How much he doth excel ;—

Then tempt him not 'gainst faith to cope :
Alas, what will not minstrel hope !

Time passes on ; the builder's skill
Is shewn to be unrivalled still,
And Ardan's castle soon shall stand
The stoutest structure in the land,
And soon, too, Patrick hopes to hail
Once more his native Innisfail.
Alas, poor Patrick ! never he
That land beloved again may see !
He little weens that when he has

 His task complete, and would be gone,
Resolved is Dovan's chieftain base

 To rob of life both sire and son !
Why should o'er ocean's distant flow
The guerdon of their labours go ?
His steel is sharp—yon rock is steep,—
His gold shall never cross the deep !
His daughter sees his brow assume
From day to day a deeper gloom,
And strives in winsome way to chase
That gloom unwelcome from its place.
As well that maiden fair might try
 With smiles to chase the cloud
That in its sable canopy
 The thunderbolt doth shroud !

One night, when oft the cup went round
Grim Ardan's table plenty-crown'd,

Strange whisp'rings reached young Runa's ear—
She heard what it was death to hear :—
“ 'Tis fixed—this night must be their last ;
Let fox and cub alike be cast
Together o'er yon rocky steep—
The lake below is dark and deep.
The gold with which they hope to swell
Their purse, will portion Runa well ! ”

Poor Runa ! well thy heart may quake :—
What can be done for Fergus' sake ?
Another hour may seal his doom ;
Yon lake may be the minstrel's tomb !
O that he had but time to fly !
O that some warning voice were n
The idol of her secret sigh !
He whom, alas ! she cannot tell,
Yet feareth much she loves too well.
Silent she stealeth forth : Ah me,
What may not in extremity
By woman's love accomplish'd be !
One minute, and whate'er befall,
The revellers in Ardan's hall
Unconscious prisoners will be all,
And Fergus, ere the dawn of day
Be from Lochavich far away.
'Tis done ! she locks the pondrous door,
And quitteth now with quick'ning pace
That home to which in life no more
She may her path retrace—

Resolved her lover's life to save
Or with him sleep beneath the wave.

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

THE WARNING.

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

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

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

Ye streamlets, why so rudely rush ?
Ye birds of night, your discords hush !
What if too late her voice he hear ?
What if dread Ardan's step is near ?
The thought is horror, well I trow :
Alas, Glendovan's flower !
Why bears the tide no friendly prow
To waft thee to the bower

Where seemeth it thy presence fair
Alone can wake the sleeper there ?
O fatal sleep, whose end unblest
May be a dagger in his breast !

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

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

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

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

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

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

On fair Lochavich's western shore
 The traveller still may see
Two stony heaps—the swelling store
 Of more than centuries three.

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

GLEN-URQUHART, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

HAIL, thou Arcadia of the North !
Glen-Urquhart lovely, well I trow
Yon sun above t' ne'er looked forth
On any landscape fair a thot

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

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

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

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

JESSIE OF CARLUNNAN.

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

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

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

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

ANOTHER DAGON DOWN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE FINDHORN.

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

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

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

Glassing the skies above,
Yonder thou glidest ;
Now in some piny grove,
Sudden, thou hidest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

October, 1838.

DEFINITION OF A POET.

A **PLAYER** strange on life's rough stage,
Now saint, now sinner, and now sage ;
A dreamer oft of creed unsound,
And yet a prophet frequent found ;
A wayward wight of passions wild,
Yet tender-hearted as a child ;
A spirit like the lark endowed
To sing its sweetest in a cloud ;
A soul to whom, by beauty given,
A frown is hell, a smile is heaven !
The friend of Truth, past contradiction,
And yet the very slave of Fiction ;
The mortal foe of vanity,
Yet no one half so vain as he ;
The moralist high-toned, withal
Oft bound in Pleasure's circean thrall—
The vices he can ban so well
Himself the weakest to repel !

A vapour in the whirwind's pow'r,
A dewdrop glittering for an hour,
A flow'r whose pow'r to charm is due
More to its fragrance than its hue,—
Such aye has been from days of old
 The traits and types that truest shew out
That strange compound of mud and gold,
 That Rara Avis called a poet.

MAGGIE OF LOCHGAIR.

OF all the dear charmers that be
 Now blooming in Scotia fair,
The fairest and dearest to me
 Is Maggie, the pride of Lochgair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

ON A LADY PLAYING THE HARP.

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

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

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

Dear woman ! what mean bard unblest
Would not thy praises make
His chosen theme o'er all the rest ?
A world with thy fair presence graced,
A world where Anna's fingers chaste
Such raptures can awake,
With all its heavy sum of ill
There's much of Eden in it still !

STAFFA.

OFF with the morn's first faint ray our trim bark west
away,

Like a ghost from the Dawn, was flying
Before a fair wind which, from Ulva behind,
O'er the solemn sea went sighing.

And on, on speed we now where, far-off, on our bow
Loomed that Isle of which fame spoke so loudly,—
On, where wash the wild waves Staffa's columns and
caves,
Fast and faster, our way we go proudly.

On the Paps we scarce thought—of Eigg's Cliff took slight
note ;

Nor, although its blessed shore was so nigh us,
Could Columba's own Isle for a moment beguile
Our charmed gaze from that now which lay by us.
Like a fragment chance-hurled from some fairer-framed
world.

Mid the waves round it joyously dancing
Stood that Isle which all there well indeed might declare
All unmatched save in Sinbad's romancing.

And now thy weird beach, wond'rous Staffa, we reach—
Now we kneel with devotion beseeming ;
Now that grotto we mark, where, 'tween daylight and
dark,
Combs the mermaid her tresses gold-gleaming ;

And now wend we our way where above us, in play,
Wakes the seagull a clamorous chorus,
Till a joyful "hurroo!" sudden stops us, and lo!
Fingal's cave in its glory before us!

What vain fool would compare with that fabric rare
Palace, Church, or Cathedral splendour?
Charms that far more amaze the rapt pilgrim's fond gaze
It has there in its own gloomy grandeur.
No—there's nothing can be, of man's work, matched with
thee,
Thou famed fane of the ocean solemn!
He who sees not God's hand in thy record so grand
Never will in the holiest volume.

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

Witching Isle of the West, never made for thy breast
Was the slow-gliding plough nor the harrow;
But the lightnings that fly, and the storms passing by,
On thy brow have left many a furrow.

What, to thee, is the spring of which bards love to sing ?
What, to thee, how the harvester speedeth,
When the life-teeming sea giveth amply and free
All thy feathered inhabitant needeth ?

Thine are no gowan'd leas—thine no bloom-kissing bees,
Nor the cuckoo with spring returning ;
Thine is never a thrush in the hazel bush
Glad-greeting the Maytide morning ;
But thine is the shell where the pearl loves to dwell,
The wild swan and the fulmar wary,
And the spar-spangled cave which the murmuring wave
Lightens up with an emerald glory.

Yet withal, thou weird Isle, heaven help him thou'dst
wile

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

It is then one might hear with a trusting ear
(What the Isleman believes in, devoutly—)
That, though haughty enow in the calm lookest thou,
On thy pillar-propped 'throne seated stoutly,
In the hurricane hour, when the storm-fiend's full pow'r
Breaks upon thee in surges snowy,

Thou dost quiver and quake like a leaf in the brake,
As if fearing their force would o'erthrow thee!

When but yet a boy, the most cherished joy
Of my heart was the hope to view thee;
Of all pleasures rare mine some day to share
None seemed equal to roaming through thee.
The long fret is o'er—yet for evermore,
Shall the glamour by thee cast o'er me
Flourish fresh and fair in my memory, where
Thou shalt seem as if still before me.
1836.

DONALD AND SAWNEY,

A DIALOGUE.

'TWAS at last Autumn's Falkirk fair
Two rustics waged a battle rare;—
The one, a drover stout and stern,
Was from the braes of far Muckairn;
The other chap, as stout as he,
A Lothian farmer seemed to be.
Their labours for the day quite ended,
To a near "houf" their way they wended,
Where, while the glass goes often round,
And both in talking mood are found,
They joke and laugh and boast by turns,
Of Ossian this, and that of Burns.
Nor long it was till them es as good

For wordy warfare fired their blood,—
And Lowland thrift and Highland pride,
And mountains high and corses wide,
And bonnets blue and tartans gay,
And “rig and fur,” and hodden gray,
Alternate, in the well-fought fray
Provoked the jibe or waked the boast,—
’Twas doubtful which prevailed the most.
So much premised;—who had the best o’t
May from what follows here be guessed at.

D.—Give me the land of mountains high bedecked with
purpling heath,
And glens like to that happy one where first I drēw
my breath,—
Where, be he rich or be he poor, the stranger roaming
there
Finds Highland hearts and Highland homes to give
him welcome rare.

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

D.—Confusion to such selfish ways ! I hate men coldly
calm—

The same thing listening to a speech, a sermon, song
or psalm ;

The man with all his thoughts and cares concentered
in himself

Is but a poor man after all, no matter what his pelf.
Not thus you'll find the manly Gael,—though nursed
amid the storm,

His sympathies are wide and deep—his heart is ever
warm :

No selfish wish e'er finds *his* breast, except the wish
to be

The bravest aye among the brave, the freest 'mong
the free !

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

His voice is, like his beard, so rough,—an' then, his
bare, grit knees—

Ye'd think them, as he gangs the street, a pair o'
birken trees !

D.—Trees here or there,—one thing is sure,—his is the
honour high

Which never yet betrayed a trust—much sooner
would he die,—

His too the songs that tell of sires unmatched in days
of yore ;
The tyrant's dread and Freedom's guard is still the
Gael's claymore !

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

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

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

LOVE IN HIDING.

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

I know it, when at Gloaming's hour
She meets me in yon garden bower
With well-feigned start and bashful air ;
She never thought to meet *me* there !
I note the love-light in her eye,
And stop her feigning with a kiss—
One which, of course, she'd sooner die
Than give, yet giveth ne'ertheless,
Though under protestation grave
'Twould be the last from her I'd have !
A dire lookout—but never mind,
A secret solace quick I find,
When to my love-tale, told her there.
She feigns to give a heedless ear,
Though in her bosom's fond unrest
My suit's best answer is expressed.

My pleading done, she giveth me
A look that settles all the plea ;
And after being kissed anew,
'Mid maiden blushes not a few,
With fluttering heart she springs away,
Much wondering what "mamma" will say.

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

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

ON VIEWING TOBERMORRY BAY.

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

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

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

Yon Isle that guards thee from the sea,
The fisher's song so full of glee,
The sea-bird's joyous cry,—
All, all have bound me with a spell;—
To scene so sweet to bid farewell
'Tis sweet to heave a sigh!

SHAMS.

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

Here goes he, solemn as an owl,
His forehead hid in priestly cowl;
There, in Geneva cloak and bands,
Your ready reverence he commands:
So meek look both—you'd think they'd die
Ere either would have hurt a fly.
Alas to think that, ne'ertheless,
May oft be found more gall than grace
Within their hearts—as one may ween
From the keen zest and sure precision
With which each proves the other in
The very high road to perdition!

What matters that ? Do they not each
Of charity and mercy preach,
And ape the saint in such a key
As might make Satan laugh to see ?
Small wonder that their flocks oft place
In bigot zeal the sign of grace,
And judge that man most grace-possessed
His neighbour's creed who damneth best !

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

You may be all a rascal can,
Yet pass for a most godly man !

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

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

Would'st thou, at quite an easy rate,
Pass for a man of learning great ?
The more a thing transcends thy reach,
The more pretentious be thy speech ;

Commit to memory carefully,
Quotations classic, two or three ;
Seem quite familiar with the flames
Of mythologic gods and dames ;
Get most great minstrel names by rote
From Homer down to Walter Scott :
Prate much about " the tale divine
Of Troy," and eke " the sacred Nine,"
The Graces three," " Calypso's cave,"
And " Venus rising from the wave."
Affect to find Herodotus
Making of History quite a muss ;
Keep babbling 'bout the wondrous store
Of Egypt's hieroglyphic lore ;
Be great on " the Draconian Code,"
Nor quite forget " The Sapphic Ode."
If to all this thou should'st essay
A prompt, dogmatic Yea, or Nay
To leading questions of our day,
'Tis ten to one thou'lt soon be owned
" A man of learning most profound !"

Would'st thou, with parts however mean,
Wish to be thought a critic keen ?
Get practised in sarcastic sneers,
Looks consequential, gibes and jeers.
Though by thee never read, yet still,
Feign finding " Orion " work up-hill,

The " Vestiges " a failure sad,
And " Festus " simply " prose run mad."
Talk of this bard as writing trash,
That other, writhing 'neath thy lash—
This novel, one of interest deep,
And that, first-rate to make one sleep.
Though thy sole standing with the Press
May be of the waste-basket class,
Hint that thou art of *The Review*
The " Veritas " or " O. P. Q."—
That even *Blackwood* could not stand
Without thy modest helping hand,—
Chime in with those who labour hard
To make a myth of Selma's bard ;
There's " Junius " also—subject grand
For sage conjectures second hand !
The Bacon-Shakespear question too,
To help thy purpose, much may do.
To make thy chances still more fair,
Thou might'st do worse than join that Club
Who once a week their learning air
At *The Athenic*, 10, Goose-dub.*

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

MY THREE CHARMERS.

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

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

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

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG POETICAL
FRIEND.

SING on, my brother minstrel young,—

Sing on, unheeding them

Who now may in thy rustic song

Find less to praise than blame.

When did the blackbird's woodland lays

The hawk forbearance teach ?

When was the fox e'er found to praise

The grapes he could not reach ?

A joy above all joys supreme

Does to the bard belong ;

Far more than India's wealth to him

His own proud gift of song.

Then sing thou on, regardless though

Thine yet be scanty praise ;

The time may come thy gentle brow

May wear unfading bays.

Be thine the patriot in thy veins

Oft in thy verse to shew,

Nor yet forget the sweeter strains

To Love and Beauty due.

Thus may'st thou win, spite fortune's slight,

A fame for ever growing ;

Not the least welcome stars, at night,

Are those through cloud-rifts glowing.

A SNOWFALL IN GLEN-URQUHART.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let him boast of landscapes green
Who no Highland Glen hath seen
Mantled in the chaster sheen
 Lent it by the snow !

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

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

CRAIGANTAIRVE.

A SCENE IN NETHER LORNE, ARGYLESHIRE.

WHERE, when comes the joyous Spring,
Is first heard the carolling
Of the songbirds loving well
'Mong our Highland woods to dwell ?
Where first tries the tuneful thrush,
Perched on the yet leafless bush,

To drown Winter's dying sigh
In a flood of melody—
Merles and linnets glad as she,
Joining with her in her glee,—
While the skylark, no less gay,
Far among the clouds away,
Pipeth, in her heavenward flight,
Music such as seraph might
Almost fill with envy to
Listen to its thrilling flow ?
Would you know ? then hither come,
And make Craigantairve your home.

Where—when, after absence long,
The cuckoo resumes her song—
Is first heard her welcome lay
Bringing in the happy May ?
Where—his harem's love to gain—
Joys to croon the heathcock vain,
With his wings outstretchéd wide—
Twenty fair ones at his side ?
Where delighteth most the bee
On sweet blooms to banquet free—
Finding them abundant too
Almost all the long year through ?
Would you know ? then hither come,
And make Craigantairve your home.

Where be the green woodlands where
Finds the roe his choicest lair ?

Where the grassy hillides green
First to don their emerald sheen,
And the clovered meadows fine
Dearest to the milky kine,

And the streamlets clear and cool
Marged by birches beautiful
Whose wind-wafted fragrance rare
Miles around perfume the air?
Would you know? then hither come,
And make Craigantairve your home.

Scene beloved! who here can view
All thy graces, ever new,
Would not pity men who toil
'Mid the city's sad turmoil,
Making "fortunes," if they can,
Careless how, so it be done!
Give to me to spend my days
Among Highland birks and braes,
Finding there the best of wealth,
Rural joys and rosy health;
And, when wedded, proudly find
Mine some mountain maiden kind—
One who, like the matchless flower
Blossoming in yonder bower,
Would make any place to be
Quite a paradise to me.

BRITAIN vs. AFGHANISTAN.

Written in 1843.

'Tis grand to grasp the glaive
Some sacred cause to shield ;

'Tis grand to find a grave
In freedom's battle-field.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY MINE.

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

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

Moons may change in yonder heaven,
Ocean still may ebb and flow;
But my love, so fondly given,
Change nor ebb shall ever know.

THE FISHERMAN'S RETURN.

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

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

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

THE HIGHLAND EMIGRANT'S LAST FAREWELL.

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

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

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

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED PARENT.

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

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

A task more pleasant was the loving zeal
With which to me, in boyhood, day by day,
Thou would'st fresh fountains of delight unseal,
Making Instruction's path a pleasant way.
'Twas thine to show Vice smiles but to betray,
Thine to persuade me ever to pursue
The path of duty, nor from that e'er stray,

No matter what of sacrifice ensue—
Thine own example still to all thy precepts true.

If friends departed may permitted be
To mingle sympathies with those they best
Loved on this earth, O, be thou still to me
A guardian spirit, chasing all unrest
And sorrow from my oft despondent breast,—
Bidding me hopeful tread life's journey o'er,
Cheered by the thought that, when at heaven's behest,
Hence called, I'll meet thee on that blissful shore
Where re-united friends are parted never-more.

AN IMPROMPTU.

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

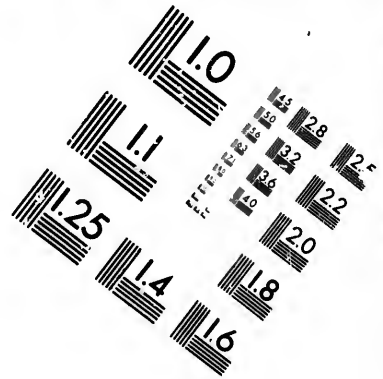
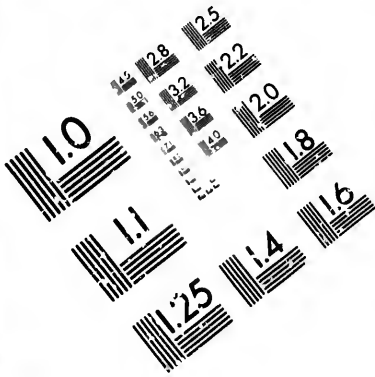
WAS ever mortal maiden half so fair
As thou, the form all-perfect pictured there!
If breath were thine, I'd almost wish to be
Myself a dog, to be caressed by thee.

IONA.

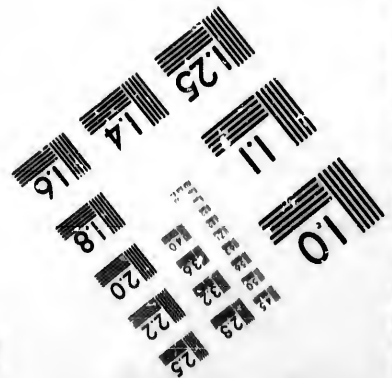
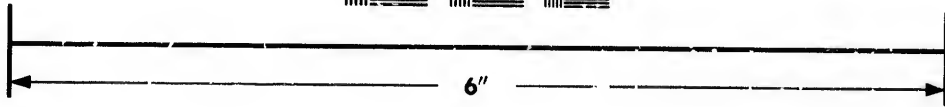
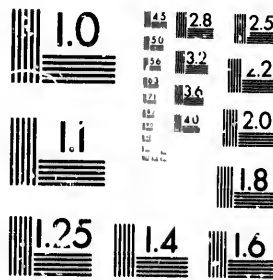
THRICE hallowed island of the wave,
St. Callum's chosen home and grave,
Iona ! as he thee surveys,
One well may feel all pray'r and praise ;
No pilgrim reaching thy loved bound,
E'er bent the knee on holier ground !
I look around, and ages gone
Return in all their glory on
My raptured sight ; the Present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

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





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Or wandering where good Oran toiled,
 And, strong in Truth, the Druid foiled,
 Ere yet from darkness and from sin,
 He learnt far distant tribes to win,—
 Here feels my soul a holy glow ;
 I glory in the Long Ago ;
 Here, did the Truth my aid require,
 I'd champion it through flood and fire ;
 Here, spite of Time's reforming skill,
 Could wish the Past were present still,
 And thou, long desolated I,*
 The heaven thou were wont to be !

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

Iona blest ! some bard, whose lyre
 Is touched with true poetic fire,

* I, an island : Hence *I-Challum-Chills*—the name by which the Western Gael generally designate Iona.

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

'Tis evening's hour : The sun has gone
To rest his ocean couch upon.
Lo ! where Dunchalva's distant pile
Is crimsoned by his parting smile—

A loving smile that seems to say
How gladly would the God of Day
His wonted rest a while delay,
To gaze a little longer space
On loved Iona's hallowed face !
In sober sooth, I'd like to know,
Of all our earth to him can show,
Where looks the sun in all his round
On spot more worthily renowned ;
Where sees he any coast so fair
As thou hast for thy setting rare,
Thou gem so worthy of his care.
Oh, take the whole resplendent view
Of islands cradled mid the blue
Of ocean, from far Barra's crest
To where the clouds on Cullin rest,
And Jura's sister-summits three
Love in the path of stars to be,—
What man with any soul at all
A sight so charming would not thrall !
Who would not leave earth's furthest strand
To gaze upon a scene so grand !

Farewell, Iona ! Yonder, lo
My bark awaits, and I must go ;
A little space, and envious night
Shall hide thee from my loving sight.
Yet, hallowed Isle, thou'lt ever be
A memory beautiful to me—

My Mecca to which often I
In thought will wend my way,
Much wishing that whene'er I die,
My last long slumber may
Be on thy bosom : who can tell ?
Once more, enchanting Isle, farewell !

DUNCAN'S-BAY HEAD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1838.

TO MARY.

MARY, once my loving, fond one,
Though thou wilt it to be
That all hope I now abandon,
More I blame myself than thee.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOVE'S LAST APPEAL.

ANNIE of Adgartan !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A STOLEN KISS.

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

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

A WARNING WORD.

(Addressed to a friend who expected an appointment in a certain public establishment.)

If thou canst at once agree, sir,
 To be what no man should be, sir,
 Bend thy head—the yoke is near ;
 Come, devoted one, come here.

Would'st thou (let me plainly speak, sir)
 Kiss the foot that would thee kick, sir—
 Treadmill toils, meanwhile, thy share ?
 Then, by all means, hasten here.

Would'st thou for thy masters know, sir,
 Things thou once would think too low, sir,
 For aught else than scorn ? Ne'er fear
 Finding them in dozens here.

If the flunky thou would'st play, sir,
Fawn and flatter all the day, sir,
In that case—that only—steer
Quick along—thy port is here.

Yet, for all such prospects cheery,
If thou comest, much I fear me,
Thou will often, sighing, swear
“Better I were hanged than here!”

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

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

And first, it might be well to state here
How lords and lairds were “wooing at her,”
In youthful prime, when every charm
Of hers the coldest heart might warm,—
How many Colins she had slain,
How many Strephons sighed in vain,
How many sonnets in her praise
Were penn'd by bards of other days,—
But lest ye'd think my tale too long,
We'll leave her “dancing days” unsung.

Behold—her gay meridian past,
Her charms deceitful fading fast,
Her fond admirers getting rare,
Her hope fast dwindling to despair—
She nun-like from the world retires,
And to a saintly life aspires,
As many of her sisters do
When we, poor sinners, cease to sue.

No more she apes the peacock gay,
Attending opera or play ;
No more she heedeth Fashion's call ;
She hates to hear of rout or ball,
And thinks such scenes of sinful mirth
Should be quite banished from the earth.
Shame on the age that can allow
This low-neck style of dressing, now
So common to both girl and dame !
The waltz, too !—a still greater shame
It was to see how girls can prance
Unblushing through that wanton dance !
Woe to the hand that ever would
Its presence on *her* waist intrude !
No—never in her life would she
Admit of so much liberty ;
She *always was of men* afraid,
And hopes to live and die a maid !
Behold her now, a saint full-fledged,
On social problems much engaged ;

And seeming to be fairly grown
The very Dorcas of our town,—
So many garments old and new
The needy to her bounty owe.
And then she visits all the sick—
Was ever lady half so meek ?
Condemns *Sir Walter*, quotes good *Boston*—
Was ever lady half so Christian ?
She lives in very pious hope
To see the downfall of the Pope,
And hopes his time will soon be up :
She tells such interesting news
'Bout Juggernaut and the Hindoos,
With all that's done among the Jews,—
And then, with what a grace she coaxes
Your mite to Missionary boxes !

Alas ! that whispering tongues there be
Who in all this mere shamming see—
A well-played part, that soon would end
Should fortune her a husband send.
They've heard she paints—and 'tis well-known
Her wealth of curis not all her own ;
They fear she feeleth more at ease
Before her glass than on her knees !
They've seen her often, when at church,
Like any sinner nod and lurch,
However much the preacher there
Might merit more attentive ear.

'Twas but the other Sunday she
Attended in most holy key ;
A psalm is given forth—our saint
Smelling of perfume and of paint,
Turns up her book, when lo ! that rake
Don Juan, carried by mistake !

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

O Hymen, dread transforming god,
What changes follow at thy nod !
The angel forms of Cupid's day
Become much like to mortal clay ;
Enchanting syrens learn to be
Much in the curtain lecture key ;
Adored Clarindas wear the *trews*,
And goddesses turn famous shrews !

But turn we to our saint—O fie
On mortal mutability !
In one short month the dame so graced,
So high among the godly placed,
Comes down to quite a different level,
Where—where, in short, she plays the d—l ;
Forgets her charities and prayers,
For sick or naked never cares ;

Is first each night to see the play,
Tho' last to church on Sabbath day ;
Talks scandal—reads each new romance,
Nor thinks it any harm to dance !

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

MY FIRST RAILWAY RIDE.*

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

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

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

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

“Gramercy ! how we’re dashing on
O’er moss and moor and mead !
Methinks the Coursers of the Sun
Would vainly make such speed !”

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

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

“Tell me no more of Cilpin’s feat
At Edmonton so gay,
Nor yet of Johnny Cope’s retreat
From Preston’s fatal fray.

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

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

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

SELLARS AND HIS SHEARS.

(David Sellars—one of the most notorious of the agents engaged in the celebrated Sutherlandshire clearances—having, at an agricultural dinner attended by him, his health proposed by a nobleman present thereat, he is reported as having indulged in a strain of unblushing self-glorification, when acknowledging the honour thus done him. The following verses are an attempted interpretation of the thoughts that must have crowded on him as he rose to express his thanks.)

HERE stand I before you a veteran who
 Has done good clearing work in this land:
 Thank heaven for laws that so wisely allow
 The pursuit of a labour so grand!
 Though a man of peace, as were all my race,
 True it is, and his grace declares,
 That Ardtornish grey, scarce a year away,
 Struck its flag to old Sellars' shears.*

Those shears of mine all shears outshine;
 Spite of ev'ry resistance rude,
 They have cleared your lands more than marshalled bands
 Of the Roman or Dane e'er could.

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

Wherever they dip into the "clip,"
'Tis all up with your mountaineers:
Like a mist they're gone, while I flourish on,—
Then hurrah for old Sellars' shears!

Yet, with all my skill, it was work up hill
For a time, since with one accord,
They refused to see why they cleared should be
To oblige even Sutherland's lord!
It was sad, no doubt, just to fire them out,—
Still I kept heating well their ears
Till the land's good Chief, to my great relief,
Brought the sword to assist the shears.

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

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

engaged
an agri-
noble-
a strain
honour
interpre-
the rose

bands

shire—
the royal

Long, long may all here in a clearing mood
 Their reward in good rent-rolls reap :
 "Every man for himself" is a maxim good,
 One by which I at least will keep.
 Green, depeopled straths are the chosen paths
 Best befitting one's Cheviot dears ;
 Then blaze on, ye who can ;—my true Chief is the man
 Who gives scope to the crook and shears !
 1859.

AN EPISTLE TO A POETICAL FRIEND.

(Written in June, 1848)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who would become the muse's pride
Must learn to woo her as a bride,

And never, never quit her side
At any cost ;
Let meaner aims the heart divide,
And all is lost.

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

Though living in the humblest cot,
If by the Muse neglected not,
Princes might envy me my lot
So blest—so free ;—
Let others in your cities rot,
The hills for me !

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

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

(Occasioned by the death, at a very early age, of John Henry, the first-born son of Lord John Campbell, of Ardincaple, afterwards 7th Duke of Argyll.)

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

Oft, as we watched thy life's bright morn,
How fondly did we hope to see
The statesman just—the warrior stern—
A second "IAIN RUDAH" in thee—
The stoutest friend of liberty—
The glory of the Campbell Clan:
Alas that thus so soon should be
That day-dream bright forever gone!

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

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

Oh, Death! thou art a monster blind,
For ever groping for thy prey;
And oft, by sad mischance, doth find
The young when thou shouldst get the grey—
Those who should never die, while they
Escape who daily for thee sigh;—
Ah! why flew not that welcome way
The dart which did our hopes destroy?

Farewell, illustrious youth, farewell!
Though deep and long be our regret,
And earthly thou hast surely well
Exchanged for heavenly coronet.
O be thy last long slumber sweet
By Enda's bark-frequented strand:
Our sun—our morning sun—is set!
A shadow hath come o'er the land!

TO THE MORNING STAR.

FAIREST and proudest gem
Placed in Night's diadem,
Morn's happy usher ! I hail thee with joy :
Hail to thy presence bright,
Over yon distant height
Queenly resuming thy place in the Sky ?

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

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

Star of the golden gleam !
Where dost thou hide thy beam
When the young Morn her bright eyelids unclose ?
Thou which like God's own eye
Look'd where I see the sky
Now bashful-blushing—one wide spreading rose !

Now in the twilight grey
 Vanish thy sisters gay,—
 Gone is the light of thy own brighter eye ;
 Yet shall I hail thy smile,
 Over yon mountain pile,
 Queenly resuming thy place in the Sky!

A DREAMLAND DELIGHT.

YOUNG Jeanie expects me to let her know all
 That to me yestreen did in dreamland befall,
 And now I right gladly respond to her call.

Alone on my couch in the deep midnight still,
 When sleep had left fancy to wander at will,
 I dreamed a dream of the rarest bliss—
 A vision such as I would not miss
 For all that has ever yet been my share
 Of joy in this waking world of care.

Seemed I throned mid the gods in Olympian light ?
 Seemed I feasting with kings in some palace bright
 Where of all the gay courtiers gathered there,
 'royalty's smiles had the amplest share ?
 In the sceptre of power in my potent hand,
 And myself seem the chief of some far-famed Land ?
 Did I deem I was own'd in the World's glad sight
 A Hero unmatch'd in fair Freedom's fight ?
 Or a Sage taught to bless and enrich mankind
 With the wisdom and lore of a godlike mind ?

In the Temple of Fame was it mine to be,
The chief of the sons of bright Poesy ?
Did I seem in possession of stores untold
Of the brightest gems—of the purest gold ?
Did some daughter of Beauty with hand of snow
Wake the harp to fond strains I loved long ago ?
Was I charmed by the tones of some seraph Choir ?
Seem'd I list'ning the Angel of love's own lyre,
As around him were joined, in the Land of Bliss,
The Fond-hearted whose loves had been cross'd in *this* ?
In my Highland Home did I seem to stray ?
Was my step with the Morn on the mountain grey
When its peak with the sun is in glory crown'd
And the rocks to the cries of the Chase resound ?
Seem'd my bark o'er the breast of the blue Lochfyne
Bounding fearless and fleet, as in days longayne,
When a swelling sail and a heaving sea
Were a joy to my little bark and me ?
These be fancies, I own, that might well delight,
Yet had nothing to do with this Vision bright.

Can you guess then, sweet girl, what could fairly be
The cause of a joy so supreme to me—
A joy far surpassing all others won
By me since my life on this earth began ?
You cannot,—and so, although only to *you*,
I'll tell you my dream without further ado.

I dreamt I was sitting at gloaming's hour,
Inside of some cool, cosy garden bower ;

A maiden of beauty supremely bright
 Sat near me—her eyes full of love's own light.
 Nor long there we seemed when her grace made me bold
 To tell how I loved her ;—my arms, while I told,
 Found their way, unreprieved, round her lithesome waist—
 Her fair face, meanwhile, fondly laid on my breast ;—
 And just as she owned her young heart all my own,
 And just as I showered loving kisses upon
 The chaste, rose-red lips of that darling one,
 I awoke. Jeanie dear, if that joy of joys
 It ever may mine be to realize,
 You only can say, since the beautiful elf
 Of that vision of mine was—your own sweet self !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE DEE, NEAR CHESTER.

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

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

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

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

24th May, 1841.

“ THE DINGLE.”

A SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE MERSEY, ENGLAND.

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

Her sweetest bloom the “ stars of earth ;”
 Here the wood minstrel's mingle
Notes such as only could have birth
 In Eden—or the Dingle.

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

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

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

SONNET.

THE PRIMROSE.

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

SONNET.

TO A ROBIN SINGING ON A NOVEMBER MORNING.

EMBLEM of Hope! thou minstrel sweet, that sings
When eild and sadness fall upon the Year,
And Winter tramples on the leaflet sere,
And flowers are not—Oh tell me what thus brings
Joy to thy heart? Dost thou in memory stray
To the bright May-time, when on wanton wings
Thy fond mate thou has courted?—when the spray
Is musical as Heaven's own bowers, and springs
The skylark from the gowan'd sward to chaunt
Her matin song? Sweet bird! it so must be;—
Of present pleasures little canst thou vaunt;
Yet is thy lot an envied one to me,
To whom reflection much of sorrow brings,—
Whose memory is a snake of many stings!

SONNET.

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

BARD of the lay that tells of Egypt's land,
Who would not own the magic of thy rhyme?
Palace and pyramid and temple grand
—Titanic structures fashion'd for all time—

Gracefully conjured up at thy command,
I gaze enraptured on their forms sublime.
I see the chosen Chief, whose wondrous wand
Awd and confounded prince and priest and seer,
O'er the Red Sea, majestic, stretch his hand—
The foes of God and Israel pressing near :
The waves once more divide—God's chosen band
Walk safely through, while Egypt's hosts are drown'd :
Thy song is as if, 'mid the desert sand,
The harp inspired of Miriam thou hadst found !

DISENCHANTED.

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

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

And this is she I once could deem
A being less of earth than Heaven !
Alas, I only then did dream,—
The veil at length is riven—
And I can see through all thy smiles,
A heart of treachery and wiles.

Farewell, fair, fickle one ! A while,
A little while of bitter thought,
And I may learn to scorn the smile
That could with gold be bought ;
And thou wilt also learn to prove
That wealth's a poor exchange for love.

The stricken deer may seek the shade,—
'Mid scenes where beauty is not sold
My heart shall yet to joy be wed,
My love-tale shall be told ;
Then, Image of the False, depart !
I tear thee ever from my heart.

TARLOCHAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

(PARAPHRASED FROM THE GAELIC.)

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

Should you meet "a fine girl"—as fond fools it express—
Be not lured by her shape or her air;—
Snakes o'it lurk among flowers—and if heedless you pass,
You may live, when too late, to exclaim "What an ass,
Not to think she might false be as fair!"

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

Then seek you in woman the charms of the mind,—
Those charms that with youth will not die;
Mere rose-tinted cheeks, air or accent refined,
Must not win your young heart, or too late you may find
You have built on the ice—you have trusted the wind—
You have made your whole lifetime a sigh.

A LAST FOND FAREWELL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE CAPTURED BIRD.

A FABLE.

A MAIDEN once planted a cunning snare,
And she caught a wild bird of plumage rare;

And she tamed him so, that at last thought she,
"This bird has no heart for liberty ;
Let me do with him whatsoever I may,
He has neither the wish nor the pow'r to stray."

When his mistress had kept this bird so long
That he almost forget his woodland song,
And his forest mates, to him once so dear,
She thought she had nothing more to fear,—
He had been so long her imprison'd slave,
So grateful for every crumb she gave,
That it seemed, be her favours however small,
He could not but choose live still in thrall.
But not thus, from its native joys exiled,
Can a bird to its cage be reconciled ;
The string that is played on too long may break,
And a yoke, tho' of gold, soon must tire the neck.
What flow'r can long bloom amid frost and snow ?
What joy, without hope, can the fond heart know ?
O no,—it is not from all joy exiled
That a bird brought up in the forest wild
Can be to such bondage reconciled.

One day she open'd his cage in play,
With a "Go, foolish thing, if thou wilt, away,"
Never dreaming her captive one inch would stray.
The fond bird heard the insulting word,
And his native pride was within him stirr'd ;
So he flapped his wings to her wond'ring view,
And away, and away, fast and far he flew.

It was *then* that the sigh of his mistress proved
 That the bird she lost was a bird beloved ;—
 He returned to his bower in the forest green,
 And her captive caged never more was seen !

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

WHERE DWELLETH HAPPINESS ?

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

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

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

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

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

Yet with Friendship she surely is found ?
No—not there, to my sorrow, I know :
With Love, then ? the feverish bound
Of my heart proves that Love is her foe !

Where, O where then at all dwelleth she ?
Alas ! since from Eden sin-driven,
Man here all in vain would her see ;
Her sole, chosen dwelling is Heaven.

JEANIE'S NEW ALBUM.

A PREFATORY RHYME.

FRIENDSHIP'S gift so fair to see,
What can I say worthy thee ?
Thou'rt a tablet far too fair
For aught else than fancies rare—

Tablet where in sequence bright,
Rare gems of thought shall yet have place,
As, one by one, the stars at night
Come out, adorning heaven's face.

Book of beauty, let me shew
What should grace thy page of snow,
What the themes on which may turn
"Thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Friendly wishes "short and sweet"
Here may find admittance meet:
Here may bard and artist be
Found in friendly rivalry
Painting, each in his own way,
Now Old England's landscapes gay,
Now the scenes less gay than grand
Of thy own loved native land.
Patriots struggling for the right
Here, in verse, may win the fight;
Tyrants who the world would thrall
Here, in verse unpitied fall,—
Here, too, may the bondsman's wrong
Find a fitting voice in song;
Here the moralist may teach,
Here the lover may beseech,
To the idle of his heart
Doing homage like a true man;
Never pleases minstrel art
More than when the theme is woman,—

Woman—pearl of priceless worth !
Nature's purest, fairest birth !
Woman—to whose grace is given
To make Earth almost a Heaven !
Only for her smiles, I wis,
Earth her sweetest songs would miss ;
And even this poor lay I sing.

Were poorer still, but that it has
The inspiration following
The wish to win fair Jennie's praise.

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

Type of infancy ere yet
Thought has its impression set
On the brow that may be found
Yet with the proud laurel crowned,—
Joyful as a mother may
Watch the dawn of reason's ray
Growing into perfect day,

Thus may thy fair mistress see
All that she may wish in thee
Growing, till thy glowing pages
Prove thee all her heart presages.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO A FAIR FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

23rd Nov., 1845.

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

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

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

 TRANSLATIONS.

LOCH-DUICH.

(*From the Author's "Clàrsach Nam Beann."*)

LOCH-DUICH, hail ! O thou scene resplendent !
 Were the grand harp of old Ossian mine,
 Then, then in strains as my theme transcendent
 Thy charms unmatched would forever shine.

While storms are often o'er ocean sweeping,
 Unbroken here is thy slumber deep,—
 Like childhood blest in the bosom sleeping
 Of some sad mother who wakes to weep.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Tis said, when moonbeams are round thee gleaming,
Oft by thy sea-circled base is seen
A fair hair'd form of the gentlest seeming,
And sad her song as thyself, I ween.

But not for thee is she sad, grey Tower—
Her plaint reveals she has loved in vain ;
While he who far from her coral bower
Has lured her, comes not to soothe her pain.

Sing on, fond nymph ! sing thy song relieving :
Alike on Earth or in Ocean born,
The heart with fondest affection heaving
Thus, ever thus, lives most sorrow, torn !

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

Here—through the flow'r-mantled meadow passing,
Ye, lingering, waken your softest song ;
There—down the steep, bright as sunbeams flashing,
Ye ceaseless roar, rage, and rush along.

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

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

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

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

But time forbids. Fare thee well Loch-duich!
 —Though thy green banks I no more may see,
 While life's warm stream in my bosom floweth,
 A memory sweet thou shalt be to me.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

'Tis thus that all too soon in death's cold sleep
Closed Jessie's eyes, while mine are left to weep;
Better it were, than thus be left, to have
My own last sleep beside her in the grave.

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

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

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

MAIRI LAGHACH.

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

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

Long ere in my bosom
Lodged Love's arrow keen,
Often with young Mary
In Glensmeoil I've been;

Happy hours succeeded
By affection true,
Till there seem'd neath heaven
No such loving two !

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

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

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

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

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

Fairer is the bosom
Of my loving one
Than the downy plumage
Of the floating swan ;

Hers the slim waist graceful,
And the neck whose hue
Matches well the sea-gull's
Out on Gairloch blue.

Chorus.—Hey my &c.

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

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

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

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

Out on royal splendours !
Love best makes his bed
'Mong the leaves and grasses
Of the Sylvan shade,

Where the blissful breezes
Tell of bloom and balm,
And health-giving streamlets
Sing their ceaseless psalm.

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

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

Chorus.—Hey, my &c.

THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

(A translation from the author's Gaelic, by the late Rev. Dr.
Buchanan, Methven, Scotland.)

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

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

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

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

She died—as dies moon-beaming
 When scowls the rayless wave ;
 She died—like sweetest dreaming
 That hastens to its grave.

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

ANOTHER VERSION OF THE SAME POEM.

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

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

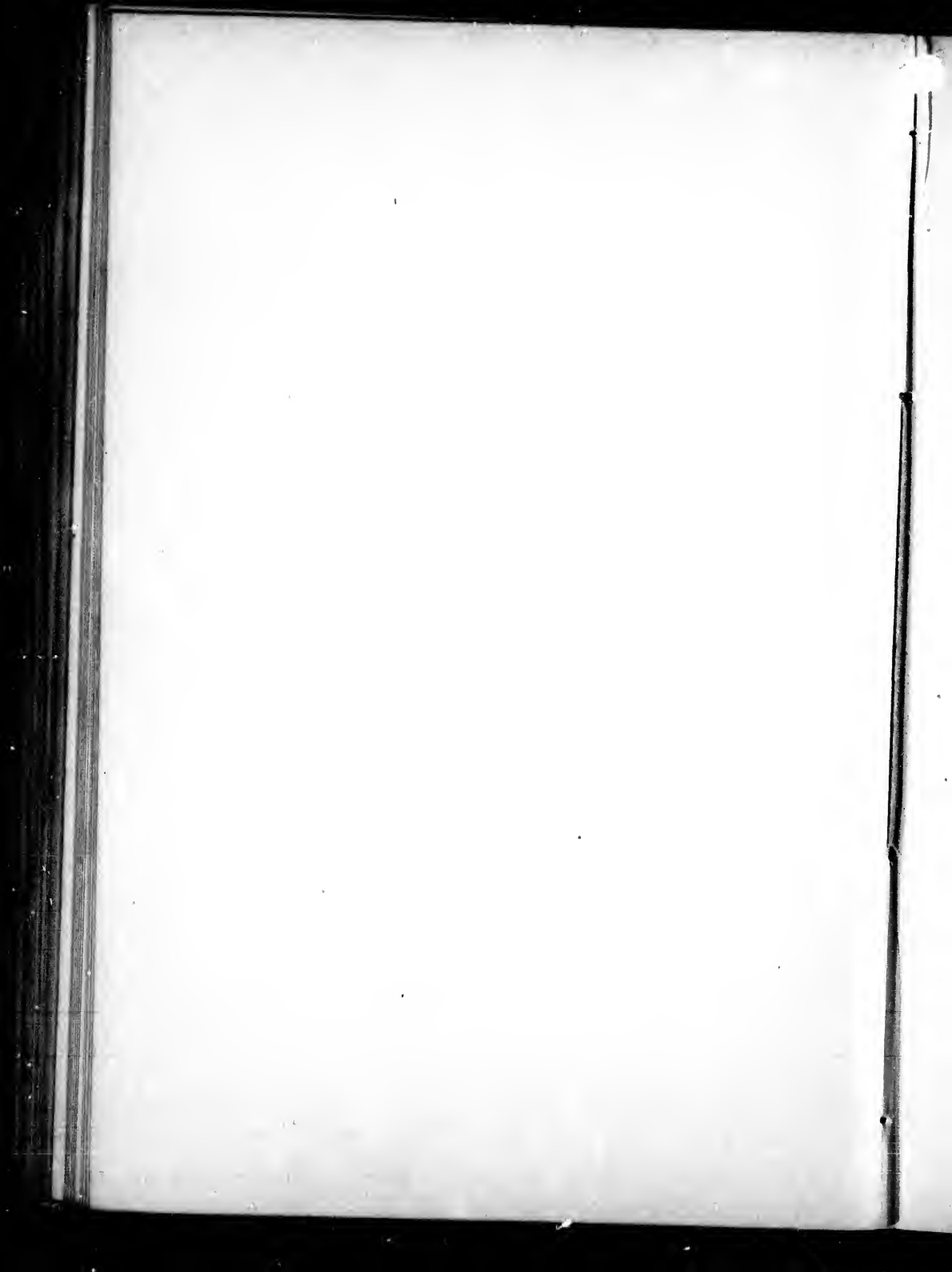
Thy life was like May's sunny beams
By shadows brushed o'er field and flower ;
Or like the bow of heaven that sheds
Its glory in a fleeting shower.

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

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

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

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



Songs.

WHO LOVES NOT TO THINK OF GLENFINNAN ?

AIR—*Wood an' married an' a'.*

WHO loves not to think of Glenfinnan—
That glen of the gathering grand,
Where hastened, young Charlie to welcome,
The bravest and best in the land !
Well might he be proud of his place in
Their hearts all so loyal and leal ;
No foe to his rights would care facing,
That day, the dread flash of their steel.
Hòro, toguibh an aird ! *
Hòro, toguibh an aird !
What chief could be deaf to that slogan,
Hòro, toguibh an aird !

Arrayed in the garb of the Gaël,
In fancy, I see him still there—
The Prince so long loyally hoped for,
Glad-trusting his cause to their care :

* Ho, gather up !— the refrain of a once popular Gaelic Jacobite song.

So worthy the throne of his fathers
 He looked that, like Highlanders true,
 They swear, his lost rights to recover,
 Together to die or to do!
 Hòro, toguibh an aird!
 Hòro, toguibh an aird!
 What clansman that day would not chorus
 Hòro, toguibh an aird!

Woe's me for the mighty in battle—
 The heroes in honour so steeled!
 No "*Cothron na Féine*" vain seeking,
 They died where they never would yield.
 What man could well grudge to such true hearts
 Their still-swelling meed of renown?
 Alas that the sun of the Stuarts
 At such a dread cost should go down!
 Hòro, toguibh an aird!
 Hòro, toguibh an aird!
 Alas for Glenfinnan's proud slogan,
 Hòro, toguibh an aird!

— — —

THE HILLS OF THE HEATHER.

AIR—*The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.*

GIVE the swains of Italia 'mong myrtles to rove,
 Give the proud sullen Spaniard his bright orange grove,

Give gold-sanded streams to the sons of Chili,
But give the red hills of the heather to me.

Chorus—

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

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

Chorus—

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

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

Chorus—

Then drink we a health to the old Highland Bens,
Their deer-haunted corries and hazelwood dens :

What Scot worth the name would not toast them with
glee ?

The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

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

Chorus—

Then drink we a health to the old Highland Bens,
Glad leaving to England, her flats and her fens :
What Scot worth the name would not toast them with
glee ?

The red heather hills of the Highlands for me !

ELLIE BHÒIDHEACH.

AIR—" *The Lass o' Gourie.*"

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

* Beautiful : pronounced " voyach."

Alas that true love never may
Be left to choose its own sweet way !
If thus it were, my bride to-day
 Might be sweet Ellie bhòidheach.
Yet, as the breath of zephyrs tell
Of flowers that deck the distant dell,
So ever in my heart shall dwell
 Sweet thoughts of Ellie bhòidheach.

GLENARA, I LOVE THEE.

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

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

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

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

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

O WHY SO LONG ABSENT?

O WHY so long absent, beloved Jeanie Stuart,
The home of thy childhood so far distant from?
Far friends may be kind, yet the darling that thou art
Should surely forget not thy friends left at home.

Return, then, sweet truant! my soul longs to see thee,
The bud always fair, now a rose in full bloom;
The winter that now storms and scowls, would with *me*
be,
Quick changed into summer, if thou wert at home.

Come, welcome as calm after storm on the ocean,
Come, fair as the dawn after darkness and gloom;
Come, proving how vain was the fear that my chosen
Could ever forget me,—O come, loved one, come!

Come, proving how well may my joy and my pride be
Our sweet gloaming love-trysts once more to resume;
Come, shewing that death, only death can divide thee
Again from thy lover,—then O hasten home!

WHEN I AM FAR AWAY.

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

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

BONNIE ISABEL.

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

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

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

THE LASS WI' THE BRIGHT GOWDEN HAIR.

AIR—*Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane.*

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

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

SWEET ANNIE BHÀN OF INVERGLEN.

AIR—*Highland Harry.*

Chorus—Fair Annie Bhàn of Inverglèn,
Dear Annie Bhàn of Inverglèn—
Mair bonnie than the Maytime dawn
Is Annie Bhàn of Inverglèn.

Ance to young Peggie of Lochgair
I thought my heart for ever gane,
But that was ere I kent how fair
Was Annie Bhàn of Inverglèn.
Sweet Annie Bhàn, &c.

Fair fa her eye so sweetly sly,
Its glances hae bewitched me clean!
Baith night and day nae thought I hae
But Annie Bhàn of Inverglèn.
Sweet Annie Bhàn, &c.

O that less wealthy were her kin,
Or I of rivals rich had nane !
Then might I hae less fear to win
This bonnie maid of Inverglèn.
Sweet Annie Bhàn, &c.

Yet if her mind I rightly spae
She yet may be my bosom's queen,
For far too kind to cause me wae
Is Annie Bhàn of Inverglèn.
Sweet Annie Bhàn, &c.

MY MORVEN MAID.

LET minstrels to true beauty blind
Think 'tis to town-bred belles confined,
And, fooled by their pert, pretty ways,
To these alone confine their praise :
I own them fair enough to see,
Though rustic graces best please me,
And most of all, the charms displayed
By my own loving Morven maid.

Let high-born beauties, proud as fair,
Bedeck themselves with jewels rare,
A richer jewel far hath she
In her own sweet simplicity.

No affections mar the charm
Of her fair face and faultless form ;
No arts coquettish ever aid
The conquests of my Morven maid.

The voice so sweet, the manners kind,
The maiden modesty refined,
The rosy cheek, the sparkling eye,
The raven locks that love to lie
On shoulders of a fairer glow
Than sunshine on Duncorvill's snow,
The heart by no vain thoughts e'er swayed,—
All, all are thine, sweet Morven maid !

THE MAID OF LEVEN-SIDE.

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

The swan on Lomond's breast serene
Delights to please her wooer gay ;
The linnet in yon leafy den
Rejoicing lists her lover's lay ;

Could Annie thus my love repay,
 Unheeding who might frown or chide,
 How would my life be one long May!
 How Eden-like fair Leven-side!

O that I were the happy herd
 Who of her father's kye takes care,
 And often a kind look or word
 Finds at the milking time from her,
 And sees her when his evening fare
 She does with gentle grace provide!
 To woo her though I might not dare,
 I still were blest on Leven-side.

THE LASS OF LOCH-SHIN.

Air—The Hills of Glenorchy.

THOUGH fair be to see the blue lakes of the West,
 And many the swains who live nigh them, love-blest,
 Yet often find I my fond heart ill at rest

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

Give lordlings to revel in royalty's rays,
 Give heroes their laure' —the poet his bays,—

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

WINNA THE SILLER MAKE UP FOR AN OLD MAN.

AIR.—“*Rha mi air banais a'm Bail' Ionaraora.*”
 (“*The Campbells are coming.*”)

Mother.

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

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

Winna the siller, &c.

Daughter.

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

Winna the siller, &c.

Mother.

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

Daughter.

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

Mother.

Nae doubt he is auld,—then the sooner may *you* get
 The chance wi' his gear to look out for a new mate ;
 There be young men aneuch, once his banes ye've the
mould on,
 Will be happy to fill up the place of the old man.
Winna the siller, &c.

Daughter.

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

Mother.

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

THE LASS OF GLENFYNE.

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

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

THE BETRAYED ONE TO HER CHILD.

GÆLIC AIR.—*Oh gu ma slan a chi mi no chailinn dileas. donn.*

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

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

Oh sleep, now sleep, my dearie,
 Safe in thy lanely lair !
 Thy mither is too eerie
 This nicht to sing thee mair.
 Alas for the forsaken
 T'o the cold world's disdain !
 When comes God's hour of reckoning
 Alas the faithless then !

SWEET ANNIE OF GLENARA.

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

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

Away with fashion's fickle set !
Give me the darling creature
All charming without knowing it,
All woman in her nature.
Vain were to me the richest boon
That fortune else can spare me,
Could I not with it call my own
Sweet Annie of Glenara.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

AIR.—The Indian Student.

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

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

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

BELLA.

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

Ye've seen the snow-wreath high,
On Cruachan's airy steep—
The lake when zephyrs die,
And sunbeams on it sleep ;
Yet naething hae ye seen,
And ne'er may see, I trow,
Sae fair as Bella's skin,
Sae calm as Bella's brow !

MAGGIE STUART.

Air—O but ye're long a coming.

O BUT she's sweet an' bonnie,
Sweet an' bonnie, blithe as ony,—
O, but she's sweet an' bonnie,
Lovely Maggie Stuart.

Ye who would see a' that's rarest,
A' to hearts like mine the dearest,
A' that's purest, fondest, fairest,
 Look on Maggie Stuart!
 O but, &c.

Sweet her smile as May-morn beaming;
Bright her eye as starlet gleaming;
With a thousand graces teeming
 Is young Maggie Stuart.
 O but, &c.

Thinking of her late an' early,
I ken *ane* wha sleeps but spairly;—
Wiser men than he are fairly
 Daft for Maggie Stuart!
 O but, &c.

Of all joys beneath yon heaven
Ever here to mortals given,
Mine be Deeside's banks to live on,
 Wed to Maggie Stuart.
 O but, &c.

INVERAE'S WOOING.

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

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

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

"Sweet along the glen, there,
Sounds the herd-boy's morning carol ;
Sweeter still at e'en, there,
Lilts the lass her milking lay ;
Nor less like to charm thee
Songs of thrushes
'Mong the bushes
Bending o'er each burn that rushes,
Floweret-fringed, through Inverae."

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

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

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

I LOVE THEE NOT, APRIL.

AIR—“ Flow gently, sweet Afton. ”

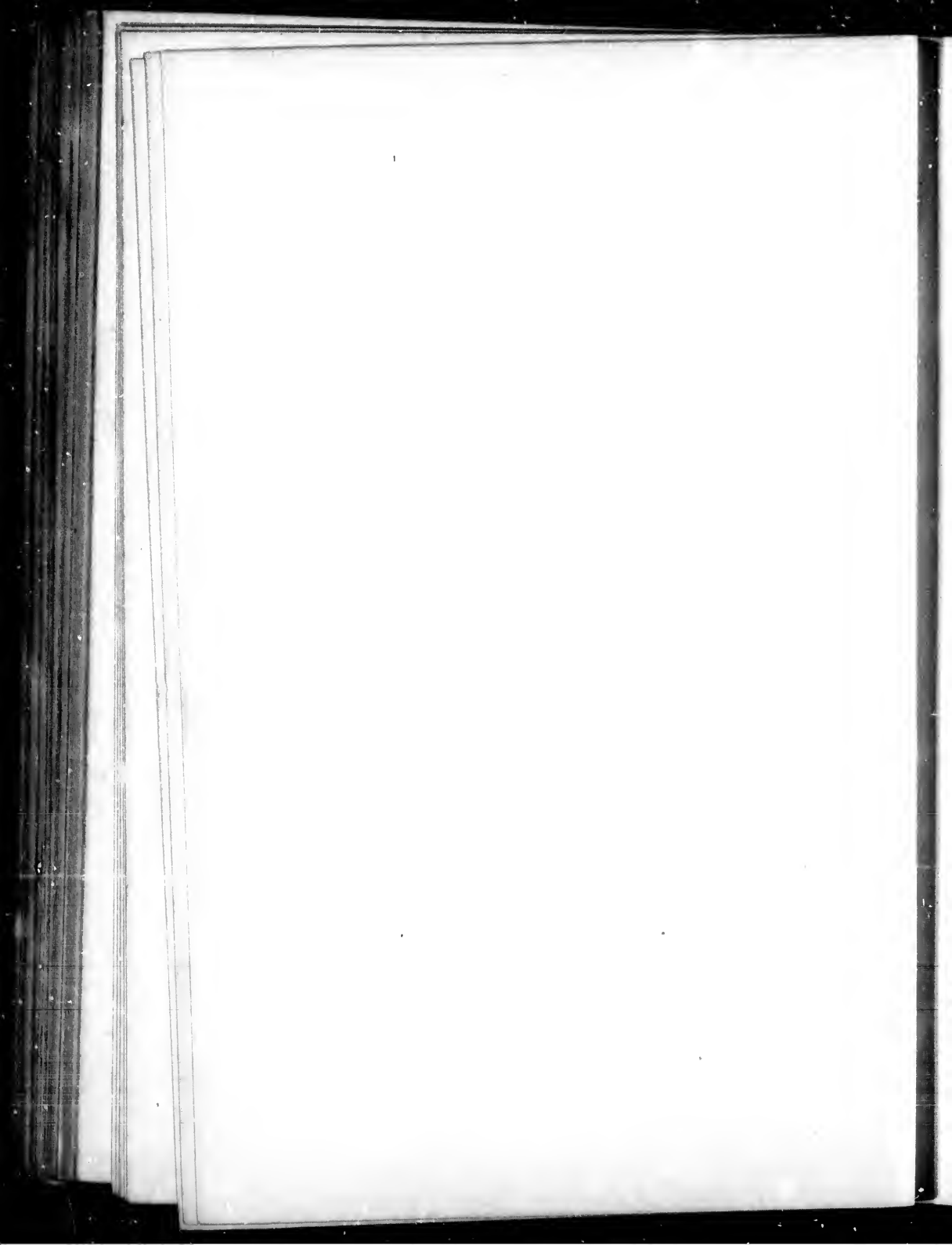
I LOVE thee not, April !—no matter how fair
 The blooms that rejoice in thy balm-breathing air :
 They mind me of one who no longer can be
 Thy gifts to Glenara glad-hailing with me.

A maiden whose cheek wore the dawning's warm blush,
Whose voice was more sweet than the song of the
thrush,—

Alas that the flowers she so late loved to see
Should so soon grace the grave that now parts her from
me!

From her, death divided, small wonder I find
Spring-blooms only bringing sad thoughts to my mind ;
They wither to blossom again.—Not so she
Whose smile no new springtime can bring back to me !

Then away with thee, April ! Scarce camest thou when
Our delight changed to wailing in Aray's sweet glen ;
There's a stain far too deep in thy record to be
E'er forgot or forgiven by lover like me.





POEMS, SONGS AND SONNETS,

CHIEFLY WRITTEN IN CANADA.

THE CHAUDIÉRE.

A SCENE ON THE RIVER OTTAWA.

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

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

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

Evermore, evermore, where sheer downward it springs,
Its mist-mantle it weaves—its loud anthem it sings ;

Yonder isle* in its path seems to quiver with fear,—
It may well dread the shock of the mighty Chaudière.

The proud conqueror's might is the boast of a day,—
Thine, river majestic! endureth for aye :
Strange thought, that just thus upon Times infant ear
Came the God-speaking voice of the mighty Chaudière !

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

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

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

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

T'was then, amid the wail
Of women, children frail,
A daughter of the Gael,
 Fever-spent,
Found from all care and grief
A merciful relief
In a sweet slumber brief,
 Heaven-sent.

Of home and kin she dreams,—
Her face with sadness beams,
As loved ones there she seems
 To embrace ;
Now seems some Sabbath psalm
To yield its soothing balm,
So heavenly is the calm
 On her face.

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

Some 'mid the scene of death,
Take heart from what she saith ;
Some of more feeble faith
 Deemed her crazed ;

Till shouted she anew,
 " Dinna ye hear them noo ? "
 They heard and shouted too,
 " God be praised ! "

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

CREAG-A-GHÀRIE.

LET others sing of towering Bens,
 With cloud-capp'd summits stern and scaury ;
 Give me to glory in such scenes
 As grace my native Creag-a-ghàrie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Twice twenty summers, woe is me !
Have pass'd since then : a weary far way
Is placed between us ;—let it be,—
My heart is still in Creag-a-ghàrie.

And thus it is—from year to year,
No matter how adverse my star be,
I have an offset ever dear
In memories sweet of Creag-a-ghàrie.
March 1st, 1876.

TO PROFESSOR G—E ON HIS LAST HISTORICAL DISCOVERY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

1857.

 ROBERT BURNS.

(Written for the Centennial Celebration of 1859.)

AIR— "*Whistle o'er the lave o't.*"

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

All I can sing of Robin.

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

Let's therefore give to Robin.

His was the true poetic art,
To sing directly from the heart :
To waken mirth, or tears to start,
 No mortal matches Robin !
Now gently flow his thoughts along,
Now, like a rushing river strong,
A very cataract of song
 Resistless is our Robin !

The sun not aye unclouded shines ;
There's dross within earth's richest mines ;—
Rob had his faults, and grave divines
 Oft shook their heads at Robin.
He often, in a fashion rare,
On hypocrites his wit did air ;
The " unco guid " will ever fear
 The very name of Robin.

The graceless bard loved " mountain dew ; "
It was his Helicon, I trow ;
" He dearly loved the lasses " too,
 A mighty crime in Robin !
A lassie " coming through the rye,"
Unkiss'd he never could pass by ;
Nor can I blame him much, for why,
 The lasses all loved Robin.

Rob loved to speak the truth right down,
No matter who might smile or frown ;
A rascal, be he king or clown,
 No mercy had from Robin.

His sympathies—how dread to tell
 Embraced all being—Nick himself,—
 Yes, pity for the very de'il
 No sin or shame thought Robin.

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

Well may old Scotia mourn in vain
 Her son from her untimely ta'en ;
 She'll never see his like again,
 So matchless was our Robin.
 Hush, ye who think his fate was hard,—
 I'd rather be that peasant bard
 Than any monarch crown'd and starr'd :
 Oh, who would not be Robin !

ANNIVERSARY VERSES,

(Written by special request, for the Burns Society of the City of
De Moines, January, 1860.)

AGAIN comes round that happy day
More welcome than thy brightest, May,—
A day that Scotia will for aye
 Hold sacred to her Robin.

Let winds without blow e'er so chill,
That Scottish heart is colder still
That beats not with a joyful thrill,
 This day, to think of Robin.

The sovereign lord of song confess'd,
He lives enthroned in every breast,
Where well I ween that disposess'd
 Shall never be our Robin.

O never was with laurels crown'd
A bard more worthily renown'd;
All Scotland is made classic ground
 By thee, immortal Robin!

As freely as yon sun forth flings
Incessant light in dazzling rings,
So rare and rich imaginings
 Around him flung our Robin.

The truest censor of his age—
He in the bard ne'er sank the sage;
No mortal man could better gauge
 The human heart than Robin.

The manners of his native clime
 Are all made deathless in his rhyme ;
 Poor toiling Worth throughout all time
 Will bless the name of Robin.

What Scotsman reads his "Hallowe'en"
 But feels as if a boy again,
 And well may ask, Was ever seen
 A wizard like our Robin ?

Though tender as the cushat's croon
 He sings of love by "bonnie Doon,"
 To war he well his lyre could tune,—
 A hero born was Robin.

His "Scots wha hae" what patriot hears
 And pants not for the strife of spears ?
 He sings, and Bannockburn appears
 Fought o'er again with Robin !

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

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

Let bigots, ready to deride,
 Themselves examine ere they chide,
 And learn, abashed, to cast aside
 The stone they'd fling at Robin.

To judge of Robin by *their* test
Of sanctity were sure a jest !
“ He prayeth best who loveth best
All things,” and this did Robin.

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

THE MODERN HERCULES.

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

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

Not mine the skill to sing in fitting phrase
How science yokes thee to her car,—the maze
Of tubes metallic, wond'rous as a spell,
In which like to a spirit thou dost dwell—
A worker with a zeal that naught can tire,
Determined, prompt, impetuous as fire,—
Seeming as almost taught to think and feel
With that complex anatomy of steel !

To this let others fitting homage pay,
'Tis the result alone inspires my lay.

Power surpassing fancy's wildest flight,
No less for thy docility than might,—
Unlike old Scotia's Brownie—wayward loon,
Who wrought such marvels at night's silent noon,—
Once at thy work, by day and night the same
No respite from thy labours dost thou claim.

I see thee toiling in the busy mill,
The faithful doer of thy master's will :
Ever submissive ; if but he commands,
Thine is the labour of a thousand hands ;
The shuttle darteth with the speed of thought ;
The fabric grows as if by magic wrought ;
Th' astonished gazer freely must allow
Penelope less diligent than thou.

Less complex work, though valued not the less—
We see thee yoked now to the plough and press ;
Our corn thou thrashest and our grain dost grind :
We yet may teach thee both to reap and bind.
Thy aid is asked, and from the lake below
The limpid wave ascends in copious flow,
On to the distant city coursing, where
Thou art confessed a benefactor rare.
The oak that long has stood the forest's pride,
Thou with a speed like lightning dost divide :
Thou strikest the anvil with such force as might
Make Vulcan stare with wonder and delight :

Thou heavest up from earth's internal store
Pile upon pile of ever-precious ore—
Such weight, I trow, as Atlas never bore.
O wonder-worker with results so grand,
Well may thy praises ring throughout the land ;
Well may the muse declare, exultingly,
Man owns indeed a glorious gift in thee !

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

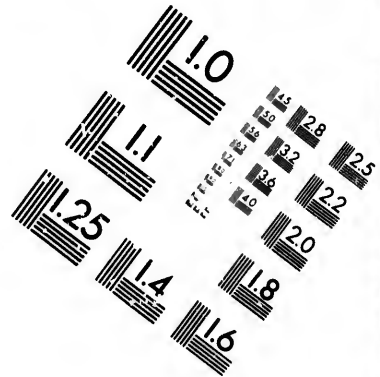
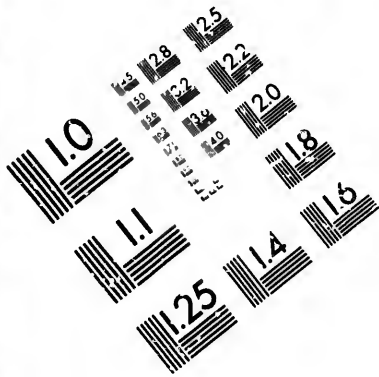
Lo !—dashing on through forest, glen and glade,—
O'er rushing rivers—gorges deep and dread,—
Now lost, now seen, far o'er the landscape's face,—
Yon fiery steed, so peerless in his pace,
A steed whose speed annihilateth space !
Each passing minute over miles he sweeps ;
Matched with his flight the hurricane but creeps :

You'd think him and his chariot, madly hurl'd,
Just off to make the circuit of the world,
Resolved to verify how may be done
What Fiction feigned of Coursers of the Sun !
But see !—his goal emerging into view,
His speed he slackens with a shrill halloo,
And, as if conscious of a welcome wide,
Into the city's heart doth proudly glide.
Murmur'd applauses through the crowd prevail ;
Long-parted friends once more each other hail,—
Friends who, but for the marvels by thee wrought,
Had never thus each other seen or sought.

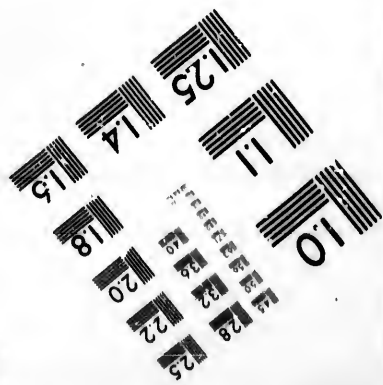
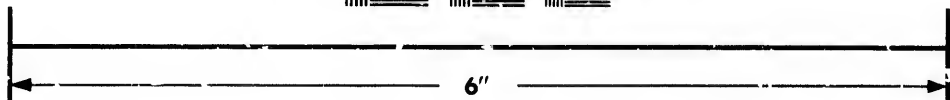
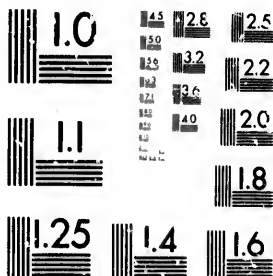
All-conquering Steam ! wherc'er thy aid is found,
Progress at once is stamped on all around ;
The forests vanish, deserts change amain
To busy marts, and fields of golden grain ;
Adventure flourishes ; inventions rare
Are brought to birth ; Art spreads her treasures fair ;
Abounds each social element designed
To sweeten life and elevate mankind.
Of modes barbaric the reformer bold—
No grace giv'st thou the plea of " customs old ;"
Thy stoutest rivals to thy prowess yield,
Content to leave thee master of the field !

But that this tributary lay I sing
Might seem too long—my muse too weak of wing—
With eye prophetic, fain would I pursue
Thy future triumphs crowding on my view,—





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How to earth's utmost limits they extend,
Age after age increasing to the end ;
How the far Isles now 'neath barbaric sway
Shall smile and flourish in thy better day ;
How the swart Indian, quitting club and spear,
Shall be himself, in time, thy charioteer—
His savage appetites all laid aside,
His hunting grounds transformed to cornfields wide,—
"A stoic of the woods" no longer now,
But going forth to toil with cheerful brow,
Grateful to Him who formed the social plan—
Thus reaching the true dignity of man !

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

Immortal WATT ! I surely were to blame
If ceased my song forgetful of thy fame.
By thee a secret, long by all-wise Heaven
Conceal'd from man, at last to man was given.
Though some there be who with presumption vain
Would make their own the fruitage of thy brain,
Justice and Truth must scout the base design,
And own the great achievement to be thine
That has enriched the nations tenfold more
Than all earth's boasted mines of golden ore,

And makes thy name a more enduring sound
 Than if among the gods thou hadst been crowned.
 Earth's onward march is sure where men like thee are
 found.

CANADIAN GIRLS. X

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

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

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

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

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

THE CLANS OF 'FORTY-FIVE.

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

Such was the news to which the Gael once gave warm
welcoming;

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

Have sworn in his good cause to try what good broad-
swords can do.

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

Brief time hath passed, till Finnan's vale is all alive with
men

From east and west in loyal haste proud-gathering: To
their ken

The royal standard is unfurled—their Prince himself is
there,

Their loving homage to receive, their dangers all to share;
Grey Chiefs, who for his fathers fought, the fires of
youth revive,

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

Let no man say that to restore a creed proscribed they
arm;

They think but of *his* loving trust, his Highland heart
so warm,

His royal rights usurped,—and they upon his princely
brow

Would place his father's crown or die: Too well they
kept their vow!

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

Ay! let them think of brave Lochiel and Borrodale the
bold,—

Of Keppoch and Glengarry too, those chiefs of iron
mould,—

The Chisholm, Cluny, Athol's lord, the Macintosh so
keen,—

The Appin Stuarts and MacColls,—thy lion-hearts,
McLean,—

With many a chief and clan besides, who quickly did
contrive

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

How well they fought let Falkirk-field and Prestonpans
declare:

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

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

They to a force their own thrice told unequal battle gave!

What mortal might *could* do, they *did*,—but who 'gainst
fate can strive?

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

Alas! that their descendants now, upon their native soil,
 Can hardly find, for deer and sheep, a spot whereon to
 toil!
 Our good old race of Chiefs give place to mercenary
 knaves
 Who, for a bushel, less or more, would plough their
 father's graves!
 "The age of chivalry is past," yet shall its fame survive
 Forever brightened by their deeds—the Clans of 'Forty
 five.

A "FABLED" OSSIAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LAKE OF THE THOUSAND ISLES.

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

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

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

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

A SCOTTISH SYREN.

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

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

Ye've marked some sky-lark, singing sweet
High up above earth's dust and din,
Stop sudden, as if heaven's gate
Had ope'd and let her in.
'Twas thus it seemed, each time withdrew
My bird of beauty from my view,—
Withdrawing only to enhance
The joys that each return attend,
Keeping my heart's tumultous dance
Increasing to the end.
O, "nicht" of rapture so complete!
Alas, the morn my song-bird sweet
Flew hence afar! while here am I
In gloom still deeper than before,
Much fearing that so great a joy
May mine be nevermore!

Thou'rt gone—yet still in thought I trace
Thy faultless form, thy winsome face
Beaming with intellect and grace,—
Thy sunny smile, thy forehead fair,
The gleaming of thy auburn hair,
And all the other graces rare,
Which with me, spite of time and tide,
"A joy forever" shall abide!
Thou'rt gone, yet evermore to me
Thy name will wake the memory
Of dear old Scotia's hills and haughs,—
Her woody dells, and sylvan shaws,—

Her matchless Rants, and Lilts and Reels
So dear to Highland hearts and heels,—
From *Ruidhle Thulachain's* delights,
And *Gille Callum's* airy flights,
To *Tullochgorum's* whirls and flings,
And famous Neil's immortal springs!

Yet most of all, bewitching elf!
Whene'er I think of thee,
Loves, long since laid on memory's shelf,
Again revive in me;
Maidens as lovely as thyself
In laughing groups I see.—
Now, at "the milking o' the fauld,"
Now, "when the kye come hame,"
Now, by "the Birks of Invercauld,"
Add now by Aray's stream,
Fond fancy, roaming free as wind,
One after one, the long-lost find,
And with a loving, ready will,
Paints each dear charmer, charming still.

Well might a bard be proud to please
And sing of maidens such as these;
Small wonder Scotia's bards always
Sing best whene'er they sing *their* praise,—
Those darling girls whose graces rare
Might make the coldest lover there
Less lover than idolator!

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

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

I.

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

No time nor tide can dim a genuine joy :
 In thought I wander to that far-off day
 When first upon my sight burst grand Glenstrae,
 And from me brought Loch-Awe a sudden cry
 Of ecstasy, as proudly to mine eye
 It spreads its glories. O ! but now to be
 Standing where, cross-crowned Innisfail to see,
 The Celt, of old, his knee bent reverently.

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

Here, kingly Cruachan, twin-topped, cleft the sky ;
 There, tower'd Ben-dòran's head above the cloud,—
 While on the lake's calm breast lay, lovingly,
 Islets of which Elysium might be proud.
 When fades that landscape from my memory,
 Some friendly hand may quick prepare my shroud.

II.

THE BRANDER PASS.

Lo, where the Awe sweeps with resistless force
 Through yonder Pass where once, in days of old,
 Lorn's haughty chief would thwart his monarch's course,
 And traitor dirks struck well for English gold !
 It is enough to make one's blood run cold
 To think what Scotland would have lost that day,
 If, when through yonder gorge war's tide was roll'd
 And chief met chief in battle's stern array,
 The Bruce's sword cleared not a ready way
 Resistless through the thickest of the foe,—
 Leaving Macdougall baffled of his prey !—
 How few the pilgrims wandering by the flow
 Of Awe, impetuous, think, as there they stray,
 How classic is the ground o'er which they go !

III.

INNIS-DRUIDHNICH.

Fair Innis-drui'nich ! though, in this our age,
 Few, save the fisher, haunt thy sylvan shore,
 Well worthy art thou of a pilgrimage
 To him who would, in thought the Past explore.

By nature sole instructed, here of yore
The Druid taught his votaries to see
In day's bright orb the great creative power
To which he oft, adoring, bent the knee
Beneath the branches of some old oak tree
Tow'ring above yon circle of grey stones :
Grateful to God that better light have we,
Let us tread reverent o'er the Druid's bones,
And own, whate'er his faults, he reasoned well
In choosing in this paradise to dwell !

IV.

KILCHURN CASTLE.

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

V.

FRAOCH-EILEAN.

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

VI.

GLENORCHY.

Talk not to me of Tempe's flowery vale,
With fair Glenorchy stretched before my view !
If of *its* charms he sung, I could right well
Believe the Grecian poet's picture true.
What were his boasted groves in scent or hue
To lady-birches and the stately pine,
The crimsoned heather and the hare-bell blue ?
Be his the laurel—the red heath be mine !

No faun nor dryad here I care to see,
 More pleased by far to mark the bounding roe
 Sport with his mate behind the forest tree ;
 Nor less the joy when in the glen below
 Some milking Hebe sings her *luinneag* free,
 All hearts enchanting by its graceful flow !

VII.

A SUMMER MORNING AT DALMALLY.

'Tis morn : the lark is up in heaven's blue
 Flooding the air with melody divine :
 A misty mantle made of morning-dew
 Half hides the valley in its silky shine.
 The bleat of lambs, the low of milky kine,
 Come to my gladdened ears from strath and hill ;
 The amorous blackcock in yon clump of pine
 His feathered harem rules with happy skill.
Here flows the winding Urchay, sweetly-still
 As some fair fancy through a poet's brain ;
There lifts it up its voice, with stronger will,
 In fitful chantings,—to yon shepherd swain
 A sign of rain, perhaps ere day is o'er—
 To *me*, a music glorious evermore !

KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY, BOYS.

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

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

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

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

M

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

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

THE PRESS.

(Written in 1861).

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

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

Joy to the Broadsheet ! In its might we prove
The real lever fit the world to move.
Where'er with earnest aim its power it wields,
Oppression trembles, spite of all her shields,
And Truth a victor stands in Error's chosen fields ;

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

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

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

DOMHNULL PIOBAIRE AND THE BAGPIPES.

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

AIR.—“*Wooded an' married an' a'.*”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE IT DID.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

What delusion to conceive
You sometimes your Queen receive!
Yours indeed!—
Can't you read
'Tis "*England's*" queen alone you have!

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

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

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

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

TO MARY, SLEEPING IN AN ARBOUR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A DAY WITH THE MUSE.

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

"THERE'S no place like home:"

Quite true, I presume,
 If spoken regarding the Deaf and the Dumb.
 A bard, I opine,
 Should at least be both these,
 In a home such as mine
 To feel much at his ease
 Though each one of the Nine
 Did her utmost to please.
 Just fancy a house with a dozen or so
 Of hearty young hopefuls, all train'd *à la* Combe—
 A day to myself, and the muse all a-glow,
 Some web, long bespoken, to work off her loom!

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

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

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

The dinner over, and the youngsters gone
Once more to school—a riddance blest ! anon,

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

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

MY ROWAN TREE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ERIN MACHREE.*

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

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

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

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

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

Should you wish for bright scenes, there's a choice of them
there ;

If for legends unmatch'd, she has plenty to spare ;—
Would you like to make love to some smiling Banshee,
You should just make your home in old Erin machree !

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

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

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

* A sorrowful wail—lamenting.

MY FIRST ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT IN CANADA.

(Addressed to a distant friend.)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To our host, small gain could grow out
Of such forks as Scott and Mowat ;—
By the powers, but they did " stow " it
Fiercely on St. Andrew's !

With the haggis fairly stuffed there,
Losh, how Rammage groaned and puffed there !
The mere flavour o't set Duff there
Dancing on St. Andrew's.

Little wonder though old Dixon,
Lured by Drummond's hot-scotch mixing,
Took of it enough for six in,
Gladly, on St. Andrew's.

'Twas no feast of scones and scuddan
Made MacDonald to unbutton ;
Dan on sheep's-head plays the glutton
Aye at a St. Andrew's.

Far too narrow for his orbit
Was the door to Sheriff Corbett
With the good things he absorbéd
With us on St. Andrew's.

When the bree had thawed Carruthers,
Who but *he* above all others
Claiming all mankind for brothers,
Blythly on St. Andrew's !

Not one Saxon guest attended
But spake Erse ere al' was ended ;
Pat, of course, is "Scotch-descended"
Always on St. Andrew's.

The finale—fitting close there—
Was a dance of Macs and O's, sir,
Ending with three grand hurros there
For our next St. Andrew's.

IN MEMORIAM

OF DR. LAYCOCK, OF WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

MY Laycock's star already set !
Laycock the gifted and the good !
In thought, I seem to see thee yet
Where last we met, by Mersey's flood.

Our steps were then on England's soil,—
Thou, from thy kindred far away,
Donning thine armour for the toil
And tug of life's stern battle-day.

With gifts that well might make thee brave
All obstacles to fair renown,
Alas, that thy untimely grave
Should cheat thee of the laurel crown!

Alas, that on thy path to save
Others, thine own dear life was lost!
How must thy friends across the wave
Mourn, when the tale shall reach their coast!

MacLennan, Greatrex, Strype, MacBride,*
And Bailey too—that gifted one
Whose ardent spirit, eagle-eyed,
Has often soared where thou hast gone.

If grief could aught avail, there's room
Abundant to indulge it here;
Could but their prayers avert his doom,
The suffering still were Laycock's care.

How vain this stage of life! Its hopes
How evanescent! All seems gay,
When, unannounced, the curtain drops,
And man, the actor, turns to clay.

* Members of the Liverpool Athenic Club—a literary society of which Dr. Laycock and the author of *Festus* were at one time the leading spirits.

Peace to the dead! However keen
Our sorrow for the early lost,
There's less for grief than glory in
A soldier dying at his post.

A TIME THAT YET SHALL BE.

(Written on the advent of the year 1877.)

HAIL, new-born Year! Although I may not greet thee
With bacchanalian chanting loud and vain,
Yet not the less right glad am I to meet thee,
And give thee welcome, though in soberer strain.

I bless thee for the promise thou art bringing
Of angry nations sheathing up their swords.—
Wisely resolved, for discords 'mong them springing,
To make their battle-fields be Council Boards :

Fair prelude to that time when, wholly ceasing
From War's dread work, men shall see, satisfied,
Nature's rude forces all employed in blessing,
Power protecting where it once destroyed.

Joy to the year that comes with such sweet voicing
Of earth's march onward to that happy goal
When her Immanuel King shall see, rejoicing,
The full fruit of the travail of his soul,—

That time millennial when all earth shall own him
Her Sovereign Lord supreme, the Prince of Peace,—
The sons of those who once with thorns did crown Him
The first to share the richness of His grace!

Not as the monarch vainly wished by Judah,
But as the Victor over Death and Sin
Shall Zion hail, 'mid many a hallelujah,
The Lord of Life once more her gates within.

Well may, the joy be great on Mount Moriah;
Well may, in Him, at last poor Israel see
Not hers alone but the whole world's Messiah,
And gladly own the Lord her God is He.

Time that shall change all rancour and division
To holy concord and assurance blest,—
Time that shall give our earth, 'mid peace elysian,
From sin and sorrow a long Sabbath rest!—

Time of the light and glory all-illuming!
Era of bliss unmatched since Eden's day!
No wonder that the hope of thy sure coming
Finds joyful utterance in the Poet's lay.

Well might the Seer of old, the future glassing,
Be lost in rapture thy approach to see;
If then to *him* it was a joy surpassing,
What to *our* surer vision should it be?

THE MODERN MOLOCH.

THERE'S a foe within our borders,
One of most malignant might,—
One who, fiend-like, loves the darkness,
Though oft smiting in the light.
Crowds of every rank and station,
Year by year, become his prey;
What of that? He pays state tribute;
Wise men license him to slay!

Here, 'tis some once wise bread-winner
Helpless struggles in his hold;
There, to graves untimely hastes he
Men who senates once controlled;
Often from the very altar
Draggeth he a victim down:
Would you learn to scorn and hate him,
Only think such fate your own!

If poor Bruin in some corn-field
Worked e'er so slight a skaith,
How we make quick war upon him!
How we hunt him to the death!
Not a wolf within our forests
But a price has on his head;
Meanwhile, 'mid our streets unchallenged,
Strikes his prey this demon dread.

Well ye know, ye guilty nations,
Alcohol, the fiend I sing,
Works ye more of ill than ever
Famine, war, or pest can bring.
These can only kill t'ne body,
This corrupts and kills the soul ;
Wise indeed are they who never
Touch or taste the "social bowl."

Talk of Juggernaut or Moloch !
Small would seem the whole amount
Of their victims, many-millions,
Matched with Alcohol's account.
Well may Heaven indignant look on,
Well may good men mourn to see
Such a hell-delighting record—
Such law-sanctioned misery.

Think not ye whose better vision
Helpeth you the pit to shun
Which your brother, less observant,
Falls into and is undone—
Think not that a passing pity
Is the sole account ye owe ;
Only such as try to save him
Guiltless of his fall can go.

Honour be to all whose chosen
Best-loved drink is "Adam's wine ;"
Quickly may their good example
Thin the crowd at Bacchus' shrine,—

Leading them to break the fetters
Of a worse than Circean thrall,—
Earning thus all good men's praises,
And God's favour, best of all.

FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS

(Lines suggested by a glance at the visitor's Album, kept at the
Museum, Niagara Falls.)

GIVE up, ye would-be bards, your rhymes to tag here so,
In vain you rack your brains to paint Niagara.
A theme which even Milton's muse might beggar, you
Had better let alone when at Niagara.
About Lodore right well could Southey swagger, tho'
'Twould take ten thousand such to match Niagara.
To all who can stand boasting fit to stagger me,
I'd recommend a visit to Niagara.
Hear yon sleek slaver—not a bit in waggery—
Toasting the "Flag of Freedom" at Niagara!*

"You Canucks," quoth he, "need the starry flag o'er you
To make you worth your salt benorth Niagara!
You can't too quickly have that British rag o'er you
To disappear entirely from Niagara!"

He calculates some day to blast a crag or two,
And drain Lake Erie all up from Niagara.
He speculates, just as myself I drag away,
How *Ætna's* throat would like to gulp Niagara!

*The above lines were penned previous to the abolition of slavery in the
United States of America.

O cousins' cousins! what a set for brag are you!
 When will you learn mere froth is not Niagara?
 But I must cease, lest they should lynch or dagger me;
 Already they have fleeced me at Niagara.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE AND HIS TRA-
 DUCERS.

(Written on his retirement from public life, in 1858.)

ASSES, avaunt! be careful how you kick!
 The *lion* ye deem dead is only sick,—
 Sick to the heart to see how all in vain
 Is freedom won for slaves who hug their chain;
 Sick at beholding knaves to honour mount,
 The test of talent a well-cooked account,
 Votes in the House, like apples, bought and sold,
 Chiseling and quirks as statesmanship extoll'd,
 A Punch-and-Judy Cabinet in power,
 A French man-monkey hero of the hour,
 While, over all, a HEAD—ill-omen'd name—
 Smiles blandly on, and shields them in their shame!

'Tis true, ye dastards, that, to earn your hire,
 Ye must abuse,—abuse then till ye tire;
 The head at which in vain your filth is cast
 Will honoured be when ye have flung your last,
 Finding, as fitting for such scribbling knaves,
 Your last, best recompense in nameless graves.

Alas for public virtue in a land
That brooks the curse of such a helot band !
The loathsome of Egypt's plagues, I trow,
Were far less fatal to our weal than you,—
Creatures whose praise is censure—hate, no less
The highest compliment to uprightness.

O for the time when, weary of their thrall,
The people shall deal justice to you all,
And with befitting tar-and-feathers deck
Each well-whipped scoundrel up from heel to neck !
A retribution righteously due,—
Hanging's too good for wretches such as you !

A GIRL I KNOW.

“ Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel.”—CAMPBELL.

WERE the vain bard who thus could write, but once
Blest with the smile of one dear girl I know,
The joy exceeding born of her love-glance
He surely would not for a world forego.

In vain would any mortal try to see,
Unmoved, the wond'rous beauty of her face !
Which, as her humour for the time may be,
Is grave or gay, yet ever full of grace.

O but to bask forever in the light
 Of her sweet, sunny smile, now lost to me
 Save only when in visions of the night
 My soul with hers holds fond communion free !

GLORY TO THE BRAVE.

(Written on the declaration of war against Russia, in 1854.)

Lo ! ye how the Czar threatens Europe's peace,
 M. halling his millions for the fray !
 Britons ! up and on at the despot base,
 Dashing in between him and his prey.

Up ! 'tis honour's cause ;

Up ! and ere you pause

Let the empire sought be his grave.

Now's the fated time—

Crush his course of crime :

Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

On the Euxine's wave—on the Baltic tide
 Soon shall our proud banners be unfur'd ;
 Britain and the Gaul, heart and hand allied,
 Well may dare to battle half a world.

On then, stern as fate !

Striking ere too late

Europe you from Cossack rule would save :

Onward in your might—

God defend the right !

Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

Waken, Poland, wake from thy dream of death !
Think of all thy wrongs yet unavenged ;
Hungary, arise ! proving in thy wrath
Thy old hate of tyranny unchanged :
By thy sword of flame,
Schamyl ! son of fame,
Swear that now or never thou shalt have
Thy Circassia free,—
Her best hope is thee :
Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

Glory to the brave ! soon may they return
Crown'd with wreaths of never-dying fame—
Leaving Russia's lord, now so crouselly stern,
Cover'd with discomfiture and shame.
Potent though he be,
Europe shall him see
Mercy on his knee from you crave.
Such be quick the fall
Of earth's despots all :
Glory, glory, glory to the brave !

SCOTTISH CHURCH MUSIC.

(A remonstrance addressed to a certain church choir-leader of the Old School).

Air—Alister MacAlister.

How canst thou, John, with conscience clear,
Join sacred song with tones so drear ?
Have pity on us, and forbear

This owlet harmonie !

A choir of ghosts would less appal
Than those dread sounds you *singing* call :
One would need ears as deaf's a -vall

To stand such melodie.

O weary sir ! O weary sir !

'Twould tire a saint to hear thee, sir ;
Job's patience, were he near thee, sir,

Would quick exhausted be.

There's something lively in the chant
Of pussie on some spree gallant ;
The bull-frog, though his notes be scant,

Ne'er strikes a drawling key :

But you, whate'er the Psalmist's tone
Of thought may be, go m-o-a-n-i-n-g on,
Till some poor Crumbie's dying groan

Your model seems to be !

O weary sir ! O weary sir !

If David could but hear thee, sir !

He well might wish some thistle-burr

Adown thy throat to see.

Now some old wife's asthmatic croon
 Seems the sole spirit of the tune ;
 Now some long *ba-a* much like a drone
 Breaks from thy choir and thee ;
 And now the climax grand you reach—
 A something 'tween a scream and screech,—
 Your sole ambition seeming which
 The most can torture me.
 O weary sir ! O weary sir !
 O dismal, dismal, dreary sir !
 A whip-saw rasp, or yelping cur,
 I'd sooner stand than thee.

The "kist o' whistles" may be bad,
 Yet, where's the mortal man, not mad,
 Who once heard you, would not, right glad,
 Give it a welcome free ?
 Oh ! any, anything at all
 To drown this Kirk-nursed caterwaul :
 How Scotland can it "sacred" call
 None but herself can see.
 O weary sir ! O weary sir !
 Small wonder that, anear thee, sir,
 I sometimes wish thyself and choir
 Down where the mermaids be.

VERSES WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1869.

YEAR just born, while bells rejoicing
Ring thy advent, I would be
In thy youthful ear fond-voicing
What I most desire of thee.

May'st thou, ere thy course be finished,
See the Right triumphant stand,
And the demon Faction banished
Evermore from out our land.

Here's to every fair endeavour
In Truth's holy battle-field—
Every blow that helps to shiver
Hoary Error's triple shield!

Here's to him who, without swither,
Helps his brother man in need,—
Helping without asking whether
This or that may be his creed.

Here's a groan for him whose only
Care is to increase his pelf;
The mean money-grub unmanly;
May it all end with himself!

869.

Here's confusion to all canting,
All "man-millinery" creeds:
Better far were Shaker ranting
Than this silly faith in weeds.

Down with every form of folly!
Earth with hollow shows is cursed.
At her age 'tis melancholy
To see shams so fondly nursed.

Knives are everywhere abounding:
With enough of "brass" at call,
Mountebanks go empire-founding
Where their betters seek the wall.

Lo! where Law looks on, scarce heeding
How sleek Traffic's wires are pulled;
Here, the few to fortune speeding;
There, the millions robbed and fooled!

Half the wealth men waste, so mad, on
War's proud panoply alone,
Year by year, would feast and gladden
All the poor beneath the sun.

Time 'tis men were realizing
They are brothers, one and all,
And each other's welfare prizing,
Ban all knives that would them thrall.

To improve the world we live in,
 Folded arms will never do ;
 He who hopeth all from Heaven
 Wrongs himself and Heaven too.

Ho for praying less than toiling
 For the good time long delayed !
 Never faileth Heaven to smile on
 All who thus its advent aid.

A MISSING MINSTREL.

(His friends, in consultation with a Wizard, thus address the
 ghostly Presence.)

KEN you aught of Erin's Bard ? *

Igo and ago.

Is he in this life still spared ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he gone in a balloon,

Igo and ago,

O'er the seas or to the moon ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he above or under ground ?

Igo and ago.

In some foul enchantment found ?

Iram, coram, dago,

*Not Tom Moore ; but the bard Alexander MacLachlan, lately residing in Erin village, Canada West, from whom the above bagatelle in the *Scottish-American Journal*, soon brought the author a reply to a long unanswered letter.

Taken to a Gipsy life ?

Igo and ago :

Ta'en a broomstick ride to Fife ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Is he 'mong New Yorkers " guessing " ?

Igo and ago,

Or fair Bostonian maids caressing ?

Iram, coram, dago.

'Neath Canadian snow-wreaths smothered ?

Igo and ago,

Or in Kentucky tarred and feathered ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Was he caught at Harper's Ferry ?

Igo and ago.

Crossed he Styx in Charon's wherry ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Stands he now beyond Death's portal,

Igo and ago,

Fitly crowned a bard immortal ?

Iram, coram, dago.

Was he murdered for his gear ?

Igo and ago,

A poor paying job that were !

Iram, coram, dago.

Was he drowned in Morton's *bree* ?

Igo and ago—

A more likely case, say we !

Iram, coram, dago.

Wizard ! haste, resolve all doubt,
 Igo and ago ;
 Let us have the truth right out,
 Iram, coram, dago.
 Ghostly shade or man alive,
 Igo and ago,
 We fain would hear how Mac does thrive—
 Iram, coram, dago.

January, 1860.

JOHN BULL ON HIS TRAVELS.

JOHN BULL goes on a tour through France ;—
 Its people dance
 And laugh and sing, all happy—rich and poor :
 What brainless fools these French are, to be sure !
 He never saw such goings on,
 He'll write the *Times* each in and out o't :
 That land is blest—that land alone
 Where Saxons rule,—that's all about it !

Now goes he grumbling up the Rhine,
 Self-superfine,—
 Finds Rhenish wines but sorry stuff,
 And the calm German "such a muff!"
 A boor not fit to come between
 The wind and his nobility !
 The Teuton thinks the man insane,
 And leaves him to his humours free.

Anon he roams through Switzerland :
 Its mountains grand,
If grand to *him*, is pretty much a question
Dependent on the state of his digestion.
He finds the Swiss *sans* any lord
 Or duke or marquis—men who must
Be rulers born : the thing's absurd !
 He quits the country in disgust.

The Isles of Greece now wandering through,
 Each fairest view
Is fair or foul to him, just as the sinner
Findeth the chances of roast beef for dinner.
He owns indeed the Greeks one day
 'Mong nations held the foremost place ;
Yet all that granted, what were they
 Matched with the Anglo-Saxon race ?

At last arrived in Italy—
 What does he see ?
Half-naked beggars swarming everywhere,—
A contrast vile, of course, to England fair !
Such sights our traveller sets a loathing,—
 He sighs for England once again,
Where, though men starve, 'tis counted nothing,
 If only they but starve unseen.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FAIR FRIEND,
ON HER EXPRESSING A WISH TO KNOW "WHAT I THOUGHT
OF HER."

DEAR girl, since thou must have my mind
Regarding thy sweet self defined,
Think, if my task should fall behind
 Thy fair contenting,
Perfection any bard must find
 No easy painting!

You hint of maidens many a one
Fair as thyself to look upon:
If such there be, 'tis strange that none
 I ever see—
Blinded perhaps by looking on
 My sun in thee!

Well may that mortal feel elate
Who, as his bride, thy love shall get,
When thy mere friendship is so sweet
 To hearts like mine,
That my whole being, when we meet,
 Seems lost in thine.

Were mine the bliss to meet thee when
My years were only three times ten,
How more than that of any queen
 Thy love I'd prize!
How would I count thy hand to win
 The joy of joys!

Sweet one ! too soon will come the hour
 That takes thee to a distant shore ;
 Yet in my bosom's inmost core
 Thou'lt live enshrined,
 My beau ideal evermore
 Of womankind.

THE WALLACE MONUMENT

versus

“ OLD HUMPHREY.”

(The following verses were written by way of a rejoinder to a letter which appeared, anonymously, in a Kingston paper during the time that subscriptions were being taken up in Canada towards the erection of the monument to William Wallace, now adorning the Abbey Craig, near Stirling.)

WHAT a Solon hath the *News*
 Got in Master Humphrey !
 Of good counsel so profuse
 Is old Master Humphrey !
 Liberal of nought beside—
 Wherefore should old Humphrey chide
 Men of sympathies more wide ?
 Fie, fie on thee, old Humphrey !

Little reck we how John Bull
 Likes our purpose, Humphrey !
 John's wishes never were *our* rule,
 Nor *shall* be, Master Humphrey.

Poor Pat, accustomed to his yoke,
 May well indulge a jealous joke,
 But thou, a Scotchman, thus to croak
 Seems downright baseness, Humphrey.

A Scot, indeed! Alas the day
 That Scotland, Master Humphrey,
 Can boast no sons of nobler clay
 Than thou art, Master Humphrey!
 He's no true Scot who does not own
 He's rich in Wallace's renown,
 Though parting with his last half-crown
 To prove it, Master Humphrey.

A Cairn to Wallace—what a crime
 To think of, Master Humphrey!
 A thing, forsooth, so "out of time!"
 "A slight to England," Humphrey!
 As if a wholesome hate of wrong
 Can ever be indulged too long,
 Or Scotchmen care a cricket's song
 For Cockney humours, Humphrey!

Out on thy Judas charity!
 Five centuries, old Humphrey,
 We owe the debt that now shall be
 Paid, will ye, nill ye, Humphrey.
 Cease, then, thy craven counsels tame!
 Enough for England is the shame
 Of his foul end—nor less to blame
 All Scots who think like Humphrey.

In fancy, I already see
Tow'ring triumphant, Humphrey,
That pile which centuries hence shall be
 A pride to Scotland, Humphrey,—
A nation's homage to the brave
Who died her liberties to save :
Stern-frowning o'er ambition's grave,
 We soon shall have it, Humphrey.

Yes—standing there, an altar grand
 To freedom, Master Humphrey,—
A sign, that Scotland, heart and hand,
 Is still old Scotland, Humphrey,—
A monitor perpetual to
Earth's Edwards,—to all patriots true
An inspiration ever new
 To deeds heroic, Humphrey.

1859.

LET US DO THE BEST WE CAN.

NOT in riches, rank, or power
 Is true greatness to be found,—
Mere possessions of an hour,
 By the sordid often owned.
Better far than noble blood
 Is the deed Samaritan :
If we can't do all we would,
 Let us do the best we can.

Mark yon worldling lost in self,
Dead to every social glow ;
Would'st thou, to own all his pelf,
All life's purer joys forego ?
Truest wealth is doing good—
Doctrine strange to him, poor man !
If we can't do all we would,
Let us do the best we can.

Did we all with one accord
Labour for the common good,
Nature at her ample board
Would see no one lacking food.
Let us then, in loving mood,
Each help each through life's short span :
If we can't do all we would,
Let us do the best we can.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO JOHN F. CAMPBELL,
OF ISLAY,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "POPULAR TALES OF THE
WEST HIGHLANDS."

O THOU whose joy it is to stray
The bowers of Fairyland among—
Renewing o'er our hearts the sway
Of Fairy tale and song.

This Book of thine will long endear
Thy name to all who love the land
Where thou hast gleaned, with zeal so rare,
Those legends quaintly grand.

As shells that on some lonely strand
The sea casts careless, may confine
Pearls which, when touched by skilful hand,
With peerless lustre shine,

So these stray waifs of ancient lore
Turn, touched by thee, to treasures rare,—
Rich gems of which for evermore
The world will well take care.

Well do I mind that long-past day
I met thee first and sought thy smile,—
I, a poor minstrel—thou, the gay
Young heir of Islay's isle.

No seer am I—yet in the boy
Before me, right well could I trace
The man who yet would prove a joy,
A pride to Diarmid's race,—

One who, with every grace endowed
Befitting rank and lineage high,
Would win, withal, a place as proud
In Mind's nobility.

ELL,

THE

What though a stranger lords it now
O'er that fair isle so dear to thee,
Still lord o'er all its hearts art thou,—
The land alone hath he.

Fortune hath wronged thee much—yet still
A heritage more rich remains
Than any subject to her will—
Thy place in Thought's domains.

Long in a field, now all thine own,
Be thine to work with loving care;
Rare gems of wisdom, random strewn,
Will yet reward thee there—

Gems which, when thou in death dost rest,
More green shall keep thy memory
Than if arose above thy breast
A Cairn as Cruachan high.

CANADA'S WELCOME TO THE PRINCE OF
WALES.

BLOW gently, ye winds, o'er yon wide waste of ocean ;
Ye waves, for a season, your brawling calm down :
A bark for the West o'er its breast is in motion ;
Its freight is the heir of Britannia's crown !
Sovereign already of
Canada's warmest love,
Soon shall he prove this no idle pretence :
Welcome, then, o'er the tide,
Albion's hope and pride ;
Hail to thee, Albert, hail ! God save the Prince !

New Brunswick, Cape Breton, and green Nova Scotia
Watch for thy presence, exultant and proud ;
And we, no less loyal, shall never refuse thee
A "*ciad mile fáilte*" as warm and as loud.
Saxon, and Celt, and Gaul,
Brothers seem once for all—
Rivals alone in their zeal to evince
Homage befitting thee,—
Well may that homage be
Blent with the fervent prayer, God save the Prince !

From stormy Cape Sable to far-off Vancouver
Triumphantly sweepeth the flood-tide of joy ;
The whole land awaits, like a bride for her lover,
Each hour seems an age till thy sails we descry.

Then shall the feast abound,
 Then shall our joys be crown'd,
 Then shall our pride be thy heart to convince
 Britain need never fear
 Traitor or treason here—
 Here, where as one, all pray, God save the Prince !

Already, in fancy, I see thee approaching
 'Mid booming of cannons and chiming of bells :
 What's that, so electric, the Highland heart touching ?
 The "set" of thy Tartan the secret reveals !
 Long on thy princely breast
 May its rich foldings rest—
 Garb ever foremost in FREEDOM'S defence !
 Well may the Clans rejoice,
 Proud of thy kingly choice,
 Rending the welkin with, God save the Prince !

May the wisdom of Alfred be thine to inherit,
 The Bruce be thy model to do and to dare,—
 Thy grandeur be found still eclipsed by thy merit,
 Till earth's farthest ends learn to worship thy star.
 Humble, with all thy state—
 Thus be thou truly great,
 Thus may kind heaven its blessings dispense
 Ever on thee and thine :
 Kings rule by right divine
 Only where men can pray, God save our Prince !

A VERY ILL-USED SQUAD, SIR.*

LET Clear Grit scribblers vent their jibes
As freely as they may, sir,
They'll find us Governmental scribes
Well worthy of our pay, sir.
If mother Public plays the goose,
And lays so very gleg, sir,
All own we do the cackling crouse,
And bravely suck the egg, sir !
Scarce work for one in every three—
This really is too bad, sir !
We're kilt entirely, so we be—
A very ill-used squad, sir !

There's Smith, who nothing has to do
Throughout the livelong day, sir,
Gets Jones to help him to pass through
The time as best they may, sir.
At brandy "nips" those zealous chips
Have quite a stiff, hard time o't :
"Good fellows they ! increase their pay,"
Their patrons well may chime out !
Scarce work, &c.

* The author is willing to believe that the above picture of Civil Service life in Ottawa twenty years ago will be found scarcely applicable to the present day.

Arrived at ten—love-notes we pen,
Or read the papers through, sir ;
If more we write, 'tis to indite
Perchance an I. O. U., sir.
What time comes lunch, at drinking punch
We pass a pleasant hour, sir,
Then yawn away, as best we may,
The time till it is four, sir.
Scarce work, &c.

Sometimes indeed, by way of change,
Our nails we pick or pare, sir,
Or through the lobbies chatting range,
Or lark from stair to stair, sir ;
Or slyly pin to some one's skirt
Some dusting-cloth or stamp, sir,
Or watch for duns, who oft athwart
Our pleasures cast a damper.
Scarce work, &c.

Good luck be to the bees that hive
Our honey in such store, sir !
Long may they in their labours thrive,
And help to bring us more, sir !
A health to all who do their best
In such snug berths to moor us ;
To thin us here would be, I fear,
To overcrowd the poor-house.
Scarce work, etc,

MACAULAY *versus* SCOTLAND.

[“ Such travesties of history cannot long survive the age in which they were written. No literary excellence ; no airs of philosophic impartiality ; no lofty pretensions to more than ordinary research, and much more than ordinary sagacity ; no silver-toned press or golden exchequer, can long save them from the fate that awaits the ill-omened productions of learning without principle, of eloquence leaning on fables, and of talent in league with error. * * *

“ We have heard, though we cannot vouch for the truth of the story, that Thomas Carlyle, when exhorting a friend to amuse himself, after hard study, with light reading, and being asked what books he would recommend, replied, “ Why Thackeray’s last novel, or Macaulay’s last volume, or *any other* of the best works of fiction.”
—*From a review of Macaulay’s History of England, by Hugh Miller.*]

MACAULAY! Macaulay !
They surely miscall thee
To Scotland thy lineage who trace.
Thou a Scotchman ! Good lack !
Scot alone in the “Mac”
One would think far more likely thy case.

The “Arabian Nights,”
So renowned for its flights,
We once deemed the sublime of romance ;
But the gift to outshine
Its inventions is thine,
As thy “History” proves at a glance.

A History, forsooth!
 What an outrage on truth
 Thus to title a tissue of lies!
 That we read it, 'tis true,
 Though 'tis only to view
 Of thy figments the shape and the size.

* * * * *

Foul defamer of men
 Whose stout limbs did disdain
 To bow down at proud Prelacy's nod—
 Ages after thy name
 Is forgot, their fair fame
 Shall be dear to their country and God.

The apologist now
 Of a massacre! thou
 Might defy Nick himself to fib harder
 When, with sophistry vile,
 Thy pet prince to assoil,
 Thou contrivest to justify murder.

O falsest of tongues!
 O foulest of wrongs!
 O prince that could sanction such deed!
 "Out, out, damnéd spot!"
 Though I fear thou will *not*,
 Spite of all this smart sophist can plead.

Mac ! Mac ! do give o'er
This wild work : Let's once more
List the tones of thy classical lyre.
Stick, sir, stick to thy "Lays;"
There alone we can praise—
There alone thy inventions admire.

GARIBALDI THE BRAVE.

Written during the war of freedom in Italy.

OF all heroes known to fame
There is no one I could name
Who, Caprera's chief, can claim
Rank before thee !
Not as matchless in thy might
But as Freedom's champion bright
Dost thou fill the world's glad sight
With thy glory.
O who would not join that band
Who, on fair Italia's strand,
To a royal hunting grand
Hasten on with gun and glaive !
O who would not pant to be
In the vanguard of the free,
To the fight led on by thee,
Garibaldi the brave !

See him in the battle's van
His stern veterans leading on!—
What cares he though ten to one
 May the foe seem?
Swift as lightning cleaves the air
Springs he at them—Bruce-like, there
Dealing death to all who dare
 To oppose him!
In the battle's wildest roar
Making havoc evermore,
Like Achilles famed of yore,
 A charmed life he seems to have!
Where his falchion flashes bright,
Never doubtful is the fight.
God defend thee and the Right,
 Garibaldi the brave!

Ever honoured may they be
Who from lands already free
Haste to do or die where he
 Moves victorious.
Vain may Austria brow-beat,
Vain may Pius execrate:
See where Tuscany's crowned cheat
 Flies, inglorious!
See where Parma's prince abhorred
Cowers beneath fair Freedom's sword!
Lo, where Naples' heartless lord
 On his knees doth mercy crave!

Such a blood stained king and crown
In the dust to trample down
Well may climax thy renown,
Garibaldi the Brave!

Matched with *thy* career, I ween
Cæsar's triumphs were but mean ;
In *thy* life no trace is seen
Of Ambition.

"Noblest Roman of them all"—
To lead lands 'neath despot thrall
Forth to freedom's festival
Is thy mission.

On, then, on ! and never spare
Till triumphant, in the air
Stout Immanuel's ensign dear
O'er the Quirinal shall wave.
May that happy day soon be
When all Italy, made free,
Shall triumphal wreaths decree
Garibaldi the Brave !

CURLING *versus* SHINTY.

(Verses suggested by a visit to the Strathadder Curling Rink.)

SOME get crazed through drinking,
Some through grief or fear ;
They're *born* fools, I'm thinking,
Who come curling here.

CHORUS—Hey for famed Strathadder,
And its curlers free !
Long may they have weather
20 below Z !

At some shot by Drummond,
Laughing all admit
Were the "Tee" Benlmond
Tom might make a hit !

Now 'tis Craig that's likened
To a frozen snail ;
Now 'tis Todd that's reckoned
Hardly worth his "Kail."

At the broom Bob Struthers
Beateth all the squad ;
Practice at his mother's
Bob must oft have had !

Though but sorry sport there
Kirk makes at the stone,
On all fours—his forte there—
He makes food for fun.

To see Kerr practising
Motion on his stern,
Shows how, sometimes, wise men
Laughing-stocks may turn.

Dash away, MacMartin !
Wherefore should'st thou mind
That half-yard of shirting
Swinging out behind !

Just to hear their hollos,
See them sweep and sprawl,
One would think these fellows
Fit for Bedlam all.

Home themselves now dragging,
None without some main,
Hark them still a-bragging
Of " the roaring game !"

Game supreme ! The ninnies !—
All the boys know well
'Tis but playing " stonies "
On a larger scale.

Ho for shinties flashing
On some chosen lea !
Of all games surpassing
That's the game for me.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

OF all glad sounds we mortals here
May listen to with grateful ear,
The sweetest surely is the chime
That ushers in the Christmas-time.

It minds me of far Beth'lem's plain,—
I seem to see that angel train
Who chanted there the song sublime
That told of Earth's first Christmas-time.

“Glory to God in highest Heaven!
Peace and good will to man is given!”
Yon choir from a celestial clime
Seem chanting still at Christmas time.

To think of all that marked the morn
On which the Prince of Peace was born,
A mood unthankful were a crime:
Let's all bless God for Christmas-time!

O, for the day when praise supreme
Shall from all hearts flow forth to Him
Who yet shall to her Eden prime
Restore our Earth some Christmas-time

REMEMBER THE POOR.

A WINTER-TIME APPEAL.

REMEMBER the Poor,—'tis a duty most holy ;
The terrors of winter are on them once more ;
The cold winds abroad teach, with moan melancholy,
That now is the time to remember the Poor.

Remember the poor,—not with scorn or deriding ;
Enough without this are the griefs they endure ;
No good ever comes of too niggardly guiding ;
The best way to wealth is rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—all experience teaches
Who does so is always most blest in his store.
There's none half so wretched as he who has riches
Yet misses the joy of rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—nor delay till to-morrow
The hallowed delight which to-day may procure ;
'Tis godlike to lessen life's great sum of sorrow :
All good men rejoice in rememb'ring the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—there's no rank or condition
So high but misfortune upon it may low'r ;
What theirs is to-day may be yet our position :
He wrongs himself most who forgetteth the Poor.

Remember the Poor,—the great Lord of Creation
To him who gives freely will tenfold restore ;
True charity is of no creed, race or station :
God bless him and his who remembers the Poor !

TO A FAIR FRIEND IN A FOREIGN LAND.

(Written in response to a Yule-time greeting received from her
after a silence of many years.)

OF all good Yule-time glee,
Mine ever most depends
On the kind wishes wafted me
From far-off, long-loved friends.

Think, then, with what a joy
I read thy greeting rare,—
A joy caused less by what my eye
Than what my heart found there.

Once more I seem to be
Watching thy tell-tale sigh ;
Once more I mark with ecstasy
The love-light in thine eye,—

Thy wealth of golden hair,
And O, thy witching face !—
To me time makes no change whate'er
In their exceeding grace.

I own it not o'erwise
To speak this way,—but then,
I ne'er forget the gulf that lies
Myself and thee between,—

A gulf not yet o'erwide
To make it sinful be
To thus recall, with loving pride,
All thou wert once to me.

TO THE SAME FRIEND

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION.

A GREETING wafted o'er the sea
I always value dearly,
Though only when 'tis one from thee
The joy upsets me fairly.

The long ago revives again—
I cannot help but feel
That, spite of fate, not all in vain
I loved thee—love thee still!

Again I seem to hear that voice
Which once could so enthrall me ;
Again a thousand graces choice
To love and rapture call me.

Thus, basking in thy maiden charms,
To crown my sum of blisses,
Fond fancy paints thee in my arms,
Half-smothered by my kisses!

But I forget myself, I fear,
Thus of past memories chiming ;
So, lest my muse should further err,
I now must end my rhyming.

THE WELLINGTON ST. PEACOCK.

A MIDNIGHT-SOLILOQUY.

IF there's a torture one may deem
Transcending Dante's wildest dream,
It is to hear the horrid scream
Of my near neighbour's Peacock.

I often wish that "goblin damned"
With poison to the throat was crammed,
Or in some fox's jaws well jammed :
The d—I take that Peacock !

Sure they who own this midnight grief
Must be most hopelessly stone-deaf,
Else, to their neighbours' great relief,
They'd quickly cook that Peacock.

Talk not to me of shrieking ghoul,
Or howling wolf or hooting owl ;
Such noise were music to my soul,
Matched with this fiendish Peacock.

Hark ! there he comes ! In vain I try
To shut my ears that villain nigh ;
As for the shutting of an eye
None thinks of near that Peacock.

From roof to roof, close o'er one's nose,
"Making night hideous" he goes ;
Enough to break the dead's repose
Were that unhallowed Peacock.

Vain torturer ! he minds me well
Of many a would-be-vocal swell
Who thinks himself a nightingale
When only but a Peacock.

At dawning's, hour 'tis no rare case
To see the "Chief" and Mac a space
Out in their night-gowns in full chase
And swearing at that Peacock.

For all the wealth of all the Jews
I would not stand in that man's shoes
O'er whose head hangs each curse they use,
Stone-pelting that dread Peacock.

O, for one hour where Maxwell* rare
Doth law's dread thunderbolts prepare,
And Jove-like hurls !—then quick nowhere
Would be that wretched Peacock.

May 6th, 1873.

*The then City Magistrate of Kingston.

THE TANDYS.

(The following poetical tribute to the Canadian vocalists, popularly known as "The Tandy Brothers," was written for, and read at a concert at which they were the leading singers.)

EARTH'S purest pleasure, and I trow, that of the worlds
beyond us,
Is music in its sweetest flow—such music as the Tandy's.

CHORUS,—The ever, ever charming, clever,
All-delighting Tandys!
As fit and right, let's all to-night
Sing honour to the Tandys!

To some, a joy—I know not why—the Babel of a band
is,
But give to me the ecstasy of listening to the Tandys.

I love right well the Pipe's grand swell, as each true-
hearted man does,
Yet must I own, though "Mac" may frown, tis nothing to
the Tandys.

What would our brightest concerts seem without the aid
they lend us?
The play of Hamlet wanting *him* would be to miss the
Tandys.

All will agree that Kennedy at Scotch songs extra grand
is,
But for a feast of all things best, there's none to match
the Tandys!

Less welcome than the sparrow where the mellow black-
bird bland is,
To me would be a galaxy of "stars" without the Tandys.

With strains now like Apollo's lute, now sweet as when
the swan dies,
Our hearts, at will, they melt or thrill—such wizards are
the Tandys !

Now such the air, you'd think a-near Calypso's siren
strand was,
Now, clear as bells, each proud note tells you're listening
to the Tandys.

So much of *heart*, as well of art, is in each note they send
us,
One seems to hear the birds of Spring whenever sing the
Tandys.

Small wonder that on "Nichts" like this they in Elysium
land us ;
No thought unblest finds any rest in presence of the
Tandys.

To cure the taste for things of paste and paint, with
names outlandish,
The surest plan for maid or man is once to hear the
Tandys.

To feel due scorn for Nigger Troupes, smut jokes, and
 strumming banjos,
 One needs but hear with half an ear such singers as the
 Tandys.

From all such trash, ill worth our cash, may heaven in
 mercy fend us,
 And when we would feel blest and good, give us to hear
 the Tandys !

FINAL CHORUS,—The ever, ever charming, clever,
 All-delighting Tandys !
 Like oceans roar be each *encore*
 This night we give the Tandys !

CAPTAIN CREIGHTON.

LET stout Chabot be Gallia's boast ;
 Let Yankees their Paul Jones delight in ;
 A nobler name be mine to toast—
 Our own far-famous Captain Creighton !
 Hip, hurrah for Captain Creighton !
 True-blue aye is Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—*
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

* A once well-known steam ferry boat plying between Kingston and Cape Vincent, and of which the hero of these verses was for a time chief officer.

In vain 'mong Nelson's captains keen
You'd look for one to match this bright one ;
They could blow up a foe, but then,
For *running down* commend me Creighton.
Drouthy, dashing Captain Creighton !
Stout, stramashing Captain Creighton !
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

The dread of wharves—'twould try your nerves
To see him at them rush at night on ;
The stoutest beam must yield to steam,—
Good sport it seems to Captain Creighton !
Ever-blazing Captain Creighton !
All-amazing Captain Creighton !
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

If Ailsa Craig stood in his way,
Our captain still would paddle right on !
There's scarce a craft on lake or bay
But has some mark of meeting Creighton.
Spouting, yarning Captain Creighton !
Danger-scorning Captain Creighton !
Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

Now comes he silent as a ghost,
Now like some fateful storm-cloud straight on ;
Leviathan upon our coast
Were a less dreaded sight than Creighton.

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aven in

to hear

lys !

and Cape
chief officer.

Nothing-sparing Captain Creighton !
 Devi!-daring Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

With Stanley on Nyanza's lake
 How would the *Star* its tenants frighten !
 I think I see the hippos quake,
 As well they might if meeting Creighton.
 Careless, fearless Captain Creighton !
 Pushing, peerless Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

The Devil-fish makes quick small bones
 Of all round whom its dread arms tighten !
 But for short shrift to Davie Jones
 Your surest way is crossing Creighton.
 Moonlight larking Captain Creighton !
 Mermaid-sparking Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

If e'er the cracken we would catch,
 Or the sea-serpent's backbone straighten,
 'Twill be when they their strength would match
 'Gainst the all-crushing *Star* and Creighton.
 Nothing-daunting Captain Creighton !
 Gay, gallanting Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

That North-west passage, still unfound,
 If ever we are doomed to light on,
 'Tis plain to all smart men around
 Our next explorer should be Creighton.
 Smashing, crashing Captain Creighton !
 Ram-stam-dashing Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

Let's hope that yet this soaring soul
 The frost-king's furthest haunts may sighten,
 Climb proudly up the great North Pole,
 And write thereon, Eureka ! Creighton !
 Then hip, hurrah for Captain Creighton !
 True blue eye is Captain Creighton !
 Here's to the tar who sails the *Star*,—
 A seaman rare is Captain Creighton !

ABRAM LINCOLN.

(Written immediately after the passage of the Act abolishing Slavery
 in the United States of America.)

LET whoso will think Washington
 Columbia's greatest patriot son,
 I think him fairly matched by one,
 And that is Abram Lincoln.
 A Yankee witty, cute and smart,
 Yet tender, truthful, full of heart,—
 No man e'er played the patriot's part
 More nobly than does Lincoln.

What though in Abram's form and face
You'd little of Apollo trace,
Good sense makes up for what of grace
 Is lacking in Abe Lincoln.

No Webster-flow of diction grand
Is honest Abram's to command ;
The simple, naked truth, off-hand,
 Suffices good old Lincoln.

The Chivalry of whips and chains
Would widen slavery's domains ;
"They'll soon sup sorrow for their pains,"
 Quoth brave, right-loving Lincoln.
And so they did : Lo ! millions thrall'd
At once to Freedom's banquet call'd !
The whipper's back is now the gall'd :
 " That's tit for tat," quoth Lincoln !

Pray we that soon, his work to crown,
The South may find her Dagon down
A blessing in disguise, and own
 A God-sent chief in Lincoln.
And when—his foes all changed to friends—
His upright rule auspicious ends,
The joy that work well-done attends
 Be richly owned by Lincoln.

A HIGHLAND HERO'S "CORONACH."

(The following verses were occasioned by the death of Lieutenant Colonel Duncan McVicar, one of the many brave Scotsmen, bred to military life, who accepted commissions in the United States army, at the commencement of the late civil war in that country. Returning from a reconnoitring ride into the country occupied by the Confederate army, on the day immediately preceding the battle of Chancellorville, Colonel McVicar found his passage suddenly intercepted by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, at the head of a large body of the enemy, previously concealed in an adjoining wood. Determining however to break through the snare thus prepared for him, onward at a gallop, straight at the foe before him, he led his devoted troop—the 6th New York Cavalry—and fell, mortally wounded by a rifle ball, while in the act of cutting his way through the enemy's ranks. Col. McVicar was a native of the Island of Islay.)

My friend, so late my boast,
My noble-hearted one !
Alas, that he is lost
To Freedom's battle-van !

Far from his native shore—
The bravest of the brave—
'Mid battle's storm and stour
He found a soldier's grave.

The land that gave him birth
Taught him the hate of wrong :
To knaves o'er all the earth
That hate was fierce and strong.

He round the U pas aze
Of slavery abhorred
Saw warring hosts, and he
Instinctive grappled his sword.

What boots it now to sing
How he, without a pause,
Gave—welcome offering—
That sword to Freedom's cause,—

What boots it to declare
How danger's post he wooed,
Till, all too frequent there,
His star was quenched in blood!

I think I see him where,
His path by foemen crossed,
He meets the shock of war,
A handful to a host.

One moment, and but one—
The lion in his mood—
He scanned the foe, then on
Dashed like a lava flood!

Well might Fitzhugh admire
That spirit unabashed,
As through a storm of fire
His gory falchion flashed.

If on stout hearts and steel
Alone the issue lay,
The sands of Stuartsville
Had never clasped his clay !

What though, in that foul fray
Ordained his last to be,
His spirit passed away
Uncheer'd by victory,—

Let no dull mortal think
He perished all in vain ;
Each patriot death's a link
Snapt off from Slavery's chain.

Long to those heroes he
Led, in his last bread ride,
McVicar's name shall be
A watchword and a pride.

Long shall Columbia strew
Fresh laurels o'er his grave,—
A homage justly due
The bravest of the brave !

MY WHERRY, "BRUNETTE,"

CANADIAN FISHERMAN'S SONG.

THOUGH my wherry *Brunette* and yon cot by the shore
Are all I can boast of estate,
Where others, with much, are aye craving for more,
I thankfully take what I get ;
And well do I ween that not many there be
Who pass through this life with a heart so care-free—
Getting all that I need from my good friend, the sea ;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

With my boys for a crew, off each evening I go
Where our train is soon cunningly set ;
If only good luck be the fruit of the throw,
What care we for wind or for wet !
A fish from our nets and a good oaten cake,
All cooked there and then, a prime supper we make—
Fond-hoping, meanwhile, for a bountiful take ;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

At morning returning, mayhap with a haul,
The joy of my heart is complete ;
My wife is all smiles, and there's nothing at all
Thought too good for her boys and her mate ;
The young ones contend who'll get first on my knee,
And who shall next night go a fishing with me :
Thus I'm proud of my lot, as I right well may be ;
Then, hey for my wherry, *Brunette* !

THE LAND OF THE LAKES.

(Written during the voyage of the Prince of Wales to British America, in 1860.)

AIR.—“*When the kye come hame.*”

SAFE may thy passage, Albert,
 Across the ocean be !
We all are almost dying
 A living prince to see.
Ho, for arches, flags and torches !
 Hurry, hurry up the cakes !
We will soon have famous feasting
 In the Land of the Lakes.
 In the Land of the Lakes,
 In the Land of the Lakes :
Hasten then, and make us happy in this Land of the Lakes !

Though we cannot match with England
 In the perfume of our flowers,
And the music of our woodlands
 Be not quite so rich as yours,
We have swamps alive with bullfrogs
 That can in a brace of shakes
Get thee up a rousing concert
 In the Land of the Lakes.
 In the Land of the Lakes,
 In the Land of the Lakes,—
Such the wonderful resources of this Land of the Lakes !

Though we leave to cur smart neighbours
 Across the way to puff
Of mile-long alligators,
 Young mermaids, and such stuff,
We have quite a handsome sample
 Of mosquitoes, skunks and snakes,
As thou'lt find, to thy great comfort,
 In the Land of the Lakes.

 This nice Land of the Lakes,
 This choice Land of the Lakes !
Quite a paradise to live in is this Land of the Lakes !

We of statesmen have a sample
 Quite expert in Walpole's ways ;
We have corporation suckers
 Right well worth a passing gaze ;
We are anything but wanting
 In pimps, loafers, snobs and rakes,
So we proudly bid thee welcome
 To the Land of the Lakes.

 This fast Land of the Lakes,
 This blest Land of the Lakes !
Quite a promising young country is the Land of the Lakes !

Would'st thou see how "double-shuffle"
 May be practised and extolled ?
See the very seat of justice
 In the market bought and sold ?

Would'st thou learn how Humbug fattens,
While his "pound" each Shylock takes,
The right region for such studies
Is the Land of the Lakes.
This famed Land of the Lakes,
This shamed Land of the Lakes!
We are all smart people—very—in this Land of the Lakes.

Yet withal, there's much to charm thee
In our scenes of beauty rare ;
Our yeomen are leal-hearted,
Our maidens kind and fair.
Thou might do worse than with us
Kindly choose to fix thy stakes,—
Helping us to make earth's grandest
Of this Land of the Lakes.
This fair Land of the Lakes,
This rare Land of the Lakes: [Lakes.
We would all be proud to keep thee in the Land of the

HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG ?

(Suggested by witnessing a riot consequent on a certain semi-religious Procession.)

How long shall, in Religion's name,
Pretenders vain Religion shame
With silly shows and shams supreme ?
How long, O Lord, how long ?

How long shall Popes or Princes be
 The gods of men's idolatry—
 For such alas! forgetting Thee?
 How long, O Lord, how long?

How long, their own base ends to gain,
 Shall knaves a zeal they feel not, feign—
 Fooling with shibboleths profane
 Their dupes? O Lord, how long?

How long till, wisely, men eschew
 Distinctions vain of race or hue,
 And all the weal of all pursue?
 How long, O Lord, how long?

How long till each partition-wall
 We in our blindness build, shall fall,
 And thy great love encompass all?
 How long, O Lord, how long?

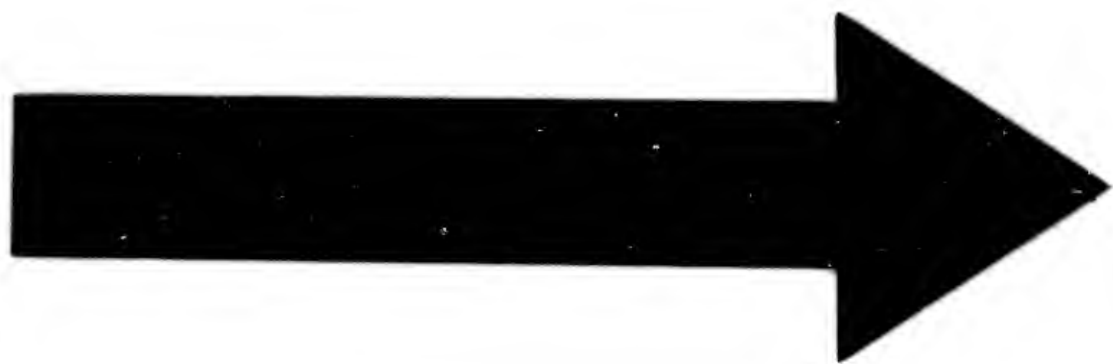
ON A WOULD-BE CANADIAN POET.

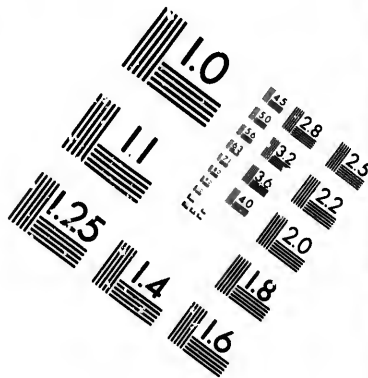
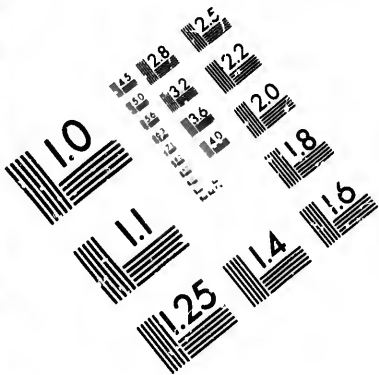
IMMORTAL B——e pours on the town, at will,
 A flood of rhymes enough to turn a mill,—
 Measure, not quality, the only rule
 E'er thought of by that metre-murdering fool,
 Who will, if but to shine in song you're willing,
 Spin you a yard-long lauding for a shilling!
 Critics may laugh—B——e pocketeth the dimes,
 And weaves away his mercenary rhymes:

The best o't is, that spite of scoff and scorn,
 He dubs himself a poet heaven-born !
 'Tis wonderful how very little varies
 The graces of his chosen luminaries :
 His muse no nice distinction incommodes ;
 He paints them all so many demigods.
 Give him the slightest hope of half-a-crown,
 And lo, a Solon where you thought a clown !
 Now Reverend *this*, now Reverened *that* he praises
 Truth matters little if the wind he raises ;
 And thus sometimes the butter's laid so thick on,
 It were enough a very dog to sicken.
 A horse might laugh while he a D——n paints
 The very pink of sagacity and of saints ;
 Nor less the laugh, when in his truthful page
 F——e looms, the Æsculapius of our age.
 So much of slaver has our bard to spare
 That even S——k secures an ample share :
 He caps the climax painting sans a flaw
 The sum of all perfection in John A. !

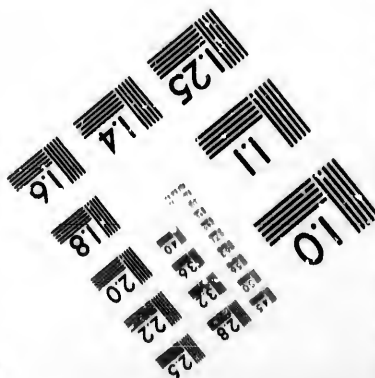
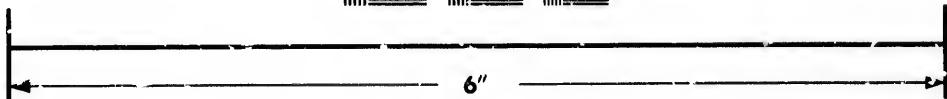
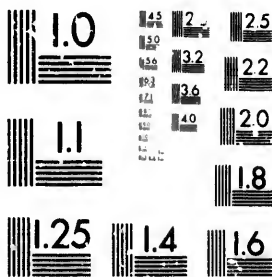
Alas, poor B——e ! I pity much thy pains :
 Have mercy on thy little all of brains,
 Or soon, I guess—blest riddance to the town—
 Rockwood* will have a poet all its own !
 Rhyming at best, is but a sorry trade ;
 A genuine bard requires both heart and head :
 The fact is, B——e,—the truth I cannot smother—
 In thy sad case there's neither one nor t'other.

*The Asylum for the Insane near Kingston.





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10

Be counselled, man, nor waste thy time away
 To vain illusive hopes a willing prey
 I'll undertake thy cure: Come, let me see?
 Thy Pegasus a good saw-horse shall be,—
 The only Pegasus becoming thee.
 A few good sweatings o'er a pile of wood
 Might chase this itch of scribbling from thy blood,
 And give thee strength to stand a man erect,
 Restored to reason and to self-respect.

ENGLAND'S MIGHTY DEAD.

(Written on reading "a Monody on the death of Lord Macaulay,"
 the burthen of which was "Macaulay now is registered 'mong
 England's mighty dead!")

HECH, sirs! "Macaulay's registered
 'Mong England's mighty dead!"
 Let us hope that he lies buried near
 Her first mean-mighty Ned.
 Scotland can never well forget
 The zeal of those two men,—
 The one, to stab her with the sword—
 The other, with the pen.

Of course "all England's bards are bound
 To praise with all their lyres"
 One who so oft maligned—disowned
 The country of his sires.

The muse of history well may say
 She n'er had such a son ;
 Such was his art, that oft he made
 Herself and Fiction one !

"'Mong England's mighty dead he lies,"—
 "In Poet's Corner" too :
 Strange mate indeed for those true Scots
 Who rest there, not a few !—
 Men who within their native earth
 Had been more fitly laid,
 Since they would rather quit their graves
 Than rank as "*England's* dead."

But let that pass,—he's there—John Bull
 Is not so much to blame ;
 He lived to magnify John's rule,—
 John magnifies *his* name.
 The wonder, after all, is how
 John could be fooled so far
 As a mere meteoric light
 To worship as a star.

OUR CANADA—AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

THOUGH scarce two centuries have rolled
 Since thou wert in the Red Man's hold,
 The best of Europe's nations old
 Might envy thee, our Canada.

R

Lo, towns where lately forests grew,
Church chimes where war-whoops once we knew!
And see! the red man at the plough
Where once he "scalped" in Canada!

For Corduroy roads, jolts and jars,
We've railways now whose Pullman cars
Glide o'er them quick as shooting stars
Seen in the skies of Canada.

The Steamboat supersedes the Batteau;
Where stood the shanty, lo! the Chateau,
Whose owner, now a statesman haughty,
Came plackless to this Canada.

To look at the St. Lawrence spanned
By its Victoria Bridge so grand,
You'd think that Titans own'd this land
We proudly call our Canada.

We tap it, and behold the ground
Sends oil in flowing floods around;
An isle of solid silver* found,
Is our last "strike" in Canada!

Down East, small odds what wind prevails,
The fishers' harvest never fails;
From shoals of mackerel up to whales
His luck's aye sure in Canada!

*Silver Islet, Lake Superior.

If you the Buffalo would chase
Where earth seems trembling 'neath their pace,
You'll find for such rare sport no place
To match with this our Canada.

But I must cease :—A country where
We glory in earth's fairest fair
May well command the homage rare
Her sons glad yield to Canada.

A BIT OF ADVICE

(Addressed to a certain Common School teacher, famed for a cruel
use of the tawse.)

THE teacher of a Common School—
Thou'rt yet a most *un*-common fool,
Believing when a child goes wrong,
The sovereign remedy's a thong :
Could blows the least improve the dull,
Nought needs them more than thy own skull !
Jack, burn thy birch without delay ;
Try kindness, as the better way ;
Rude applications of brute force
No good does ever child or horse.
That teacher least commends his art
Who only makes the " bottom " *smart* ;
The rascal who believes in " stripping "
Himself the most deserves a whipping.

MY MODEL HIGHLANDER.

(Inscribed to John Murdoch, Esq., Editor of the "Ard-albannach," Inverness, on his having been prosecuted for a so-called libel on Captain Fraser of Uig, one of the Isle of Skye evicting landlords.)

I SING not now of men who don
The Highland garb their limbs upon,
Forgetting that such garb alone
 Ne'er constitutes a Highlander.
Though well I wot the man I mean
Delighteth in the tartan sheen,
If that were all, he ne'er had been
 My chosen model Highlander.

The Gael true alone is he
Who what he thinks speaks frankly free,
And to God only bends the knee,
 Like to my model Highlander,—
One who in all things acts the man,
No matter who his course would ban.
Step out, my Murdoch! If there's one
 On earth, *thou* art that Highlander.

I think I see thy manly form,
Firm and unyielding as Cairngorm,
The poor man's cause maintaining warm,
 Just like a true-souled Highlander;

I see the scorn within thine eye
As some evicting chief goes by—
One whose forbears would sooner die
 Than dispossess a Highlander.

But shall those dastards have their way,
And we stand by, unheeding? Nay!
Thy cause is ours:—No true man may
 Sole-fighting see my Highlander.
Up, clansmen! Why alone should he
Do battle with the enemy?
'Twere nothing less than infamy
 To let them crush our Highlander.

Think of the heartless knaves who long
To rob you of your mother tongue,
And thankful be the craven throng
 Well watched are by my Highlander.
When dies its speech a nation dies,
No more to a new life to rise:
Would you avert such fate, be wise,
 And rally round my Highlander.

Despoilers worse than Cumberland
Are thickening on us,—law in hand,
Peopling with forest beasts the grand
 Old country of the Highlanders.
'Tis time we tried to stop their game,—
If need be, facing sword and flame,
And, as our proper birthright claim
 The Highlands for the Highlanders!

A WORD WITH THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

(Suggested by the assassination of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, in 1868.)

"THE Fenian Brotherhood" ! the phrase sounds well,
 But what's *your* right to such a title, tell ?
 Strangers alike to honour, truth, and shame—
 Conspirators to aim at Fenian fame !
 If truly sang the bard of Selma old,
 The Fenian race were of no cut-throat mould ;
 Though sometimes they in Erin loved to roam,
 A land more north was their heroic home ;
 The "Cothrom Féine,"* was their pride and boast ;
 Of all base things they scorned a braggart most ;
 Besides 'twas not a custom in their day,
 Assassin-like, one's victim to way-lay
 And shoot unseen—contented if, cash down,
 The price of blood were only half-a crown !
 Fenians, indeed ! all true men of that race
 Fraternity with you would deem disgrace ;
 Fenians, forsooth ! renounce that honour'd name ;
 "Thugs" would more fitly suit your claim to fame !

Poor souls, I pity your demented state ;
 You will be vicious if you can't be great.
 Better for Erin any fate would be,
 Than to be ruled by bedlamites like ye :
 The war of the Kilkenny cats renewed,
 She'd find, I think, a very doubtful good.

*The equal combat.

O wondrous-valiant, treason-hatching crew,
If words were deeds, what great things might ye do ?
Ye, who have left your country for her good—
Ye talk of righting all her wrongs in blood !
'Tis laughable—the more so, that we feel
Your necks were made for hemp, and not for steel.
At Britain's lion you may spare your howls,—
That noble beast is never scared by owls ;
'Tis well for you, with all your vapouring frantic,
You have 'tween him and you the broad Atlantic.

Let no one think that he who now cries shame
On your misdeeds, your Celtic blood would blame ;
A Celt himself, his great grief is to see
The land that nursed you cursed by such as ye.
So bright the record of her better days—
So much to love she still to us displays—
So rich her heritage of wit and sor.g—
So warm her heart, so eloquent her tongue,—
He honours Erin. 'Tis to fools like you
Alone the tribute of his scorn is due.

Union is strength. Joy to the nations three
As now united ! May they ever be
The first and foremost in fair freedom's van—
An empire built upon the Shamrock plan—
A seeming THREE and yet a perfect ONE,

UP AND AT THEM ! SPARE THEM NOT !

(Verses occasioned by the threatened invasion of Canada by the
"Fenians," in 1870.)

MUSTER ! muster ! On's the order !
On then, Saxon, Celt, and Scot !
Fenian fiends are on our border ;
Up and at them ! spare them not !

Anarchists with hell in union
Merit well reception hot :
Cannucks all of this opinion,
Up and at them ! spare them not !

On the soil they seek to plunder
Give we their vile bones to rot ;
Sudden as the crash of thunder
Up and at them ! spare them not !

At Fort Erie quite a tasting
Of their flesh the kites have got ;
Cornwall's crows will soon have feasting ;
Up and at them ! spare them not !

Not alone the land that bore them—
Earth were well rid of the lot ;
Haste we, then, the doom before them ;
Up and at them ! spare them not !

Onward ! onward ! never ceasing
Till their last you've hanged or shot,
Earning thus all good men's blessing :
Up and at them ! spare them not !

THE CADI BEN-BRAMMACH TO HIS BEAKS.

A "JUSTICE SHOP" LYRIC.*

HURRAH for a dozen "drunks !"
Hurrah for a regular haul
Of suckers to skin, to-morrow, in
The shop that maintains us all !
Look sharp then, my hearties, look sharp
Through back street, and front street, and square !
Nothing charms me so much as a "cove" in your clutch,
And the smell of fat fines on the air.

What would be the use of Jails,
Of Magistrates or Police,
Asylums or Orphans' Homes,
Were the traffic in grog to cease ?
Cease ! mercy forbend, or else
To us 'twere a bad look out—
No fun and no fee—and for "horns" going free
Think of quenching one's thirst at the spout !

*At the time the above lines were penned, Police Magistrates in Canada were allowed to pocket all the fees imposed by them on all "the drunk and disorderly" brought before them.

What matters to us with whom lie
 The fault that grog-shops so abound ?
 What matters to us who supply
 The cup in which reason is drown'd ?
 Cities cannot get on without cash ;
 Nor can I much blame them who think
 'Twere no mighty evil to licence the devil
 If he only came out with the " chink."

'Tis well that our lawmakers wise
 Believe not in Gough or in Dow ;
 Else soon would no more greet my eyes
 Fresh pigeons to pluck in your tow ;
 My name to all top-heavy chaps
 A terror would quick cease to be :
 Hurrah then, say I, for more power to Old Rye !
 Our good friend never-failing is he !

THE ORDERING OF THE MEDAL.

SCENE :—The workshop of an artist celebrated for the manufacture of Medals. Enter a deputation from the Trustees of a certain Public Institution, whose leader speaks to the following effect :—

As cats upon their feet alight,
 However high in air, man,
 They're tossed,—so Bob, that juggler bright,
 Turns always up our Chairman.

If to look solemn as an owl
Were all that's wanted there, man,
Save now and then, a grin or scowl,
How matchless were this Chairman!

What though that decency loud pleads
A turn about but fair, man,
Still, moveless as the Pyramids,
He's, will you, nil you, Chairman.

'Tis wond'rous through what depths of slime
Some go, to back that rare man:
I fear the crack of doom's the time
To rid us of this Chairman!

A nest-egg never changed, *you know*,
Gets addled,—let's beware then;
Like rank results alone can flow
From everlasting Chairmen.

Oh, for a Board of sterner mood—
Outspoken, fair and square men!
Oh, for an earthquake or a flood
To dispossess this Chairman!

That leather medal then at once
Get ready, Mr. Fairman;
It seems to be our only chance
To shelve this weary Chairman.

TO JOHN CARRUTHERS, ESQ.,

ON HIS LEAVING KINGSTON FOR A YEAR'S SOJOURN IN HIS
NATIVE SCOTLAND.

(Written as an accompaniment to a Farewell Address from the
Kingston St. Andrew's Society, of which Mr. Carruthers was then
President.)

AND shalt thou take thy purposed way,
Carruthers, o'er the ocean tide,
And friendship's voice be silent? Nay!
We *will* speak of thee— smile or chide.

If in this land there liveth one
Than thou more worthy men's esteem,
I own I'd like to see the man,
And bring him blushing into fame.

The patriot spirit staunch as steel—
The manners manly, truth severe,—
The hand ne'er shut to want's appeal—
To give unseen its only care,—

The feelings warm, the judgment sound,—
The scorn of all that's mean or base,—
All, all combine to make thee owned
An honour to thy name and race.

Well may the country on thy birth
Rejoice to welcome back her son—
Not for the thousands he is worth,
But for the worth that stamps the man.

Farewell, our friend beloved, farewell!
 Thyself and us though ocean parts,
 Distance can never break the spell
 That binds us to each other's hearts.

LORD LORNE AND THE LADY LOUISE.

(A song written for the rejoicings at Inveraray consequent on their first appearance there after their marriage.)

AIR—"The Hills of Glenorchy."

HURRAH for the news o'er the wide world just gone out!
 The clans are all wild with delight to think on it:
 A son of the Mist (Up yet higher, my bonnet!)
 Has won the fair hand of Balmoral's Louise!
 Glad tidings to all save the Southerners who wanted
 To see that rare gift to some Saxon lord granted;—
 Well might they look glum when young Lorne, nothing
 daunted,
 Stept in, and walked of with the Lady Louise!

Well, well may bright bonfires, its hill-tops all over,
 Turn night into day in the land of her lover,
 And "Islay" flow freely as Aray's own river
 When home to its banks he brings Lady Louise.
 Though earth's greatest king might right glad be to wed
 her,
 She's far better matched—thanks to love 'mong the
 heather;—
 A lad who can sport the Mac-Cailean's proud feather
 Is just the right mate for the Lady Louise!

A gathering grand on my vision is looming ;
 The air is alive with "The Campbells are coming !"
 Dunquaich proudly echoes the "gunna cam" *booming
 Its own hearty welcome to Lorne and Louise.
 Alas, that in fancy alone can *I* wend there,
 My welcome to give them, my homage to tender,
 And help happy thousands the welkin to rend there,
 Proud-toasting "Lord Lorne and the Lady Louise !"

A PROLOGUE.

(Written for a concert given in honour of His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on the occasion of their visit to Kingston, in 1879.)

WHILE crowds outside, their jubilation, vent
 'Mid arches, torches, rockets heavenward sent,
 Here are we met, on gentler pleasures bent.
 Ears often charmed by England's nightingales,
 Albin's sweet thrushes, and the larks of Wales,
 May in *our* "woodnotes wild" find meikle cause
 For kind forbearance rather than applause ;
 Yet here we are—resolved to do our best—
 Leaving to you—and you—and you—the rest.

* The cannon popularly known as the "gunna cam" is an old-fashioned piece of artillery which most visitors to the pleasure grounds around Inveraray Castle make a point of seeing. Although old as the time of the Spanish Armada—there being good ground for believing it to have formed a part of the armament of the ill-fated *Florida* sunk in Tobermory Bay—it can still make itself be well heard on occasions of special rejoicings to the House of Argyll.

With this bright audience fanning fond desire,
 Well may the wish to please our hearts inspire ;
 Well may old Erin's, England's, Scotland's lays
 Be sung as ne'er before, to win your praise,—
 For, have we not in this bright companie
 A guest illustrious who can claim to be
 By right of blood linked to those nations three !
 And thou, loved lady, whose fair presence shows
 How sweetly blends the Thistle with the Rose,
 Will not, however partial to Argyll
 List aught less pleased some lay of Erin's Isle.

Daughter of our good Queen ! beloved by all,
 Not only for *her* sake : Heaven, prodigal,
 Has showered upon thyself such graces rare
 As well may claim men's homage everywhere ;
 Stars like to thee need no reflected light
 To magnify their native lustre bright.
 If therefore here, we, in our joy elate,
 The Princess in the woman may forget,
 It must be owned we have a reason good
 In thine own gentle, perfect womanhood—
 Thy winning ways—thy speech and looks benign,
 Making all hearts in thy fair presence thine,—
 Just what we all were taught to hope for in
 The gifted daughter of our glorious Queen.

MAC-CAULEIN'S SON ! 'twere strange indeed if we
 A greeting aught less loyal gave to thee—
 Thou whose bright promise well should make us all to
 Be proud to give thee a "*Ciad mile failte*"!—

Long may this land, fair-spreading far away,
Delight to boast of thy vice-regal sway.
Too much inherits thou of patriot fire
To make us doubt thy purpose to aspire
Our welfare to advance—our love to win—
No matter who the party, "out" or "in,"—
Nor less to lead us all to keep in view
That to be noble is to nobly do,—
That truthful lives are more than rank or station,—
That righteousness alone exalts a nation.
Thus—thus alone—a people truly free
We, in "this Canada of ours," may be ;
Thus may we lifted be to virtues Spartan
'Neath the congenial shadow of the Tartan !

So much by way of prologue : Ere away
We bow ourselves, this further we would say,—
If, after starting in a key so crouse,
We may not just at once "bring down the house,"
We trust it may be owned that, ne'ertheless,
We are, upon the whole—"a great success" !

THE WORLD AS IT GOES.

THIS life has mysteries we may not hope
To solve, or trying, find we thrive but ill,—
Things which, in our imperfect summing up,
Seem scarce accordant with high Heaven's will.

Talents God-given in the devil's pay,—
Honesty crush'd where rascals make their "pile,"—
Knaves in high places wielding wicked sway,—
Shams palace-housed and patriots in exile ;—

The poor made by oppression still more poor,—
The homage due to modest worth denied
Till, all too late, some rich man opes his door
And finds his neighbour perishing outside !—

Loved ones, whose presence made our homes a heaven,
Untimely carried to the silent tomb ;
Friends, whose dear sight we would forever live in,
Estranged or doomed in foreign lands to roam ;—

Fond hearts ne'er mated, or but mated ill ;—
The good and true linked to the vile and base ;—
Creatures as angels pure and beautiful
Yielding to clowns what should be Love's embrace !

In vain we darkly grope, in vain surmise
How such things *can* be : Wise alone is he
Who is content to let such mysteries
Find a solution in the life to be.

CANADA'S RESOLVE.

(Written during the Howe Annexation movement in Nova Scotia,
in 1868.)

SHALL the star that to^s empire late pointed our way
Be quenched all so soon? Our proud answer be, Nay!
Though dimmed for a moment, yet quickly shall shine
More brightly than ever that herald benign.
Let cowards cry halt, yet its course we'll pursue;
Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Old Milton once sung of a spirit so fell,
Than *second* in bliss, he'd the *first* be in—bale:
Such spirits turn up every now and again;
I fear we have one somewhere down by the main:
Ambition so blind must itself quick undo;
Halloo, then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Let Jonathan banish his vain hopes forlorn;
As friends, we can greet him—as foes, we can scorn;—
Our good ship *Dominion* will ne'er woo the fray,
Yet woe to the pirate that crosses her way!
The flag at her masthead was always "true blue;"
Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

Would Canada prosper, a land without peer—
The Atlantic her front, the Pacific her rear,—
The watchword must now be of one and of all,
Henceforward, together we flourish or fall!
As brothers thus banded, to dare is to do:
Halloo then for Union! Halloo, boys, halloo!

A GATHERING CALL.

(Written for the Kingston Caledonian Society's Games of 1863.)

ON to our gathering ! Highlanders, on !
Sons of the Lowlands ! come every one ;
Let all who love Scotland the blue bonnet don,
And joyfully come to our Gathering !

The Games styled Olympic were grand in their day,
Yet nothing to match with *our* coming display :
In all manly pastimes the Scot leads the way ;
Hurrah then, hurrah for our Gathering !

Would you see kilted lads of the manliest frame,
Would you hear the *Piob-mhor* played in manner supreme,
Would you see feats performed that would Hercules shame,
Then take care that you miss not our Gathering.

Ye who deem the famed *Feine* extinct as a race,
Believe me that this is by no means the case ;—
'Neath the graceful " Glengarry " their features to trace
You have only to come to our Gathering.

Come Celt and come Saxon, come Teuton and Gaul ;
A right Highland Welcome we offer you all :
Each true Caledonian, proud of our call,
Will exultantly join in our gathering !

A TELEGRAM.

(From the St. Andrew's Society of Kingston, in response to a greeting from their brethren of Montreal, dining there on St. Andrew's night, 1869, and having Prince Arthur as one of their guests.)

OUR brithers by Mount Royal braw,
We gladly greet ye, ane an' a' !
Wishing ye lochs o' uisgebaugh
 To wet your whistles
Made dry, nae doubt, ba many a blaw
 'Bout Kilts and Thistles !

What tho' we canna boast, like ye,
A plaided prince frae Hieland Dee,
We're quite contented o'er our bree,
 An wad be happy
To pledge ye now, wi' three times three,
 That royal chappie.

May he in due time be renown'd
As Arthur of the Table Round,—
In all that's noble, manly, found
 Without a flaw,—
A prince 'mang princes peerless own'd :
 His health ! Hurrah !

TO MISS GOODALL,

OF THE SALVATION ARMY, ON HER REMOVAL FROM
KINGSTON.

THOU of the fair Madorna face,
In all its matchless, rare completeness,
Well may we grieve so soon to miss
A girl of such angelic sweetness.

Well may the friends who know thee best
Be proud to live in thy esteem,
And in their prayers to heaven addressed
Remember oft thy happy name.

Were Paul but here when "Abbie" won
Warm praises from our gravest teachers,
Methinks he'd never be the man
To bar or ban thy sex as preachers.

Nor would he find in thee less zeal
Our thoughts and hopes to heavenward raise ;
He loved his Master's cause too well
To frown on thy soul-winning ways.

To think with what persuasive grace
The "old, old story," ever new,
Come from thy lips may well increase
Our grief at bidding thee adieu.

To-day thou leavest us, yet though
Thy face no more we here may see,
With much of love and blessing too
Our thoughts shall often turn to thee.
17th Jan., 1885.

IMPROMPTU.

(On seeing Miss. B. S., of Hamilton, a little girl not yet in
her teens).

GIRL of the sweet, seraphic mien
And manners so enchanting,
To make thee quite an angel seem,
The wings alone are wanting!



Songs.

THE THISTLE.

AIR.—“*The Hills of Glenorchy.*”

JOHN BULL, if he likes, may get smothered in roses,—
The odour of leek give to Cambrian noses ;
Let Pat praise the grace which the Shamrock discloses,—
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !
Its stern “ *Nemo me impune lacessit* ”
Has just the right ring for the race who caress it ;
They aye come to grief who too rudely would press it :
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !

Fierce kings from far Lochlin, to break or to bend it,
Oft tried all their might—vow'd by Odin to end it :
Let Loncarty—Largs—show what luck them attended ;
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !
The Saxon next tried with the Rose to supplant it,
But found a reception ne'er dream'd of or wanted ;
Retreat, or a grave, was just all he was granted !
The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !

Our emblem, true blue as the Heaven above it—
 What bard worth the name would not proudly sing
 of it ?
 What patriot heart would not bless it and love it ?
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !
 Well, well may the sons of St. Andrew revere it,
 All Scotsmen delight in their bonnets to wear it,
 And proudly defy any symbol to peer it :
 The bonnie blue Thistle of Scotland for me !

UPPER TENDUM.

AIR—"Behave yourself' Before Folk."

'Tis fit that humbler folk should show
 Due reverence for the great High-low ;
 Hats off for Snooks ! Why, don't you know
 He's of our Upper-tendum !

CHORUS—Sing hey for Upper-tendum !
 Good luck to all who cherish it !
 Though vulgar folk its claims may mock,
 Still great is Upper-tendum !

What though the mother of Fitzfluke
 Once *was* where now she *has* a cook,
 Let's all do homage to the—puke.
 He goes for Upper-tendum !
 Sing hey, &c.

Poor Peg-tops nothing now can see
Without an eyeglass ! Ten to three
Peg purchased with a borrowed V
That mark of Upper-tendom !
Sing hey, &c.

Sir Snipp may well plain people slight—
His sire was of *The Goose* a knight ;
He now has got a double right
To top our Upper-tendom !
Sing hey, &c.

Who doubts the Dowds from kings have sprung
Had better, near them, guard his tongue ;
Folk just as lately from the dung
Are of our Upper-tendom !
Sing hey, &c.

The Smiths, as through our streets they go,
Now never own their father Joe ;
What right has he, poor man, to know
The SMYTHES of Upper-tendom !
Sing hey, &c.

Commend me always to the Coys
For grubs transformed to butterflies,
And making food for mirth likewise
To all save Upper-tendom.
Sing hey, &c.

Well may plain people laugh to see
 Such barber-block gentility,
 And pray for grace to aye keep free
 Of aping Upper-tendom !
 Sing hey, &c.

EIGHT IN ONE ARE WE.

(Words for a Canadian March. Written to the tune of an old
 Highland *lilt* beginning " *Dhunn-sadh-mid, ruidhle-mid,* " etc.)

Ho for that land never
 Matched for lake and river !
 Canada for ever,
 Boys, for you and me !
 Living land so choice an,
 Who would not, rejoicing,
 Join us, proudly voicing
 " Eight in one are we ! "

CHORUS:—Comrades true, ready to
 Do or die united,—
 Here we go, proud to show
 " Eight in one are we ! "

Though content to stay, boys,
 'Neath the old Flag aye, boys,
 Yet, should come a day, boys,
 This no more may be,

On we'd march, nought caring,
A new banner airing,
Its device declaring
"Eight in one are we!"
Comrades true, etc.

By our praries flowering,
By our mountains towering,
By the woods embowering
Our loved homesteads free,
Swear we nothing ever
Must our union sever :
None could try, and live here !
"Eight in one are we!"
Comrades true, etc.

Let Ambition's story
Tell of conquests gory,—
Peaceful triumphs more we
In our path would see :
Still 'gainst wrong contending,
Still the right defending,—
Might with meekness blending,
Reach we empire free.
Comrades true, etc.

THE BONNET, KILT AND FEATHER.

AIR.—*“The Black Watch,”* or *“Over the Water wi’ Charlie.”*

WHEN time was young, and Adam strung
 His leafy garb together,
 Then first were planned the outlines grand
 Of Bonnet, Kilt and Feather.

CHORUS—O! dear to me as life can be
 The land where blooms the heather,
 And doubly dear the lads who wear
 The bonnet, kilt and feather.

Your dandy vaunts his skin-tight pants,
 Just fit such things to tether,
 But give to me, all flowing free,
 The bonnet, kilt and feather.
 O! dear to me, &c.

For lordly hall, or courtly ball,
 Where all that’s grand foregather,
 There’s nothing seen to match the sheen
 Of bonnet, kilt and feather.
 O! dear to me, &c.

The gorgeousness of Solomon’s dress
 Put Sheba’s queen thro’-ither,—
 A proof to me his Majesty
 Dress’d in the kilt and feather!
 O! dear to me, &c.

Let despots all, both great and small,
Who wish to "save their leather,"
Beware how they come in the way
Of bonnet, kilt and feather!
O! dear to me, &c.

Let Rome's proud ranks, on Carthon's banks
Quick-scatter'd hither-thither,
Tell how, of old, their own could hold
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

Of Edward's turn at Bannockburn,
Just think, and answer whether
There's aught to fear for Freedom near
The bonnet, kilt and feather?
O! dear to me, &c.

If e'er in mood awe-stricken stood
The Corsican blood-shedder,
It was to scan in battle's van
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

On Egypt's sands they taught his bards
To rue they e'er came thither;
At Waterloo, immortal grew
The bonnet, kilt and feather.
O! dear to me, &c.

O garb renown'd the whole world round !
 What mortal man would swither
 To toast with me—now three times three—
 “The bonnet, kilt and feather !”
 O ! dear to me, &c.

MY MÒRAG.

AIR.—“*The Haughs of Cromdale.*”

I WOULD not, if I could, declare
 How all-surpassing sweet and fair
 Art thou, my fond heart's only care,
 My bonnie, blithesome Mòrag !
 I'd rather play the miser, dear,
 And hide thee as he hides his gear ;
 Small chance for me, did all but hear
 How beautiful is Mòrag !

Yet wert thou only once mine own,
 How would I praise my treasure won—
 Of all earth's daughters counting none
 So charming as my Mòrag !
 How would my song in joyful flow
 Proclaim thee queen of hearts below,
 And immortality bestow
 On dear, delightful Mòrag !

AVICH'S FAIRY BOWER.

The following song was suggested by an old favourite fairy "luinneag," the chorus of which runs thus :—

"Am bun a chruidh cha chaidil mi,
Am bun a chruidh cha bhi mi ;
Am bun a chruidh cha chaidil mi,
'S mo leabaidh anns an t-sithean."

The *luinneag* in question had its origin in a superstition not yet entirely dead in the Scottish Highlands, where for a pretty mortal maiden to be wooed by a "*leannan-sith*," was up to the beginning of the present century, quite a popular belief among "the sea-divided Gael" of both Ireland and Scotland. A no unfrequent consequence of such intercourse was that the damsel thus wooed allowed herself to be charmed away by her elfin lover into some near-by abode of the "good people," never again to revisit her own home !

IN vain to me shews Beltane fair
Its wealth of song and flower,—
The elves have wiled my Annie dear
To Avich's fairy bower.

Chorus.—Ochòin a rìgh for Annie O,
Sweet Annie of Glengower !
Woe's me to think of Annie O
Within yon fairy bower !

They met her in the gloaming grey
Near Dovan's warlock tower,
Syne witched her with their music gay
To yonder fairy bower.
Ochòin a rìgh, &c.

Where oft together herding kye
I in my plaid did row her,
Alone I now may sing or sigh,
Sad-thinking on yon bower.
Ochòin a righ, &c.

To tempt her stay, the fay folk may
A queenly state allow her,
And yet, withal, her heart be wae ;—
The sorrow take yon bower !
Ochòin a righ, &c.

With endless youth and beauty both,
'Tis said they can endow her ;
Small joy to me, who thinks she'd be
More happy in Glengower.
Ochòin a righ, &c.

O that old Merlin's magic key
At my good service *now* were !
Then would this night her latest be
In Avich's fair bower.
Ochòin a righ, &c.

PEGGY BHÀN OF DRIMALEE.

AIR.—“*Mo run Mairi mhin, mhodhail,
Mo run Mairi mhodhail, mhin.*”

OH ! how I love you maiden,
Peggie bhàn of Drimalee !
Fairer far than any Eden
Is her moorland home to me !

As a river resting never
On its pathway to the sea,
So my thoughts go ever, ever
To the lass of Drimalee.
Oh ! how, &c.

Blithesome, airy as a fairy
Dancing 'neath the moon is she ;
Yet as solemn as a priestess,
When she likes, the lass can be.
Oh ! how, &c.

Tell me not of laughing Hebe,
Venus, or the Graces three ;
All that mortal beauty may be
In my Peggy bhàn I see.
Oh ! how, &c.

Peggy bhàn has woers plenty
 At her feet; but, faith, they'll see
 Shira's river rolling upward
 Ere she breaks her troth to me!
 Oh! how, &c.

· THE HERO OF KARS.

AIR.—“*When the Kye come Hame.*”

WHEN mad Muscovite ambition
 Challenged Britain to the fight,
 And the bravest of the brave went forth
 To battle for the Right,
 There is none that you can name me
 Of those soldiers stout and tars
 Who more nobly did his duty
 Than the Hero of Kars.

The born Hero of Kars!
 The stern Hero of Kars!
 Never was a chief more gallant
 Than the Hero of Kars!

Think of yon beleagured city
 Where, like lion bold at bay,
 The more dread the odds against him,
 The more fierce he fronts the fray;

Where, beside the hostile Cossack,
He with pest and famine wars,
Till, in yielding, still a victor
Seemed the Hero of Kars.

The born Hero of Kars !
The stern Hero of Kars !
Never was a chief more gallant
Than the Hero of Kars.

Well may Nova Scotia proudly
Boast the prowess of her son ;
Long may chief so justly famous
Wear the laurels he has won.
Never did a grateful country
Deck a truer knight with stars ;
Never knight did more to win them
Than the Hero of Kars !

The born Hero of Kars !
The stern Hero of Kars !
Never lived a chief more gallant
Than the Hero of Kars.

• MAGGIE MARTIN.

AIR.—“*Nora Crina.*”

YOUR flirting belle may look as gay
 As silks and satins well can make her,
 And in her own coquettish way
 Of fools be quite a brisk heart-breaker ;—
 A fickle thing all sham and show—
 None such will e'er *my* hand or heart win ;
 You would not wonder did you know
 That woodland fairy, Maggie Martin.
 Sweetly-smiling Maggie Martin !
 Winning, wiling Maggie Martin !
 Fond and free, and fair is she ;
 The girl for me is Maggie Martin !

In her combined, how sweet to find
 The charms of mind and form and feature !
 No praise she courts, yet wins all hearts
 By the mere force of sweet good nature.
 Let others task their wits to bask
 In fame or fortune's smiles uncertain,
 More happy far I'd count my star
 If mine were darling Maggie Martin.
 Sweetly-smiling Maggie Martin !
 Winning, wiling Maggie Martin !
 This life would be no life for me
 If wanting thee, sweet Maggie Martin !

THE DAY AN' A' WHA HONOUR IT.

(The following lyric, as well as the five songs immediately succeeding it, appeared originally among the "bard's" quota of rhyme, contributed over a series of years to the St. Andrew's Night festivities customary with the Kingstonian Scots.)

WHAT though we Scotsmen may agree
To differ somewhat now and then,—
Each in his own opinion free
Unflinching as a Grampian Ben,—
No Kirks or Creeds divide us here;—
Alike Conservative and Grit
As one rejoice to toast and cheer
"The Day an' a' wha honour it!"

"The Day an' a' wha honour it"—
What magic in that simple phrase!
It fires my blood to fever heat,
It minds me of far broomy braes:
Fair Scotia's Forths and Clydes and Speys
Seem gliding at my very feet:
A patriot-ring exultant has
"The Day an' a' wha honour it!"

It wafts me back to days long gone
When grasp'd the Bruce his Carrick spear,
And deeds eclipsing Marathon
Made him to fame and freedom dear;

I see the flash of broadswords bare,
And Scotland's foes in full retreat ;—
Hurrah then for our slogan rare,
“The day an' a' wha honour it !”

St Patrick—terror of the snakes—
Old Erin's sons may well hold dear ;
They got him from the land of Cakes,
And thus *we* too his name revere :
St. George loved less the Cross than Spear,—
Why *sainted*, puzzles quite my wit :
Here's to St. Andrew's memory rare,
“The Day an' a' wha honour it !”

Let niggard bodies miss our joy—
Too meanly counting on the cost,—
The patriot flame to fan, say I,
Is never love or labour lost.
Then of our Day let's make the most ;—
Time never travels half so fleet
As when together Scotsmen toast
“The Day an' a' wha honour it !”

THE LAND EVER DEAREST TO ME.

AIR.—“*Derry down.*”

HURRAH for that land ever dearest to me,
The noblest in story—the fairest to see,—
A land where fans Freedom her holiest fires!
O, who would not love thee, dear land of my sires!
Derry down.
Down, down, derry down.

What patriot, striking for freedom and right,
Can match with such heroes as Ellerslie's Knight,
The Randolph, the Douglas, the Bruce and the Græme?
The bare thought of their deeds sets my blood in a flame?
Derry down &c.

Who knows not how stoutly, when Truth did require,
Her Camerons and Knoxes faced faggot and fire,—
Bequeathing to us the rich freedom of Mind,
Spite the prelate, the priest, and the devil combined!
Derry down &c.

Just think of her minstrels—a glorious throng!
What strains so sublime as in Selma were sung?
Who lists not enraptured to Coila's sweet lyre,
Whose lays will enchant till this earth shall expire!
Derry down &c.

Alas for the foeman who hastes not to yield
 When "shoulder to shoulder" the Clans take the field!
 When duty demands them their might to display,
 The Titans might envy their deeds in the fray.
 Derry down &c.

O Albyn! my country so brave and so blest,
 'Tis on thy dear bosom I'd take my last rest;
 Oh, living or dying, give, give me to dwell
 'Mid the music of streams, in some green Highland dell!
 Derry down &c.

THE LAND OF THE GREEN MAPLE LEAF.

AIR.—" *Tam Glen.*"

OF all the fair lands you can name, boys,
 There's one we may well rank the chief;
 'Tis that we our own proudly claim, boys,—
 The Land of the Green Maple Leaf!
 A patriot land well may be, boys,
 That land of bright annals, though brief:
 Whoever would feel truly free, boys,
 Should live 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.

To praises of moorlands and mountains
 They well may grow readily deaf
 Who dwell by the lakes and the fountains
 Fair-fringed by the Green Maple Leaf.

'Tis there that the woodman's axe bringeth
The lords of the forest to grief,
Till up to a paradise springeth
His home by the Green Maple Leaf.

He here who a bachelor liveth
May well be set down for a "cuif,"
Well shunned by each darling who gi-eth
Love's kiss 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.
The heart that is proof to such graces
As theirs, must be hard as a reef,—
Let's hope that such desperate cases
Are rare 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.

In Lords and their lackeys dependent
'Tis well that our list is but brief ;
The homage on tinsel attendant
They'd miss 'neath the Green Maple Leaf.
Where Autumn the toils of the ploughman
Rewards with a fifty-fold sheaf,
The true lords of the soil are our yeomen
Who guard well the Green Maple Leaf.

Sam Slick more than once, in full feather,
To grab it tried hard—the foul thief!
For his pains we well riddled his leather,
And our own kept the Green Maple Leaf;
And our own—ours alone—it shall be, boys,
Despite all who'd work it mischief :
We love it too well e're to see, boys,
Aught harming the green Maple Leaf.

CHIEFTAIN MACLEAN.

AIR—"Come o'er the Stream, Charlie."

WHEN Noah turn'd seaman, most people agree, man
 MacLean of that day had "a boat o' his ain ;"
 A clansman less famous, though ev'ry inch game, is
 Our own gallant Chieftan—the *other* MacLean.*

CHORUS—

UP, bonnet and feather! Up thistle and heather!
 St. Andrew's good advent is on us again:
 What Scotsman, revering in its memories hearing,
 Would not make a night o't with Chieftan MacLean!

Away with your grumblers whom nothing but tumblers
 Of punch and a haggis can tempt to fall in!
 The fair happy faces that here fill their places
 More proud of by far must be Chieftain MacLean.
 Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

Old Scotland's grand story, so pregnant of glory,
 The ballads that cheered her in days that have fled,
 Her songs so heart-touching, all hearers bewitching,
 O, who would not feast on with Chieftain MacLean!
 Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

The "Chieftain" here referred to—Professor Donald MacLean, of Ann Arbor College, Michigan,—is of the Lochbuy branch of the Clan MacLean. He was at the time these verses were penned, President of the Kingston St. Andrew's Society, and as such, presided at the Festival for which they were composed.

From Ossian and Selma to Lucknow and Alma,
 Such triumphs are linked to the war-pipes proud strain
 That creatures who'd hear it, its music to sneer at,
 Had best shun the sight of our Chieftain MacLean!
 Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

Let pinks of perfection, themselves vainly vexing,
 A good Scottish reel call a pastime profane;
 The worst I wish for them would be "Tullochgorum"
 To dance till they sweated with Chieftain MacLean.
 Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

O, Scotland, dear Scotland! alas that there's *not* land
 Enough in thy bounds all thy sons to contain!
 Else not this far west one, but thy own dear breast on,
 Our joys would be perfect with Chieftain MacLean.
 Up, bonnet and feather! &c.

MINE OWN DEAR ROMANTIC COUNTRIE!

THOUGH its climate be cold, and its sands hide no gold,
 Yet the land of the heather for me!
 Since, despite its bleak air, Freedom's footsteps are there;
 Her loved home, bonnie Scotland, is thee!

CHORUS—Then ho! for the Old Land! that stern, sturdy,
 bold land,
 Whose sons 'tis our glory to be!
 O, who would not love thee, and proudly sing
 of thee,
 Mine own dear, romantic countrie!

Not without tug and toil, Albyn dear, on thy soil
 Our bold sires planted Liberty's tree;
 And we swear that no foe shall e'er touch stem or bough
 While we have hands to defend it and thee.
 Then ho! for the Old Land! &c.

From the homes of their birth, to the ends of the earth
 Let thy sons wander ever so free,
 As to magnet the steel, so, in woe or in weal,
 Turn their hearts ever fondly to thee.
 Then ho! for the Old Land! &c.

Land of heroes high-famed—land by foe never tamed,
 Sorely tried though thou sometimes might be,—
 Bards are aye most inspired—hearts heroic best fired
 When they think, bonnie Scotland, of thee.
 Then ho! for the Old Land! &c.

ETHEL.

AIR—" *The Lass o' Gowrie.*"

'Tis said that angels in disguise
 Are sometimes found beneath the skies;
 And looking into thy dear eyes,
 I cannot doubt it, Ethel.
 The one thing sure is, that thy face
 So full is of angelic grace
 That all I once could love give place
 To thee, delightful Ethel!

That swain thrice happy must be owned
Who with thy virgin love is crowned ;
If *I* that chosen one were found,
 How I would bless thee, Ethel !
Though living in a desert waste,
I'd feel as if in Eden placed,
Could I but there to my fond breast
 Enfold thee, lovely Ethel.

May thine, dear girl, thy whole life through,
Be earth's best gifts, and with them too
The loving care that seems thy due
 From all good angels, Ethel.
Soon must I cease thy face to see,
Vain-thinking of what cannot be,
Yet ever shall fond thoughts of thee
 Dwell with me, darling Ethel !

EXTRACTS FROM A SERIES OF CARRIER BOYS'
NEW YEAR'S DAY ADDRESSES.

In some Canadian cities it is customary for most newspapers of any standing, to have, each in its New-Year's-Day issue, a "A Carrier Boy's Address"—a medley of rhymes, sometimes original and sometimes not—but all less or more characteristic of the season. Copies of these, ornamentally done up, are, on that day, handed by Carrier Boys to all city subscribers accustomed to have their papers brought to their homes by these little lads—a Christmas box reminder that seldom misses its object. The author, as a writer of not a few of these ephemera, made them often the transcript of thoughts, which he hopes his readers may not deem unworthy of reproduction. Hence the following extracts :—

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1860.

YES !—an eventful year has been the past :—
The soil of Italy, long overcast
With clouds portentous, saw at last descend
The storm, and lo, the Frank and Hun contend,—
The Hun to hold Italia as his prey,
The Frank to free her from his clutch ; Well may
All genuine friends of freedom, looking on,
Wish her quick riddance of both Frank and Hun.
Victor Immanuel—Garibaldi, hail !
Long may your courage o'er their craft prevail ;
The Wallace and the Bruce of modern times—
Fain would I link your actions with my rhymes ;
But space forbids,—so let the curtain drop ;
The end not yet is ;—let us wait and hope.

R BOYS'

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Hark 'tis the British lion's angry roar,
 As, watchful, looks he towards Gallia's shore
 Whence, sudden sallying across the main,
 He fears his "uncle's nephew," upstart vain,
 Means some dark midnight o'er the waves to creep,
 And stab to death Britannia in her sleep!*
 To plain John Bull the thought seem'd rather odd
 To have for king Gaul's mushroom demigod,
 And thus he standeth ready for the strife
 Which yet may cost the Corsican his life!

Need I relate how on far India's strand
 Treason lies throttled,—thanks to that brave band
 Led by far-famed Sir Colin, sword in hand!
 Need I describe how China—treacherous still—
 For that heroic blood she late did spill,
 Is just about to "catch it" with a will!
 Since nothing else to common sense may win her,
 What better *can* befall that hoary sinner?

ay

an.

The times are out of joint in every way;—
 Taxes are heavy, rents are hard to pay;
 And yet our markets, in a rich supply,
 Furnish what, somehow, we contrive to buy.
 What "loves of bonnets" still the ladies wear—
 Small and still smaller getting, till you'd swear,
 To look at them, the bonnet was—nowhere,—

*A threatened French invasion was one of the "sensations" of 1859.

While, contrast strange, extending still is seen
That outrage on their fair forms, Crinoline !
But let that pass,—are not our boardwalks wide ?
Is not fair woman, still creation's pride ?
And may not Newsboys take the other side !

FROM ADDRESS OF 1863.

OLD SIXTY-TWO, now folded in thy shroud,
Thine was to leave us much of which we're proud ;
And yet what saddening memories !—Albert gone—
Albert the Good, whom millions mourn as one !
Thine was to bring us o'er th' Atlantic's roar
The wail of want from England's distant shore ;
Fit punishment for industry misled ;—
Her rural hamlets changed to factories dread—
Cotton and Cash accounting earth's sole good—
She took to spinning, and she now lacks food !
Thine was to mark a King who owes a crown
And Kingdom to his victim, hunting down
The wounded Garibaldi,—Italy,
Blush at the thought, and haste to set him free !

A sight still sadder, SIXTY-TWO, was thine,—
Lo, in the name of Liberty divine,
Millions in arms for freedom shouting high—
A freedom which to others they deny !
O had the Southern but a better cause,
Well might his daring win the world's applause :

Would that, while *here* we at *his* blindness rail,
 We could forget our own sight once as frail :
 Heaven haste the issue—let the Right prevail !

See where, in contrast bright to scenes like these,
 Beauty brings Albert Edward to his knees,
 And Denmark's daughter, good as she is fair,
 Is wooed and won :—May heaven bless the pair !
 Lo Russia's serfs, long centuries enthral'd,
 Up from the dust to freedom's banquet called !
 A monarch speaks, and the ignoble yoke
 Of ages is, as if by magic, broke.
 Mean were *thy* triumphs, Macedonia's lord,
 Matched with such deed. Nor thine, nor Cæsar's sword
 E'er won a claim to greatness such as he
 Attains by this magnanimous decree
 Which will throughout all time keep green his memory.

* * * * *

So far so well : yet ere I say Good-bye,
 Here goes a song—more truth than poetry :

THE CARRIER BOY.

OF all the rat-tats folks are happy to hear—
 A knock ever welcome through all the long year—
 I trow there is none that occasions such joy
 As that of the newspaper Carrier Boy.

The knock of her lover expected may be
 To Maud fondly waiting, sweet music—yet she

Takes very good care not so swiftly to fly
To the door as when knocks there the Carrier Boy.

Well may he oft laugh at the jealous ado
Begot of his presence—each one trying to
Be first at the paper to cast a glad eye—
All blessing, meanwhile, the smart Carrier Boy.

O, who would not gladly the first of the year,
Do all they can well do his young heart to cheer?
No one can well value his merits too high,
Or welcome too kindly the Carrier Boy.

Methinks I hear thousands glad-shouting, Amen!
That's right! You shall see him right shortly, and then
You shall all have a chance, while you praise him sky-
high,
To put gold in the fist of the Carrier Boy!

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1867.

SCENE.—*A snug Editorial Sanctum—Black Jack sitting in an easy chair, with writing materials at hand. Time: New Year's Eve, approaching midnight (1866-67).*

HERE sit I racking my poor brain, yet not
One bright idea can I get to jot;
My powers poetic, like all else around,
In Winter's icy manacles seem bound.
This will not do—a glass of good hot Morton
May thaw my frozen fancy—Here's to fortune!

Bless me ! that bumper worketh like a charm ;
 The past returns—I see a motley swarm
 Of common cut-throats land upon our soil,
 Hoping to make this country fair their spoil,
 I see our yoemen rising in their might
 And send the howling miscreants quick to flight ;
 Knaves more akin to Mercury than Mars,
 Wondrously valiant over whiskey jars,
 The worst Canadians fear from such blacklegs
 Are hen-roosts harried, and a dearth of eggs.

A vision brighter far now greets my view :
 A noble fleet their way o'er ocean plough ;
 For far Columbia westward straight they sweep,
 Giving in keeping to the stormy deep
 That cord by which two worlds in one are bound,
 And Science wins a triumph most profound ;
 Well may she pride herself that thus they're brought
 To greet each other with the speed of thought !

The scene is changed. Lo ! to my joyful sight
 The ship CONFEDERATION, taut and tight,
 Looms through the fog that late her path obscured ;—
 Her quick arrival is a fact assured :
 Let us but have her safely once in port,
 Of Fenians and their friends we can make sport.
 What though cute Jonathan looks rather glum
 To think of missing a long-envied plum,
 Let him take heart—we have no wish to vex him,
 And promise in due season to “annex” him !

THE ADDRESS FOR 1869.

AGAIN comes round to you the happy day
 I so much dread :—My tributary lay
 May fail to please :—If so, I cannot help it :
 Rhymes you must have, and while my best I skelp out,
 You must not yawn, should they seem somewhat tame,—
 'Tis oft the same with bards of deathless fame.

O for a B——e or S——n's ready style !
 Then might this screed be measured by the mile ;
 Then might I proudly on my forehead label
 " A rhyme for sixpence,—length, Atlantic cable !"
 But being not thus gifted, well I wot
 You must forgive me if my muse shou' ' not
 Show better paces than the old jog t.

* * * * *

Men worthy freedom never long remain
 Content to live in fetters. See how Spain,
 Roused from her sleep 'neath priest-craft's Upas tree,
 Walks forth into the air of Liberty,
 Where the base yoke by her so lately worn
 She casteth off with a befitting scorn !
 No friend to Freedom's cause can well do less
 Than wish her and her Castellar success,
 And thou too, Prim ! without whose courage rare
 The vampires at her throat might still be there.
 Let's hope that with her Jezebel exiled
 Her courts with such a *quean* shall be no more defiled.

Now turn we north to where the Sphynx of France
With Prussia's Bismarek"longs to break a lance,
And nightly finds how, spite the softest down,
" Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
Well may the knave be troubled with the thought
That far too dearly *his* with blood was bought,—
A heartless deed, that haply France, anon,
May bid him with his own best blood atone !
But hush, my muse,—he's Britain's ally tried
Nor found much wanting : Let the fellow slide !

Lo, on the Adriatic, Greek and Turk,
Their sabres whetting, threaten bloody work !
Shall Moslem hordes ne'er from their grasp release
The land of Homer and of Pericles ?
Shall o'er the Cross again the Crescent wave,
And Freedom find in Greece once more a grave ?
Forbid it Heaven !—to Grecia's hands restore
The sword that won Thermopylæ of yore,
And let the Moslem know, to his dismay,
How sharp it strikes—how vainly would he stay
The hour foretold that shall his sceptre see
Forever broken. Quickly let it be !

Joy to thee, Erin ! daughter of the sea,
Thy night departs—a weary night to thee !
O'er thy green hills a day-dawn glad I mark,—
That day long promised ! Soon may Erin hark,
Where late foul night-birds screeched, the music of the
lark !

Would that her son, whose loss we all deplore,
Had lived to see the land he loved once more
Rejoicing in the reign of Peace and Right !
How would his spirit gladden at the sight !
But he is not.—O misery to think
His star so bright should all so sudden sink !
Woe to the hand accursed which sped the ball
That left him lifeless ! Long yon Senate Hall
Shall miss the voice that charmed all list'ners there
With wisdom, wit and eloquence so rare :
Well may his country's *caoine* bitter be—
She lost her noblest son when fell beloved McGee !

Highlanders, up ! determined not to pause
Till ye have made your own the same good laws
Now promised Erin : 'Tis high time that ye
Ceased asking for your rights on bended knee.
Too long on lands in Heaven's sight your own
Others have reaped what you alone have sown.
Up then ! Speak out ! nor fear the upshot just
Will be, your spoilers made to lick the dust !

A growin' murmur from besouth the Tweed
Shows that *there* too is felt oppression's tread :
The " merry England " of old minstrel rhymes
Has quite evanished—leaving for our times
A land where gold is god, and, face to face,
Splendour and squalor—Dives and Lazarus ;

Toil, toil, and little for it being now
The sole, sad portion to the sweating brow
Which those who profit by it will allow.
What need they care, where flesh is cheap as dirt,
How many sing the sad Song of the Shirt!

Let well alone, quoth supple Disraeli ;
Let Right prevail, shouts Gladstone, in reply,
Indignant at the brazen pow'r of nerve
That calls that land well ruled where thousands starve!

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1878.

* * * * *

CAST we a glance where Russian legions are
'Gainst Moslem hosts barbaric waging war,
And Osman, * with a pluck that wins applause
E'en from his foes, his sword undaunted draws,
Till overpowered, he yields in such a way
As makes us almost grieve his star's decay.
For such sad work the Russ may blameful be,
Yet may we hope, withal, in him to see
The heaven-appointed sword ordained ere long
To chase the Moslem back to whence he sprung,—
A sword beneath whose strong protecting sheen
May happen that in Patmos long forseen—
A dried Euphrates o'er which Israel may
Turn Zion-ward once more her joyful way!

* The Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish Army.

But, leaving wiser heads to solve that quest,
Let's turn to France, where patriot and priest
Seem fierce contending who that land shall rule,
And would-be-wise MacMahon acts the fool.
'Tis no slight joy for Freedom's friends to know
His plans all baffled, and his pride laid low,
While France to her Gambetta proudly brings
A loving homage seldom earned by kings.

What of Britannia? Has she really sold
Her proud place 'mong earth's powers through greed of
gold?

I fear it much—and yet there is some hope
While she has men like Bright 'gainst knaves to cope;
And thou, too, Gladstone, bravely girding on
Thine armour where fresh laurels may be won;
A war 'gainst Wrong long sheltered 'neath the shield
Of "vested rights," thou'rt just the man to wield.
Let lordlings, on "class privileges" who stand,
Beware the thunderbolts in thy right hand,
And cease of their just rights to baulk or foil
Their betters far—"the pedigree of toil."

Proudly would I my song link to thy fame,
Thou noblest yet of an illustrious name,
Stanley! who to the sea from its far source
The mighty Congo did so bravely course;
A grand achievement, seeming, all alone,
Enough t' immortalize the year just gone.

Glad would I be to sing of Dufferin bright,
That graceful Ariel, full of life and light,
Who late, on slopes Pacific far away,
Like to some grand Aurora in full play,
Aired his rare eloquence in such a mood
As charmed the very "stoic of the wood,"
And leaving those who there would discord brew
Ashamed their tactics further to pursue.
But time forbids that on such topics tempting
I here should dwell, the WHIG alone exempting—
Our own brave WHIG! who, witty, as he's wise,
Ne'er fails "to shoot at folly as it flies."
Armed with the Truth—that true Ithuriel spear—
He crowds within the space of one brief year
Such triumphs as may make us fondly deem
His well-earned fame, like to some noble stream
Ever increasing in its seaward flow,
Shall, year by year, from great to greater grow.

* * * * *

FROM ADDRESS FOR 1881.

HARK! 'tis the tolling of the midnight bell:
Old year of scenes eventful, fare thee well!
Despite some ugly wrinkles on thy face,
To us, Canadians, great has been thy grace:—
Barns full to overflowing—that's a fact,—
"Hums" in abundance by great Tilley tracked,

“Tall chimneys” gladdening the *Mail's* horizon,
The *Globe* vain-asking for a sight of one,—
Blake to applauding thousands by the sea
Airing his eloquence triumphantly,—
Lorne, in the land where bisons breed and browse,
With crowds of red men holding grand pow-wows,—
Wild 'mong the “lost tribes” finding himself lost,
Yet bound to play the fool at any cost,—
Vennor triumphant in his prophecies,—
Comets in couples racing through our skies,—
Sea serpents of our own, and no mistake,
Found quite convenient down in Rideau lake,—
Breeze and the bard of famed Niagara river
Food for our laughter quite as much as ever,—
Grip's humour too, as you right well may ween,
The *ne plus ultra* it has always been!
Alas to think that, with so much to please,
There should be found some saddening memories,—
Alas, that of those stains thy skirts around,
The blood of martyred Garfield should be found!
Alas, too, that crazed Russia's noblest Czar
Should, dying as he did, Old Year, much mar
The record left us of thy vanished star!
To right the wrongs endured by any nation,
Fiends only could suggest assassination.

The world is moving! See in Cuba's isle
The bondsman casting off his fetters vile;
See, in the East—a sign of glorious hope—
The symbolled Euphrates quick drying up,—

Greece bravely striving to prove hers once more
The patriot spirit of her sons of yore ;
In France, Gambetta—Castelar, in Spain
Fast circumscribing bigotry's domain,—
Italy, too, with no unworthy pride,
Mediaeval fetters throwing quite aside !
Where'er we turn our gaze, the whole earth through,
Dagons long worshipped, prostrate meet our view.
When such Truth's triumphs now, how grand the sight
When the poor pagan feels its fuller might,
And all the earth is filled with Gospel light !

Cast we a glance now on that honoured Isle
Whose flag waves proudly o'er our own fair soil,
And lo, great Gladstone leading still the van
Of patriots toiling for the rights of man !
Disraelian tactics scornful set aside—
The law of righteousness alone his guide,—
That spirit full of Demosthenic fire,
That wond'rous worker whom no task can tire,
That scholar great as any on earth's ball,
That statesman in whose presence kings look small,
That Christian God-fearing above all,—
Small wonder is it that he stands confessed
Of all Britannia's sons the noblest, best !
If all his toils for Erin's good had been
His only claim to honour, well I ween
It were enough to make his much-loved name
Be handed down to everlasting fame.

Here we might aptly throw a brief glance critical
At our own somewhat muddy state political,—
Viewing, much grieved, the mischief and the muss
Created by our “beasts at Ephesus,”—
The loaves and fishes of official life
Too oft the only cause of all their strife,—
But let them at each other tear away,
Kilkenny-cat-like, in the doubtful fray;
To most of us, who are the “Outs” or “Ins”
Is a concern not worth a row of pins,
Believing it a truth as any sure,
That “few of all the ills that men endure
Are those which laws or kings can cause or cure.”

* * * * *

EXTRACTS FROM NOTES

OF A

Tour through the North of Scotland,

IN 1838-39.

OCT. 23.—At Inverness.—Spent the evening with Mr. MacInnes, a self-taught artist of great merit. His only daughter is a pretty little girl. Addressed a complimentary verse to her picture—one painted by her father, and in which she is represented in the attitude of caressing a favourite dog. MacInnes is an enthusiast in his art, and one of the most intelligent men I ever met with.

OCT. 24.—Visited the Moor of Culloden, on my way to Nairn. Grieved to find the graves in which rests the dust of so many heroic spirits, most shamefully desecrated by burrowing tourists. It seemed as if a herd of swine had been lately digging there. The unhallowed spirit of a despicable industry is soon likely to bring under the dominion of the plough the whole field—graves and all ! Already has the villainous share found its way to within a few yards of that part of the field where the bonneted heroes made their last dread onset.

OCT. 25.—Manse of Croy. My reverend host, a warm-hearted, hospitable soul ; his wife a very superior woman, and an enthusiast in Celtic literature.

OCT. 26.—Visited Kilravock Castle, and also that of Calder, in company with Miss Campbell, their daughter. Calder Burn, ex-

quisitely romantic. According to a tradition very prevalent in the North, Calder Castle is the scene of King Duncan's death. The room where he slept, and where Macbeth slew him, is yet shown to visitors ; so is also a curiously concealed small chamber in which the unfortunate Lord Lovat secreted himself for six weeks, during the reign of terror succeeding the battle of Culloden. Some of the rooms are hung with tapestry, in which several scriptural characters are curiously and strikingly grouped.

Oct. 28.—At Nairn. Had an interview with Mrs Grant, of Duthil, a most intelligent, venerable lady—the author of a work on education and also several poetical “fights” in the Ossianic style.

Oct. 30.—Met the Nairnshire poet, William Gordon—the most ridiculously self-important, egotistical specimen of the doggerel class of rhymers, ever seen by me.

November 4.—Attended a little evening party at the house of the Misses Carmichael—three delightful maiden ladies from Strathspay, and inhabiting a large old house, in which, from its being the best in Nairn at the time, Prince Charles slept on the second, and Cumberland on the very night preceding the battle of Culloden. In a fit of Jacobite enthusiasm I proposed, and was cordially welcomed, to sleep in the identical room where Charlie stretched his own royal limbs. True it is that its having also been for a night the lair of the bloodhound who pursued him, deprives it of much of its sacredness, yet what Highlander would not be proud to accept of the favour thus accorded me ?

Nov. 6.—Met Mr. Priest, gardener at Kinsterrie, the author of several clever poems and songs in the Scottish dialect.

Nov. 8.—Left Nairn for Forres. Village of Auldearn on the way, in the vicinity of which the celebrated *Blar Ault-Eirinn* of our Celtic bards was fought—Montrose and Alastair MacColla, with 1,500 men gaining a complete victory over the Covenanting clans, 3,000 strong. Of the latter, about one-half the number was slaughtered, while Montrose is said to have lost only twenty men ! In the vil-

large churchyard are the tombs of many of the principal men who fell on that day. Over one pious tenant of the tomb is erected a dial with a suitable inscription—perhaps the very one that suggested Hugh Miller's beautiful address "To a Dial in a Churchyard." There it indeed stands, "in mockery o'er the dead! the stone that measures time." Three miles further east is the "Har-Moor," where the "Weird Sisters" met Macbeth. Here stands, preserved by the good taste of Lord Murray as a mark and memorial of the scene, a clump of fir trees, the sole remnant left now of a once extensive fir wood lately given to the axe. The road to Forres passes within gunshot distance of the very spot where that celebrated meeting is said to have taken place. In selling the wood in question, Lord Murray forgot to make an exception as to these trees, and I have been told that it was not till he had paid him three times their value that the small-souled purchaser would consent to spare them. Visited, a little further on, Brodie House, a very interesting mansion. Beautiful suspension bridge over the Findhorn, which I crossed on my way to Forres, where I took up my quarters for the night.

Nov. 9.—Visited Cluny Hills in the vicinity of Forres. On one of these stands Nelson's tower, built by the spirited people of Forres in commemoration of that naval hero's victories over the French, etc. Most extensive view from it of the surrounding country—the Moray Frith with the "Suitors" of Cromarty seen in the distance, and Ben Wyvis, further off, rising in cloudy grandeur to terminate the westward prospect. Many other hills of lesser note, from Benvaichard, in Strathglass, to Morvern, in Caithness, conspire to make the view altogether a magnificent one.

Nov. 15.—Dine with the Macleans of North Cottage—a fine family from my own native county. Gaelic—music—very happy.

Nov. 17.—An excursion up the banks of the Findhorn to Relugais—lately the romantically beautiful property and favourite residence of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who here wrote his "Wolf of

Badenoch," and who, by a happy blending of art with nature, left Relugais a scene altogether worthy of fairyland. Immediately below the house the river Devine joins the Findhorn, where they embrace, like lovers in the greenwood, never more to part company till lost in the Moray Frith. Near by are the remains of a vitrified fort. Two miles further up the Devine is seen Dunphail, the seat of Major Cumming-Bruce. Beautiful spot. An old romantic ruin—once a "keep" of great strength, and connected with much that is wild in the traditions of the country—overlooks the river at a few hundred yards distance from the far less picturesque modern mansion, where, after drinking wine with the Major, I had the pleasure of being introduced to his wife, a great-grand-daughter of Bruce the celebrated traveller. Dine with my kind and hospitable friend, Mr. Simpson, at Outlaw-well.

Nov. 18.—At Forres again. Saw Darnaway Castle on the way. Waited on Lady and Sir William Gordon-Cumming of Altyre; an invitation to dine at Altyre House next Monday, the consequence of the interview.

Sunday, 19.—Heard the Rev. Mr. Grant of Forres preach, and dined with him in the evening. Mr. Grant's style is good, fervent, and yet flowery. He is the author of several pretty hymns and other pieces of poetry.

Nov. 20.—Dined and passed the night at Altyre House. Sir William a most humorous man, a strange compound of great good sense and drollery. Lady Cumming a very charming woman, supremely accomplished, and even talented—paints beautifully, sings well, and is a splendid player on the piano. Miss Cumming and her younger sisters all very graceful. Sir William's son and heir, dressed in the Highland garb, looks every inch a chief.

Nov. 21.—Accompanied Captain Maclean (North Cottage) to Burgie House, the seat of General Macpherson, the Captain's brother-in-law, and a very worthy man. Partridge shooting—good sport. Dine and pass the night at the General's.

Nov. 22.—Visited a remarkable plane-tree in the General's garden ; ascended the old tower in the vicinity—splendid view of land and sea ; and, after diverging two miles off the road to have a peep at the ruins of Kinloss Abbey, return in the evening to Forres.

Nov. 23.—Visited the "Sands of Culbin," a bank of that material extending to a considerable distance from the mouth of the Findhorn, and covering (as tradition has it) several hundred acres of what was one hundred years ago the best arable land in Morayshire. It was then the property of some "wicked Laird of Culbin," who in one tempestuous night lost both his life and estate in these sands, driven by wind and wave over his head ! Dined in the evening at Altyre House, where I had the honour of being introduced to the Hon. Colonel Grant, M. P. for Morayshire, and also his accomplished daughter ; Major Cumming-Bruce, his wife and daughter, Mr. Macleod of Dalvey, and other notables, present.—Sir William a most genial host, full of life and soul, and making all around him happy. Miss Cumming-Bruce a very delightful girl, an exquisite singer, and having the good sense to prefer Scotch and Highland airs to any foreign music.

Nov. 24.—Dined again at Altyre House, Colonel Grant, his wife and daughter, still there.

Nov. 25.—Heard Mr. Stark of the Secession Church, Forres, preach ; a most distinguished pulpit orator he is.

Nov. 27.—Dined at Dalvey House. Bonfires all over the country in course of the evening, on account of Brodie of Brodie's marriage. Wrote a song for the occasion at Mr. Macleod's request.

Nov. 30.—Proceeded to Elgin. Magnificent cathedral in ruins ; robbed two hundred years ago of the lead on its roof, by the then Town Council of Elgin, with the mean object of making a little money by its sale ! The Lossie, a rather sluggish stream, flows by its walls. Its precincts were for a long time a favourite place of sepulture with the Chiefs of the Clan Gordon and many other once distinguished northern chiefs "of high and warlike name." Elgin's other principal buildings are a huge barn-

like church surmounted by a rather elegant dome, an infirmary or hospital, and an educational institution—the two last-named being both very handsome structures.

Dec. 2.—Visited, in company with Mr. Brown, editor of the *Elgin Courant*, the Lady's Hill, a little "cnoc" rising immediately behind the town to the west. It was at one time surmounted by a castle, part of the walls of which are still seen. A nunnery once stood close by it. A monumental column in honour of the late Duke of Gordon is intended soon to ornament this little Calton Hill of the north. Dined at Mr. Forsyth's, the bookseller, a brother to Forsyth whose "Travels in Italy" has gone through seven or eight editions, and whose remarks upon the Fine Arts in that country have drawn a high encomium from Lord Byron himself.

Dec. 5.—Dined with Mr. Shearer, late Postmaster-General of the North of Scotland—a worthy hospitable old man. His wife is a very intellectual woman, and must have once been very pretty. She is a daughter of the "Black Captain" of Badenoch, whose death in a snow-storm, when on a hunting excursion, is connected by his countrymen with so much of the marvellous and mysterious, and by Hogg made the subject of a tale.

Dec. 6.—Read Mr. Brown's "Poetical Ephemeras." Love and friendship almost entirely his themes. Melancholy the prevailing tone of his lyre—a consumptive habit the probable cause of this. His rhymes are always harmonious, yet being all pitched in the same sombre key, they are to me rather dull reading—a mere "monotony of sweet sounds."

Dec. 16.—Went to hear Mr. Maclaren of the Episcopalian Chapel. He is a good preacher, but a better poet, as several poems which appeared in *Blackwood*, etc., can testify. A great Jacobite, and sings well.

Dec. 17.—Breakfasted with Mr. Maclaren, and went with him afterwards to see one of the only two existing original portraits of Claverhouse. It is, along with another of the great Montrose, in the possession of a maiden lady living in the vicinity of the town.

Dec. 24.—Went six miles to see the Priory of Pluscardine. The devastation made on it by the hand of Time is scarcely more to be regretted than is a wretched attempt on the part of its proprietor, Colonel Grant, at something like a renovation, with a view to its becoming a church or *mansion* (I forget which). The effect is to greatly mar the veneration and interest with which we always gaze on real ruins. It was once tenanted by a colony of White Friars, but is now the favourite haunt of a colony of crows. Had an interview with the venerable father of the Church of Scotland, Mr. Leslie. He is ninety-two years old, and yet hearty and hale. He walks to Elgin, a distance of three miles, every other day, and preaches long and loud twice every sabbath in the year!

Dec. 26.—Bade adieu to Elgin; and after passing by the castle and lake or rather *marsh* of *Swiney*, reached Lossiemouth at night. Fine new harbour—much needed. Speymouth and the woods around Castle Gordon seen in the distance.

Dec. 27.—Set out for Burghead, the most northerly Roman station in Britain. Called at the manse of Drynie, about a mile off; visiting afterwards a field close by it, where, amidst the foundations of what some conjecture to have once been a bishop's palace, and others a fortification, the Rev. Dr. Rose lately discovered a stone coffin and some urns, fragments of both of which were shown me. Three miles further west, on a mound forming at one time an islet in the now drained Lake of Spynie, stand the ruins of the Castle of Duffus. Reached Burghead in the evening. Find it a most shabby-looking village, and determine upon leaving it; not, however, until having a look at the Roman well discovered there, deep hid in earth (or rather sand), about twenty years ago. Till then, the inhabitants of this sterile little promontory must have been very ill off for water. The well is well worthy of the antiquarian's notice.

Dec. 27, eight o'clock evening.—At Forres again.

Dec. 28. Left for Grantown, Strathspey, which I reached about 10 P.M., weary enough, and much needing a good glass of "Glenlivet" after so long a walk.

Dec. 29.—Visited the celebrated “Haugh of Cromdale,” four miles down, on the east bank of the river Spey. Kindly invited to pass the Sabbath at the manse with Mr. Grant, which I declined doing, owing to a prior engagement.

Dec. 30.—Heard Peter Grant, author of the “Dain Spioradail,” preach. His discourse most edifying, and wondrously well arranged though delivered *extempore*. His diction and delivery are alike poor, but he is rich in matter, and argues his point with great clearness. Without much mental power, but with a deep religious feeling, and persevering industry to make the most of the little talent given him, he has been enabled to take a deep hold of the minds of his Gaelic-speaking countrymen, both as a poet and a preacher. He is fifty years old, has a numerous family, and lives on the very farm on which his father and grandfather lived before him.

Jan. 1, 1839.—Had an interview with Mrs. Mackay, a granddaughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, lately come from Nairn to Grantown. Here I was presented with a breastpin worn by her mother (Flora's daughter)—a gift which I am proud to possess. Mrs. Mackay is a widow with three daughters, and enjoys a pension from Government of £50 a year. It was procured her through the interest of Sir Walter Scott, when George IV. was at Edinburgh in 1822. There never was a farthing of public money more worthily bestowed. Mrs. Mackay had been a widow for many years previously; her husband, a respectable shopkeeper in Nairn, having been drowned while bathing, and that in her own sight. It was a brother of hers—a particularly fine young fellow, holding a lieutenant's commission in the army—who was killed many years ago in a duel forced on him by the then Chief of Glengarry. The affair arose from a trifling misunderstanding between them at one of the Northern Meeting balls. Elizabeth, her youngest daughter, has set up a sewing and reading school, which is attended by several pretty little girls. She is a very pious, amiable girl, and is the author of several sweet pieces of poetry.

Jan. 2.—I this day received the very highest compliment ever paid me as a minstrel. This was in the shape of a visit from a young lad who came several miles through the snow to see me and solicit a lock of my hair, bringing with him as an offering a copy of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." He came three several days upon the same errand, but having no one to introduce him, he went home twice without having seen me. On the third occasion of his coming his courage was equal to a self-introduction. Though so young and modest, there seems to be scarcely a poem in the English language that he has not contrived to read and to a very great degree committed to memory.* Having quickly undeceived him as to the awful dignity with which his imagination had invested me, we soon learned to enjoy each other's company immensely.

Jan. 3rd.—Dined and spent the night with the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Abernethy, a most kind-hearted fellow, and author of two or three capital bits of English poetry. A splendid group of hills, amid which *Cairngorm* stands the chief, seen from the manse.

Jan. 4.—Proceeded up Speyside to Rothiemurchus. The scenery here charming beyond description, its beauties being chiefly of an Alpine character, with forests of pine and birch spread in the most splendid profusion far over hill and dell. Nature herself is the only planter, and nobly does she accomplish her task! Betwixt the river and the hills that rise sublimely grand to the south and south-east, Loch-an-Eilean sleeps in its mountain cradle. Beautiful it is, with its little castellated islet, and its banks thickly studded with pine trees of gigantic stature gazing upon their own dark forms in its ever placid bosom.

Jan. 6.—Left Rothiemurchus, early this morning. Road much blocked by snow. Visited the Rev. Mr. Macdonald, of the Parish of Alvie, on my way further west. Mr. Macdonald has

*John Grant MacIntosh—afterwards for some time an employé in the *Inverness Courier* office, and more recently an officer of excise—was the lad here alluded to.

written some pretty fair poetry in his younger days. His manse and church are most picturesquely situated on the banks of a little lake whose name I forget, and close by Kinrara, long a summer residence of the late Duchess of Gordon. Seven miles further west is Belleville, the romantic birthplace of Macpherson, the celebrated translator of Ossian's poems. A monument on the north side of the road reminds the traveller that he is on classic ground ; and base is he indeed who can pass by it and bless not the memory of the man who had done so much to wrest from oblivion these glorious productions. Two miles farther on is Kingussie, where I now write, and from the window of my room can gaze on the Castle of Ruthven, a very picturesque ruin, on the opposite side of the river. It was here that the little hurricane cloud, which in the '*Forty-five*' gathered in Glenfinnan and carried distraction and dismay in its course over half the empire, melted at last into "thin air." After the battle of Culloden the muster of scattered clans at the Castle of Ruthven might amount to about 8,000. Although in this gathering there was found many a chief whose voice was "still for war," it was ultimately agreed upon that any further attempt on their part to prolong hostilities would be altogether in vain.

Jan. 8.—Proceeded to Laggan. Snow very deep. A lake on the left hand side ; its scenery about the most romantically beautiful I have ever gazed upon. It was night, but the waste of snow around, with a star here and there peeping through the skirts of the snow-clouds hanging overhead, made it appear less like night than a "day in absence of the sun." It required no small effort to tear myself away from a spot so very bewitching, notwithstanding all that Mrs. Grant has told us of its haunted character. About two miles farther on, on the right, is the seat of Cluny Macpherson, the Chief of that Clan. Two miles still farther on stand the manse and church of Laggan, which I passed, making my way, "weary and worn," to the little inn near to them, on the south side of the river (Spey), where I took up my quarters for the night.

Jan. 9.—Visited the parish minister, the Rev. Mr. Cameron, by whom I was hospitably received, and much blamed for daring to pass his manse on the preceding night to take up my abode in less comfortable quarters. But a promise to pass a whole week of next summer with him made matters all right. After sufficiently admiring this region of grace and grandeur both, and amid which the gifted Mrs. Grant lived so long and sung so sweetly, I bade farewell to Badenoch; and after breasting the hill of Drum-uachdrach, passed the night at Dalwhinnie, on the road to Perth. Capital inn; very kind landlord. Scenery around wild and dreary beyond description. Close by is the eastern termination of the far-famed Loch-Errochd, which, before the arrival of the mail of tomorrow morning for the south, I am determined to visit. In the meantime, however, I shall go and dream of its beauties in bed.

Jan. 10.—It was scarcely dawn this morning when the mail arrived, and I was forced to leave Loch-Errochd unseen. Why should I, or how can I describe my journey to the "Fair City?" It was done in too much hurry, and the snow all along far too deep to admit of my "takin' notes" with any degree of comfort or correctness. Suffice it, in the meantime, to say that our road lay through scenes of such wonderful beauty as I can scarcely ever expect to see equalled. Reached Perth late at night *minus* my portmanteau, which I found to have been taken off the coach during our halt at Dunkeld, likely through a mistake on the part of somebody.

Jan. 11.—Traversed the city. Think it hardly worthy of its flattering title. Its suburbs, however, are sufficiently fair and romantic. The Tay glides, or rather rushes, by it—a majestic flood which, taken all in all, has not its match in Scotland. Waited the arrival of the evening mail, and traced my portmanteau to safe hands. Started about eleven o'clock at night with the mail for Glasgow, where I arrived safely this morning (Jan. 12) at ten o'clock.

