REFLECTIONS
IN
PROSE AND VERSE.

JAMES TENNANT.

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MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS:

INCLUDING

NOTES ON AUTHORS,

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND

REFLECTIONS IN VERSE.

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TO

My Mother,

THIS VOLUME

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

The most of the papers contained in this volume are reprints of my contributions to a private Magazine, and were written during a protracted period of ill-health. They are printed in this more permanent form to avoid the risk of their being lost or destroyed; and with the hope that they may afford some little gratification to my friends, and may not be altogether devoid of interest to others. For the facts in the life of Tannahill, which are noticed and reflected upon in my paper on his life and works, I am indebted to a short memoir attached to one of the editions of his poems. The attention of my readers is specially directed to the notes at the end of the volume, as they elucidate or substantiate statements made in several of the papers.

J. T.

Glasgow, February, 1881.

CONTENTS.

PROSE.

POETRY.

ERRATA.

To MUSIC.—Page 16, line 7: for *brilliant* read *radiant.*

NOTES ON POETRY AND POETS.—Page 68, third line from bottom: for *psalm of life* read "*A Psalm of Life.*"

ON COAL-MINING.—Page 81, line 10: for *savans* read *savants.* Page 83, line 15: for *substances* read *surfaces.*

MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.

MUSIC: ITS ANALOGIES AND USES.

So delightful, for the most part, are the associations connected with the science and study of music, that the very mention of the word strikes a chord of pleasure and kindles a glow of feeling in the breast. To discuss such a subject fully is not our intention at present, but only to point out a few of its analogies in nature, and make some cursory observations bearing upon its utility and value.

And, first, let us speak of what we conceive to be its analogies. It is still a vexed question, What kind of substance is caloric, the elemental principle of fire or heat? We can only speak of some of its properties or effects,—of its essence we are entirely ignorant. The child of a few years knows almost as much of the nature of the sun as the wisest astronomer. He can tell us, by the aid of his humble faculties, that as heat is produced by fire, this beautiful luminary must be some immense furnace blazing for ever in the sky. But this tells

us nothing of the relation in which it stands to that Great Being, by whose fiat it was called into existence, and how it is viewed by infinite wisdom. We value the glorious orb of day because it gives us light and heat, most precious boons; but that it may fulfil a higher purpose even than this,—while conveying to the ear of the Father of all that praise which He may justly claim from even inanimate creation, and which, however strange it may seem to us, and contrary to all our notions of matter, he may continually receive,—this is more than is perhaps "dreamed of in our philosophy." Would it be unreasonable to suppose that the rays of light, which proceed from the sun and strike upon our planet, are a kind of ethereal music which ever vibrates from the great heart of the solar orb? Addison says, in reference to those worlds that roll in space—

> "In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice,
> For ever singing, as they shine,
> 'The hand that made us is divine!'"

Perhaps this music, this singing, is a reality. How pleasing at least to *fancy* that it may be so! When we think of the prodigious velocity with which the light of the sun travels to our earth, viz., at the rate of two hundred thousand miles during a single vibration of a pendulum, we are almost led to the conclusion that it is more nearly akin to thought, which is instantaneous, than to anything material with which we are conversant. Surely that which has the power to "charm the soul in sadness," and

"set the spirit free"—which reminds the mourner of that world where the sun of his light and joy "shall no more go down"—is more nearly allied to music than anything else; which we may define as such an arrangement of measured numbers and sweetest sounds, as, when expressed, has a direct tendency to revive and cheer the heart.

And if we consider for a moment, we shall find something else analogous to music in the book of nature besides that to which we have now alluded. If we cast a stone into a lake, or even the mighty ocean, an impulse is imparted at the place where the stone falls, which makes its power to be felt to a great distance. Also, the sound which breaks upon the silent air is believed to proceed in undulations through large tracts of space; and even the stroke of a hammer upon the almost unimpressible earth affects the position of matter at a point very far distant from that where the stroke was dealt. So soon as the two ends of the Atlantic cable were joined together, and two continents as well, the subtle principle moved along the wire with amazing velocity, awakening interests between the Old World and the New never before so fully experienced; all which motions closely resemble the vibrations of a musical chord, such as of the lyre or harp, which, when swept by the fingers, yields a strain of harmonious sound which vibrates for some length of time across the vast ocean of space. It is no objection to this theory, that the motions referred to are inaudible; for perhaps the sun's rays are sonorous, while the sound emitted may be of far

too delicate and etherealised a kind for the ears of mortals as at present constituted.

And still further, while walking among the flower beds in summer, when the budding rose breaks into beauty, and the myrtle, with orient perfume, scents the air, does not the fragrance breathed from a thousand richly-tinted and variegated flowers resemble the raptures of sweetest music poured forth from the full-charged heart? That ethereal essence which they are ever distilling, and which floats upon the breeze, is it not akin to music? May it not be the way the flowers have of uttering the praises of Him who has clothed them with a robe of beauty surpassing that of Solomon? When the glorious sun sheds abroad its influences after a shower, then do they smell the sweetest, as if to attest the gratitude they feel for such signal tokens of the bounty of the Creator.

And if we turn to the woods and vales, what do we hear? When spring renews the face of the earth, after the sleep of winter, the feathered minstrels in full choir awake the echoes of the vocal vale, and fill with the liveliest emotions every heart touched with a spark of nature's hallowed fire. The unexpectedness with which the sound of their happy warblings first breaks upon the enraptured ear, as spring advances and summer draws nigh, adds to their charms. It is when, on some lovely April afternoon, the labours of the day being over, we are tempted to extend our walk along the banks of some sounding stream, or by the edge of the copse that is seen in the distance—it is then the mellow tones of the thrush, or the shrill

clear notes of the blackbird, bring back the days of childhood, and awaken many bygone pleasant memories; or it may be that bird which Shelley in his ecstasy calls a spirit—which Hogg praises in sweetest numbers—rises beside our path, and ascends on untiring wing, singing while it soars, emblem of the true Christian, whose life is spent in action as well as meditation, who watches as well as prays.

The sea, again, has music in its roar, and likewise the stormy winds. There is nothing discordant nor inharmonious in their utterances. On festal days the winds and waves sport and dally with each other like children at play, and when troubled war with each other, the waves rushing to and fro like winged furies, and anon rising and rolling like the sound of deep solemn music. Then we ask, "What are the wild waves saying?"

Thus are we privileged to hear the great voices of nature, and this concert is free to all. But it is of music, viewed in relation to man as a reasoning and intelligent being, that we would more particularly speak. There is a loftier music than that which the winds and waves produce, or the warbling of birds—it is that which the fertile genius of man has produced and improved from age to age. While the faculty of music is planted deep in our nature, as to the origin of music itself we are left to conjecture. We do not know when this faculty was awakened, and how it was so. It is affirmed that if a child were taken from its parents and home, and consigned to some desolate region of the earth, where its food was supplied, but

no sound of human speech was allowed to reach its ear, he would grow up in entire ignorance of this divine gift. It is probable, therefore, that the knowledge of music, as well as speech, was first taught mankind by God himself. We know that the Almighty spoke in some intelligible manner to our first parents in the garden of Eden. Professor Oakeley says, "Perhaps it is as ancient as the creation of the angels; and some celestial counterparts of those sweet sounds, which form its earthly reflection, may have been the medium of the Divine praise ever since there were creatures to adore their Creator. Or possibly it may even be the expression, as a distinguished writer has suggested, of some inward harmony in the divine nature itself." It is highly probable that both suggestions are in strict harmony and consistence with the truth, so far as anything that has been revealed helps us to determine. It was a choir of angels that appeared to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem to herald the birth of the Saviour of mankind, and a light that blazed around them having first directed the attention of the shepherds, they looked up and heard descending from the regions of the air the sound of voices praising God. Now, since those angels were perfect from the beginning as to their original powers, although adding constantly to their knowledge, it cannot be supposed that they first learned to praise God with musical voice when the Lord of Glory appeared: nay, we are told that at creation's birth they sang His praise. And so far as concerns God himself, the creator of angels and man, harmony must have its chief seat in

the Divine mind; as man created in His image can only shadow forth, in some faint degree, His own glorious perfections.

The earliest direct intimation bearing upon the question of music is that to be found in the fourth chapter of Genesis, where Jubal is mentioned as the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. He was the inventor of musical instruments; or, as Spurgeon expresses it, "the first who put his fingers to strings, and his lips to pipes, through which wind passing, is breathed forth melodiously." This was not long before the flood, when the world would be about fifteen hundred years old. Here we notice the comparatively slow progress of invention, since so many families and generations of men, and centuries of time, had passed away before science came to the aid of the human voice, and produced a helpmect in the form of harp and organ. But we need not feel surprised at this tardy growth and development of the inventive genius. In that early age of the world difficulties had to be contended against which were peculiar, and which can never again arise. It is with nations as with individuals—it is always difficult to make a beginning; that made, all afterwards follows in its proper place and time without more than ordinary attention and assiduity. As with the racer the first few furlongs are passed rather unsteadily, but, becoming heated, he runs with more ease, a firmer step, and stronger assurance of success—or as in the learning of any trade, or the acquiring of any kind of knowledge, the first efforts are always the most difficult, but by

and bye obstacles clear away, and progress becomes steady and rapid,—so is it with national advancement.

One of the chief boons which the Almighty has bestowed upon a large proportion of the human race, is the power to appreciate, in a greater or less degree, the charms of music. The Almighty might have created us void of such a distinguishing mark of his kindness; and, in such a case, how great would have been our loss, and, in proportion, how great our regret! It has been remarked by competent judges, that the want of speech and hearing is a greater deprivation than the want of sight; and the reason assigned is, that deaf-mutes are always more irritable than the blind. It must be more painful, therefore, they allege, to be deaf and dumb than to be blind. We are inclined to favour this belief; and should we be allowed to mention another ground for this supposition, we would remark, that the blind may be possessed of the faculty of music, which the deaf-mute cannot be.

We once had the pleasure of hearing a discussion between a musician and a portrait painter as to the merits of their respective branches of science. The musician rather depreciated painting, and having swiftly passed his fingers along the notes of a piano, said, addressing his friend, "That is something new. That is a creation of my brain. It never existed before. You merely copy; it needs no genius to do that." Now, we cannot altogether agree with what the musician here says; for, to make a likeness of a

friend, more than the features of the face must be pourtrayed. The lights and shades of feeling, as they dance across the restless face, image of the unseen mind at work within, must be caught and shadowed forth before they pass away for ever, and to do this well requires something of genius. Music has this advantage, however, that it is a science more easily acquired, and within the reach of a much greater number than painting. It is comparatively easy to pick up a tune and make it our own, thus bringing within our reach a pleasure which is ever new. As a fine landscape is always pleasing, so is music. The beautiful scene is engraven upon the memory, the sweet song on the heart, and both are made better and happier thereby. Happiness is expressed by music—the child plays under its influence. As the flower yields its fragrance under the influence of the sun—as the sun, under the influence of the cloud, forms the rainbow—so when joy is in the bosom, it comes forth in beautiful and variegated music. While the eye has only to lift its silken fold that it may receive the impression of all beautiful things, the ear needs but open to catch the charm of all that is beautiful in sound.

A musical ear is of inestimable value to a public speaker, as it enables him, while delivering his discourse, so to modulate his voice as to produce a pleasant effect upon his auditors. But it does not seem to be altogether indispensable, for, however we may account for it, there have been instances of excellent elocutionists who were so utterly devoid of

music, that whenever they attempted to sing even one of our simplest psalm tunes, before finishing it they had mixed up with it parts of two or three others.

And a musical ear is necessary also to constitute a good literary composer; for while it is true that there are laws of composition which, if attended to, will enable a person to write correctly, still we believe that it is possible to tell by his writings whether an author is or is not possessed of a musical ear. We some time ago stumbled upon a history of Wallace written in such an awfully confused and inverted style, that we could not account for the painful anomaly in any other way, than by believing that the author of it had some original defect in his organ of hearing, which made even the smallest approach to an acquaintance with harmony a sheer impossibility.

Euripides speaks of music, and how well adapted it is to soothe the mind devoured by secret grief. We are all familiar with the case of Saul, and how the evil spirit by which he was at times possessed was exorcised by the harp which David seems to have played with as much skill as he used the sling in laying in the dust the vaunting pride of the Philistine. We may mention another striking instance of the power of music upon the troubled heart. Philip V., King of Spain, becoming seriously unwell from melancholy, and wholly disabled from attending to the affairs of State, the Queen, having heard of a famous musician, by name Carlo Broschi, sent for him to the court, and, having engaged him to sing, arranged a concert, un-

known to the King, in a room in the palace near his own. On hearing him singing in the next apartment, the King was at first surprised by it, then overpowered with delight, and sought an immediate interview with the musician who had charmed his enraptured ear. The musician continued his stay at the court for some time, and so great was his power, and beneficent the influence of his songs, that the King's illness soon yielded to medicine, and, grateful for what had been done, he loaded the artist with honours.

It is to be regretted that the value of music, as an essential part of a good education, should have hitherto been so little acknowledged among us. It is true there has been considerable improvement in this respect of late years, but much remains to be done. What we desiderate is, that in every educational system a place should be left for this branch of science, so that it should be reckoned of as great importance to instruct a youth in music as in anything else. We are aware of the salutary effect which it has upon the mind of every one who engages in its study, and how it helps us to pass, in a useful and pleasant way, many hours redeemed from our time and more arduous and engrossing pursuits. To have a greater or lesser acquaintance with it, added to the ability to play upon a musical instrument, such as the piano, violin, or flute, would fit us for spending much of our own time agreeably, and also ministering very materially to the pleasure of others. In Continental countries, and in England even, music has always found a much more congenial soil than in our own land; and this is owing,

we believe, partly to the original constitution of the Scotch, and partly to our views of church discipline and worship. We have always been accounted a sober, staid, matter-of-fact kind of people, opposed to all sentiment, and attending rather to what may prove serviceable to the amassing of wealth, or for the immediate requirements of business. And as the church has an incalculable power in moulding the character and habits of a people, where the forms of worship and discipline are stern and intellectual, as in the case of Presbyterianism, the intellectual part will be cultivated, and find a larger field of development, than in countries where the worship is almost altogether of a sensuous kind, appealing rather to the emotional part of man's constitution. The introduction of musical instruments, which has been inaugurated of late, is likely to be followed by an enlarged desire on the part of the community to study music; for, as the intention is to improve our psalmody, a corresponding improvement must likewise take place in society at large.

Whether organs or other instruments of music should be allowed for purposes of worship at all, is a question which has arisen of late years, and given rise to a considerable amount of discussion and diversity of opinion,—one party disapproving of their use as savouring of innovation and a return to Popish practices; while another portion earnestly agitates for their introduction, and anxiously desires it, from the conviction that with the help of instrumental music the devotional exercises of the House of God will be

carried on in a more efficient manner than without their aid. The proper course to follow, since the use of the organ is neither insisted on nor forbidden in God's Word, is to allow congregations to act according to their own wishes and views in the matter. While, for our own part, we have rather an objection than otherwise to the organ, from feeling that a good leader is better than any instrument, we also entertain the belief that it is too apt to be considered a substitute for vocal music,—being not only left to do its own prescribed part in the worship of the sanctuary (which should be to lead the congregation), but also allowed to monopolize the whole, while the congregation, almost without exception, act the part of listeners instead of performers. No doubt, it may be replied to this, that when there is no organ, but only a choir or leader, the congregation are just as inert in the matter of praise as in the former case; so that, whatever may be said in favour of the organ or against its use, the great void to be filled up, if we would improve our psalmody, is to infuse a better spirit into congregations, which would lead them to join harmoniously in the praises of the church, and to cultivate the art, and, if possible, the science of music, to such an extent as will enable them to do so with comfort and enjoyment to themselves as well as others. It has been frequently observed, and the observation is quite right, that either from indifference, or the feeling that it is a breach of good manners to sing well in church, the work is left to a hired leader or band; and thus the most delightful and cheering part of the whole service with

which the congregation has chiefly to do, is passed over as a mere form:—

"Regard the man who, in seraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise;
He need invoke no fabled muse's art,
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart;—
From that pure heart, which God has deigned t' inspire
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire."

TO MUSIC.

I SING in Music's praise,
  Which lulls our infant fears,
While resting on a mother's breast,
  And soothes our Childhood's years;
Yea, speaketh with a Spirit's power,
Conferring sleep, a heavenly dower.

From Thee, Supernal King,
  The herald Angels came,
Who sang o'er Bethleh'm's verdant plains
  Christ's welcome and acclaim;
From Thee came forth the enthusiast fire
Which stirred and swelled that cherub choir!

With Jubal praise the Lord
  On pipe, and lute, and string!
Like Israel's king, whose wizard harp
  To Saul a charm did bring,—
That lyre employed with skill divine,
As was his sling 'gainst Philistine.

The organ now is heard
  Within the Temple's walls,
In Salem's gorgeous palaces,
  In proud imperial halls:
From east to west the strains resound—
The liquid notes, the bass profound.

Let Handel and Beethoven
  Their harmonies divine,
Mozart and Haydn, Mendelssohn,
  Their flaming chords enshrine
Within our inmost Spirit's cell,
To bloom like deathless asphodel!

If thus these brilliant stars,
  In constellation bright,
Athwart our dark horizon shine,
  And cheer us with their light,—
What sounds may strike our ravished ears,
As we pass through Death to immortal spheres!

Yes, in the better land,
  Night will give place to Day;
Old age will change to joyous youth,
  And shadows flee away;
And Harmony's sublimest throne
Be found in that bright world alone.

For *there* are harps of gold,
  Tuned by the Almighty's hand,
And swept by sacred fingers fair
  Of shining Seraph band:
These heralds beckon us away
To realms of everlasting day!

DANCING: ITS USES AND ADVANTAGES.

DANCING is associated with music; and has a value attributable thereby, which makes it useful from an æsthetic point of view. What beautiful music we have heard in the course of our life,—tunes that at this distance of time are still coming like fresh inspirations of joy, like sudden bursts of sunshine in a dull and cloudy day! The power of music to soothe the breast has passed into a proverb. Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, frequently speak of its wonderful influence. It was, we may be pretty sure, its power that in some measure helped warriors in the past to fight for their country and their hearths. It was, there is little doubt, the power, in some degree, of that splendid piece "The Watch on the Rhine" (the composer of which received a high mark of distinction from the Emperor of Germany) that stirred up the army of the Rhine bravely to fight and conquer for their country in the terrific Franco-Prussian war. Music is also powerful for peace. See how children jump with joy under its strains. The very dolphins in the sea, according to mythic story, are charmed by its captivating power. It is one of the greatest blessings that the Father of Mercies has conferred on the sons of men; and 'praise' is spoken of as the unceasing employment of the redeemed above. Music con-

secrates dancing with its hallowing influence; and for this reason makes it a thing of interest and moral beauty, over and above what belongs to it abstractly considered.

Again, dancing is good physical exercise taken in a way the least wearisome to the flesh, and the most reviving and invigorating to the spirits. A person, I believe, may have as much exercise by dancing a couple of hours under the influence of enlivening music and an agreeable partner, as would equal that obtained by walking for a whole day.

Further, dancing is an excellent pastime. Men and women, as well as children, require a considerable amount of relaxation; and if the late Archbishop Whately and Mr. Gladstone have found this in cutting down trees and hacking away at old stumps, and the late Lord Chancellor Campbell and the Rev. Dr. E—— of London in carrying their children on their backs in the garden or by the sea-shore, or Dr. C—— with his children in gathering poppies in the corn-fields,—there cannot be any harm, and there may be much good, in people of any age indulging in the commendable practice of dancing. Like all innocent enjoyments, it braces for useful work, by giving us a taste of pleasure. It is useful to help us up the mountains of difficulty, through the valleys of dejection, and over the quagmires of despondency.

Still further, dancing is a good discipline for the mind, and teaches us patience and forbearance. I remember the dancing masters I was under did not allow me always to take the partners I wished (which

were the best-looking, you may be sure), but gave all a share of the favours in this way going. Thus selfishness is restrained; and in dancing in crowded places we are taught patience and forbearance. In Paris, long ago, the polka was so arranged that, to dance it properly, it was necessary for every dancer at each step of the figure to look behind him over his shoulder—either to add grace to the dance, or prevent unseemly collisions, or for both purposes.

Lastly, dancing is a means of glorifying God. The lark, as it mounts in the early morn, sings its matin-song, unconsciously it may be, but prompted by unerring instinct, and by the rapturous joy that swells its bosom. So man, gifted with consciousness,—and free to praise his Maker, or withhold that tribute,—may acknowledge Him in the dance, by cherishing a thankful heart that to all his other enjoyments God has superadded this one.

Let us now shortly answer the objections that are sometimes used against dancing. We were glad to see that at a meeting of the Edinburgh School Board, a motion to have the sexes kept separate was rejected. Some excellent Christians object to dancing, and will not allow their children to go near where dancing is carried on,—either thinking it wrong in itself, or that it will lead to evil from the promiscuous mingling of the sexes, or objectionable from both points of view. We think this is a mistake. It is sanctioned, if not fully enjoined upon us, in Scripture; and over-strictness in the bringing up of youth is much to be deprecated. Those young people who labour under strictures

of this kind are likely to do surreptitiously what they are prevented from doing openly; and thus are engendered lying and deceit. Evils may and do arise from promiscuous assemblies of any kind, even religious ones; but it is vain, we assert, to separate what God has associated. The one sex is the complement of the other. They are interdependent, and are far more helps than hindrances to each other in living a life of respectability, morality, and religion.

Again, it is sometimes said that dancing is a frivolous thing. We reply to this, that it is not more frivolous than any other pastime. Walking, skating (whether on the ice, or with roller skates on asphalt floors)—cards, bagatelle, billiards, fencing,—in a word, anything of this sort, done as a pastime, is useful, and braces for work. Praise God in the dance.

THE DEAF-MUTE.

FETTER'D, no speech—
That gift divine!
Her ears no sound
Can ever reach.

No power to speak
Her anxious cares:
Constrained to use
Mute symbols weak.

That nerveless tongue!
That dull, deaf ear!
Twin senses void—
And life is long.

Apart, alone,
Her spirit dwells:
All feeling hearts
Her want bemoan.

The Almighty's hand
To shut the gates
And avenues
To joy's bright land;—

To grove and dell
Where warblers sing,
And Nature works
Her potent spell:

The Almighty's power
To close the door
'Gainst Music's strains
At evening hour!

"Ephphatha"—word
Pronounced again,
The quickening power
Of Christ the Lord—

The ears will ope,
The tongue unloose:
Oh, sufferer,
Then rest in hope!—

A glorious day
Will swiftly dawn;
And earth-born griefs
Shall pass away.

TANNAHILL: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

THERE is a melancholy interest associated with the poet Tannahill, which, in reading his productions, the mind cannot wholly throw aside; for the life of an author ought ever to be taken along with us in interpreting his writings. This thought presses upon us in the case of the Paisley poet more especially, inasmuch as comparatively little is known of the history of his life. That death by his own hand should have terminated his comparatively short existence, and thrown a pall of sadness around his head, must be always a matter of deep regret, and is a melancholy incident which—like the sign-post set up by the way to direct the weary traveller, apt at any moment to wander from his path—should ever operate as a warning, and make us prayerfully consider our ways, lest we stumble in our steps.

Paisley is notable as the birth-place of several eminent men besides Tannahill: among them being Motherwell, the poet; John Wilson, *alias* Christopher North, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," "The Isle of Palms," and other works; Alexander Wilson, the American ornithologist; and the late Dr. James Hamilton, of London, author of "Life in Earnest," and other valuable writings. Alexander Wilson had a monument erected to his

memory in Paisley two or three years ago. And he is well deserving of it; for, if heroic perseverance, determined energy, and painstaking research, a power of drawing pictures of the birds he had sought and found with great difficulty, whose instincts, places of abode, habits, and songs, he describes in his works with much eloquence,—if these things are admirable, then was he worthy of being acknowledged by an enduring tablet of brass, or monument of granite or marble. So likewise, surely, will never be allowed to perish the memory of the bard who has made a name for himself by his beautiful songs—which his country cherishes because they live by the innate power displayed in them of the exquisite fancy which called them forth.

Robert Tannahill was the fourth child in a family of six sons and one daughter; and was born 3rd June, 1774. His parents were respectable and intelligent—his mother in particular being possessed of excellent gifts and acquirements. So far, therefore, as talent is hereditary, we may set it down that it was from his mother that he inherited the genius that distinguished him, and gave him a high position among the song-writers of his native land. Like children in families of humble life, he received just an ordinary education. If, therefore, his faculties are to develop themselves, it must be from the discipline to which they may be afterwards subjected; if his mind is to expand, it must be under the influence of self-application—the constant culture which flows from reading and thought, and from the study of nature and man. After all,

this is the best, the truest, and the fullest teaching; for it seeks and finds its materials in the wide, wide world around us, and sees objects of wondrous contemplation in the stars overhead—yea, finds, in the words of the immortal Bard of Avon, "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything."

While a boy at school, our poet was wont to entertain his companions by reading to them rhymes which he had composed. These youthful effusions he destroyed; and a pity it is he did so, for they might have thrown some light upon the nature of his early life. Either these boyish efforts were hidden from the knowledge of his parents, or else his parents—if they fancied that there was any chance of their son becoming a poet by the further cultivation of his faculties—must yet have reflected that they were too poor to entertain for a moment the idea of lengthening the period of his scholastic training. Tannahill found the pursuit of weaving, which was his trade, by no means incompatible with the cultivation of the Muse; and the rhyming propensity, cherished at school, was still further encouraged when he was working at the loom. As he grew up, he became known among his townsmen as one possessed of the poetical gift; and the desire of the public was gratified by his becoming an occasional contributor to several of the Glasgow newspapers.

Tannahill was also endowed with a fine musical ear, and played admirably on the flute. He would thus soothe his spirit in times of depression, and when

wearied by the toils of the day; for we know nothing better than music for bracing the exhausted energies, and fitting the mind or body for renewed labour. It would be well if all parents would kindly encourage any desire of their children to be possessed of a musical instrument. The flute, the accordion or concertina, the piano, the violin—all these are valuable aids to the cultivation of the musical faculty; and the use of them can never be too much encouraged by parents.

A favourite pursuit of Tannahill—hobby it might be called—was to recover old or neglected airs, and unite them to appropriate words. He did this with comparative ease, while plying his shuttle, by means of a rude desk attached to his loom, which enabled him to write without rising from his seat. His hands only being engaged in weaving, his mind was kept comparatively free; and from time to time, as the words occurred to him, he jotted them down in a book, —thus accomplishing the by no means easy task, as one of his biographers has neatly said, of "doing two things at a time, viz., weaving threads and weaving verses." The practice of our poet referred to, recalls to our remembrance a similar instance in the life of one who was personally known to us. He filled for many years a responsible and honourable position in one of the best known academies in Scotland; and sent forth, conjointly with the efforts of his colleagues, many young men who excelled in the universities, and afterwards rose to fame and influence. Like Burns, he followed the plough in his youth; and so great was his thirst for knowledge, and so little was the time

that he could devote to its pursuit, that he was in the habit of placing before him on the cross-bars of his plough an open English grammar, so that he could give a glance at it now and then in the course of his rounds from furrow to furrow. We could name many who afterwards attained to eminence in their various walks of life, that had to contend with difficulties more or less great in their early years. Perhaps it was all the better for them that it was so; the hardships to which they were exposed would strengthen their powers of endurance, and mould their character aright. By reason of being trained in the school of adversity in the spring-time of his days, the difficulties of our poet's course became planes of approach to the city of his solemnities, where the Muses watch beside the clear crystal wells of poesy, and tune their harps of a thousand strings—each vibrating with impulses excited by the noblest motives, the loftiest aims, and the purest desires. Our poet passed through the valley of humiliation without murmuring, and unflinchingly pressed forward over the dry and parched wilderness of hardship, poverty, and contempt. Alas! in the mysterious providence of God he reached, and—woe is me!—crossed, those barriers where the dull, melancholy, and malignant furies carry on their midnight revels, and lure to a suicide's untimely grave those whom the Prince of Life has foreordained to pass swiftly across the horizon of our vision, cheered and enlightened only by the dim reflections superinduced by a world of shadows, where self is too much the painted idol, and riches the gaudy butterfly, which men still unceasingly

worship and pursue. Affliction, doubtless, was sanctified to Robert Tannahill, and difficulties were overcome by him; while it was not his own fault, but his misfortune, his poor living, his hard work, his consumptive constitution, his love ill requited, his literary trials and disappointments,—these, one and all, inducing mental aberration,—combined to wreck his delicate bark upon a lonely and desolate shore. There the voices seem to be those of disembodied spirits penetrating the dull cold ear—as we approach the confines of death, and, with clutching yearning fingers and the feeble sighings of a broken heart, look forward with weary eyes to regions in which seemingly no ray of hope illumines the unutterable darkness where the King of Terrors holds in his icy car an armed force to bring poor trembling souls from the realms of light and day to the dark abode seemingly of shades, where the light is as darkness, but where in truth the true light shines. Thanks be to God for asylums and other tokens of civilisation, and for the progress of the human race in happiness, as well as in everything else. If Tannahill had been living now, he would have been better cared for; and death by his own hand would have been rendered all but impossible.

During a considerable portion of our poet's early years, Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist—to whom we have already alluded—lived in Paisley, and followed the same avocation as Tannahill, viz., that of a weaver. It is natural to suppose that these two kindred spirits would be acquainted with each other; but, so far as we have been able to learn, such does

not seem to have been the case. This may be accounted for by the diversity of age between the two men, Wilson being eight years older than Tannahill; or it may probably be explained by the quiet, retiring, and unobstrusive disposition of our poet, which made him intensely reluctant to answer the claims made upon him by society, or to mingle with friends beyond the bounds of his own relatives. He wrote some verses on Wilson's emigration to America, which pretty much confirm what is above stated; for —while in these lines he laments the hard fate which had severed Wilson from his native land, and takes occasion to eulogise him on account of his poetical ability, his sociality, and patriotism—there is nothing to show that a personal acquaintance, at least of an intimate kind, existed between them. We cannot but regret that they were not better known to each other in their early days. If they had been friends, it is impossible to tell the amount of mutual benefit, or the good results to the world, that would have been derived from such an attachment. If only a parent knows the temptations and can understand the trials of a parent—if it is indispensable to the right estimate of the difficulties connected with a particular post, that the person who offers sympathy should himself have experienced them—surely a man of letters is well qualified to sympathise with a brother of the pen, and is the most likely person to impart to him that friendly counsel and help which is to prove beneficial. We know, for example, how greatly indebted in many ways Goldsmith was to his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson;

how much Hayley did for Cowper; and how, when poor Collins was laid aside by illness, no one sympathised with him more, or visited him with more kindly solicitude, than Johnson. A particularly memorable case is that of Robert Burns, our national poet; who, himself and unaided, erected a monument to the memory of his admired forerunner poet, poor Fergusson, in the Canongate Churchyard of Edinburgh.

When our poet was in his twenty-sixth year, a young woman attracted his attention, and won his affection. We know nothing of her circumstances; suffice it to say, she broke her plighted troth, and the poet took her conduct so much to heart, that he would not yield to her again when she seemed willing to relent. He bade her farewell in the elegant verses beginning with

> "Accuse me not, inconstant fair,
> Of being false to thee;"

and formed in his mind the determination to be no more the slave of beauty's smile.

During a period of two years which Tannahill spent in England he must have worked very hard at his trade, since in his productions there is hardly a single allusion to be found as to the country or the manners of the people amongst whom he dwelt. Since beautiful scenery is at once recognised by the poetic eye, and calls forth a spontaneous response from the mind, that our poet did not descant on the varied scenery he must have witnessed during his sojourn in the south, must be put down to the above-mentioned cause; or,

perhaps, from a feeling of depression arising from expatriation, his Muse for the time had closed its wings, and declined to rise from the ground, or even look upwards towards the sun.

The declining health of his father brought him back from his exile. He hastened home on the wings of love and breathless suspense, but only arrived in time to receive his father's dying blessing. This blessing, and his own industry, were not without their natural and appropriate fruits. Soon after his return, he was offered a place of trust as foreman in a manufacturing establishment. This situation, however, for reasons we know not, and which it would be difficult if not impossible to conjecture, he declined to accept. He seems to have preferred remaining at his humble post; that, his time being at his own command, he might be able to visit the scenery in the neighbourhood, enjoy the society of a few friends of kindred tastes, and continue, as he felt able and inclined, the composition of verses. In the flowery land of poesy, the bright colours of fancy far exceeded the scarlet and yellow, the red and orange, the blue and purple, of his loom. Thus his days passed away with their bitter and their sweet, like the warp and woof of his web, while the swiftness of their flight was symbolised and brought to his remembrance by the movements of his shuttle. A life too short for those who are busily occupied and happy, it seemed all too long, and the windings of the way too wearisome; for night closed in while, humanly speaking, it was not past noon. Mysterious human life!—unsearchable the ways of God!

R. A. Smith, the talented composer, at one time leader of psalmody in St. George's, Edinburgh, is indissolubly connected with the poet Tannahill. Smith had heard one of the poet's songs, entitled "Blythe was the time;" and he was so much struck with its beauty and natural simplicity that he anxiously sought its author's acquaintance. The friendship thus formed turned out very agreeable and delightful to both. It was like the tender bud of the beauteous rose. It continued to grow and expand, and never ceased so doing till nipped by untimely death. The poet and musician are like twins. Theirs is a double existence, and the public enjoy the blessed fruits of the union. A song may be compared to a chrysalis: when it has been set to music, it may be said to have received its wings, and is now a thing of beauty. The song and the music are associated in the memory, and so closely bound together, that we cannot separate them without destroying them. When we speak of "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," we mean the song and the music alike.

In due time, the fame of our poet reached London, the busy metropolis of the British Empire, where every one's merits, literary or otherwise, are tested as if by fire; and Tannahill stood the test. He was asked to contribute to a leading metropolitan magazine; and he wrote for it a song, an ode, a dirge, and a didactic piece. Nine hundred copies of the first edition of his works were sold, and attained great popularity with all classes. His songs were sung at all convivial meetings. A pleasing incident happened

to him as he was taking a walk one summer afternoon in the country near Paisley. He met a girl singing that exquisite lyric, "We'll meet beside the dusky glen on yon burnside." This must have been peculiarly gratifying to him. Rossini, the Italian composer, was cheered and sustained amid his labours, and braced for new toil, by hearing the strolling minstrels playing his music on their instruments in the streets of Paris. Imitation is true praise; and this, we think, is some degrees above it.

We come now to the close of our poet's life. He was greatly consoled by a visit of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in the spring of 1810. They spent a night in each other's company; and, on leaving, Tannahill convoyed the Shepherd on foot half way to Glasgow. He said to Hogg on parting, "Farewell, I shall never see you more,"—a prediction soon, alas! to be verified. His melancholy became from this time more and more habitual, his eyes sank, and his body became emaciated. On the night of the 17th May, 1810, he stole out of his house unperceived; and next morning his dead body was discovered in a neighbouring brook. He had only reached his thirty-sixth year. A memorial-tablet was placed a few years ago on the wall of the thatched cottage in Queen Street, Paisley, where the poet lived, worked, and wrote his sweet lyrics. It bears this inscription—"The home of Robert Tannahill, from early infancy till his death in 1810.

'He sang amid the shuttle's din
The music of the woods.'"

Having said thus much on the life of our author, it only remains for us to speak a little about his writings. In the copy of his poems which we have perused, and which we have every reason to believe contains all of his that has ever been published, there are seventy-seven songs, thirty-three fragments of songs, and forty-five miscellaneous pieces. It is chiefly for his songs that Tannahill will be held in honourable remembrance. Those best known are—"Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane," "Loudoun's bonny woods and braes," "The braes o' Gleniffer," "Yon burnside," "The braes o' Balquhither," "Thou bonny wood of Craigie-lea," and "Gloomy Winter's noo awa'." The first mentioned is an exquisite lyric, and was, and is still, most popular among all classes. The lofty Benlomond is a marked feature in the distant landscape, as seen from the rising grounds near Paisley; so that the poet must have frequently witnessed the scene which he thus describes—

> "The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
> And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
> While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloamin',
> To muse on sweet Jessie, the flow'r o' Dunblane."

The apostrophe to the thrush, or mavis, as the bird is called in Scotland, beginning—

> "Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy song to the e'ening"—

is very beautiful, while there are other very sweet, expressive, and touching allusions throughout the three double verses that constitute the song. R. A. Smith composed the music for it; and to the exquisite

melody, as well as the beautiful words, it is owing that it has gained such a wide-spread and deserved popularity.

"Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes" is a thoroughly good song, and was composed in honour of the Marquis of Hastings, on the occasion of his being under the necessity of going abroad in the service of his country shortly after his marriage with the Countess of Loudoun.

"The Braes o' Gleniffer" is another excellent composition of Tannahill. Its language and imagery are beautiful and natural. The dreary appearance of the scenery in winter is thus strikingly portrayed in the following stanza—

> "Now naething is heard but the wind whistling dreary,
> And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw."

And again in the following—

> "The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie,
> They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
> And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie,—
> 'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me."

"Gloomy Winter's noo awa'," another song published about the year 1808, immediately became popular, and was the reigning favourite in Edinburgh for a considerable time.

Coming now to the fragments, the first in the list is entitled "Hey, Donald! how, Donald!" and is only one verse of a song, but two verses were added by the poet Motherwell. Nature, summer, flowery May, love, are the subjects of which it speaks.

Another fragment, entitled "Meg of the Glen," speaks of a girl dressed with ribbons and ruffles, who went to a fair where she found none to care for her. Alexander Roger, in a supplemental stanza, makes it appear that the reason why the lads slipped by was because she had no tocher or dowry; but when an uncle, who had made a fortune in India, left it all to her, then no one was more thought of than she.

In another song called "The Lassie o' merry eighteen," the great power of Tannahill in the use of descriptive epithets is fully displayed. This lassie was asked by her father to marry the miller, while the leanings of her mother were towards the laird. She herself, seeing that "siller" was at the bottom of their favour for the respective gentlemen, disapproved of a match with either of the two; and she shows that money will not compensate in a case like this, where, she says—

"The miller is crookit, the miller is crabbit,
The laird, though he's wealthy, he's lyart and lean;
He's auld, an' he's cauld, an' he's blin', an' he's bald,
An' he's no for a lassie o' merry eighteen."

One of the fragments is in praise of a Highlander.

In another a girl bewails the parting from her lover, lest, notwithstanding his vow, he might forget and deceive her.

In another a swain is cheered amid nature's decay and winter's gloom by the presence of the one whom he loves.

Another is on forced marriages, and so on. These fragments are first verses, inserted in a music book, of some of those songs which were destroyed by Tanna-

hill in one of those painful fits of melancholy to which he was subjected during the latter part of his life. One can hardly judge from them what the completed pieces would have been, but still they are of sufficient merit to entitle them to a place in the collected works of the author.

Next, as to his miscellaneous pieces. These are made up of eight epistles to dear friends; three odes for Burns's birthday; an ode in imitation of Pindar; the "Portrait of Guilt," in imitation of M. G. Lewis; and the "Haunted House," in imitation of John Barbour; "Towser, a true tale;" "Connal and Flora, a Scottish legend;" "The Storm;" "The Cockpit;" and other pieces.

In an epistle to James Scadlock, he sings the praises of friendship. He tells him that every season of the year brings him to his remembrance, enjoins him to think of all the sweet scenes they have passed through together, and concludes by saying that till life's latest breath he would think of him.

"Towser, a true tale," is an account of a dog which its master had bought from some wild fighting characters, who had doomed it to the gallows because it would not tear a comrade's throat. The poet describes its appearance, and shows that though it was by no means prepossessing, it had a considerable amount of sagacity, and a mighty soul. On one occasion, in the month of December, regardless of the storm that was raging, its master set out on an errand to the neighbouring town; and, after having transacted his business, took his homeward journey. The storm continuing

to rage, his power of resistance became more and more feeble; and at length he was obliged to lay himself down by the side of the road to die. The sound of travellers approaching drew Towser's notice; then by fawning upon them and tugging at the coat of the foremost, he attracted their attention, and led them to the mournful spot, where his master lay stiff and cold, a prey to the storm. Moved with sympathy, they bore him to a cottage at a distance, where, being carefully tended, he was fully restored. The moral drawn from the tale is to learn to be humane, since the owner of the dog, in saving it from destruction, saved his own life also.

"The Storm" is an able descriptive poem, in which are mixed up with the appearances of nature, both animate and inanimate, excellent moral lessons and reflections, which bear testimony to the largeness of the writer's charity, as well as the brightness of his fancy.

"Connal and Flora" is a Scottish legend, and records the untimely fate of two devoted lovers.

In "The Cockpit" the pen of the satirist is ably wielded by Tannahill. He describes most graphically the characters and scenes that may generally be witnessed at such degrading exhibitions, now fortunately things of the past, so far at least as relates to our own country.

The ode written for and read at the celebration of Burns's birthday by the Paisley Burns Club in 1805, is a very admirable conception of the poetic genius. At a great banquet given by Jove, to which all the minor

gods were invited, Mercury introduces a stranger all in tears, who, from his dress and other manifestations, is seen to be the guardian genius of Scotland. He speaks of the greatness of the country whence he comes, and the characteristic virtues of its people, but laments that they have

> "No patriot bard to celebrate their worth,
> No heaven-taught minstrel, with the voice of song,
> To hymn their deeds, and make their names live long."

Jove, moved by the appeal, granted the request, and sent us the poet Burns.

Tannahill is a great admirer of flowers, and makes frequent allusion to them in his poems. He speaks of the milk-white thorn, the broom sae yellow, the crawflower blue, the meadow-pink, the primrose, the scented brier, the fragrant bean, the clover bloom, the wild woodland lily, the heather bell, woodbine, and mountain thyme.

The following phrases and epithets are particularly good and noteworthy—

> "And gloaming draws her foggy shroud o'er yon burn side."
> "The watch-dog's howling loads the blast."
> "The lowe of love makes labour light."

Tannahill has a fine eye for Nature in all her varied aspects, and has immortalised the scenery in the neighbourhood of his native town.

MUSINGS BY THE SEA-SHORE.

How beautiful the night! Athwart the wave,
The full moon showers her beams. No sound is heard,
Saving the murmuring of the surge, which breaks
Upon the shore. Such stillness soothes the heart.
Now casting care aside, I wander forth,
And nurse those thoughts, which in the glare of day
And hours of toil so seldom fill the mind.
I marvel that the King who reigns on high
In boundless power, who formed the earth and sea,
And countless worlds that roll in space, should bend
To prayer of mine, and throw the gracious shield
Of safety round my head. Compared with these
Majestic works, I feel so poor and mean,
That I unworthy am of His regard.
But why this unbelief opposed to reason?
His hand has formed the smallest grain of sand
That lines the beach. The thousand living things
Among the rocks have each a place to fill
In Nature's plan, and bear the marks of skill
Unmatched, and exquisite design. He guides
The sea-fowl's silent flight from shore to shore,
And poises it in yielding air; He gives
Their glorious rainbow colours to the shells;
And sea-weeds, ocean's flowers, their varied tints;
Shall I, then, for a moment doubt His love,

Whose image is engraven on my soul?
Think not, when tossed on stormy seas of life,
Thou'rt left forlorn, to fickle chance a prey:
The stars appear because the sun is set;
So during sorrow's hour the seeds of grace,
Sown in the heart, will quicken and bring forth.
Let faith so fill the heart, that by its power,
As by a magic charm, the face of grief
May change to joy. Those gifts which God hath given
So let me use for noble ends, that life
May flow like placid river, bearing along
The richest freight. And as the sun declines
'Mid radiant lights and shades of burnished gold,—
And autumn, with its yellow woods, presents
A beauty and a joy which spring knows not
With all its richest flush of bloom; so death
Will bring fresh tokens of our Father's love—
A rich supply of peace to cheer the heart,
With thoughts of angels hovering o'er our bed,
To bear the unburdened spirit to its home.

OLD AGE.

We had the pleasure, some years ago, of visiting two very old gentlemen. One of them, a native of the parish of Kingsbarns, in Fifeshire, was in his ninety-eighth year. On the day of our visit, he had just returned from a long walk in which he frequently indulged, intent not so much on recreation as duty; for we must inform our readers that this patriarch was still able to transact business. He walked firmly and steadily, with frame very little bent. We noticed with peculiar interest the play of his features when in repose, for the spirit seemed to be living in a world of its own. He conversed with us freely, and engaged in a game of cards with much animation and enjoyment. He was so hale and hearty, that we ventured to hope that he would not only reach his hundredth year, but outlive it. We esteem it one of the chief pleasures of our life to have enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance.

The other was a pensioner, a native of Coldstream, and had reached the very great age of one hundred and six years. Previous to entering the army, he served for a time in the militia. He was actively engaged in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798. He served in several regiments; among others, the Ber-

wickshire Light Dragoons, and the Prince of Wales' Royal M'Leod Highlanders. He was wounded in the thigh at the battle of Barossa, and shewed us a medal as the reward of services rendered by him in the army from 1793 to 1814, which dates, along with the names Vitoria and Barossa, were engraven upon it. He was discharged 8th November, 1816, the year after Waterloo, and became an out-pensioner of Chelsea on one shilling per day, which was afterwards increased to one shilling and sixpence. It was with difficulty, and only with the help of his daughter, that he was able to walk across the room. While I talked with him about the wars in which he had been engaged during his military career, he remarked with much spirit, "I thought myself as active as any of my companions;" and when I asked him if he had been at the battle of Salamanca, Barossa, or Talavera, he replied with great animation, and striking his knee with his hand, "Yes, Barossa! I was wounded there, and have a medal for it." His memory was retentive of certain particular events, but not of others. When we handed him a few oranges, he was much gratified, and said, "I have been at the places where these grow." I said to him, "You must have lived a very temperate life." His daughter replied for him, "Oh, no; he took a dram now and again, just like other soldiers." After examining his military certificate, which proved beyond the shade of a doubt that he was as old as was said, we took our departure, leaving with him a little money to buy tobacco, of which he was particularly fond.

When we thought of the years that had gone over

the heads of these patriarchs, the dangers they had passed through, and the changes they had seen during their long term of life, the feeling that arose in our breast was one of trust in a gracious Providence, and of thanks that we and they alike were under the care and in the good keeping of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, and with whom "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

AN INCIDENT IN FOX-HUNTING.

In the upper ward of Lanarkshire, within a few miles of the well-known Falls of Clyde, there is a ravine full of wild and majestic grandeur, through which Nethan's tinkling stream pursues its silvery way to the Clyde, which it reaches almost immediately on issuing from the ravine. Immense masses of rock—interspersed with tangled brushwood of sloe, hawthorn, and bramble, and creeping plants innumerable—form an almost perpendicular ridge, which rises high on one side, and is topped with fir, beach, oak, and other trees. Huge pieces of stone form likewise the bed of the stream; and against them, after a heavy rain, when it is now swollen and powerful, the waters rush and roar with maddened fury. Near the head of the ravine there is an old castle, whose massive and ivy-clad towers have frowned through the gloom for many generations. Tourists visit it in summer for its own sake, and also because of its pleasing associations with Sir Walter Scott, it being the archetype of the Tillietudlem of "Old Mortality." It is now in ruins; but the great fire-place, which still remains in a large arch-roofed kitchen, attests the fact, that at Christmas, when the misletoe hung in the hall, there must have been no lack of good cheer. Tradition informs us that

a trooper, returning in haste after the battle of Drumclog, on his way to Lanark, misled by a light on the opposite side of the ravine, rode with his horse full gallop over a frowning cliff, which bears the name of Lumber's Leap to this day,—a curious name, by the way, for a soldier, and one which, I fear, a member of our glorious volunteers would hardly like to bear about with him. The ravine frequently resounds with the horn of the fox-hunter, and the deep, dull bark of the hounds in full cry. An incident of rather a novel nature happened there on a certain memorable occasion, when I mingled with the crowd of men and boys that followed the hunters. The person, whose duty it was to visit the ravine, a day or two before the "Meet," for the purpose of shutting up all the holes in which Reynard might be supposed to find a secure retreat, and thus baffle the utmost efforts of men and dogs, unfortunately over-looked one, which proved the stitch-in-time neglected, and which the midnight marauder, when very hard pressed, was not ashamed to appropriate. The whole field were now nonplussed and at their wits' end; but this extremity offered a very favourable opportunity for the display of a little pluck, and the hero for the occasion was not far to seek. A well-known poacher, who was present, at once volunteered his services to dislodge the game; which offer was most gladly accepted, with the promise of a suitable reward if success crowned his attempt. Thereupon, having cut a small hazel wand, to the end of it, by the aid of his inventive genius, he knowingly fixed a large hook which he had in his pocket, such as is used in

salmon-fishing—for he was an expert angler, as well as a first-class shot; and, armed in this manner, he managed by some means to introduce his head and shoulders into the den, when there met his gaze two eyes darting fire upon him, and two jaws set round with hard sharp teeth, snarling, and ready to tear his flesh. Nothing daunted, however, he cautiously moved the end of the rod forward till it reached the hind leg of the fox, when, catching it with the hook, he gave it a sudden jerk towards him, and at the same time seized its neck with a firm grasp. The dislodgement was complete. The poacher carried Reynard in his arms in triumph across the fields to a considerable distance, in order to give him another run for his life; when, being set free, he immediately made for his old haunts, and was caught and killed by one of the dogs, while boldly swimming across the stream that separated him from his woody dominion. Having then been divested of his head and brush, which were kept as trophies of victory, the carcase was speedily consumed by his keen-scented pursuers, after a two days' fast, which we rather think would make them particularly relish their dish of animal food, although thus roughly served up.

A HARE-HUNT.

Across the stubble fields with bounding speed—
  Clearing the ditch, the brawling burn, the stile—
The hunter on his mire-bespattered steed
  Has measured since the morn full many a mile.
Keen-scented, strong in wind, the yelping hounds,
  Sniffing the ground now bare, in close pursuit—
  Two-score 'gainst one, with man and horse to boot—
Chase the poor hare, roused from its grassy bounds.
  Now puss outstrips by far the tireless pack,
And rests secure behind a hedge or wall,
But for a moment only; soon they all,
  Man, horse, and dog, are full upon her track—
    Till, after many a weary run and double,
    The pack close round, and end poor puss's trouble.

PHRENOLOGY.

VIEWED as a science, Phrenology professes to show, from the conformation of the skull, individual character, presuming that the faculties of the mind have their seat in certain parts of the brain, and are to be traced by external developments. The principles upon which Phrenology is based, and which are insisted upon by all who are advocates of its truth, are these:—1. That the brain is the organ of the mind. 2. That it does not act, as some philosophers hold, as a single organ in every mental operation, but is made up of different parts or organs, each constituting the organ of a distinct power of the mind. 3. That as mind acts upon matter, or by a natural law action produces development, so the action of the organs of the mind produces a cerebral development, by means of which the mental power is ascertained.

John Joseph Gall, a distinguished physiologist, born in 1758 in the duchy of Baden, Germany, is the founder of the Science. He was for a considerable period a physician at Vienna; but, in consequence of the Austrian government refusing to allow him to promulgate his doctrines there, he set about travelling and delivering lectures through the north of Germany, Sweden, and Denmark, and at last settled down in

Paris, where he died in 1828. It is not at all surprising that he encountered much opposition at first in spreading his peculiar tenets: for it has been observed, that whenever any new doctrine or theory is propounded by an individual or sect of philosophers which agrees with our preconceived opinions, it is readily adopted by us; but if, on the other hand, it is opposed to established principles, and contrary to fixed opinion, it is immediately discarded and reviled. The reason of this it is not difficult to find. Men are very averse to give up a position which they may have been led to assume after much serious thought and examination. We are aware of the law in dynamics, that a body, when once in motion, unless opposed or stopped by a superior force, tends to go on in a straight line for ever. Something like the converse of this law holds good of the human race, that when men have formed an opinion, they incline to stick to it, and won't move forward, even when one established on better grounds presents itself for their acceptance. This will account for the revulsion of feeling which took place when Gall propounded his theory of the mind. It ran counter to the views of the old philosophers. Before his time the brain was accounted the seat of the intellectual faculties alone; the passions or propensities of our nature being associated with other organs of the body, such as the liver, the heart, etc. For example, when we wish to express our love for a person, we raise our hand to our heart. This conventional practice arose from the belief that the heart was the seat of affection. The liver, again, has been associated with

spleen and jealousy. Now, however, I believe, all are agreed that the brain is the organ of the mind, and that everything of the nature of thought or of feeling is originated by it, and entirely dependent upon it. It is natural to think that the Creator would give pre-eminence to the head over every other part of the body; seeing that all those important organs which make us acquainted with the material world are there situated, the sense of touch alone excepted, which is distributed over the whole body. This is hardly a sufficient answer, perhaps; but as all are at one on the points, nothing more need be said on this head.

That the brain is not a single organ, but that it is made up of many organs, is the second principle upon which Phrenology is based, and to support which several arguments are adduced. For example: It is a law of organic being that each organ of the human body has a corresponding function, and that different functions are never performed by the same organ; as, for instance, through the eye we gain all our knowledge of the many varieties of form and colour, through the ear we become acquainted with every kind of sound, and so on. Thus, it is argued, each mental function must have an appropriate organ. Again, the brain must be made up of different parts, because it is capable of performing different classes of functions at one and the same time: thus, it may be feeling and reasoning, hearing and fearing, seeing and admiring, hating one object and loving another. Again, if the mind were a single faculty, all men would be constituted capable of performing the same mental functions; they would

only differ as regards the degree of intensity of the operations connected with these. But such is not the case, as one man may be a musician, while another is constituted entirely devoid of this faculty. One man may be possessed of the gift which constitutes him an artist, while no amount of training will have a corresponding effect upon another man, and so on. Again, there have been cases where the brain has been injured, and one or more of the faculties of the mind deranged thereby, but leaving it in other respects just as it was previously. Now, such could be the case only on the supposition of the mind being made up of a plurality of organs, for if only of a single organ, then what injures one part, as a matter of course, must affect the whole.

Now, as regards this second principle of Phrenology, viz., the plurality of organs in the brain, we may ask for a moment if the arguments on which it rests are conclusive. At first sight one is apt to be staggered by the very minuteness of the subdivisions, judging, that if there were only three instead of three dozen, we would be more likely to accept the principle as truth. Turn for a moment to the organs of sense, and to the tongue, for example. By it we derive our knowledge of the taste of all kinds of substances. Now, as sugar and salt are entirely different in their taste, is it then the case that the tongue is made up of different parts, which enable us to distinguish between the tastes of different things? Why should there not be as many subdivisions, if not more, of the tongue as of the brain? One tongue serves for all purposes,

and is only affected differently by different things. Might it not be so also in the case of the organ of the mind, viz., the brain? Phrenologists set down order, time, tune, as having each its distinct cerebral organ or faculty, which develops itself on the surface of the brain. Now, it is clear that these three are closely allied, and it would not be a stretch of probability to suppose that they belonged to one organ merely. Indeed, they seem to be the complement of one another; and to suppose each as existing apart from the other looks like an absurdity. Tune without time, and time without order, in the nature of things, so far as I am able to judge, cannot exist. It is said also by phrenologists, that the brain can perform simultaneously different classes of functions. It may be hearing and fearing, seeing and admiring, feeling and reasoning, hating one object and loving another, at one and the same time. Now, we cannot exactly agree to this statement. It is hardly correct, I think, to say that two things are done at once; for we know that one actually precedes the other, and is dependent upon it, hearing preceding fearing, although after an inappreciable interval of time. In fact, between the hearing and the fearing a process of reasoning has been carried on. We hear a sound. It is discordant. It may not be so itself. Why is it so to us, then? Because of its being associated in our mind with something unpleasant in the past. Memory is then called into operation, and this, I believe, on every occasion when the sound is heard by us. We hear a sound, we tremble. Why so? Because something is

associated with that sound. If it were one we had never heard before, we would not fear, because the sound itself is only the secondary cause of our fear; what is associated in our mind with the sound, such as violent language or cruel treatment, is the first cause. Memory is here again brought into exercise. Might we not, if we considered the brain as one and indivisible, as easily account for all mental phenomena, as we can by supposing a multiplicity of organs? All the powers of the mind have been classified under three heads, viz., intellect, sensibility, and will, and all the faculties connected with these have come under the one category of phenomena of consciousness. Why may not the mind be *one*, therefore, corresponding to this one power, consciousness? It may be so.

Gall was first led to adopt his theory of Phrenology from having observed, when a lad at school, that a certain retentive memory for words was associated with a peculiar appearance of the eye, which he afterwards found to be connected with the development of the brain in a particular part. I suppose most of us have long been given to understand that large lustrous eyes are supposed to indicate a gift for languages. We are not prepared to say that this is always the case, but there is likely to be something of truth in the observation. Gall having observed at school and college what to his mind were additional evidences of the reality of what he saw, was naturally led to seek for outward manifestations of other qualities and powers of the mind. It was by such observations, and not by any exercise of his imagination, that he

was led to adopt the system which is associated with his name. We are all aware of the difficulty attending the study of the mind, and into how many schools of philosophy the world is divided. Since the time of Locke and Bacon we have had philosopher after philosopher propounding new and startling theories, and opening up fresh fields of investigation; and still the mind has much of mystery surrounding it, and presents most formidable obstacles to every inquirer. This is easily accounted for, when we remember that the very instrument which enables us to examine and trace the motions of the mind, so subtle and so volatile, is the mind itself. It is the mind trying to abstract itself, to take itself out of itself, as it were, and act as judge over itself. We know how difficult, if not impossible, it is for a man to judge impartially of what concerns himself. Let another party fill the judgment-seat, and it is ten to one that his verdict will differ, in some degree at least, from that given by the person interested.

We are aware that there are parties who make a profession of teaching Phrenology, and that there are Phrenological Societies throughout the country. I noticed some years ago a short paper on the subject in a weekly journal. The supposed author of it was pointed out to me on the street one day as a great authority on races. I, in my simplicity, thought horse races were referred to, an acquaintance with which, you will acknowledge, would not have been a very intellectual accomplishment; although, in a pecuniary point of view, it might have been more valuable to him than a knowledge of the races of men, which was

meant to be implied. His name being mentioned, I quite well remembered having seen it in connection with the question of Phrenology. There is no doubt he had a peculiar look about him, something of what we would expect to have been the appearance of the astrologer of the Earl of Leicester, so graphically portrayed by Sir Walter Scott in his novel of 'Kenilworth.' But if we go about thus judging people from their personal appearance, we will lay ourselves open to reprehension, with this saving quality, that, possibly by keeping our eyes open, and generalizing from a large enough number of particulars, we may become pretty good practical Phrenologists; *i.e.*, always granting there is truth in the teachings of Phrenology. A gentleman who has extraordinary faith in the science, gave a very large fee to have the heads of all his family examined. I suppose he must have been reading Spurzheim shortly before; who, in a treatise on education, and when he would show the propriety and advantage of directing the destination of children in life, says, "To bring up a child endowed with great animal propensities, such as amativeness, combativeness, covetousness, self-esteem, etc., to the church, whatever his intellect may be, is the height of error and absurdity." I sincerely hope the gentleman may find benefit from having called in the use of the callipers to decide for him the bent of his children's genius, and that he may have the comfort of afterwards seeing each of his boys filling the very situation to which he is adapted by nature, and adorning his profession.

At the trial of a notorious murderer in Paris some years ago, an advocate threw out the hint that he was very much as a wild animal, and that the proper course would be to chain him up, not to kill him. Such a line of argument, however, is apt to do away with the sense of moral responsibility in the criminal, although a low type of head does excuse guilt so far, and is allowed by judges to exercise a certain effect in the punishment awarded to crime. There is such a saying as this, "But the natural bent of his genius could not be repressed." This does not argue fatalism or materialism; for even Phrenologists make it plain that if the moral sentiments be strong, such a faculty as destructiveness may be turned to good account. For instance, the love of approbation, if the moral sentiments be strong, will prompt the desire for honest fame; but in meaner characters the love of glory is a passion that has deluged the world with blood.

At one of the meetings of the Medico-Psychological Association, some statements were made by Dr. Thomson, of the General Prison, Perth, to the effect that predisposition to evil courses was hereditary. He said that in his experience, which extended over many years, and embraced a wide field of generalization, he had found families where this predisposition was so unmistakably manifest, that he looked upon it as certain that they would continue to transmit the same evils from generation to generation. A letter appeared in the newspapers a day or two afterwards taking exception to what Dr. Thomson had said, and in rather a flippant style hinting that in future, instead of praying

to be delivered from sin, men should pray to be delivered from insanity. This called forth an able rejoinder from some party, who based his argument and defence of Dr. Thomson's statement on the fact that not only did Adam's fall affect the human race morally, but physically as well. Although we could hardly advocate the adoption of such severe measures as Dr. Thomson proposes for the eradication of such evils as he laments, and as all men must equally deplore, still, so far from disputing the conclusion he comes to, we partly agree with him, although we do not altogether disagree with the chaplain who took exception to the doctrine. Perhaps if Dr. Thomson had not taken quite such a hopeless view of the case, it would have been better; and if he had not viewed it from his own stand-point alone, but made allowance for the infinite power of the grace of God in changing the most hardened criminals, and making them good Christians. We know what was done in the case of a Manasseh and a Paul, a Newton and a Bunyan. Henry VIII., who all will allow was a bad man, produced a good son, Edward VI. James I. was a heartless, selfish man, and even guilty of murder, while his son, Charles I., was a good man, though certainly not free from faults. Hundreds of other instances from ancient and modern history might easily be given, but these will suffice to show that bad parents don't necessarily produce bad children. John Bedford, an English judge, on witnessing a criminal being led to the place of execution, exclaimed, "But for the grace of God, there goes John Bedford!" It may be said the circumstances

in the bringing up of these two, of the criminal and of the judge, must have been greatly different. Doubtless they were, and that is just what we argue for, viz., different bringing up. A Christian education is the great moral lever; not knowledge alone (for knowledge is power sometimes for evil), but knowledge combined with the teaching of God's truth.

I shall state, in conclusion, the arguments of the distinguished metaphysician, Sir William Hamilton, against Phrenology. Many years ago he undertook an investigation for the purpose of satisfying his mind whether the fundamental facts on which Phrenology is based were facts established beyond all question. The Phrenological theory, as I have already stated, is, that the size of certain portions of the brain corresponds with the development of the mental qualities to which these have relation, or with the manifestation of the kind of character which they indicate. Now, we must remember, that if one case of nonconformity can be alleged, it goes to destroy the theory; for the facts on which it rests, unless they are general, can be of no use. In regard to the cerebellum or smaller brain, which lies below the hinder part of the main brain, Phrenologists say that in all animals females have this organ, on an average, smaller in proportion to the brain proper than males. Now, Sir William proves that the reverse of this is the case. This conclusion is founded on an induction drawn from above sixty human brains, from nearly three hundred human skulls of determined sex, and from more than seven hundred brains of different animals. Another alleged fact which he

proves to be erroneous is, that the proportion of the cerebellum to the brain proper is in proportion to the energy of the function attributed to it. Women, it is universally admitted, manifest religious feeling more strongly and generally than men; and Phrenologists accordingly assert that the cranium of females, in the particular region of the head where this feeling or sentiment is supposed to have its seat, is more fully developed than in males. On examination of nearly two hundred skulls of either sex, Sir William again found the reverse of this to hold good. On instituting a comparison between the crania of murderers, preserved in the anatomical museum, with about two hundred skulls taken at random, he found the organs of destructiveness and other evil propensities smaller, and those of the higher moral and intellectual qualities larger, than the average; nay, that this was the case, when compared not merely with a common average, but with the heads of Robert Bruce, George Buchanan, and Dr. David Gregory. To the question, "How comes it that so many individuals continue to be believers in a groundless opinion?" Sir William answers, that the opinion is not wholly groundless. What he arrives at, and what he would wish his students to arrive at, he expresses in the language of a Roman poet—

> "Materiæ ne quære modum, sed perspice vires
> Quas ratio, non pondus habet;"

which we may thus translate:—Do not investigate the measure of matter, but thoroughly examine the strength which thought, not brute weight, possesses.

THE SEA OF LIFE.

THE Shepherd of Israel, our guardian and friend,
Inspects all our actions till life has its end;
Warning, restraining, comforting, gladdening,
Beckoning us upwards, though sorrows attend.
He knows our frailties, and bitter complainings,
He counts all our cares, and many they be;
While guarding our footsteps through Earth's weary wanderings,
And guiding us safely o'er life's narrow sea.

The sails of our vessel may hang drooping downward,
Our anchor of hope being sunk in the deep—
The waves underneath, and the sky overhead,
Calm and placid as innocent childhood asleep:
A storm may arise, and the vessel now heaving,
The anchor uplifted, on waves she may lean;
The dark cloud of night spreads its wings o'er the deep,
No pillar of fire sheds its light o'er the scene.

Then fear doth hold in icy grasp
The shivering limbs and weary frame;
And then, perchance, we try to weep,
And call in faith on Jesus' name.

The hours of darkness soon are past,
And day descends with healing beams:
The sun's refreshing rays are shed,
And nature now in glory gleams.

The memory of that night's deep sorrow,
That prayer of faith, like seed thick sown,
When days and years have passed away,
Will bring forth sheaves of golden corn:
The sighings of that time be heard,
'Mid joys and pleasures yet to come;
And, like to pearls on pearls heaped,
Will wreathe their beauty round our tomb!

The story of that lonesome night
We'll tell to ages yet unborn;
And children's children, in distant times,
Shall our deeds of faith and courage learn.
Cease thy mournings, then, O Christian,
The storms you dread are full of love;
Nothing ill can here befall thee—
Lift, then, thy weeping eyes above.

In silent prayer your soul unbosom,
Cast your burden on the Lord;
Trust Him, for He will befriend thee,
He is faithful to His word.
Remember Bethany and Lazarus,
Those nights of sorrow o'er the tomb,
Ere the Saviour, by His mercy,
Brought gladness to that sadden'd home.

Remember Daniel, greatly loved,
  Exposed to malice and to wrong,
Redeemed through faith in Jesus' blood,
  Delivered from the lions strong.
Remember Joseph, how he bore
  The cruel gaol and galling chains,
Till blissful days with splendour shone—
  The bright reward of all his pains!

NOTES ON POETRY AND POETS.

In order to a full and proper appreciation of the distinguished merits of any high class musical composition, it is necessary not only that we should be gifted by nature with an ear for music, but that we should have undergone a long and careful previous training in the subjects embraced in that science. And thus I feel how imperfectly prepared I am to speak on the subject of poetry. My acquaintance with the works of distinguished poets is of too limited a kind, my reading of poetry has been of too desultory and superficial a nature, to enable me to speak correctly or authoritatively on such an important subject; yet I may be allowed to make a few observations that will possibly give rise to half-an-hour's talk about poetry and poets, and thus contribute, in however small a degree, to our acquaintance with this interesting branch of study.

Alexander Smith, in his work entitled "A Life Drama," when he would show his indebtedness to poetry, and his intense love for this divine art, uses a striking and powerful expression somewhat to this effect: "Were I a sea, and poetry the shore, I would desire to fall and break upon it for ever." We can only follow his example at a very humble distance,

and wish to gather a few of the shells scattered here and there along the shore, satisfied that we thus gain much as the reward of our feeble endeavours, although we are not ignorant that pearls of the greatest value lie deep hidden under the waves. One of the earliest specimens of poetry with which we are familiar, is, as my readers may easily fancy, to be found within the pages of the Bible. I believe that it is also the most beautiful specimen within that book, so replete with poetry of the highest order. I refer to the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges, entitled "The Song of Deborah and Barak." In the original its sublimity and beauty are more apparent than in our English version; still, in the form in which we have it, we cannot but admire it, and feel that its utterances are nobler, that its wailings are more plaintive and heart-stirring, that its emotions have their spring deeper down in our spiritual being, and appeal with greater power and force of conviction to our spiritual nature, than the utterances, however dignified—the emotions, however sublime, of a non-inspired writer. The song is one of victory after the defeat of the enemies of Israel; and in the twentieth and twenty-first verses we cannot but be struck with the sublimity of the thought, and the striking effect the repetition has, intensifying it, and bringing it home to the heart with all the fervour of heaven—"They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera. The river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength."

Another specimen of true poetry I take from the pages of the New Testament—the Book of Revelation. In the twenty-first chapter we have these words—less sublime, perhaps, than the words of Byron on the destruction of the army of Sennacherib, but appealing with at least equal power to the purely emotional part of our nature, and awakening not so much awe as love, which is the hand that moves the universe. "I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there." But while it is true that the poetry of the Bible cannot be surpassed, in some respects, by mere human and uninspired genius, we may not be wrong if we affirm that we possess—I say it with all reverence, and while deeply conscious of the infinite debt of gratitude we owe to God for the revelation of His Son's love—in the creations of uninspired genius, yet aided by the same Spirit of God that indited the pages of the Bible, much to direct us in the path of duty, aid us in our heavenward journey, and make melodious for us our very way through the valley of the shadow of death. Is not this verse of "The Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge enough to satisfy us that my statement is correct?—

"He prayeth best that loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

Were there more love and less "divisions" in the Church of Christ, there would be need for fewer "searchings of heart;" and men would with greater willingness and more efficiency discharge their mutual duties, and fulfil the obligations they owe to the Author of their being. It is to be hoped the time may soon come when Thomas Carlyle's wish will be fully realised, and silence be the eternal duty of men, not only on the vexed and troublesome questions of Bibles, Churches, and Sabbaths, but on political questions as well:—I allude to millennial days. Then all will be animated by one spirit, and dissensions will cease. The precise epoch of our Saviour's second coming, whether before or after the millennium, is a question of secondary moment to this one, "Am I as a follower of Christ bearing his reproach, and not ashamed to call all men brethren?" Nay, less than this, would men take what Burns tells them—Burns, the poet of our land—they need go no further. They will find in his poetry a sufficient guide. In carrying out his laudable precepts, they will have enough to perform. Would men learn and practise the virtue inculcated in his line, "An honest man 's the noblest work of God," they would find their lives ennobled, and would know by experience that the poet had not lived in vain, nor that fruitlessly his lamp of life had burned fast away to its socket.

Burns is, as far as my knowledge goes, the poet that is best known to the lower and poorer classes of the Scottish people. Many of them can repeat from memory most of his inimitable compositions, and take a pride in answering the arguments of the better informed among their brethren by apt and forcible quotations from their favourite author. Should a fledgeling fresh from college, glorying in the much-coveted name of "student," meet with one of his country cousins, he gets his pride lowered, and his wrath raised, by having repeated in his ears a verse from one of Burns's Epistles, which, I daresay, is as familiar as "household words" to what are called self-made or self-educated men, and which contains the not particularly euphonious or pleasantly associated names of "stirks" and "asses." The first, according to the sarcastic poet, the student is on entering college; dubbed with the second, he emerges from the class-rooms and courts of Alma Mater to find his way as best he can through the many and varied mazes of the dance of life. It is no doubt true that the college gives but the second impetus to Ixion's wheel, which has been first set in motion at school or at a father's knee; and the more the docile scholar learns, the more willing is he to confess, that ignorance is the most fitting name for the knowledge which he has obtained. "The beasts teach us, and the fowls of the air, the earth, and the fishes of the sea."

Longfellow's psalm of life is familiar to many; and the second verse is full of truth, and worthy of being pondered—

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

How real life is every sufferer knows; and who comes not under this category? how earnest it is, all who feel the ever-living presence of God, and who strive according to their opportunities to minister to their own good and the good of their brethren, know right well: they hardly need the poet to remind them. Longfellow's love for flowers seems to be very great. In his affection for them, he would make them more than living things. His love for his kind is also great, as shown by a newspaper article some years ago in reference to Carlyle's affliction on the death of his wife—"Longfellow will weep with him;" and his regard for kindred spirits such as Tennyson cannot but win our favour and esteem.

Gilfillan's essay, prefixed to the edition of Bryant's poems which I have read, is very good, and in distinctive terms points out his characteristic beauties. "The Flight of the Wild Goose" is, as far as my judgment goes, his most wonderful production, next, perhaps, to "The Slave Sale."

Cowper I like, and have read with great pleasure. In reference to his life, his own words were realised—"God moves in a mysterious way."

Tennyson's verse—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

is one we do well to remember. The poorest, meanest, most wretched, is equally with kings beloved by God, and does a work as great, as noble, as fraught with blessings, as any work of kings, if the soul of goodness is in it. His "In Memoriam" is a most precious poem, and full of the soundest philosophy, as well as the purest moral sentiments.

The many short poems which Longfellow and Bryant have written are almost, without exception, such as will not be allowed to perish. So exquisitely beautiful and true to nature are they, that they captivate the ear, while they attract the attention and win the heart of every one who peruses them. I can believe that in their own country these authors will be more fully appreciated, and better understood, than on this side of the Atlantic, since many scenes which they depict are more familiar to natives of the West than they are to us. God's blessing be with those who in any way help to encourage and gladden us in our journey through life; and such the poets do in no small degree. Peace be with them.

THE ROSE.

A BOX of sweets is lovely Rose,
  Choicest perfumes in her leaves;
Her tresses wet with pearly dew,
  A long-drawn sigh her bosom heaves.

Ah! how cold are her fair cheeks!
  The damps of night her breath instil;
She needs the sun to stir her leaves,
  And with its joys her bosom fill.

See, how she flushes in the light,
  In robes of white or crimson hue;
Meeting her lovers 'mong the bowers,
  And leaving them a fond adieu!

A graceful form has charming Rose—
  A fame to hold 'gainst all that come;
Her face and mien proclaim her worth,
  And Love makes her his chosen home!

See, how she tempts the passer-by
  To cut her from her parent stem;—
Seeking to make some posy gay,
  Some joyous flowery diadem,

Or chaplet for his dear one's head—
  Entwined with lilies all so fair,
And sweet forget-me-nots like stars,
  Or queenly jewels rich and rare!

She loves the tender hyacinth,
  She courts the jessamine with smiles:
Lighthearted and gay is darling Rose,
  And wins us by a thousand wiles!

Though spell-bound, she is fancy free;
  And would not for the world despise
E'en the little pink fumaria—
  It is so lovely in her eyes!

For Rose, it seems, was soon betrothed
  To a rich, gallant, kingly lover;
Her lord's wish is her every thought,
  For his dear heart is throbbing for her.

No wonder then the honeysuckle,
  Woodbine, lady's slipper—all
Those twining plants and flowery loves
  Combine to hold her free from thrall.

For Rose she has a warm, true heart;
  She says she shines with borrowed light—
That lovers only see her gay:
  She weeps, in dew, the livelong night.

Her lord delays to make her his:
The raptures of the parting hour
Sustain her soul, and she looks forth,
Peeping so meekly from her bower.

At length he'll take her home, she says,
And she will dwell in palace fair;
He'll twine with every leaf and flower
Her glorious, sunny, golden hair.

A queen I see her now serene,
In robes of light with gold bedight—
More beauteous than the brightest star
That gems the placid brow of night!

COAL-MINING.

As I spent my youth in immediate connection with coal mines, it is to be expected that I will be able to say a few things about them that may be interesting and instructive. And first, as to the outfit of the miner. It is so simple and inexpensive, that any one —even the poorest, if he has the inclination—is at liberty to risk the dangers of that land of darkness, to which a waggon will convey him either by *terra firma*, as in the case of a mine, or through the circumambient air, as in the case of a pit. I make a distinction between a pit and a mine. The pit is a perpendicular shaft, varying in depth; the mine goes under the earth in a level course, or, it may be, with a slight descent, though doubtless the underground workings in both cases partake of the characteristics of the mine. Pit and mine, in common parlance, are synonymous; but for the sake of some statements I may make in the course of a few observations, it may be necessary to draw the above distinction.

The stock-in-trade, then, of the miner may be thus enumerated: A cast-off coat, a pair of trousers, vest, and cap, stout shoes to protect his feet from the water, which prevails to a considerable extent in all underground workings, and the usual quantity of underclothing, which, by the way, need not be extra warm, since the mine assures this at least to the man who

would find employment therein, that he will not perish of cold: and as the wages are liberal, and food in our favoured land is for the most part abundant, he need not dread death from hunger, so that he will certainly avoid the fate which terminated forever the career of Franklin and his noble companions, and made a prison of ice their grave. When on the tramp, *i.e.*, when travelling in search of employment, the old coat is sure to be in the bundle, which he carries under his arm, or slung across his shoulders. The more immediate implements of his trade are an article of harness made of two strips of leather twice the breadth and thickness of bridle reins, which take the form of a St. Andrew's cross upon his back, leaving his arms perfectly free, and terminating behind in an iron link, which, when connected with the chain of the waggon, gives him the full purchase of his body to draw it; a few picks and wedges, not so heavy and unwieldy as those used by railway labourers, seeing that the soft and yielding material in which they are used makes lighter ones quite sufficient; a leather belt, in room of the conventional braces, and a very diminutive lamp, to throw light upon his labours. I wish it to be observed, that what I state in this paper has reference chiefly to the small colliery, from which I gained any knowledge I may possess, and in which centre all my recollections, pleasant or otherwise, of colliers and coal-mining.

The work of life begins with the miner, as in the case of those employed in cotton factories, at an early age,—indeed, as soon as it is possible for two hands to push or draw a waggon along a line of rails; which is

not at all difficult, as the waggon is made to hold only five or six hundred weight, and, if the railway is not on an up-ineline, it will move, even when full, with the slightest touch. In some instances the waggon is made so as to slide along the ground after the fashion of a sledge; but this form of it is employed only when the distance is short between the rooms (as they are styled in miners' phrase), where the men are engaged in digging the coal, and the bottom of the mine, whence it is drawn by ponies, or raised by machinery, to the surface. The main or level road is laid with a single line of rails, along which ponies convey the coal in waggons to the surface, where it is laid up in heaps ready to be carted whithersoever it may be required. On returning the empty waggons, they are conveyed by boys, called drawers, from the point where the rails terminate to the place, only a few fathoms forward, where the men are employed digging the coal. In many pits horses are kept, and have stables provided for them, where they pass a number of years in total darkness, till, being found unfit for further service, and brought once more to the light of day, the poor creatures are found to have become, in most cases, altogether blind. The cause of the sad calamity at "The Oaks" colliery some years ago was the carelessness of the smith, who, having gone below for the purpose of shoeing one of these animals, allowed his light to be exposed, which, coming in contact with the inflammable gas in the pit, caused a fearful explosion to take place, which resulted in the loss of nearly a hundred human lives.

The labours of the day with the miner commence early. While common mortals are fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, "heaven's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," gently throwing its hallowed infusion of strength into the tired limbs or wearied brain, he rises from his slumbers, and, if it is winter, stalks forth into the darkness with lamp on head shedding a faint and uncertain glimmer across his path,—black and forbidding in appearance, and more like a being of that pit which shall be nameless, than an honest hard-working man going forth from his hearth and the bosom of his family into the gloom, and damp, and unwholesome atmosphere of the mine, to bring light out of darkness —to convey from its primeval beds, where it lies deep buried under the earth, that precious mineral which is to warm our hearths, and which makes the streets of our cities, the warehouses of our merchants and manufacturers, our marts of industry and halls of learning, resplendent with light derived from the sun in ages long prior to the creation of man. We may go and see for ourselves the nature of his occupation. Let the time be summer, as it is much easier to get up of a morning in that pleasant season of the year, than when Boreas blows and winter reigns supreme. The earth is clothed with her gayest robes, the morning air is clear and refreshing, and we go forth with lively emotions, to meet him as he issues from his home. At last our eyes behold him, and we cannot but notice his powerful frame, muscular arm, and hard and brawny hand. He carries with him a flask of tea or coffee, and, folded in a napkin, provisions to serve him for a

single meal, which he takes about nine or ten o'clock, reserving a small portion for mid-day, which carries him over till three or four, the time for leaving the mine. We observe also that he is not unacquainted with the pleasure which a well-known Indian plant gives to those who inhale its power and fragrance in the form of smoke; and the pipe is invariably his first comfort. I have heard miners declare they would rather be deprived of their dinner than their tobacco. We soon reach the mouth of the mine (in the upper ward of Lanarkshire), which is a dark opening eight feet or thereby in height, and seven or eight feet broad. It seems cut into the solid rock, such immense stones flank either side, and rest overhead. A crag rises above it to the height of two hundred feet or thereby, so that the mine is in reality as deep as if a shaft had been sunk to the coal that number of feet. As the declivity is very considerable, it is necessary to put a drag on the wheels of the waggon, lest we be transported with a speed that is the reverse of pleasant from daylight to darkness that may be felt. Indeed, you cannot conceive of darkness more complete than you have in the mine; nor, further, can you conceive of more perfect silence. You only hear, it may be, the sound of a small runnel of water passing along the rails, or percolating from the roof; but this only on the main road leading to the workings, seldom or never where the men are actually engaged. There the silence and stillness of death prevail, broken only by the occasional sharp stroke of the pick against the coal or earth. I have been in the mine by night as well as by day, but

of course the season has no perceptible influence where unceasing night prevails. It is not difficult to walk erect for the first ten or fifteen fathoms, as the roof is considerably above our head, and the light penetrates to this extent: gradually, however, it becomes lower, and we are thankful to hold on by the waggon in a stooping posture, to avoid certain disagreeable sensations that may follow from striking our head against a large block of earth, or stone, or piece of wood placed for the support of the roof. After a pretty rapid journey, we reach the coal. As is well known, miners carry on their operations in a reclining posture, a practice which requires considerable experience to enable them with anything like comfort to win their daily bread, and which, of course, can never be otherwise than prejudicial to the health of such as are obliged to adopt it. This most unreasonable posture is pressed upon them by circumstances which cannot easily be altered. The coal is so situated, that to get it from its place requires a considerable amount of black ponderous earth to be removed, both from above and below it; which is done by a process termed 'shearing,' and the earth thus removed is conveyed to the surface at convenience, or else stowed away in some old working. All the time this shearing process is going on, it is quite impossible to adopt any posture but that specified; besides, the lowness of the roof makes it the only method available, since the roof could not, without great outlay on the part of the owner of the mine, be constructed high enough to allow of the miner standing erect at his work.

In the working of coal it is not all plain sailing; and the miner—besides being prevented from carrying on his work in a straightforward course by the presence of water, by falls from the roof on the level road, or where he is engaged digging the coal—is occasionally interrupted by the presence of what is termed a dyke, *i.e.*, a large wall of freestone or other hard material, which divides the coal seam, and must be cut through before the coal can be again reached. Such freaks of nature in the coal distribution are very annoying, and occasion much delay and expense. Blasting must then be called into operation. A hole is made into the mass of stone to the depth of a couple of feet or thereby, in which is placed a plug of coarse gunpowder and a small tube. On being firmly closed up again with stones and clay, and the tube withdrawn, a straw cut from the corn-field in autumn, and well winnowed, is now filled with powder, and introduced in the place of the tube. A match is then applied to it, and ignited, which soon explodes the powder enclosed in the hole, and drives down with a loud shock a large mass of stone. In this way the dyke is gradually penetrated, and the coal taken up again on the other side.

In the mine I speak of the seam of coal worked was that known as cannal coal, which is different from that used for household purposes. It is harder and more compact; and its chief peculiarity consists in its possessing a very large quantity of mineral oil, which makes it exceedingly valuable for the manufacture of gas. It produces a much greater per centage of gas, purer in quality, and of greater illuminating power, than can

be got from a double or treble quantity of house coal, with which, however, it is generally mixed in the making of gas. The seam wrought is about twenty-eight inches thick, but, curiously enough, it varies in the same district. In another mine separated from it only three or four miles, the seam is two inches or so thicker, and the coal, when dug, falls in larger masses, but it is not quite so good in quality. The Bathgate mineral, which occasioned such a lengthened lawsuit in the Court of Session, and which one party of savans declared to be coal, and another that it was not, closely resembles the first; only the Bathgate mineral is softer, and still richer in oil, yielding a larger per centage of gas, which also has greater illuminating power. I have had a piece of it in my hand, which, on being touched with a lighted taper, at once ignited and blazed away for a considerable period. This could not be done in the case of cannal coal, as it is too hard. The price of the coal at the period I refer to ranged from ten to twelve shillings per ton, which made it very expensive when landed in Glasgow, at least previous to the time of railways.

I may mention, that cannal coal is capable of receiving a fine polish, and can be made into seals for watches; and even a splendid drawing-room table has been manufactured from a large block of it. A piece of it placed on the top of an ordinary fire yields a magnificent light, and burns for a long time; which causes those who live in the neighbourhood of such collieries, and use a small quantity of it, never to feel the want of gas during the long nights of winter.

Miners use a considerable quantity of wood in carrying on their operations. It is employed in making rests or sleepers for railways, and props for supporting the roof where the coal has been extracted. The wood used at the small colliery I speak of is for the most part young fir-trees, the thinnings of plantations. It is purchased in large quantities, and laid down ready for use near the mouth of the mine. In the evening, after the work of the day is passed, and the men have shifted, they cut up those trees into props of the right length and thickness, and at the same time make what are termed lids, *i.e.*, thin pieces of wood about two feet in length and ten inches in breadth, which are placed transversely across the pillar, to give it power over a larger surface, and to add to its strength and security.

Besides the cannal coal we have mentioned, the common sort is always found in small quantities, and sufficiently good for ordinary household purposes, after the dross has been removed, which is also useful as fuel for engines. Though there is no regular seam of ironstone, small pieces of it are picked up now and then amongst the refuse; and, being collected into a heap from time to time, and arranged with alternate layers of coal and ignited, after burning for eight or ten days the ore becomes perfectly calcined, and is then fit for being cast into the blast-furnace to be made into pig-iron.

Explosions such as those which happen from time to time in England, bringing dismay to the heart of a whole nation, and throwing hundreds of widows and

orphans upon the charity of the world, occur less frequently in Scotland, owing perhaps to the naturally less explosive nature of the works themselves, since they are generally not so extensive as those in the north of England, for example; but they certainly do occur frequently enough, and are sufficiently alarming. The atmosphere is warmer below than above the surface of the ground, and the deeper we descend the mercury rises the higher; which circumstance has given rise to the supposition, likely enough a correct one, that the centre of the earth is one immense mass of volcanic fire. This warmth of the mine may be accounted for in another way. Perhaps the latent heat which the earth contains may be evolved through the operations of the miner—in exposing fresh substances, and opening new veins of coal, ironstone, or other mineral—and the power of atmospheric air combined. Such air exists, of course, in the deepest pit in greater or less measure, else life would be entirely insupportable. I have often heard the miners complaining of bad air, which extinguishes their lamps, and thus throws an effectual barrier in the way of their work. Change of weather and the direction of the wind have a perceptible influence in such a case as this. In deep pits there is always the greatest danger of explosions, arising from the difficulty of getting a sufficient quantity of atmospheric air introduced to neutralise the dangerous gas, which speedily accumulates in extensive underground workings. I may mention a curious instance of how it may do so. At Coatbridge—which is the centre of the coal and iron trade of

Scotland, and where an immense quantity of those minerals have been found,—some forty years ago, when it was only a considerable village, a near relative of my own was startled one Sabbath morning by a strange noise proceeding from a cellar in the back part of his house. On going with a lighted candle to the spot, and stooping down near a hole in the floor, his astonishment was by no means lessened on finding a jet of gas proceeding therefrom, which, coming in contact with the flame of the candle, rose in a perfect blaze, and caused him also to rise, but, alas! minus his whiskers, which were consumed. The cause of this misfortune led, however, to the obtaining of a rather wonderful blessing; for, as the gas continued to escape for a number of days, it was determined to erect a small gasometer and other necessary apparatus, to collect it and render it fit for use. This was soon accomplished, and the gas introduced into every room of the house, where it continued to burn with undiminished lustre for a number of years, till at length it began to wax more and more feeble, and at last disappeared. Many came to see what was termed the spontaneous gas; and it is nearly as far back as I can remember that I was accustomed to look upon this nice light in the house of my relative, when it was nowhere else in all the neighbourhood. The district around Coatbridge, to the extent of eight or ten miles in circumference, is a perfect network of underground roads; so that it is natural to suppose that the gas had thus accumulated for many years, and at last found vent for itself at that particular spot in the cellar referred to.

Occasionally there is associated with the working of coal a touch of romance besides that which of right belongs to it, as when a small shell makes its appearance (specimens of which I have seen, and which attest the fact that the waters of the ocean once covered those regions where they have been found; for, as far as I am aware, there are no such things as shells in fresh water, if we exclude snail shells, etc.), and again, curious petrified remains, fossils, iron ore, and diminutive balls of ironstone. I had in my possession a quantity of those interesting formations, the most peculiar of which was a small section of sandstone or freestone, I forget which, with the impression of a fern distinctly marked upon it. A medical gentleman of the neighbourhood, who is an excellent geologist, and makes occasional explorations in these mines, has received special praise at the meetings of the British Association, and has got allowances of money from time to time, to enable him to carry on certain interesting investigations. A curious fact I will venture to place in connection with the romance attending on mining, although perhaps the proper place should rather be amongst its annoyances. It is this. Rats abound under ground; in fact, where are they not? They have been known to perform a feat which speaks much for the originality of their mechanical and inventive genius. The flasks of oil which the miners use to replenish their lamps are sometimes found by these four-footed sages, and relieved of a portion of their contents. How, it may be asked, do they manage this? They take out the cork

with their teeth, and then insert their long tail, to which a small quantity of the oleaginous fluid adheres, which is speedily licked off, affording them a treat which they cannot but abundantly relish.

There is not so much noise made as there used to be about the "truck system," the evils of which formed at one time a never-failing theme for angry debate with pit orators, who made it the very "head and front" of the miner's grievances. Whether this is owing to its being done away with altogether, or only amended, I am not prepared to say; but I rather think the latter is the case. The truck system is carried out in the following manner:—Instead of the miners being accommodated with money, which they may sometimes require between pays, when these are only monthly, a note or credit-ticket is given them, which they present at the store connected with the work, when they get whatever goods they require. Of course, they are not allowed to deal with shopkeepers in the neighbourhood, where they might possibly at a time get their goods better or cheaper, and on this account, I think, it was that they used to complain. It is a system which is capable of being worked with considerable advantage to both master and man, provided the master is content with a reasonable profit, and the wives of the miners see that household affairs are managed with a due regard to economy. Strikes, which occasionally take place, and give rise to a good deal of angry feeling, can hardly be avoided. It is the same in other trades; and a like principle is seen to be at work wherever the relation between

employer and employed exists. A clerk, for instance, if he thinks he deserves larger wages, and finds, on application, that his request for an increase of salary cannot be granted, has no alternative, but to submit to present terms or leave his employment. This is all that is implied in strikes,—if we overlook this, which, as it is the worst feature in the case, we can hardly do, viz., that in the case of a strike among miners, if any should think differently from their fellow-workmen, they are liable to be threatened and intimidated, and thus are obliged to submit *nolens volens* to the will of the majority. The severity of strikes, however, may be to a great extent lessened by the adoption of rules and regulations to hold good between the two parties; and as education advances and knowledge increases, means in every case will be employed to make such extreme measures altogether unnecessary.

The benefits of education are being more and more acknowledged and practically realised amongst miners, and excellent schools are now established in connection with almost all the principal collieries throughout the country. The Messrs. Baird of Gartsherrie, for example, employ really excellent teachers in the large seminaries attached to their works, where the children of the miners receive instruction in the usual branches of knowledge, including music and drawing, and also all kinds of knitting work. There is a teacher for the special department of music, which I think a remarkable and interesting feature in the educational movement. Large refreshment-rooms have also been

erected at the works, in order to accommodate those miners who are unmarried, and not so comfortable or well provided for as if living in families; and there every one that is willing to enter is supplied with any meal he may wish on the very cheapest scale possible. To this establishment, on leaving the school, the daughters of the miners are drafted; and there they are taught cooking and household work in all its branches. This is certainly as it ought to be, and a step in the right direction, if it is ever expected that they are to be made good wives and mothers.

So far as data have been given me from which to judge, I would say, in regard to miners, that, although they are somewhat rough in exterior and manners, as regards honesty and uprightness of character they are certainly not behind any other class of workmen; and as to their noble self-denial, that cannot be questioned, if we remember for a moment what took place in connection with a fearful explosion in Yorkshire, when both overseers and men, at the immediate risk of their own lives, went down into the burning pit only, alas! to encounter the same awful fate as their companions, and be laid at rest for ever among the hecatombs of the dead.

To our coal and ironstone more, perhaps, than anything else, is owing the marked prosperity of our country; and though prophets have foretold a time when we shall have to lament that our coal-fields are entirely exhausted, this need not destroy our equanimity. It is possible that coal may exist where it has never been thought of, or scientific men may possibly

discover some means of reducing its consumption; and thus the dreaded evil day may be put back by two or three hundred years at least. In an age of colossal achievements, what may we not expect? Who will say that it is impossible to bring the immense coal-fields of America so near, that we may find our safety there, should the very worst be realised? No one that has noticed the great strides that have taken place in mechanical invention, as to the means of transport from country to country, will say that such can never be. An over-ruling hand is seen everywhere adapting means to ends, and making for every emergency a wise and gracious provision. If man does his part, Providence will not fail in bestowing that blessing which makes nations happy and prosperous. The world is His, and all that is necessary for our comfort and subsistence is ensured to us by a covenant based on eternal truth, and measured out to us by unerring wisdom and unbounded goodness.

CORRA LINN.

MAJESTIC Corra! what art may well express
The grandeur of thy mighty waters deep,—
Dark and impetuous, rushing from the steep
Resistless in their force to wide abyss?
Who that beholds the scene but will confess
The power of Him who reigns in Heaven above?—
A God how great! who crowns the year with love.
Thy thundering roar is felt to be His voice
Sounding a glorious monotone of Might
Through ages fled into the realm of night.
Anon thy seething waters new rejoice
Along the wooded plain, embathed in light,—
A vista fair as vision of the blest;
Our time of sorrow past, emblem of peaceful rest.

VIVISECTION.

I REMEMBER how, many years ago, when I was a child, I delighted to lay hold of the biggest buzzing flies I could find, and pin them through the body in couples or triplets, and thus make them act as horses. I then thought, in my simplicity, that utilising the flies in this way for my amusement did not hurt them very much, if at all; but as I grew a little older, I desisted from such a practice. As I grew older still, and was able to read Shakespeare, I came upon this passage, "The poor beetle that we tread upon, in corporal sufferance feels as much as when a giant dies." Whether this statement is a fact or merely a sentiment of the poet, I am not prepared to say; but in disputing, or doubting it, I will not be thanked for my pains since the author of the statement is held in such universal esteem for wisdom as to be called "the myriad-minded Shakespeare." And as I never heard it disputed, I go upon the assumption, that flies and beetles do feel pain, and that very acutely, the nervous system of the beetle being of a very complex nature. The holy Cowper is of the same mind as Shakespeare, for he says, he would not willingly trample upon a worm. The advocates of vivisection say that far more pain is inflicted by the gentlemen of England in shooting on the twelfth of August on the moors than

would balance that inflicted on animals in the course of a physiologist's lifetime. Even granting it, the slaughter of animals and birds for purposes of food is a duty enjoined on us, at least it is not forbidden in the Scriptures. And if duty and pleasure can be combined, as in this case, so much the better. But we beg to demur to the statement, that as much pain is inflicted upon the feathered tribe on the twelfth of August or any subsequent day, as in long-continued or even short processes of vivisection. Death by shooting is a very swift one, and an infinitely greater number of birds are killed outright by the sportsman than are left to die on the moors. Those not killed outright soon bleed to death, we may suppose, or perish through the force of weather or the want of food; and those in a pining condition may become the speedy prey of the hawk or the fox.

Advocates of vivisection say, that in carrying on their operations, it is their study to reduce suffering to the utmost by using an anæsthetic—such as chloroform, introduced into the lungs, and, through them, into the blood,—or applied locally, such as ether spray. Now, the use of such anæsthetics, while they certainly reduce pain, and sometimes annihilate it altogether, have also, I cannot but think, the damaging effect of rendering the results of an operation where vivisection has been practised most deceptive. The workings of the bodily organs—the heart, for example—may be somewhat quickened, slackened, or altered, so that the information thereby obtained will be like a conclusion drawn from false premises. If a medical man does

not care to feel the pulse of a patient who is heated or excited a little from having been running a few yards, since its testimony would be misleading,—what are we to think of the testimony to be derived from an experiment, where the beatings of the pulse, the movements of the heart, and all the other organs are affected by anæsthetics, on the one hand—or by acute pain on the other, as under the knife of the vivisectionist? In neither of these cases is the organism, in which all the parts sympathise to a wonderful degree, in anything like a normal condition. Pain, abstractly considered, is a great fact, a solemn reality, and the most terrible thing in God's universe. There is no one who has not suffered in some degree, or who is not acquainted in some measure with its nature and power; and we may conceive that there is an intensity of pain so great, that no plummet is able to sound its depths. If sentient beings suffer in proportion to the development of their organism, it follows that man is capable of the *greatest*, and the worm that crawls at our feet of the *smallest* amount of suffering. All we can predicate of either is, that each suffers according to the development of the organism. This does not amount to saying that the worm does not suffer a great deal.

In performing operations it ought to be, and doubtless is, the wish of medical men, to give as little pain as possible. It was the glory of Sir James Simpson that he introduced the use of chloroform, thus annulling pain; and for this great gift of the Almighty bestowed on us through his instrumentality we can never be sufficiently thankful. It seems to me, therefore, that

seeking to extend our knowledge in a way involving suffering is going directly in the teeth of this blessing from Heaven. Were the practice of vivisection confined to Professors of Physiology in colleges, we would not have so much to say on the subject,—though the fact remains, that we cannot compute the measure of suffering of which the lower animals are capable. Instead, however, of being confined to physiologists, vivisection is practised by and for the benefit of students. Investigations are pursued on living animals, by way of demonstration, so that students may see with their own eyes the processes of nature. Leaving out of sight the demoralising influence upon them, it argues little for their power of belief, if they cannot exercise faith in what their teacher tells them; or it says little for the ability of the teacher in the way of communicating truth by the aid of the black board and otherwise. The demand for such exhibitions evinces a morbid desire to seek for knowledge through channels from which the investigators are shut out by the law of mercy; and it would be better for them and for the human race to remain in ignorance, than gain knowledge at such a price. Judging from the testimony of medical men and others, it is only a small modicum of knowledge, at the best, that has been gained in this way. The French, from whom we have borrowed this system, at one time allowed vivisection to be practised upon horses under excruciating tortures. This horrible practice is now, I think, abandoned. In the Scriptures the law with regard to the lower animals is thus laid down: "Have dominion over the fish of the

sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This law implies an immense amount of personal responsibility, which it becomes us to carefully consider, and prayerfully seek to fulfil. It implies that we are to rule over the lower animals, not with a rod of iron, nor even one of justice, but according to the law of Mercy.

The case against vivisection may be summed up in three points.

1. Any result of vivisection must be very deceptive, for the reason, that operations are carried on in an abnormal state of the living subject, viz., the subject suffering under pain of the most acute and sometimes awful kind. We know the pain produced if inadvertently our hand is pricked by a pin, how great the pain from a protracted course of pricking, and how much greater if a tooth is extracted, or a limb cut off.

2. Any result of vivisection, under the influence of chloroform or other anæsthetic, must be equally, if not more deceptive, since the operation is performed under an equally abnormal condition of the subject; the centre of the nervous system, and, through it, every portion of the physical fabric being thoroughly prostrated, paralysed, and, for the time being, virtually dead. A dead body would, to my thinking, be a better subject from which to gain satisfactory, because reliable results, than a living body under the influence of an anæsthetic.

3. It is acknowledged by the medical profession that hardly anything worth speaking of, hardly any good result worth mentioning, hardly any scientific

truth, has been added to the store of medical knowledge in the field of physiology by the work of vivisectionists in the past. If it could be said that a small amount of suffering yielded a large amount of knowledge, it would be something; but when a vast and terrible, yea, an utterly incalculable amount of suffering yields a very infinitesimal amount of knowledge, the case is entirely altered.

If I have in any way misstated the case, and thus involuntarily wronged those distinguished men in our Universities or elsewhere, who uphold the doctrine of vivisection, I am most willing to acknowledge my mistake.

THE GARDEN OF THE SOUL.

In the garden of my soul
I should like all flowers to grow—
Planted, watered, nourished fair,
Trained till all perfections show:

Flowers of every beauteous hue—
Virtues, graces of the mind;
Prudence, justice, fortitude:—
All with sacred love entwined.

Love, the centre of the whole:
Round their central scented flower
The other flowers, arching,
Scatter perfume every hour.

THE WORKS OF LONGFELLOW.

AMERICA has produced several excellent poets, notably Edgar Allan Poe, W. C. Bryant, and Longfellow. Poe, the author of that weird, wild, highly imaginative poem "The Raven," was gifted with the noblest endowments, but died early, like our Keats and Chatterton and Fergusson: not too early, however, to have left a distinct impression on his age and country. Bryant has produced many poems of great merit, and is pretty well known in this country. Indeed, up to 1832 his poems were considered the highest efforts of the American muse; but his popularity, though he has still a large circle of readers and admirers, has been eclipsed by Longfellow.

This last-named poet, of whose writings we are about to say a few words, was born at Portland, the capital of the State of Maine, North America, on the 27th February, 1807, so that he is at present in his seventy-fourth year. At the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where he graduated with high honours. For a short time after leaving College he studied law in his father's office; but a professorship of modern languages having been founded in the Bowdoin College, and offered to him, he accepted it, and proceeded to Europe to qualify himself for the discharge

of his new duties. He returned to America in 1829 and entered upon his professorial work. In 1835 he was promoted to the chair of modern languages and literature in Harvard University, and this honourable appointment he still retains.

This is all I am able to communicate on the subject of Longfellow's life; but one may gather from this what is likely to have been the nature of the main current of his life's course. First of all, we may conceive of his schoolboy days, how he made rapid advances from one stage of progress to another, gaining many prizes as the reward of his distinguished merit, and outstripping many of his fellows in the race of knowledge. We follow him from the school to the college, where we find him dipping more deeply into the stores of wisdom which the distinguished professors under whom he studied brought within his reach, and at length carrying off high honours; thus justifying the good opinion of his friends, and laying for himself (in his acquaintance with ancient as well as modern literature and philosophy) a good foundation on which to build in after years a course of lectures by which young men should be guided in their studies of those modern languages, acquaintance with which tends so much to enlarge and develop the resources of the mind, and prepare for eminent fields of usefulness in the world.

That the poet is born, not made, is proved beyond doubt by many instances, and particularly by the case of the poet of our own country. Burns had no particular advantages over others in his own sphere,

though doubtless he received a fair education: it was the genius God gave him—the soaring intellect with which he was gifted—that raised him so far above his fellow men, and assigned him a niche high in the temple of fame. And so it was with Longfellow. The gift of poesy was a similar gift from above in his case also. No amount of study or of mental discipline can possibly enable a man to write good poetry who has been denied the talent. Indeed, judging from the works of Burns and some others whose education was rather limited in degree, it would seem that it may tend rather to cramp the heaven-born energies. These work with highest pressure and with greatest results when no particular modes of thought are followed; when the natural forces of the mind have not been dissipated by what has too much of a refining tendency, or hampered, on the other hand, by what would make them move only in one groove. Allowance must be made and scope given for the outflow of emotion, of sentiment, and of passion, in all their varieties,—which tends so much to make poetry fit to be read and enjoyed by all classes and grades of society, and not to be confined to the learned and the cultivated. It has been frequently remarked, that if Burns had received a better education he would not have made such a good poet, and we think such is not at all unlikely to be a correct view of the case; for we must remember that thoughts and fancies are ever to be coined out of one's own brain if they would be really original and valuable; they cannot well be adapted from the writings of others. No doubt a knowledge of classical authors

gives a fulness to the mind, and makes us better acquainted with, and abler to write with precision and elegance, our own language; but he is likely to be the best poet who is driven inwards upon his own thoughts, —whose chief book is nature, a volume full of noblest teachings, and one that is ever open for our inspection. I think I am not incorrect when I say that John Bunyan wrote that imperishable work, The Pilgrim's Progress, without the aid of any book but the Bible alone,—when forced by physical restraint, being an inmate of a prison, to fall back upon his past experiences, and the secret workings of his own mind. The comparative smallness of the number of books with which Burns was acquainted may account for much of his poetry which is best, which comes from the gushing fountains of his own heart, which speaks the language of nature and humanity—a language that all can understand, and which, like water that ever seeks its own level, makes its way irresistibly back to the heart again.

The complete edition of Longfellow's poems which we have before us presents a very large field for the mind to wander over; and to give anything like a full analysis or criticism of them is beyond the scope of our short paper. Yet we will do what we can to bring out their prominent features.

"The Song of Hiawatha," his longest poem, is founded on a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of a person of miraculous birth who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. This

mythological epic abounds with imagery of the most beautiful and pleasing kind, drawn from nature in all its varied appearances. The sky, the earth, and the sea, are made so to blend in one harmonious whole—while each contributes its full measure of instruction—that the universe is, as it were, a grand theatre for the display of the poet's fancy. "Love is sunshine, hate is shadow. Journeys are made lightsome by the songs of birds. The stars of night look down upon men with sleepless eyes, the moon fills their tents with mystic splendours." The Indian Hercules and Prometheus triumphs over giants and noxious monsters, and the unyielding as well as the passive elements of Nature. In all the strange mystic legends with which the poem abounds, there is a fine substratum of sense, which makes them much superior in quality to the hundred foolish, frivolous, and childish so-called popular stories of the Western Highlands of Scotland, which have been brought together in several volumes. The Indians, with their bows and arrows, their war clubs and their birch canoes, are seen defiling before us. We obtain a knowledge of the game which abounds in their prairies and forests, the fishes of their rivers and lakes, the birds which utter their pleasant sounds, and the various plants and flowers which are scattered over these regions. The whole poem is a grand and beautiful conception of the plastic mind, in which are displayed all the author's sagacity and knowledge, and his profound sympathy and exquisite fancy.

We come now to that well known and highly popular poem of "Evangeline." The story belongs to the

history of the French colonists in Nova Scotia. The heroine was the pride of one of the Acadian villages, and the daughter of a wealthy farmer. Many sought her hand, which she at length promised to Gabriel, son of the blacksmith. Meanwhile, by the order of the British Government, the primitive, simple-minded Acadians were removed from their homes and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much-loved land. The poem describes the trials and wanderings of these people, and especially of the heroine herself in her search after her beloved Gabriel, whom she is destined to find, only in time to see his eyes close in their last long sleep. In this poem Longfellow has achieved marked success in depicting the picturesque features of his native land,—its vast prairies, with their "billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine;" its mountains, which lift to the skies through perpetual snows their summits, from which numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean "like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations;" its mighty and swift-running rivers; and its lakes of almost boundless extent. Throughout the poem there are many beautiful fancies which arrest the mind; for instance—

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

One cannot but feel the appropriateness of this conception. While thousands have gazed upon the limitless expanse—the blue ethereal vault—and been filled with rapture, only the poet's fancy is competent for the task

of finding resemblances in nature which a child might understand and realise. The forget-me-nots which we meet in our path, those little blue cups with the faint lines of light radiating from their centres, really resemble stars more nearly than any other flower we know of. And there is a double appropriateness in the similitude, arising from the name of the flower, as well as from its appearance. If these stars in the sky are inhabited by Spiritual Intelligences, we may conceive them as in no way overlooked by the angels; that they are, in reality, forget-me-nots of theirs; that they are in some way the objects of the solicitude of those bright beings who we know are messengers sent by the Almighty Father of us all to every region of his boundless universe. In reading such a poem as "Evangeline" the heart is made better. We rise from each perusal of it wiser than when we sat down. Its beautiful thoughts become, as it were, a part of our own nature; and we are resolved, by the Divine help, to fashion our own life according to the model of patience, fortitude, and faith presented by the heroine of the poem. While bearing the name of Evangeline, she was an evangelist of the highest kind, whose life was one long sacrifice of self, who found in her daily cares a sufficient sphere of duty, who made the pathway of others to be lighted up by the cheerfulness of her smiles, and who soothed the bed of death for the long-lost but perpetually cherished object of her love. Evangeline! we shall continue to revere thee so long as affection continues not merely a name, but a power and a reality in the world!

We come now to Longfellow's minor poems. "The Voiees of the Night" were first published some forty years ago. "A Psalm of Life," beginning

> "Tell me not in mournful numbers,
> Life is but an empty dream,"

is one of the best known of these; and it has been quoted from in sermons, publie leetures, and soiree addresses, more perhaps than any poem in the English language. And doubtless it appeals very direetly to the emotional part of our eomplex nature, and portrays in a very striking and impressive manner man's life as one of earnest purpose and grave responsibilities; while it teaehes us to improve the present, remembering that every beat of the pulse brings us nearer to the end of our journey.

"The Ladder of St. Augustine"—based upon an idea of that distinguished theologian, that man may rise upon his sins, sorrows, and shorteomings to the experience of a higher and nobler life, and to the very throne of God itself—is a good poem. It illustrates in a most effective manner the striking thought of the old divine; while it ineuleates the same ardent, persevering efforts, the same eourage and self-denial which the apostle teaehes when he says, "Forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before, let us press towards the mark for the prize." "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "The Village Blacksmith," are two exquisite produetions of his genius, and have been set to appropriate musie.

We have several pieces varying in excellence, yet all of them exhibiting the elements of genuine poetry, written for the most part during his college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some very pretty thoughts are to be found in them. Excellent moral lessons the poet seeks to inculcate; and his views of duty and of truth are ever expressed in the most beautiful and chaste language and glowing colours. The melody of his versification is very remarkable, and some of his stanzas sound with the richest and sweetest music.

Turning to his ballads, the first piece, entitled "The Skeleton in Armour," is a very successful attempt to represent in English the spirit of a northern legend. The ballad was suggested to the poet while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A skeleton with some pieces of armour was found buried in that neighbourhood some years before. The poet, taking advantage of this circumstance, calls up from the depths of his imagination and sets before his readers the adventures related by the disturbed skeleton, which are very wonderful compared with our common experiences. The short lines, the peculiar imagery, the brief but striking descriptions, are most forcible and telling. Here is a striking passage, in which the skeleton describes the effect a pair of blue eyes had upon him in the days of his youth—

> "Once, as I told in glee
> Tales of the stormy sea,
> Soft eyes did gaze on me,
> Burning yet tender;

And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour."

Among Longfellow's miscellaneous poems there is one that is particularly well known in this country, and has been more frequently sung during the last twenty or thirty years than perhaps any song in the language—I mean "Excelsior." It is an allegorical representation of the poet's career and destiny in this mortal life, and is possessed of beauties of thought and sentiment which will make it always a favourite with lovers of poetry.

Longfellow's translations embrace poems on a great variety of subjects, and include a dozen or more from the German, half a dozen from the Spanish, two or three French, a few Italian, and one or two Danish, Swedish, and Portuguese.

"The Children of the Lord's Supper," from the Swedish of Bishop Tegner, is a poem of nearly four hundred lines, and is descriptive of scenes of village life in Sweden. An able authority says of this translation, "It has the extraordinary merit of being exact to the very letter, is at least as easy and flowing as the original, and, we do not hesitate to say, contains some of the best hexameters in the English language." This is high praise, when we consider how difficult it is to give a literal translation of an author, and at the same time convey his meaning to the reader. We all know that Pope's Iliad, for example, is a very praiseworthy and elegant literary production, in which some

of the passages from Homer are rendered with a grace and splendour of diction which cannot be surpassed; but while the translation conveys a general idea of the author's meaning, it comes far short of a literal interpretation of it. "Coplas de Manrique," from the Spanish, is a funeral ode full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections. We have no doubt it is equally true to the original as the poem just mentioned, and there can be no question whatever as to the sustained smoothness and beauty of its flow.

The first thing that strikes one on even a cursory perusal of the poems of Longfellow, is the large amount of moral force and instruction which they contain, and which makes many of them read more like psalms than the works of any other author we know. Another thing which we cannot but notice, is the number of exquisite and highly-finished pictures of nature, in all her varied moods and appearances, which are scattered everywhere throughout his pages. "What nice taste is his! what a delicate ear for the music of poetical language! what a fine sense of the beauties of nature, from the mightiest forms to things the minutest and most evanescent! He walks forth into the fields and forests, and not a plant strange or familiar, not a flower of any hue, not a branch or leaflet or gossamer tissue, escapes his observant glance. They speak to him in eloquent language, and convey the most potent lessons. To him the landscape is a speaking and teaching page: he sees its pregnant meaning, and all its hidden relations to the life of

man." The love of beauty, the pursuit of truth and virtue, domestic contentment, faith, humility, and resignation—these are the noble fruits of a life fashioned according to the teachings of his poetry. There are passages in his writings which come home to our understanding and heart with all the force and directness of a proverb, and which leave an impression that time can never erase. What can be finer, for example, than the first verse of his poem on "Resignation"?—

> "There is no flock, however watched and tended,
> But one dead lamb is there!
> There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair!"

We may find out some of Longfellow's views from his writings. And first, we notice that he has an eminent sympathy for his fellow poets. This is not a peculiarity of his, however, for we know how often cultivators of the muse have thought and spoken and written about their contemporaries in the same line. Who is not acquainted with Burns's first and second epistle to Davie, a brother poet? Indeed, for an example of this kind of feeling we may go back as far as Ovid, who flourished during the reign of Augustus, and was about forty years old at the birth of our Saviour. In a poem which he writes he speaks of Virgil, Horace, and Propertius, of kindred genius, who lived about the same period. The poem entitled "The Two Angels" brings out in a beautiful way Longfellow's tender sympathy with his friend Lowell, another distinguished American poet: and from a

manuscript essay which I had the pleasure of reading, by a friend who had enjoyed the company of Longfellow when on a visit to America, it seems that he spoke very highly of our distinguished laureate; for, when one of his poems was alluded to, viz., "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (at Balaklava), he expressed himself in terms of the highest admiration regarding it, and said that Tennyson in the poem seemed to have laid aside entirely his most powerful weapons, viz., his richness of expression and beauty of epithet, and had very correctly considered the subject too startingly solemn and too rapid in completion for any ornament. He had sketched the whole scene with a few bold vivid touches,—every one of them telling, even though repeated. "That poem, sir," said he to the author of the essay, who was particularly struck with the beauty and appropriateness of the expression, "is as naked as a drawn sword."

Again, we may trace from Longfellow's poems something of his religious views. We are not acquainted with a single sentiment or expression of his that is contrary to the spirit or teachings of Divine truth, and which we could wish expunged from his writings. He never allows himself to descend from his position as a leader of thought—a teacher possessed of the highest culture and refinement. While he speaks to the humblest capacity, his poems are by no means devoid of interest to the scholar and the literary aspirant. His views are of the widest and most expansive kind, as his mind is. He is not of the tight-laced class, or the uncharitable, who would sternly denounce

all whom they suppose to be in error. However much he may differ from others in his opinions, however widely apart from theirs may be his religious experiences,—he has an eye to approve whatever he sees excellent in them, and trusts that they are not altogether such as a too hasty judgment would be apt to pronounce. Thus it is that in his beautiful poem "The Golden Legend," some of the characters he portrays, and some of the scenes he depicts, are drawn from institutions that belong to a section of the Christian Church different from his own. He sees rather what is good and worthy of approval, than what is bad and to be deprecated in any system. He is willing to concede, if he can see his way at all to do so, that the truth in all its length and breadth may not be confined to him or his party; and is willing to confess, that from prejudice or early proclivities, or some other cause, he is not quite free from the danger of forming erroneous impressions, and judging, it may be, unrighteous judgment.

In conclusion, poets are the children of fancy: they move in an orbit considerably above the sphere of common men. Their life is frequently one in which the sweetness is felt in all its lusciousness, and the bitterness in its fullest acerbity. Like a bow bent to its utmost extent, in them the tension of life is felt in its highest pressure; so that,—while others may pass through it conscious of no particularly strong emotions, in no way borne down by suffering, on the one hand, or elevated by joyful feelings on the other, the even tenor of their way comparatively smooth and un-

broken,—it is not so, as a general rule, with those that are gifted with the poetic temperament, who are filled with the fire of genius. We know how many of them have moved in eccentric orbits, like comets, and meteors which have no fixed place in the heavens. They have passed through life much too swiftly—their sun has gone down too often while it was yet day. Many of them have died young; and some of them, humanly speaking, might have had a longer lease of life if they had taken it more quietly, and not kept the bow so often or so long on the string. There is no doubt that an overworked brain was the cause, in many instances, of their early death. It was so, doubtless, with some complications arising from a poisoned atmosphere, in the case of the last of our poets, Alexander Smith, who sang so sweetly by the sea in the suburbs of Edinburgh. It has not been so, however, with the distinguished American. He was known as a poet forty years ago, and his hand has not yet lost its cunning. Among the latest of the productions of his prolific pen is a poem entitled "The Legend Beautiful." The purpose of it seems to be to teach us, that contemplation is not to be indulged at the expense of action, that even *to worship* is not the all of life, and that we best carry out our Lord's benignant design when we boldly and steadfastly go forth to our duty—whether to feed the poor at our gate, like the monk in the poem, or whatever else our duty may be found to be. While such is the poet's mission, and the benediction that rests upon his work, we need not think that the service of God, and His consecration, are to be found only with

him. The humblest life is a poem in action—when regulated by the spirit of charity, and devoted to the high designs of God in our creation and redemption. The menial, equally with his noble master, bears the burden and heat of the day, and at its close may have the same measure of recompense—"Well done, good and faithful servant."

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

THE GOWAN:—FOR A CHILD.

THE gowan is a little flower,
And grows in every field;
It loves the rain, the cheerful sun,
And dews the valleys yield.

We meet it in our daily walk;
And it is sweet and fair,
Awakening thoughts of Paradise
And Him who reigneth there.

So let us take the cup He gives,
As gowans drink the dew;
He loves the little lowly flowers,—
His blood was shed for you!

From Heaven, that glorious dwelling place
Of angels bright and fair,
He will come at last to welcome us,
With us His home to share.

He looks on every tender flower,
And paints their richest dyes—
The Lamb who sits upon the throne,
And reigneth in the skies!

The lowly are His constant care,
And hear His loving voice;
Their tears are precious in his sight—
Their joys make Him rejoice.

He tells us in His blessed Word,
That all who heaven would win
Must drink Affliction's bitter draught,
To purge their souls from sin.

SPRING.

How pleasing to the wistful eye
The tender verdure of the Spring:
How sweet the music floating by
From feather'd minstrel on the wing!

The mountains now and lonely glens
Awaken from their winter sleep;
And in the brakes and reedy fens
Strange tiny forms in myriads creep.

Within the covert of the grove
A thousand warblers' notes are heard;
While fleecy flocks in freedom rove
Upon the meadow's emerald sward.

The primrose in the woody glade,
  Fanned by the genial breath of Spring—
And snowdrop in the leafy shade,—
  Each gives her glad sweet welcoming.

The streams, in Winter's fetters bound,
  Melt underneath her magic sway;
And with a sweetly murmuring sound
  Glide gently on their downward way.

With buds of promise in her hand,
  She forward points to happier hours;
And comes to bless a smiling land
  With types of Summer's gayest flowers.

WALLIANOWSKI PALACE.

(Founded in Truth.)

Wallianowski Palace is situated on the banks of the Slievehorn, in the vicinity of the town of Anselm. It is a modern building, grand and massive in structure, elegant in proportions, and unique and striking in its various devices and adornments. It is possessed of some noble paintings by the great masters,—one of them being preëminently remarkable, viz., "Daniel in the Den of Lions." As I had only a cursory view of the interior of the palace, I cannot speak about it; though I might speak of the surroundings of it, having spent the greater part of a day in inspecting them. The grounds are fine and extensive. They stretch in a level plain to the banks of the Slievehorn, undulating slightly as they approach the river. The soil is a rich dark loam; and at frequent intervals are planted magnificent oaks and sycamores, whose branches extend in every direction, and give the scene the appearance of a royal forest. Having walked over the grounds, I went to see the Tower of Silence, in whose vaults the remains of many ancestors of the Ducal House repose. The Duke, who reared the Tower at an immense cost, sleeps embalmed in an Egyptian sarcophagus within the dome. I saw him for a moment on one occasion, when

several battalions of infantry and squadrons of cavalry were drawn up in line before him in the extensive plain on the banks of the Slievehorn, at a distance of about three miles from the palace. He was a tall, straight, stout, handsome man. It is told of one of his ancestors, who lived about three hundred years ago, that in riding to Solmanoff one horse broke down under him,—while another, after carrying him over the remaining part of the journey in an almost inconceivably short space of time, dropped dead immediately after he dismounted. I am not aware what his errand was; but it must have been something of urgent importance. I was a spectator when a youth, at the marriage of the late Duke with the Princess Constantia Malakoffski, and composed these lines on the auspicious occasion. They speak of the marriage tour as well:—

Ring the joy-bells
  For Wallianowski's bride,
Upon her tour
  To silver Slievehorn's pride—

That palace fine,
  The glory of the land,—
While Anselm's town
  Stretches a welcoming hand.

The cannons boom
  For Malakoffski fair,
And royal duke:
  God bless the wedded pair!

Of kings her line,
  Of gallant warriors crowned;
Let shouts awake
  The echoes all around!

The ducal home
  Now opens wide her gate—
Approach, approach
  The throne of royal state!

Let Constance dear—
  The blessed of all the land,
The Grand Duke's bride—
  Both rich and poor command!

The princess was hailed with great rejoicings by the people of Anselm. She still lives, a widow. Another

ancestor of this noble family had two sons, both of them beautiful, particularly the firstborn and heir to the dukedom, who was called Ivan. The name of the second was Alexander. Ivan—poor little fellow! —inherited the seeds of consumption, and fell into a decline. He lingered a long time on a sick bed; and during his illness he used to think and speak a great deal about the Saviour, and what he had done for sinners, and how He had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The boys had a tutor, a highly distinguished student of the University of Louvain in Belgium. Ivan, as I said, was extremely beautiful, and withal exceedingly affectionate; and his tutor was quite in love with him, and sometimes kissed him to show his deep interest in him. His brother Alexander did not like this,—as he had heard his mamma say that it was hardly decorous, or in harmony with Mr. Trouvaillé's character and talents, and prospects as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church (he afterwards became Pope of Rome), and that if she heard of him kissing her darling Ivan again, she would dismiss him from the palace. The tutor, hearing of this, was intensely chagrined. He himself was the eldest son of a nobleman, who had fled from his country in the time of a great persecution. Well, he one day kissed dear little Ivan again in the presence of Alexander, who said—"You should not do that. You know that my dear mamma does not like you to do it, and you will be put away." "No fear of that," replied Mr. Trouvaillé; "I can frighten her from doing it, so that she won't have either the power or the will to do it; and

though she had both the will and the power, and did it, she would repent of it all the remaining days of her life." The two boys were perfectly overwhelmed with astonishment. The tutor, taking them by the hand, said, "Come away with me." They went with fear and trembling; but being encouraged by the kind accents of their tutor, they hastened their steps, when suddenly the door of the "Hall of the Lions" opened, a breath of wintry wind sighing meanwhile along the whispering corridors and galleries of the palace, and the Duke and Duchess were seen talking together at the farthest end, still dressed in the gorgeous robes they wore at a great tournament, whence they had only lately returned. The Duke roared out, as if in the utmost rage, "What do you want, Trouvaillé?"—but the sight of the two children lessened the force of his anger. He was indeed in the worst possible mood in which a man can be; for his Duchess, who had been pronounced the queen of the tournament, had received marked attentions from a knight with a black visor, and he was jealous. Mr. Trouvaillé stepped forward swiftly when the words were scarce out of the Duke's mouth, and said—"Your Grace, am I a villain because I love your child?" At that moment the wind rose to a gale; and a fearful blast rushed down the chimney, and swept a picture from its place on the wall, viz., "Daniel in the Den of Lions"—the chief one in the collection, and after which the apartment was named "The Hall of the Lions." The Duke was quite awed; for a tradition in his family declared that an unwonted calamity would befall his house if this

picture at any time by any mischance fell to the ground: and he was still more afflicted when he saw that the Duchess had fainted. By the use of proper appliances, the lady was restored; and after that scene in the hall, the tutor was no more taunted with improper kindnesses and attentions to his pupil. One beautiful summer afternoon, he overheard the Duke and Duchess discussing the matter, and the former saying to the latter—"Dearest, I can't say that I see anything wrong in the behaviour of Mr. Trouvaillé. My darling boys seem to get on amazingly with him; and he seems to love them, and they him, very much."

Can love be stayed?
Ah, no!
Or lose its sway?
No, no!

From heaven it comes—
Yes, yes,—
To bless the earth.
Ah, yes!

Receive it then
A guest,
And give it thou
Sweet rest.

It blesses all;
And still
Has room—for all
To fill

With rapture more,
With joy,
The heart of man's
Alloy.

A few short years,—
And Love
Will reach the world
Above.

Murmuring tides fill
Our breast
With pleasure pure,
Confest.

The rippling stream
Will be
Of purest joy
A sea,
In eternity.

Ivan's long time of illness slowly but gradually led forward to the *grave;* and thus the tradition above

referred to was fulfilled. Shortly before his death, in a singularly interesting and solemn conversation he had with his brother Alexander and his tutor, he gave utterance to the following striking observation,—very wonderful for a child, and showing how fully he realised his position as a son of God and an heir of glory. He said to his brother—"Dearest, I am dying; I know it—I feel it; you will soon be a duke; but I am going away to be a king!" Yes, a king, lovely child! Thou wilt be a king in Zion—in the land of the redeemed. All tears are there wiped away. There death and separation never come. In glory thou wilt reign—holding the palm of victory, and walking in robes of light with those that have come out of great tribulation. Thou wert worthy of many crowns!

Let me now say a few words about the Tower of Silence, referred to in the previous page. It is a dome-shaped building, a hundred feet or thereby in height, constructed of the finest hewn freestone. Its foundation is formed of a flight of stairs, built of the same kind of stone, which wend in enlarging circles to the gravel walks by which it is approached from every direction. These encircling stairs are intended to form an imposing and highly artistic base to the grand and majestic superstructure. On the east side, and on a lower level than the other parts, is the entrance to the vaults. These are closed with heavy-barred massive gates of bronze. Above the vaults are lions resting; and immediately over the gates are three human heads in stone,—representing Life, Death, and Immortality, —the work of a celebrated sculptor. The head and

face of the first are meant to represent Life, with all its longings, cares, and anxieties. This is symbolised by flowers and creeping plants of many kinds, both cultivated and wild, yet only in a state of imperfection, —the calyxes and corollas being almost closed, so that the stamens and pistils are but partially visible. These flowers are interwoven with the hair, and hang down in rich and graceful profusion on either side of the head. The eyes are open very full, and give to the face the appearance of excitement and unrest, which the other features combine in still more fully realising. The face is one of great beauty.

The head and face of the middle figure represent Death. The eyes are closed, betokening the sleep of the grave; a hand is placed over the mouth, to represent silence,—as the grave, to which Death takes us, is the house of silence; on one side of the brow is a portion of a dial, with figures,—to symbolise Time and its flight; and the head is entwined with poisonous narcotic plants,—such as hemlock, henbane, foxglove, aconite, and many others,—whose effect is to throw us into deep sleep, or into the deeper sleep of the grave. The face is wan; and the features are so modelled, that everything indicative of rest, silence, oblivion, is suggested to the mind of the beholder.

The third face represents Immortality, with all the bloom and flush of beauty, in which figuratively "smiles and roses are blending." Perfect joy and blessedness are expressed by every feature. Here are no longings as in life, but every hope and wish realised; not the calm, peaceful repose that is represented in the

figure of Death, but the joyful activity of youth and health. Around the brow the serpent, emblem of eternity, is twined; and on the side of the head a gay butterfly rests, emblem of the full development of man, —like the insect sprung from the chrysalis-state, in its resurrection from the death-like torpor of winter. This figure of Immortality teaches us, by most expressive symbols, that in death the immortal soul passes only from one state of being—unsatisfactory, transitory, incomplete, imperfect—to another, an everlasting and a perfect state. Around the head are garlands of the most gorgeous and fragrant flowers—the amaranth, narcissus, carnation, and others, in fullest bloom—mingled with clusters of ripe grapes and other most luscious fruits.

The beautiful gardens of the palace are in the immediate vicinity, and the majestic trees wave their great branches near; while the Slievehorn in silver beauty winds along the vale not far distant.

The noble Duke, who built this magnificent tomb,—while he was immensely rich, had servants to obey his every behest, possessed splendid horses and carriages, had his palace furnished in the most costly and elegant manner, and was the owner of jewels of fabulous value, —was not happier than you or I. He could have had a banquet prepared for him every day of the richest food and the rarest viands; but, owing to the enfeebled state of his constitution and health, he was ordered by his physicians to refrain from participating in such food; and, strange as it may seem, it is yet true, that for some years before his death his diet consisted

chiefly, if not exclusively, of milk and bran bread. Having reached, however, a good age, he quietly passed away, we may humbly believe, to that house infinitely more glorious than his palace fair,—that house of many mansions in heaven.

Such is the end of all, both poor and great.
Death opes and shuts his portals grim, severe;
He passes not, but takes from every sphere
Those clothed in rags or sumptuous regal state.
All yield, perforce, to the gaunt hand of fate:
The loveliest rose that crowns the floral year,
Or palest lily by the waters clear,
Succumbs at winter's blast; and, soon or late,
Gone to the winds is all their sweet perfume.
The flowers—as silent monitors to man
In spring and summer on to winter drear—
Speak of life's short-lived and uncertain span,
Till Death us lays upon the solemn bier,
And we are carried to the oblivious tomb.

SUMMER.

HAIL, Summer! Welcome Summer
Comes gaily o'er the plain,
Clothed with a robe of sunshine,—
With Beauty in her train.

Her brow is wreathed with garlands
Of snow-white blossoms rare,
While lilies and blooming roses
Begem her braided hair.

The earth and sky now languish
Beneath her eye of love;
Her breath is filled with perfumes
From garden and spicy grove.

The cattle in flowery meadow
In noontide heat repose,
Or wade into the streamlet
That singeth as it goes.

The boy with smiling countenance
Comes hastily from school—
He seeks to go a-nesting
Or a-fishing in the pool.

The birds among the branches,
  The bees that sip the flowers,
The swiftly flitting butterfly,
  Make sweet the fleeting hours.

THE BUTTERCUP:—FOR A CHILD.

That little flower the Buttercup
  Is seen on every mead,
  Where cattle walk and feed;
It glitters when the sun is up.

In summer, when the sun is bright,
  It lifts its beaming eye
  Full to the radiant sky,
And glad absorbs the genial light.

The dewy lawn is strewn with flowers
  Of every lovely hue,
  One yellow and one blue:
All glorify the passing hours.

When Park on Afric's burning sand
  Perceived a little flower,
  In sorrow's bitter hour,
It spoke of the Almighty's hand.

"The eye of Providence is here,
He guides the steps of all;
I stumble not, nor fall—
My Father's gracious power is near!"

So speaks the Buttercup to me:
"Have faith in Jesus' love,
Look to thy God above,
From sin and fear thy soul He'll free.

"I feel the sun and rain and dew
My roots and leaves sustain;
I have no fear nor pain;
I live and grow the summer through."

Thus, children! to the bosom fly
Of Him who fear disarms;—
Rest in His loving arms
Who reigneth in the lofty sky!

He sends the dew of heavenly grace;
In Him his children trust;
He lifts them from the dust,
From sin and death, to see His face.

For though the body one day dies,
And moulders in the grave;
Through Him who came to save,
'Twill live again, and reach the skies.

As flowers of glorious golden sheen,
Of rich and sweet perfume,
Which wither in the tomb,
When Spring draws round, grow fresh
and green;

So when Death's power is felt no more,
All those who love the Lord,
And read His blessed Word,
Will meet on Heaven's blissful shore.

When all the storms of life are gone,
Garnered in the world above,
The little flowers will prove
Jewels in Jesus' precious crown.

So live to Him, that every day
May find you nearer home,
No more to stray or roam:
He guides us, and He points the way.

Look to the yellow Buttercup:
Its language is not heard,
Yet from the grassy sward
It bids the weary soul look up,—

To find in every plant and tree,
The lily and the rose,
Where flowers in dew repose,
The love that died indeed for thee!

AN EARLY RIDE.

THE season of the year was midsummer. It is an exceedingly interesting period. I have been more than once on a hill-top when the first streaks of morning lighted up the east. I have also seen, in autumn, the sun appear red and glowing (like a furnace) above a great city enveloped in smoke. To my mind, there is nothing so exquisitely romantic as waiting on a lonely hill or extensive moor, many feet above sea level, through the short twilight, to witness sights like these, which amply repay the patience expended by the beholder.

On a certain memorable occasion, I resolved to take an early ride, fired with romantic zeal, and with the laudable intention of tracing the windings of the river Clyde from a point twenty-five miles seaward to its source among the hills. This was not so great an undertaking as that of Speke and Grant, who went to seek the source of the Nile; nor so stupendous an exploit as that of Livingstone, who ventured amid African jungles to trace the configurations of Nyassa's Lake; neither were any immediate advantages to be derived from it, tending to the development of commerce and the progress of modern discovery; but it was one not entirely devoid of interest. A horse had a share in the honour of this undertaking; and as it would be

far from right to leave unnoticed his many excellent qualities and gallant achievements, I shall venture to record one or two of them. In colour he was black, and was well known in the neighbourhood and in other parts. On a memorable occasion I rode a race with him on L—— race-course, and gained a prize. And be it remembered, he had a hard ride beforehand, from early morning, in tracing the marches or boundaries of that ancient burgh. As showing the amazing docility and gentleness of his character, I may mention an amusing episode in the history of the day. After the race referred to, and having handed to the steward a part of my winnings to carry on the sports, I availed myself of the pleasure of accompanying a couple of singular beings who had come forward to contend for a prize in the principal foot-race. One was the town's herdsman, whose duty it was to attend the cows belonging to the people of the burgh, who have the privilege, free of rent, of sending them to pasture in the moor or common, where the race-course is situated; the other was a person with the wonderful name of Antipihic, who made his living by dancing at fairs and races, when he accompanied his movements with a singular chaunt in which this peculiar word was frequently heard, and hence his name. In the course of the race I was astonished to find on looking round, that the herdsman, who had begun to flag and fall behind, had deliberately seized hold of, and was holding on by, my horse's tail. I did not resist this movement on his part; and seeing that my steed was not displeased, I allowed him to retain his hold till he had gained

sufficient ground upon his antagonist to make it possible for him to have a chance of coming first to the goal; but notwithstanding this help he was not successful, for Antipihic gained the much-coveted honour amid the plaudits of the spectators. On another occasion my horse was engaged in following the fox-hounds, when—a steed of one of the party having broken down—the friend who rode my horse kindly gave him up to that gentleman, one of the chief huntsmen, whom he carried over the ground in safety till the end of the hunt. Many a three-barred gate I leaped with him when I was a boy; and many an hour in the long days of summer, when the fresh blood of youth bounded in my veins, he helped me to spend most delightfully.

I started on my journey at daybreak, or about two in the morning. For a little distance my path lay along the banks of the Nethan,—a stream rising in the hills that separate Lesmahagow in Lanarkshire from Muirkirk in Ayrshire; and, which, after a run of ten miles past many pleasant fields, and through wild, sylvan, and rocky scenery, discharges itself into the Clyde. It is a stream abounding with excellent trout, salmon-fry, and parr. These latter diminutive fish are easily caught; and, in the merry month of May and the leafy month of June, afford pleasant sport to the boys of the neighbourhood. In dark pools, under the shelving rocks, they are to be seen during a shower, or when the shadow of the sun flits across the pool, rising to catch flies as they light upon the surface of the little wavelets, which insects constitute their food; and the

artificial imitation of the fly being so good, they rise as readily to snap at it, when the hidden steel, suddenly jerked, hooks and secures them.

I might moralise upon fishing, and say, How often are men, like silly fish, caught with tinsel, and their gullibility nicely punished! Phrenologists offer for a fee to tell the aptitudes of children, that their loving parents, without consideration on their part, may be enabled to assign to each of their boys the trade or profession for which nature has best qualified him. The parents seize the enticing bait, pay the fee on demand, and find, when it is too late, that they have only been gulled. The chirographic artist professes to tell a man's character by his handwriting, and to answer questions bearing upon his future destiny; the unwise and unlettered public solicit the wonderful lady's aid, and find, upon further reflection, that they have sold their whistle, and not got a loaf of bread. Another deceiver advertises a marvellously cheap microscope: it turns out that it only gives the superficial measurement, and is as much a microscope as a plain magnifying glass is, and nothing more. Another in his wisdom professes to reveal character and mental qualifications from the nature of the hand, the style of the face, or the general contour and morale. He may find out, however, that the person whom he supposed an idiot is a wise man, and the inferred imbecile a far cleverer man than he himself can possibly pretend to be; and that it is no more possible to judge of a man's mind from his personal appearance than it is to know the height of a mountain without measuring it.

To return to my journey. On leaving the narrow road by the banks of the stream, I entered upon the Clydesdale road; and my way for the next four or five miles lay through what has been not improperly called the orchard of Scotland, because of the many excellent orchards of apples, pears, and plums, and gardens of gooseberries and currants, which line either side of the road, and extend backwards upon level ground or sloping hill-sides. The plum-trees, when in blossom, have a very gay and sunny appearance, and beautify the line of road. The first week of May is the time to visit this part of the country, if we wish to see the trees in all their floral beauty. A month or two afterwards the blossom has matured itself to fruit, and the luscious yellow plums and black damsons are then very tempting, and many a stone from the roadside finds its way surreptitiously to the laden branches. These orchards and gardens are sold by public roup a few weeks before the fruit is ripe. I have attended the sales frequently, and seen the gooseberries even, in certain favoured gardens, bring as much as £30, £50, or £70. The well-known Clydesdale apples find a ready market in Glasgow, whither they are carted during the night. The carts leave about seven or eight in the evening in order to reach the market, twenty miles distant, which opens about five or six in the morning. I passed also, in the course of these few miles, two very pretty villages, and likewise Stonebyres Fall, one of the well-known falls of the Clyde, which lies a little way below the town of Lanark. The other two, viz., Bonnington and Corra Linn, are five miles

farther up the river, and above Lanark. No salmon are to be found in the Clyde above Stonebyres, as it is utterly impossible for them to leap so high as eighty feet, the height of the fall. They have often been seen making bold and continuous attempts to get over the cliff, in their journey from the sea to a point as far as possible from it; but they have been obliged to desist, and to rest satisfied at that point. These fish are caught with the artificial fly or the minnow, either with the single or double rod. The single rod is by far the pleasantest way. You have the delightful sensation of feeling the first bite, which is as a slight galvanic shock, and all the sport of wiling the fish to the shore. In dark nights I have sometimes witnessed a picturesque scene, viz., salmon-leistering. Bunches of broom thoroughly dry, and tied together with ropes and rags saturated with oil, are lighted at the side of the stream, and carried into the bed of the river, where the salmon are spawning. The sudden glare of light either attracts or tends to frighten and confuse them, so that they are easily harpooned with the leister, which is a sort of three-pronged pitchfork. At the spawning season, however, the fish are in the very worst possible condition to be used for food; and it is contrary to law, and argues great depravity and heartlessness, to destroy them in this wholesale manner.

I now reached a point in my journey where it was necessary to diverge from the king's highway, and strike across the country by a parish road. On entering this road, I passed along the side of a ravine, which stretches itself from east to west for the dis-

tance of a mile. It is one of nature's mighty works. It is large, steep, craggy, and precipitous. It seems the result of some dreadful earthquake many centuries ago; since those who have narrowly examined it find that on the one side, where there are projecting points, there are on the other indentations corresponding to them,—and that at the base the rocks are worn to a considerable extent, which, considering the comparatively unruffled nature of the water which flows down, must have required many ages to accomplish. The steeps are for the most part covered with hawthorn, broom, woodbine, and other brushwood, all intermixed. This is chiefly the case at the foot of the ravine, but on going farther up, several spots are seen becoming at every interval less entangled, until we arrive at the head of it, when a few craggy rocks, breaking the level nature of the country, present a bleak aspect. I now left the Clyde, and the next ten or twelve miles I travelled till I reached it again were comparatively void of interest. The first thing that attracted my attention was a dark, deep, still-running river, the Douglas by name,—which rises at the foot of Cairntable, a range of hills 1600 feet above the level of the sea, and in the parish of Muirkirk; and after a course of sixteen miles, receiving the waters of several small rivulets on its way, falls into the Clyde not far distant from this spot, and greatly swells the volume of its waters. This river I crossed by a very well formed bridge of a single span. It abounds with deep, dark pools, the haunts of very large-sized pike. Carmichael House, church, manse, and school, were the

next objects that shared my attention. The parish of Carmichael at one time belonged almost entirely to the the late Earl of Hyndford, but it is now the property of Sir W. Anstruther. The greater part of the beautiful plantations which adorn the family mansion, and which are excelled by none in Scotland, were reared from seeds which one of the Earls of Hyndford selected when abroad, acting in the capacity of Envoy-extraordinary to the court of Russia. Many of those noble trees were uprooted by a terrific storm some thirty years ago, and others have fallen before the woodman's axe.

The appearance of the country becomes now somewhat bleak and wild. Low hills, rising at considerable distances from each other, are almost the only objects that break the monotonous sameness of the view. Farm-steadings even are few and far between. Mossy rivulets here and there wind stealthily along through the moorland, and seldom, unless when they come into contact with some piece of stone or other impediment, do they give any notice of their presence. By and by, however, I perceived on the hill-sides enclosures too small to be seen at a distance, serving as cotes for sheep; and on advancing onwards, I observed several flocks of these harmless animals feeding. As I drew near them, they stood staring in stupid astonishment, and offered not to stir until I was just upon them, when they would scamper off, and, after taking another stare, would quietly proceed to crop what little herbage they could find. Now and then a lark, rising gradually from the ground, would continue to utter

its cheerful notes until its tiny body was lost in the expanse above. Otherwise all was still. The trampling of my horse's feet increased my sense of the loneliness of the place, and the movements of my mind were roused and quickened. Every passion of the soul, and feeling of the heart, could not but be in lively exercise in such a situation. I felt as if I was in the immediate presence of Nature's God, whose dwelling is the universe.

I now approached the base of Tinto, and my road lay through a mouth or gorge at the foot of the mountain. In one place the mountain rises to the height of 2312 feet above the level of the sea, and 1740 above the level of the Clyde. Continuing my journey, I passed through the village of Roberton, and after a few miles that of Crawford. This latter is a place of considerable antiquity. On the opposite side of the Clyde, which is now a small stream, are the ruins of Crawford-Lindsay Castle, the ancient seat of the Earls of Crawford. The Lowthers, of which the elevation above the level of the sea is 2500 feet, are chiefly in this parish. Leadhills, a village in the parish, is the highest inhabited part of Scotland, and here are likewise the most extensive lead mines in the kingdom. "It was in the minority of James VI. that a German mineralogist visited these hills in search of ores. Among the sands of the rivers of Elvan and Glengonar —both rising from those hills, in the bowels of which veins of lead ore have since been opened—he gathered some small quantities of gold dust. A place where he washed this gold still retains the name of Gold-scour,

derived from that circumstance. Verses are still repeated among the neighbouring inhabitants, which import that this mineralogist, by his successful searches, accumulated a large fortune. An account of his labours and discoveries, written by himself, is yet preserved in the Advocates' Library. The attempt to gather gold on these hills was, not very many years ago, renewed by the order of the late Earl of Hopetoun, but, being found less profitable than common labour, was, very wisely, soon discontinued. It is still occasionally found on the top of the rocks in small particles, seldom exceeding in size the point of a small pin." I next reached Elvanfoot. It is a stage-inn, where the mail-coaches used to change horses travelling between Glasgow and Carlisle, and is twelve miles north-west of Moffat.

I did not follow the windings of the Clyde among the hills. It would be difficult to point out the exact source of the river, for, like most large streams which get their waters from an extensive mountainous region, it may be said to have numerous sources. The mountain rills converge about three miles farther up than the roadside inn. To this spot, therefore, I rode, and "there, to all intents and purposes, the original Clyde of popular opinion and poetic allusion takes its rise at an elevation of 1400 feet above sea level." It is there, truly, a tiny rivulet. How very different from its appearance on reaching Glasgow, its waters increased by hundreds of streams which it has met on its way. After my morning journey I needed breakfast, which I got on returning to the roadside inn.

After resting for a while I retraced my steps, cutting off a few miles by taking a sheep-path over the hills, and reached home in the afternoon, having greatly enjoyed my early ride.

THE MOON.

HAIL! beauteous Empress of the night!
Shine on us with thy borrowed light;
And teach by thy soft genial rays
How we may spend our fleeting days!

This life is ours by gift divine—
No one can say that it is mine;
As given by God, by Him sustained—
In serving Him let us it spend.

Perfection cannot crown our lot—
On every day and hour 's a blot;
Yet, gaining grace from God above,
Our life will shine with light of love.

With softened rays the moon doth shine:
Be it ours to lead a life divine—
Assuaging every harsher mood
By mercy, love, and gratitude.

Let us, then, pond'ring deep His word,
Obey the precepts of the Lord;
And every day aspire to rise
To firmaments of cloudless skies.

Let truth as pure as winter's snow
In all our accents ever flow:
And death, when it shall come at last,
Will take us to the land of rest.

THE SUN.

I.

O LOVELY monitor in heaven's blue,
Effulgent orb of day!
Shed on me tranquil rays, benign and pure,
Thro' life's most devious way!

With pearly robes and gold, from east thou com'st,
Aris'n from dewy rest;
And tak'st thy labour to perform, till day
Sinks in the glowing west.

O beauteous emblem, in the summer sky,
Of Him of majesty
Divine—the essence triune, holy Lord—
The ever-bless'd on high!

I would, like thee, with light serenely bright
Illume my daily theme,—
Teach men the ways of truth, the paths of love,
The road to God supreme.

Far-flaming Sun! pour down thy gladsome beams—
  Delight of summer's bliss;
Impearl Life's thorny wilds with flowers; imprint
  On Nature's face thy kiss!

II.

(The Sun of Righteousness.)

Arise and shine, O Lamp of life divine!
  Lead me and point my path:
Let harm or hurt ne'er come to me or mine—
  Save me from endless wrath.

My earthly course of duty end at length,
  Begun and done in love;
I'll reach the splendid zenith of my strength—
  The perfect day above!

Eternal Light!—the Path, the Truth, the Life!
  Irradiate all my ways:
Then shall I joy in knowing Whom to know
  Transcends all fame or praise!

MY FIRST BALL.

WELL do I remember it. Many happy Christmas seasons have come and gone since then. The other day a genial friend of mine brought under my notice, in the most delicate manner possible, a circumstance of which I was before in blissful ignorance, viz., that my hair is turning grey. I must efface this sign of the approach of old age as far as I can, and begin a process of *dyeing;* otherwise how can I secure myself against the misfortune of living, and perhaps *dying,* a miserable bachelor. I say a miserable bachelor, and am I not right in so speaking? Who ever heard of a happy one? With his high-necked coat, his collar reaching to his ears and as stiff as parchment, his fidgets and his follies, he presents an aspect which one cannot but deplore who has seen family life perfectly developed, and the full river of love flowing through it—eye meeting eye, sympathy awakening sympathy, and the rough, sharp edge of life so smoothed down, that character assumes the most beautiful forms and fairest proportions. Who would be a bachelor sitting at his solitary fire, with no one to remind him that Christmas time is come; with no dimpled cheek resting upon his knee,—no sweet blue eye looking up into his face, and asking as plainly as the language of signs can do, "Papa, when are you going to get us our

Christmas tree?" Winning and sweet, indeed, are the ways of children. Truly they are as well-springs of happiness in a house, ever giving forth refreshment, drawing out our best affections, exercising our most pleasing virtues, and affording us a taste of the pleasures of innocence, pure and undefiled.

That dancing school of the days of my boyhood, can I ever forget it? How easily I can project myself across the lengthened period that has intervened—the many blooming springs, glorious summers, bounteous autumns, and sharp bracing winters, that have blessed the earth each in its appointed season since I first shuffled the happy hours away in the old farmer's barn! Those were the days of rural *felicity*. Observe, I use this term because it conveys the idea I have of that time better than the more beautiful and suggestive old Saxon word, happiness. Happiness, I conceive, better applies to the present than the past, although, perhaps, my opinion in this matter may differ from that of my friends. Happiness is altogether too august a word to be employed in speaking of the days of our childhood and youth. Only consider for a moment the occupations and amusements which constituted the staple of life in those days, and I think that you will not be surprised at my observation, and may find that, after all, you have been somewhat mistaken in the estimate you formed of them. Grinding away at tasks in which one took no pleasure, only driven to them by painful necessity and the fear of the master's cane; robbing birds' nests, and putting ourselves and our friends to pain and inconvenience

from torn garments, bleeding hands, and broken noses; purchasing powder with coppers obtained in a somewhat objectionable manner, and exposing ourselves to endless risks of being shot, or our beardless cheeks blasted and scarred for life. Such were some of the employments and innocent amusements of the days of our youth; yet who will be so bold as to declare that these are the constituents of happiness? Happiness forsooth! If you say thoughtlessness you are nearer the mark.

We must take cognisance of time as it passes. Now, in youth we take no note of the flight of time at all. We must feel the powers of our mind expanding, our moral nature improving. In short, we must feel that we are not living in vain—that we are of some use, however little, in the world; else we cannot be happy, in the true sense of the word. Don't think, young man, we would shut you out from lawful enjoyments. We know that "all work and no play" makes men as well as children dull; and we highly approve and gratefully appreciate every effort made to add to their number and value. Don't think, young lady, that we grudge you the time you spend at your looking-glass in getting your hair into proper trim, and your chignon placed to advantage, and all the other paraphernalia of your boudoir properly and effectively arranged. This time is well spent. I like to see taste displayed by the fair forms around me, and am sometimes amazed when I find how much we are indebted to art for the improvement of the gifts and graces which nature may have conferred upon us. But I have said enough on this score.

The village, and the farmhouse, and the barn aforesaid, I have in distinct outline before the eye of my mind. The barn—what an ungainly apartment! and how ill adapted for training young disciples of Terpsichore! A threshing-mill at one side, if it rather contracted the space allotted to the dancers, was doubtless of some practical use, inasmuch as it afforded a perching place and high vantage ground for the younger scholars who were desirous to see over the heads of their companions. And the candles, how they glimmered and flickered through the winter night, stuck upon the bare wall in the same way as you would stick a piece of putty upon the window frame! No sparkling crystal gasalier hung in pendent glory from the ceiling, spreading a sea of light upon a galaxy of beauty. It was severely plain, and presented only a picture of primitive rural simplicity; yet what capers were there cut! what flirtations were there carried on! and how many hearts felt within its walls the first wound from Cupid's shaft! I have often thought that this passion of love is earlier developed than almost any other of which the mind is capable. How early, in some cases it makes its appearance! Dear me! I was hardly able to spell the more difficult words in M'Culloch's tenpenny spelling-book, and knew nothing at all of English grammar, when I fell over head and ears in love with a fair cousin of my own, when she was on a visit of a few weeks to our house in the country. Oh, relentless deity! with what offerings shall I come to propitiate thy favour!? Have I not worshipped at thy shrine from year to year, asking for

some favourable response from thy oracle, and have only been destined to endless disappointment? But there *is* a tide in the affairs of men, and I await patiently for it. It shall one day come and lead me on to matrimonial fortune, and true and abiding felicity. Yet when I think how sorely I have been hoaxed from my very earliest years, I conclude I must have been born under an unlucky star, and then I confess my heart is apt to be disquieted with agonising doubts and fears. Think of my very first disappointment. It fell out about Christmas-time many years ago.

Some thirty or forty young people of the village and neighbourhood had been receiving lessons in dancing, and it was customary that the course of a month or two's training in this department of education should be wound up with a ball. It was not every year the dancing-master visited the village, so that a dancing-school was no mere matter of course; and consequently it need not be a matter of surprise that the ball should be a thing of the greatest importance, and a subject of interest and conversation for weeks beforehand. In the course of our nightly instructions, we were not allowed to choose our partners as our tastes might dictate; but the master selected for us such partners as he thought proper—a good plan, as, I doubt not, it prevented many unseemly quarrels. For the ball, on the other hand, it was understood we might engage any lady that we ourselves approved of, and who was willing to be our partner on the happy occasion. My secret affections

were all centred in one of the daughters of the farmer; and through the whole of the two months my mind was more occupied with anticipations associated with that great coming event, than in learning *pas-de-bas*, *poussette*, advance and retire, and the rest of it. The time at length came round when the tickets for the ball were distributed. I embraced the first opportunity that presented itself of offering my compliments, along with a ticket, to the blooming beauty of the farm, hoping she might favour me for the occasion, when oh, horror! oh, misery! my long-cherished hopes were instantly blasted. She was engaged to another, who had obtained her consent long before the tickets were issued. All is fair in love and war, people say; but if my friend had only known the amount of suffering entailed upon me by his having stolen a march upon me, he would have pitied my disconsolate state, and even have consented to divest himself of his partner in my behalf. And as calamities never come singly, my case was made infinitely worse by the dancing-master himself. My disappointment he had been made acquainted with somehow; and thinking, perhaps, to soothe my wounded feelings, and likewise do me honour in the eyes of the rest of the class, he sent for me, and offered me his own daughter for the ball. I accepted the proffered honour, but rued it afterwards. If I had only taken time to consider, I might have got another in lieu of her whom I adored. Here, however, I was fixed, and that, too, without having asked to be introduced to his daughter. I had never seen her. I cannot think it was fair for either of us.

Paternal regard was carried too far in this case, I humbly think. She might be good looking; I hoped she would. I waited one evening near her house to catch a glimpse of my allotted Dulcinea. Fortune favoured me on one occasion, and I managed to see her—then my fears began to operate. I thought, however, it might be that I had not got a good view of her, or that she was in her work-a-day dress. The night at last arrived, and my misery along with it. She was not at all to my mind. She bore all the features of her father, and he was by no means good looking. Her complexion was sallow, and her figure unhandsome. The fact is, I was so uncharmed with her (pardon the expression) that I left her to her own wits the greater part of the evening, and preferred, after having danced a dance or two with her for decency's sake, to occupy a seat on the top of the afore-mentioned threshing-mill, eating the confections I had destined for her, and feeding my jealousy, by casting an evil eye now and again upon him who was the unfortunate but innocent cause of all my sufferings. I believe, too, that the dancing-master's implied kindness was not kindness after all; at least, if one may judge from an action of his which was rather reprehensible, and for which I cannot but bear him another grudge. But for it, I might have interpreted his previous interference more favourably.

Some twenty years after that Christmas, I met him at another ball, where he was acting as one of the musicians. I introduced myself to him, and brought to his remembrance that memorable winter. I also

asked him to call upon me in town. He did so; and having a piece of music of my own composition, I shewed it to him, after having played it over. He expressed himself gratified with it, and said a very good thing might be made of it, if I would allow him to take it with him and shew it to a friend, who was skilful as a musical composer. It only required to be better arranged, he said. I, with my usual simplicity, trusted him, as I had done to my loss on a previous occasion; and what think you? he never called again nor returned me my music! I have no doubt, now I understand his disposition, that he has got my production beautifully arranged, and published under the title of "The Nightingale Waltz," or some other equally appropriate and suggestive name; and that he is now reaping the benefit of my genius and industry! I have been an ill-used person, that is plain. I am determined to pull up; and, if I abide by my decision, I hope I shall be more fortunate and happy in the Christmas seasons that may yet be in store for me.

AUTUMN.

Now from the bounteous hand of God,
A glory shineth on the earth;
Resplendent in its light o'er that
Which shone upon Creation's birth.

Autumn in gorgeous robes is dressed,
Of varied hues and precious gold:
A King, he sits upon his throne,
Nobler than one of mortal mould.

He bears the sceptre of the land;
All nations bless him with their smile:
Affection's treasures fill his heart
For all the willing sons of toil.

Behold the yellow waving fields—
Look to the beauteous tinted woods:
See, see, on every hand and far,
That Power which reigns above the floods!

God holds the water in his hand—
He sends the sunshine and the dew:
Weeping will but a night outlast;
He sends us tears, but gladness too.

The spring and summer this of souls:
The time of harvest is to come,
When angel bands, in garments white,
Will take the weary wanderers home.

FROM THE CLYDE TO KESWICK.

One summer several years ago, in the company of two friends, I visited Keswick. We had resolved to make a complete tour of the Lakes, but were prevented from carrying out our purpose by the illness of one of the party. A brief account of what we saw, in the course of the journey, may not prove uninteresting.

We started from a well-known watering-place on the Ayrshire coast; and, after a sail up the Clyde to Glasgow, we went by the Caledonian Railway to Moffat, which we resolved to make the terminus of our first day's journey.

A description of the views on the Clyde would take up more than our intended space; we therefore content ourselves with a mere passing glance at the many objects of interest that attracted our attention on the firth and river. Westward we beheld the distant hills of Arran, with their crowning glory of Goatfell, which rises to the height of nearly 3000 feet. The beautiful glens and corries and coves of Arran are invisible, but they are fresh in our memory; and to many the geology of its hills and rocks and sea-margin, and its numerous varieties of wild plants and flowers, have ever an abiding attraction, which creates

a perennial spring of enjoyment within the soul. Curiously enough, the peaks of its hills, seen from the shore at Port Bannatyne, near Rothesay, as we have frequently observed them, form the exact representation of a giant in repose—his arms stretched out by his side, the full swell of his ample chest distinctly visible, and his features clear, sharp, and well-defined, as viewed against the back-ground of the summer sky.

There, too, is Ailsa Craig, a mighty sentinel formed by nature to guard the entrance to the Clyde, as the Bass Rock guards the Firth of Forth, or Arthur's Seat the safety of the city of Edinburgh. It is a tower of strength and repose in the midst of the troubled ocean—a type of Christian stability in the time of temptation and trial. As we proceed on our journey, we see the great and the little Cumbrae. At Millport, on the former of these islands, is a college for training students for the Church of England. The melodious chime of bells—as they sound from the college-tower, and are heard in the stillness of a summer evening on the other side of the bay at Kelburn—touches the ear with the sweetest sensation of pleasure, and sometimes strikes a chord which gives rise to serious reflections. These reflections, however, are apt to be disturbed by the fancied presence of that highly eccentric divine who at one time lived on the island, whose charity was of the right sort, that which begins at home,—and whose notion of his own dignity, and the superior importance to him of his own ecclesiastical dominion, came out unmistak-

ably in his afternoon prayer in church on a Sunday, when he pleaded for "the greater and lesser Cumbrae, and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

We have now travelled some twenty miles, and we observe in the distance the lovely hills of Argyllshire, Benmore and Dunmore, with the Holy Loch at Kilmun—where Alexander Marshall, the hermit, lived,—and even the elms and beeches near the churchyard, in which is the burial-place of the noble family of Argyll. To those who are acquainted with Goldsmith's "Hermit of the Dale"—whose food was wild berries, whose drink the clear crystal fountain, who lived retired, far apart from his fellow-men, and communed only with himself and his Creator—the name must ever be associated with the habits of a recluse, and call up the lonely desert dwelling-place. The hermit of Kilmun, however, was not quite so much of the solitary as this amounts to. He did appear at times, when sailing by steamer to and from Greenock on errands of necessity; being then invariably covered with a goat-skin over his usual dress, at least in winter, by which all people knew him, and were able to distinguish him at a considerable distance. He had many visitors, in the course of the summer, from Dunoon and other places on the coast. His hut was so small that one required to stoop on entering it, and it was very dark inside. He had been in the militia at one time, if not in the regular army; but we could not learn from him, though we were frequently in his company, how the current of his life had been turned into such a channel, or how,

like a waif, he had been driven to and fro, and stranded at last. The story goes, that on one occasion a cruel joke was perpetrated on him. He received a letter purporting to be from the Home Secretary, requiring his presence at Balmoral, as her Majesty wished a present of one of his goats. Sandy got ready for his journey; and as he was scant of cash, but healthy and strong, he walked all the way, and took two of his goats along with him. Alas! for the instability of human hopes! his right to see her Majesty was disputed. Balmoral refused to open her gates to the hermit; but fortune favoured him so far, that the Duke of Argyll or the Duke of Sutherland, I forget which, bought his goats, and paid for his homeward journey. The hermit's death took place in winter, and it must have been a strange and striking spectacle—his funeral! A few of his neighbours, out of respect to the dying request of the old man, that he might be buried on the top of Dunmore —with the poetical wish, we presume, that on the resurrection morning his eye might first rest upon his home and the hills, and glens, and rivers, and lochs which he loved, and where he had spent the greater part of his lonely life—gathered around his coffin, and carried it shoulder-high through the snow up the mountain. The dark garb of the mourners, and the black coffin, contrasted with the pure white snow, must have been peculiarly weird and striking. There, on the top of his loved mountain, a hermit even in death, his grave unvisited, except at rare intervals, he sleeps secure from the storms that howl around its

summit—the bitter biting blasts, as they sweep from the Holy Loch and Loch Eck.

Now we have reached a point where we can trace the windings of Loch Long, with Ardentinny, Cove, and Kilcreggan. These are all sweet spots, where the citizens of Glasgow have built elegant mansions, and where they find repose after the fatigues of the day in their warehouses and offices in town. Wemyss Bay, Helensburgh, and Greenock, are soon reached, then Port Glasgow and Dumbarton, and at length we arrive in safety at the Broomielaw; where we hire a conveyance to take us and our luggage to the Buchanan Street station of the Caledonian Railway, where we take out tickets for Moffat.

Travelling by rail, as every one knows, is not the best way to become acquainted with the scenery of a country. The speed we go at is so great, that, however anxious we may be to see all that is to be seen, the view is very limited and transitory. No sooner do we get a glimpse of a romantic spot where we would like to linger and feast our senses, than it is "gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream," leaving only the faintest impression behind. It cannot be expected, therefore, that we shall be able to give a particular description of the route. One or two places only we may be allowed to notice. The first of special importance that we passed was Coatbridge. It is the principal seat of the coal and iron trade; and this district is called "the black country of Scotland," corresponding to Staffordshire in England. In the neighbourhood there are some half-dozen large works

for the manufacture of pig iron, that is, iron in its first rough state,—where employment is given to several thousand men. At Gartsherrie, which belongs to the well-known firm of the Messrs. Baird, there were, at the time I speak of, in constant operation sixteen blast-furnaces, each capable of producing 160 tons of iron per week. From the late Mr. James Baird, one of eight brothers—all, with a single exception, at one period connected with the business—the Church of Scotland received the splendid bequest of half a million sterling some years ago. On a commanding eminence, immediately above the town, is the parish church, a beautiful building with an elegant spire; and near it is the academy; both of them owing their existence in a great measure to the beneficence of the firm above mentioned.

We now pass Motherwell, whence runs a railway to Hamilton, a thriving town, in whose neighbourhood is the palace of the Duke of that name; at a short distance from which is Bothwell Castle, one of the beautiful residences of the Earl of Home, the representative of the ancient Douglases.

A few miles farther on we reach Cleghorn, where there is a branch-line leading to Lanark, near which are the well-known Falls of Clyde. The greater part of our journey is now through a pastoral country, where the Clyde is visible at many points, and where the hills are clothed with verdure to their very summits. Tinto, which is the chief feature in the landscape, rises to the height of over 2000 feet. Lamington, the seat of Mr. Baillie Cochrane, and

Abington, that of Sir Edward Colebrooke, are delightfully situated on the banks of the river. Elvanfoot is the next station; and between it and Moffat is a distance of some ten or twelve miles, which are speedily passed over; and at this last town terminates our first day's journey.

Moffat, as every one knows, enjoys a widely-extended reputation from the possession of a valuable mineral spa. This spa or spring is situated on a plateau within easy walking distance of the town, and is resorted to at all seasons, but particularly in summer, by invalids from every part of the kingdom. Its waters are found to be highly efficacious in chest diseases, pulmonary and the like, and are in their constituents very like those of the Bridge of Allan. They contain a large proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen and other salts, which, acting on the blood, produce those changes which combine in restoring the formerly diseased organism to its normal state of health. Any one visiting the locality is at liberty, for a small charge, to test the virtue of the water. Our visit to the Bethesda of the south being one of mere enjoyment, we thought we had discharged our duty sufficiently when we had drunk one tumbler. The water is as clear as crystal, and not particularly disagreeable to the taste; but its smell is detestable, and the best way to drink it is to avoid smelling it, which is by no means a difficult matter—at least we did not find it so. Though not an infallible cure in every case—for what power is sufficiently potent to wrest his prey from the iron grasp of the fell destroyer Death?—yet doubtless the healing

influence of these waters has been felt by multitudes, who have left the place with a fresher glow on their cheeks, and a firmer step, than when they came. In taking a walk through the town, we observed a large reading-room and library. This is a valuable adjunct, especially of a place where many seek only a temporary residence, as it cannot be expected that visitors will bring a literary store along with them; and consequently, from the existence of a well-selected library and comfortable reading-room, the facilities for mental enjoyment which a good history, or memoir, or novel, or newspaper affords, are within easy reach of all.

The walks and drives in the vicinity of Moffat are many and varied. We had a stroll of several miles along the principal road; and, to vary the homeward journey, made our way to a sloping hill, where we enjoyed a commanding prospect of the beautiful landscape spread out on every side—hill and dale interspersed with winding streams and umbrageous woods, —and found blaeberries, or huckleberries, as they are otherwise called, so abundant on the lowly bushes, that we could hardly take a step without trampling them under our feet. We could have wished to prolong our sojourn in this delightful locality, but time forbade; so we had to pack up our luggage and be off for Carlisle next morning.

Between Moffat and Carlisle the only place worthy of a passing glance is Gretna Green, of matrimonial celebrity. It is the border land between England and Scotland; and there, by simple exchange of troth and consent, according to the spirit of the law of Scotland,

runaway couples could formerly be united in the bonds of matrimony. The fee asked by the party officiating, who was neither more nor less than an ordinary person, and possessed of no special educational acquirements or presbyterial license, varied according to the rank and wealth of the contracting parties. As much as £50 has been asked and obtained for tying the marriage knot. Such marriages are now done away with; at least they are illegal in the case of parties from England.

A few minutes more and we arrive at Carlisle. It is our first visit to England, and we may be pardoned, therefore, if we are a little out of ourselves with pleasure, from anticipating sights of objects new and strange, and mingling with people whose habits and modes of life are in some respects different from our own. The principal street of Carlisle is a pretty busy place; and the first thing that attracted our attention was the number of clerical-looking gentlemen wearing the peculiar four-cornered hats used by the students and Fellows of the great English Universities. We concluded that many of those we saw were Episcopal clergymen, and that others were teachers in the High School and the different seminaries of the town. It could hardly be that they had met together in such numbers with the view of attending a convocation or conference: they seemed rather to be intent on seeking out the various bookshops, which are pretty numerous in the principal street. We visited the cathedral. In outward appearance it is one of the plainest of the English cathedrals, but the interior is very grand and imposing. It was restored in 1853. The choir is one

of the finest—being 138 feet long and 72 feet high, and consists of eight pointed arches; while the east window, consisting of nine lights, is considered the most richly decorated in all England. The present Archbishop of Canterbury was for several years Dean of Carlisle. The town seemed to us to be spread over a pretty extensive area. The vacant spaces we noticed between terraces and private dwellings are now, in all probability, built on, and the population proportionately increased. We enjoyed a very nice walk for some miles along the banks of the Eden. The nearness of this river adds greatly to the amenity of the town and district. It is here very broad, and seemingly very little deteriorated by refuse from public works of any kind. Indeed, we observed salmon-fishing on its banks quite near the town.

We now diverge from the route to the Lakes, as pressing business requires that one of our party should visit Newcastle-on-Tyne; and, as we were out for sight-seeing at any rate, we resolved to go in the same direction. Some sixty miles divide the two northern cities. Ten miles or so from Carlisle, we crossed a bridge over the Eden, where the river passes through a glen most romantic and beautiful. It seemed one continued garden, skirted by a wood with nice walks and fairy-like bowers.

We next observed Hexham, a town with a population, to all appearance, of ten or twelve thousand, quite near the line of railway, and fully twenty miles from Newcastle. It had formerly a famed abbey; and here, in 1463, was fought a battle between the Houses

of York and Lancaster (whose emblems were the white and the red rose), in which the latter was defeated.

The country, as we approach within a mile or two of Newcastle, is considerably broken up by coal-pits and public works of various kinds. On reaching the railway station, a gentleman of our acquaintance, a member of the Society of Friends, welcomed us to the capital of the north, and directed us to a comfortable hotel, at the same time giving us an invitation to dinner at his house. We were frequently with the family during the three days we spent in the town; and though we could not altogether admire the rigidly plain style of dress worn by the female portion of the Quaker community, we could at least be highly pleased with their quiet unassuming manners, and their generous hospitality. We visited and inspected the keep, the only part of the castle that still remains. It is well stocked with ancient armour of all sorts and sizes, a very large collection of medals and coins, and other relics of antiquity. We saw the High-Level Tubular Bridge across the Tyne, constructed by the famous engineer, George Stephenson. We devoted a whole day to a sail down the river as far as Tynemouth, and to wandering along the sea-shore. There the Tyne discharges itself into the German Ocean. The sea-coast is one unvaried and unbroken plain of sand, which extends for miles along the shore, and half a mile or more inland. It is flat and uninteresting—very different from the delightful surroundings of the localities on the Firth of Clyde, which we had left behind us. There are many beautiful villas, however, about

Tynemouth; and though the lochs and hills and sweet streams of Highland scenery are wanting, the inhabitants have all the benefits of sea-bathing and sea-breezes,—while the coast is so near, that the people of Newcastle and North and South Shields can have no excuse if they do not avail themselves of these inestimable advantages. In sailing down the Tyne, Jarrow, where the venerable Bede spent a considerable portion of his life, and wrote many able religious works, was pointed out to us. The river, though now, we understand, greatly improved, was, at the time we visited it, the opposite of beautiful; its banks had a dark and forbidding aspect, being greatly defaced by coal depots and the general works that were there carried on. We bade adieu to Newcastle and the friends who had welcomed us so cordially on our arrival, and entertained us so hospitably during our stay; and taking train, returned to Carlisle, whence we resumed our journey south, which had been so far broken off.

Our first stage was Penrith. There we put up for a couple of days, as we wished to visit a few of the places in the neighbourhood. While walking before breakfast in the garden attached to the hotel on the morning after our arrival, I had my attention pleasantly arrested by the sound of the chime of bells from the tower of the parish church at a little distance. The beauty of the summer morning, the clearness and stillness of the air, and, withal, the knowledge that it was the day of rest and my first Sabbath in England—these, along with the pleasing tinkling sound falling in measured cadences upon my ear, combined to make an impression which cannot easily be forgotten.

We attended the forenoon service in the parish church, and were somewhat surprised to find that the officiating curate was the son of the Episcopal clergyman of the watering-place on the Firth of Clyde which we had lately left, and which was the home of one of our party. The whole service was brief, and the sermon very much shorter than we were accustomed to in Scotland. We extended our walk in the afternoon in the outskirts of the town, along the river Emont, as far as an old ruinous castle on its banks. We tried to ascend its spiral stair, but found it too difficult for us. Any apartments which it may at one time have possessed were now gone. Only an arched roof remained.

Next day we resolved to visit Brougham Hall and Lowther Castle, the former the seat of the eminent Lord Brougham, the latter that of the Earl of Lonsdale. They are within five or six miles of Penrith. We took Brougham Hall first, it being the nearest. It is an old baronial mansion, with an extensive court-yard, ivy-clad towers, and massive gates. Only a portion of the interior was open to our inspection, viz., the library, the armoury, and one or two small apartments. All over the walls of the armoury were hung helmets of curious workmanship, swords and daggers of various kinds, indeed, all sorts of implements of war, which had been gathered together from generation to generation. In the library we observed a portrait of Wordsworth, in which were faithfully represented the massive brow and placid features of the distinguished poet, who has touched with the wand of his genius,

and converted into hallowed ground, many of the charming scenes and localities of the Lake district, while superadding a moral beauty and significance to the physical grandeur of which they are already possessed in such an eminent degree. His lordship's private chapel, which we had the pleasure of inspecting, is a perfect architectural gem; its windows are of stained glass of excellent workmanship, and the whole interior is fitted up with the best possible taste. Before leaving the Hall, we were requested to insert our names in the visitors' book. The Prince of Wales and party had been there only a few days previously, and the last signature in the book was that of his Royal Highness's equerry.

We next visited Lowther Castle. It is a large plain-looking building of a semicircular form, with an extensive court-yard entered by a majestic archway and gate. As the family were from home, we were permitted to see through the house. The carpets were off the floors of the principal rooms, and many articles of furniture carefully packed up and laid aside; but most of the pictures were hanging on the walls, and these we admired greatly. The great majority of them were family portraits, but some represented eminent historical personages. The river Emont winds close by the policies, which are beautifully wooded. The late Earl lived to an advanced age, was a man of considerable ability, and filled in the course of his life several high posts in the Government.

On quitting Penrith for Keswick, we resolved, instead of going by the mail-coach, to hire a convey-

ance, which mode of travelling proved nearly as cheap, and much more enjoyable. Our route lay along a parish road, and through a pretty part of the country. It was the time of wild flowers, and such numbers I never saw before. On either side of the way the hedgerows were filled with them; and the little streams we crossed from time to time added a charming feature to the scene. After an interesting drive of sixteen or eighteen miles, we reached Keswick, mentioned in the geography of our school-days as the most beautiful valley in England. We entered the valley from the worst possible direction for gaining a good view of it, and it was only after a little acquaintance that its beauties began to unfold themselves. We had made up our minds to stay a week or more at Keswick, making it our head-quarters.

There is a very interesting relic of a bygone age within a couple of miles from Keswick, viz., a Druid's Circle or Temple. Some of my readers are perhaps familiar with the appearance of the Cat-stone or Battle-stone, ten feet in height above ground, near Hunter's Tryst, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. It is alleged by the ablest antiquarians to be the memorial stone of some chief who fell in battle. It is well-known that the Pentlands in past times, in the days of Hengist and Horsa, were the scenes of many bloody conflicts. The remains of armed warriors were found in large numbers in the neighbourhood about seventy years ago. The temple of the Druids at Keswick is made up of stones similar in appearance, but for the most part much larger than the Cat-stone, and in

number about two dozen. As in the case of the Parsees or Fire-worshippers of the present day, the sun, as representing the Deity, was the principal object of their adoration; at least, in performing the rites of their religion, they went round this circle, following the course of the sun. Supposing that these immense blocks of stone were taken from the valley—and this, we think, is indisputable—what an amount of work must our Druidical forefathers have expended in raising them to their present position! Being ignorant of most modern mechanical appliances, they must have got them hoisted to their place by means of an inclined plane formed after a great amount of labour.

On Sunday we attended the parish church of Crossthwaite, in which there is a recumbent marble statue of the poet Southey. Greta Hall, the mansion where he lived, is in Keswick. We had the pleasure of visiting it, and of walking in the garden and sitting in the bower where, we may suppose, many of his works, both in prose and verse, were composed. If this house, if these mountains, if that lake, could speak, how much might they tell us that is interesting of the solitary wanderings and musings of Southey and Wordsworth and Coleridge, that noble band of Lake poets, who have left the impress of their genius on their age and country! Here they communed with Nature, where she assumes the garb of loveliness and the forms of grandeur; here their minds were moulded by the powers of Nature, as exhibited in the sunshine and the storm, in the calm and the tempest. The wild flowers, the mountain rills, the silver lakes, the bosky glens,

and the waving woods, had each and all a language which these men could interpret; and they enable us to see in them a beauty, a majesty, and a sublimity which failed to impress us so powerfully before.

Skiddaw, the highest mountain in England excepting Helvellyn, takes its rise in the vale of Keswick. It is over 3000 feet high. We had the pleasure of making its ascent. We were accompanied by a guide, and to aid us in climbing were supplied with mountain staffs. By the way, the one I had was used by the Duke of Cambridge only a week or two previously. The road that leads to the mountain begins to have an uphill course immediately on leaving Keswick. At length we reach the foot and begin to climb. The guide knows all the different paths, and takes us by the easiest one. After a steady ascent of an hour and a half, pausing at frequent intervals to enjoy a view of the hills spread out like waves behind us, I thought we had surely reached the top, when the guide informed us we were as nearly as possible just half way. This was by no means very encouraging; but our extremity proved the guide's opportunity, and we were led forward to a spring of cold crystal water so small, that only to one acquainted with its existence was it perceptible. A little of this being mixed with some brandy we had in a flask, proved most refreshing and invigorating, and, conjoined with the bracing mountain air, made us feel as if we could go on climbing interminably. At length the summit is attained, and the view we get amply repays us for all our exertions. There is the lofty Helvellyn to the south, the town of Cockermouth at

our feet, and beautiful Derwent with its woody environments, spread out like a mirror of silver to reflect the surrounding mountains. Away to the north are the Solway, and the hills of Dumfries and Lanarkshire. Like a small cloud, the Isle of Man is pointed out to us in the far distant south-west. The air is now intensely cold, and we are glad to take shelter behind a cairn of stones on the summit. Another long last look of the glorious scenery on every side, and we begin our descent. We reach the plain as the darkness begins to fall, and are welcomed by our friends. The following day one of our number was seized with illness, which caused us to leave the district, and to hasten our homeward journey. Starting by the mail-coach in the evening, we reached Carlisle, where we passed the night; and went next morning by the earliest train to Glasgow, and thence to our home on the Ayrshire coast.

THE FALL.

(Lines written in November.)

Now cleared and gleaned the autumn fields,
  In open plain and windy strath,—
We turn to what the garden yields,
  Spread out beside our wonted path.

There trees and shrubs of various size,
  Late clothed with leaves of every hue,
Lift up their branches to the skies,
  Naked and weird-like to the view!

Such omens of a changing scene
  Awaken memories of the past—
When Summer clothed the earth with green,
  And o'er the landscape brightness cast.

Then plane-tree, oak, and silvery birch,
  The poplar, lime, and lofty elm,
The chestnut, ash, and graceful larch,
  Adorn our pleasant woodland realm.

But, though Time's finger works decay,
  The waning year is not yet dead;
And fruitful clusters, rich and gay,
  Hang from the branches overhead:—

The snowberry so pure and white,
The barberry of scarlet dye,
The elder, dark as sable night,
And holly that attracts the eye.

Thus Autumn yields a pleasing store,
Contributing to Winter's charms,—
Provided for, from evermore,
By Him who shields from all alarms.

The seasons ceaseless come and go,
Revolving round the circling year,—
Like ocean's gulping ebb and flow,
That brings, to many, a sigh and tear.

THE WATER-CRESS GATHERER.

(An Anecdote.)

AMONGST all classes of the community there is one thing that may be said to be common,—viz., the art of expressing in the most effective manner our many and varied needs. The child, as well as the man, has this power wonderfully developed; and those in humble life are specially taught it by the very urgency with which necessity presses upon them. Many years ago a striking example of this power was brought to my notice by a friend. He, along with his wife, was taking a walk through the vegetable market of Edinburgh one Monday morning, when they were accosted by an old woman having a basket of water-cresses over her arm; who addressing his wife said, "Bonnie water-cresses, mem—A' the way frae Loudon Burn at the fit o' the Pentlands—My een's just like to gang thegither; I've been up a' nicht gatherin' them—there's no muckle sleep for them that gather water-cresses."

These forcible expressions struck my friend, who had a fine sense of the picturesque in manner and speech, as poetry or oratory of a high order—an appeal as powerful as any that ever burst from the eloquent lips of a Cicero, or a Demosthenes, or an Edmund Burke!

And truly,—if one of the chief elements of poetry is the power of giving expression to our feelings and wants in an original, striking, and forcible manner; and in language that reaches the very inmost and tenderest chords of our emotional nature, awakening a swift and cheerful response,—then was the old woman's appeal one that was fitly characterised in the words used by our friend regarding it. The four utterances of which the appeal is made up, rise in power, one above the other, till the climax is attained; and beyond that it is hardly possible to advance. There is no other resource, should the final utterance of the appeal fail in working its desired end. And let it be observed, that though the appeal is expressed in the Scotch dialect, which is remarkable for its adaptability to the expression of the gentler feelings of our nature, it by no means owes its power to this. The same ideas expressed in ordinary English would have a similarly powerful effect.

PROCESSION OF THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

I HAD the pleasure, some years ago, of witnessing in Edinburgh the annual procession in connection with the opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland by her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner, the Earl of Rosslyn. I was fortunate enough to obtain a good position, from which to behold the interesting pageant. The crowd—made up of carriages and cabs, soldiers and policemen, well-dressed citizens and well-behaved artizans—that swayed to and fro in High Street, and the places adjoining, was a sight not to be forgotten. I was particularly struck on beholding, on the opposite side of the street from me, and immediately under the wing of the Parliament House, four blind men, arm-in-arm, leaning against the railings. I was at a loss to conjecture what sense, in the case of these men, was to be gratified by the approaching spectacle of the Representative of Royalty. Was the boom of the cannon, the roll of the drum, the sound of martial music, to fill their ear with pleasure? —or, caught by the infection of the great crowd, were these men there, not for the first nor perhaps the second time, to give expression to their loyalty and their sense of the benefits which, under the auspicious

government of Queen Victoria, all classes of the community enjoy?

About a quarter to twelve a gun from the Castle warned the expectant multitudes that the Lord High Commissioner, Francis Earl of Rosslyn, had left the royal palace of Holyrood, and that the august and time-honoured procession was on its way to the venerable cathedral of Saint Giles. The half-hour—still to be passed before the eye could be gratified by the trappings and insignia of martial glory, civic dignity, and lordly splendour — was spent by the surging crowds that lined the streets in witnessing the movements of the military, and the active preparations going on on every side for the approaching cavalcade. The route was lined by the 91st Regiment, and by the 1st Royal Dragoons.

At length the bugle sounded, and all were upon the look out. A body of police approached, with steady tread, to clear the way. Then a long string of carriages — containing various foreign consuls and civic dignitaries, including the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Councillors of Edinburgh in their robes and chains of office—swept by. The carriages containing the Moderator of the General Assembly, the Solicitor-General, and several of the leading clergy, next arrived, followed by a detachment of Dragoons. Then came the grand State-carriage, drawn by six magnificent horses, and occupied by His Grace The Lord High Commissioner, his Grace's chaplain, and his purse-bearer. Next in order came the carriage of the Countess of Rosslyn, in which were her ladyship

and other ladies of rank. The General-Commanding, with his Staff, and a detachment of the 1st Royal Dragoons, closed the procession.

Notwithstanding that many look askance at such relics of a former age as the pageant of the Commissioner,—we would give our vote for it as an institution that serves some good purpose, and that should not be allowed to perish.

A SAIL FROM LEITH TO STIRLING.

I HAD the pleasure of being one of a party of excursionists in a sail from Leith to Stirling in the month of June some years ago. We moved off from the pier at nine A.M. A pretty stiff breeze commenced to blow as the paddles began to stir the waters. This proved more enjoyable than a burning sun would have been, without any wind at all; and though coats and shawls were used rather freely, it was chiefly on the hurricane-deck;—those at the prow and stern seemed comfortable enough. A sail of a few miles brought us to Cramond and Queensferry, and the beautiful grounds of Dalmeny and Hopetoun. The magnificent mansion of the Earl of Hopetoun looks even finer from the water than it does when you are near it, or as seen from any point on land. This must have been, we should think, a calculation of the architect when the grounds and house were planned. A little further on, and on the same side of the Firth, is Blackness Castle, *i.e.*, the castle on the *dark promontory*. It is now used as a powder-magazine; but it was long one of the most important fortresses in the south of Scotland. On the other side of the Firth we noticed the square tower of the ruined Castle of Rosyth which is associated with the name of Oliver Cromwell, it having been the

birth-place of the Protector's grandmother. The Firth begins now gradually to contract; and, looking ahead, it seems as if land met land, and there were no river passage at all. Torryburn and Limekilns on its northern shore—and Borrowstownness, and Kinniel ironworks (with three furnaces in blast constantly emitting great volumes of flame, which lighten the landscape for a mile all round), on the southern,—are passed; and then we reach Alloa. Now blackness and darkness descended upon us in the form of a thunderstorm, which fortunately was of short duration,—though no less than sixty flashes of lightning were visible at Leith that day, and considerable consternation agitated its inhabitants. Whatever may have been the feelings of our party, not the smallest sign of fear was visible; and the rain, from which the awning protected us, soon ceased. A beautiful house built by one of the wealthy manufacturers of Alloa, the Wallace Monument, and Cambuskenneth Abbey, were features in the landscape which attracted much attention as we followed the circuitous windings or links of the Forth. The Wallace Monument looks superb, and adds very greatly, we think, to the majesty and beauty of the scenery; while it is a splendid and appropriate tribute to the memory of the noble-minded and heroic Wallace, who fought, suffered, and died for his country.

The usual quay-fare being paid, we were allowed to visit the "City of the Rock." The sun was now shining pleasantly, and the rain was all over. A delightful walk by steep streets and terraces brought us to the Castle, where from the battlements we had a glorious

view of mountain and vale, town and castle, spire and hamlet, ruined abbey and winding river. To the west, Craig-Forth lies embosomed in foliage; to the north, the Bridge of Allan, with its famous wells, lies quietly in the vale, the very picture of repose. At a little distance are the Wallace Monument on the Abbey Craig, and the beautiful mansion of Airthrie, the residence of the descendant of Sir Ralph Abercromby. Turning to the south is seen the King's Park, and in the distance the battlefield of Bannockburn and the flagstaff in the ancient borestone. There, as it has been well said, King Robert Bruce, like a liberal stage-manager, gave his enemies *pit* accommodation without *charging* them, and allowed his countrymen to go *scot*-free. Who will forget that has once seen the view from Stirling Castle? It is certain to be engraven on the memory, and will be recalled with pleasure in all future years. Before returning we visited the Cemetery on the Castle height. It is romantically and beautifully situated, and is possessed of a few exquisite works of art. There is a splendid monument to the memory of our Covenanting forefathers. There is a charming marble statue of Margaret Wilson, Scotland's maiden martyr; who—because she would not swear contrary to the dictates of her conscience, and cast away her religious principles—was tied to a stake on the sands of the Solway, where the rushing breakers came upon her and deprived her of life. There are also a statue of James Guthrie the martyr, one of Ebenezer Erskine (the founder of the United Secession, now merged in the United Presbyterian Church), and several interesting mural and other tablets.

On our return journey, owing to the low state of the tide, we got grounded. This stoppage, of nearly two hours, was fully enjoyed by us; for a more beautiful place at which to rest could not have been found on the Firth. The village of Airth embosomed among stately trees, and the lovely grounds and woods of Dunmore, famous in song, were just opposite to us; while the delay only served to give us the full enjoyment of the day's excursion, which, otherwise, would have been too soon over.

WINTER.

How bleak the wintry scene! The landscape looks
A gloomy picture. While a leaden haze
Obscures the distant view, the rippling brooks
Are bound in ice; the fiery scorching blaze
Of summer's noontide sun is cold and dead,
Or changed to darkness and to sullen gloom;
The glory of the lingering year is fled:
O'er all 's the aspect of the mournful tomb!
Yet soon the bitter, howling northern blast,
That sweeps in gusts across the dreary moor,
Driving the wreathèd snowdrifts to our door,
Will from its dazzling throne of ice be cast;
And genial blooming Spring will deck the plain,
And warbling voice of birds be heard again.

THE FAITH THAT IS COMMON.

THERE is a faith that is common, as well as one that is not so. The former belongs to the whole human family. It is a part of our moral nature, and is necessary to the discharge of every duty to which we may be called in life. The latter is confined to those who are saved by Divine grace. The faith of the Bible is not different in its nature from the other; though it is in a peculiar sense the gift of God, and has at all times a relation to what the Saviour has done and suffered in the room of the guilty. If we go back to our first parents and the garden of Eden, we shall see that the common faith of which we speak had room and opportunity for abundant exercise and development. In the injunctions given to the representatives of our race it may have been implied that they were to confine themselves within the limits of the garden and not to roam at will to other parts, whither the attractions of equally beautiful scenery might be apt to lead them;—and that work sufficient for them would be found within the precincts of Paradise, if they were content to seek and find their happiness there. It may perhaps in addition be inferred that the omniscient eye of their Creator may have already beheld in them a tendency to that

morbid curiosity and dissatisfaction with their lot which were the procuring cause of all that misery which we, their children, have to deplore. But whether such was the case or not, we may speak confidently of the common faith which must, of necessity, have been present with them in that garden, which they were required to "dress and keep." In spring, when they went forth to prepare the soil and plant the seed, they had faith that summer would bring a full blow of floral beauty—that the blooming rose, the pale lily, the sweet-scented thyme and mignonette, and sweeter honey-suckle, would adorn its borders and bowers; and in autumn, when they had gathered the fruit, they had faith that the winter storm would not be so severe as to destroy the plants buried in the ground, but that when spring returned they would reappear to beautify the face of the earth. And in no instance were they mistaken. However man may change, or wander from the path of duty, Nature's laws are unvarying. Effect follows cause in due order, and with perfect certainty. The husbandman has faith, when he sows his corn, that "the former and latter rain" will not be withheld, and that harvest will bring him an abundant recompense for all his toil. Again, the merchant who entrusts his goods to the vessel does so in faith that it will have a prosperous voyage. Did he dread adverse winds and tides, and anticipate its certain destruction, he would never consign them to its care. And the parent, when sending his son to school or college, expects that he will attend to his studies, and acquire that knowledge

which is to be of use to him in after life. The master has faith in his servant that he will do his duty, though his eye cannot be always upon him; and the servant, on the other hand, expects that his master will not be behind in the discharge of those obligations that devolve upon him, and that he will give him a fair remuneration for his labours. And so is it in all the relations, and duties, and interests of life—faith is the staff that supports us in them all.

But there are some people who are sadly defective even in this so common faith. They certainly have it, but it is by no means their distinguishing characteristic, as was the faith of Abraham;—it is in them, but not strongly developed. It is a plant of stinted growth and shrivelled aspect. You could not call one of its possessors Mr. Great-faith—his right name is Faint-heart. Such people are almost always bemoaning their condition, regretting what is past, and mournfully speculating as to the future. They are like a train put upon the wrong rails from the very beginning. They wish they had never been born. They cannot see how Providence had any hand in bringing them into the world, and as little do they see any traces of it in the manner in which they have hitherto been conducted through it. Such people are afflicted with that which, to preserve the honour of our common humanity, had better be called an abnormal affection, which makes them rather objects of pity than of blame. Others, again, have this faith in excess—too markedly developed. They think they deserve everything they have set their hearts upon, and that they

will obtain everything they strive after. They believe themselves fit to occupy a position or fill a situation for which no other person ever supposed them qualified. And as the dock is ever found in close contiguity to the nettle, there is too frequently associated with this excess of faith a most dogged determination which it is almost impossible to cry down. A too high estimate of their own worth, combined with perhaps a slight defect in judgment, is the cause of this unhappy overgrowth—the true remedy for which is to be found in the Scriptural pharmacopœia which Paul indites, and is designated "humbleness of mind." In the faith we speak of there must be moderation, as in everything else. Let our desire of a thing be reasonable, and our pursuit of it earnest, and there is the greatest probability that we will obtain it. We must beware of being too sanguine, lest we be deceived or disappointed,—and equally guard against a spirit of doubt, lest we be discouraged. We may calculate that things will fall out with us as they have done with others, and thus be freed from uncertainty; and that nothing is likely to happen to us which is new or strange, and thus be relieved from anxiety. Summer weather comes at the proper season, and not in winter; neither do balls of fire burst forth at our feet to alarm us, as in the case of those overweening heathen who sought to rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem.

ON SEEING FROM A SICK-BED THE SPIRE OF M—— CHURCH.

Affliction throws its shade upon
My troubled, weary, aching head;
But thoughts of God and Heaven befringe
With light the clouds that Sorrows spread.

I see the spire of yonder church—
It points right upwards to the sky!
Thus let my sickness point the way
To realms of peace and joy on high.

Within my heart let pure thoughts dwell,
My body be a sacred shrine:
Make me, O God, thy child indeed,
And lead me in thy paths divine.

I will not fret, although thy rod
Severely chasteneth my soul;
I know that Sorrow's bands are tied
By One whose power can make me whole.

I'll look beyond my present ills;—
In quiet patience keep my mind:
The "Heavenly House" by *faith* I see,
Obscured by no dark Reason's blind.

"Belov'd!" I hear my Father say,
"Give me thy heart, and all is thine:
"Both grief and joy—whate'er may come—
"All work for good, and make thee Mine!"

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BURNS.

ONE of the prettiest spots in Ayrshire is Loudoun. I spent a few days in the manse of the parish one summer many years ago. It was dusk when I arrived, so that I could not discern the character of the manse; but in the morning on going out of doors, I could see that it was a very neat one though old-fashioned. On the lintel above the front entrance I observed the following inscription, G. L., A. C., Jehovah-jireh—1768. There is a curious story connected with it. G. L. stands for George Lawrie, a former minister of the parish, and A. C. for Agnes Campbell his wife, who was rather a high dame. At the season after marriage, she gave birth to twins, doubtless two blessings,—but involving outlay, and my lady must have two nurses: so far well or ill, as it might be viewed by his reverence. By and by came other two. Twin blessings once more. Two more nurses must be got, since Mrs. Lawrie, who had ample means, demanded them. One beautiful morning these four children with their four nurses were enjoying a walk on the highway, when a tourist met them, and attracted by the unusual sight inquired, "Do these children all belong to one family?" On being answered in the affirmative, he replied, "Beautiful children! but, God bless me! who will provide?" Mr. Lawrie being

informed of the gentleman's remark, and thinking of misfortunes that, through the many avenues which Providence can form to the hearts and homes of even emperors and kings, might befall him and his companion in life's journey,—he showed his faith in the God of his fathers by raising an Ebenezer stone, and inscribing thereon one of His sacred names, which, translated, means—"Jehovah, the Lord, will provide."

Now as to the incident in the life of the bard which reveals a prayer for these children.

Burns was an intimate friend of Mr. Lawrie. On one occasion he slept a night at the manse, or rather passed a night in it, for sleep refused its genial repose. In the morning the minister said to his son, "Charlie, go up-stairs and waken the poet, and say we are all waiting breakfast." The boy did so, and scolded him for being so lazy. "Dear boy," said Burns, "I have not slept all night." "A fine man not to sleep," said the youth. "Yes, my friend! I was praying all night." "Very likely!" said Charlie, with a smile. "True nevertheless," said the honest ploughman; "and here's the prayer: take it to your father." In the table of contents of the poet's works it is entitled "A prayer, left by the author at a reverend friend's house, in the room where he slept." To show how beautifully appropriate it is to the case of the family blessed with the children I have spoken of, I quote the prayer in full—

"O Thou dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know Thou wilt me hear,
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

" The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare
To bless his filial little flock,
And show what good men are.

" She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

" Their hope—their stay—their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush—
Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish!

" The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand—
Guide Thou their steps alway!

" When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!"

ON SLEEP AND DREAMS.

SLEEP is indicative of weakness, and in our present state is indispensable to the recuperation of our impaired energies. The future state, however, is represented as one of sleepless and unceasing activity, and when alluded to under the term "rest," a seeming contradiction, the idea is only rendered the more intense. For in what condition may a man be said to be more truly and emphatically at rest, than when enthusiasm sustains him in the prosecution of a delightful task, when in the enjoyment of health, and when he has no care or vexation, nothing to worry, nothing to annoy?

It has been the lot of some to do without sleep for considerable periods. A medical friend of mine, when greatly pressed with work on one occasion, managed to do without sleep for a week. He assisted himself, however, by the use of suitable medicine.

Once a French prisoner was condemned to die from loss of sleep. On the eleventh day he expired. The means taken to produce this painful form of dissolution was the sharp lash of a whip applied to the criminal's body when sleep seemed to be approaching.

It is indisputable that the laws of nature cannot be broken without incurring a penalty; and if we suffer

greatly from loss of sleep at one time, it must be compensated by a proportionate amount at another.

Dreams are dependent neither wholly, I think, on a bodily condition, nor wholly on a mental one, but on both conjoined. Besides, I would not shut out the supernatural in every case. Admit that God is the author and giver of life, and it is equally easy to grant that His Spirit may act upon us, moulding and fashioning us according to his will, and moving the very springs of action within us.

I think I am justified in saying that I have been visited with disagreeable dreams in about the same proportion as with pleasant ones. What are the former but skeins of unrest, tangled—then loosened thread by thread—and after a season ravelled, twisted, and knotted again! I have awakened from sleep after a night of such dreams with a feeling of the utmost despondency; the action of the mind having been so intense, as to leave an impression which it required the first half-hour of the morning fully to efface. I have, on the other hand, been visited with dreams of so agreeable a sort, that in the morning the remembrance of them has cheered me, and encouraged me to persevere in the path of duty or to endure trial.

Dreams may be fraught with wise teachings conveyed in a manner explicit and direct, or enigmatical and mysterious. They may have some useful bearing upon life, with its sorrows and joys. A mother sees her infant smiling in its sleep, and she says an angel has visited the child—the angel who presides over the dark land of dreams. Is smiling in this case a function of

the animal nature, dependent on the working of the nerves alone? The other idea is at least a more pregnant and beautiful one. To believe that a presiding Power is in the solemn conclave of Cardinals, the Convocations and Assemblies of the Protestant Churches, the great Congregation, a household gathered at family worship, or with each individual believer—and yet to shut Him out from the breast of even an infant,—is to think slightingly of the Almighty, and to limit His operations.

Many plans have been tried to induce sleep,—all of them having for their object to concentrate the mind on one thing, and thus stay the current of thought. But it is in vain, as there is no forcing of it. Neither is it of much moment in what position we lie on our couch. Some more readily fall asleep in one position, others in another. The right side is supposed to be the best, as resting on it does not cramp the action of the heart. Opiates should only be used in cases of extremity, and under medical advice; for, if indulged in, they hurt the stomach, and otherwise produce injurious effects on the system. Some of them, however, are admirable, bringing on soothing sleep, and leaving no particularly bad results. To make as sure of sleep as possible, there is nothing better than a large amount of exercise in the open air. The pure fresh air acts as a tonic. Cold bathing in fresh or salt water is also beneficial. Sometimes, when fatigued or excited, I have found a plunge before retiring have a very soothing effect on the nerves, and conduce to speedy and refreshing sleep.

A person in robust health may fall asleep, after a day of hard physical exertion, without partaking of food later than six o'clock; but in the generality of cases a moderate supper before retiring for the night is absolutely necessary.

An example or two of facility in obtaining sleep might be cited. I knew a medical gentleman engaged in practice in an extensive district of country, and among a scattered population. A considerable portion of his time, therefore, was occupied on horseback. His grey charger was most regular and steady in his movements; and by practice my friend was able to obtain, especially during night rides on unfrequented roads, snatches of refreshing sleep, which the urgency of his patients' cases prevented him from getting at home. This is a striking example of the power some people have of accommodating themselves to circumstances.

I remember, when a boy ten years of age, travelling on horseback for three miles during the night, and sound asleep. To have done so without help would have been impossible: I was therefore steadied on the saddle by the hand of a friend.

Some have great facility in falling asleep in circumstances of another kind. The First Napoleon during his wars did with very little repose; and had the power of sleeping in times of danger and alarm—even on the field during a battle. The late Dr. Candlish of Edinburgh was in the habit, when feeling fatigued after a long and warm debate at a meeting of Presbytery or General Assembly, of going home and taking a sleep for an hour or so, and returning to resume the debate.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Gough, the celebrated Temperance orator from America, on one of his visits to this country; and learned that it was an invariable practice of his on lecture nights to indulge in a couple of hours' sleep in the early part of the evening. He found that by so doing he was greatly refreshed and invigorated, and thus more fully enabled to bear the strain of a long oration before a large and crowded assembly.

Too much sleep is perhaps as hurtful as too little; and it ought to be the endeavour of every one valuing good health to preserve, as far as possible, equilibrium amongst the various organs, so that the activity of both body and mind may be fully sustained.

THE SWALLOW.

SWIFT through the yielding summer air
(When May with scented breath doth fill
The hawthorn-blossom, and most fair
The garden grows by winding rill)

The swallow comes on archèd wing,
A visitant from colder skies,—
Helping sweet memories to bring,
That lift aloft the longing eyes.

The ever-welcome swallow comes
To build its nest beneath our eaves—
Its love-notes gladdening our homes,
And twittering among the leaves.

See how it skims along the lake,
Touching the water with its breast;
And snatches insects from the brake,
To bear them to its quiet nest!

And all day long its gleesome flight
It takes in mazy circles wide,
In summer—when the sun is bright,
And shadows flit across the tide!

Still may the swallow be to me
  The emblem of a quiet life,
From every jarring discord free—
  From envy, care, and fitful strife!

Better to walk in silent shade,
  With Love and Friendship by our side;
Better to seek the sheltered glade,
  Where peace and harmony abide,—

Than tempt the giddy rugged heights
  Where towers Ambition's glittering prize,
And, scorning all our sweet delights,
  Engulf ourselves where dangers rise.

ST. ROLLOX CHEMICAL WORKS, GLASGOW.

ST. ROLLOX CHEMICAL WORKS, of which Mr. Charles Tennant, M.P. for Peeblesshire, is the chief partner, are the largest of the kind in the world. They cover fully ten acres of ground, while the famous chimney connected with them rises to the height of 452 feet. In a work by Mr. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal, in which the heights of different mountains, the Pyramids of Egypt, church-spires, etc., are mentioned, this chimney is also noticed.

What struck me in going over the works was the number of furnaces, engines, boilers, enormous wooden chambers, with stairs leading to them, and vats of great size,—and the thousands of pipes and tubes of all kinds and dimensions, winding in seemingly interminable convolutions around and along the roofs of the various series of sheds, where the extensive operations are carried forward. I felt in many places heat, steam, and pleasant (though somewhat pungent and overpowering) odours. One thousand three hundred men are employed in these immense works. The business goes on night and day continually. Vitriol, soap, soda, sulphuric acid, chloride of lime, and many other substances, are there manufactured. I noticed in one place large heaps of Sicilian sulphur, used for

making vitriol; in another, Spanish pyrites, a combination of certain metals (copper and iron chiefly) with sulphur, and containing forty-eight per cent. of the latter. There are nine sets of furnaces for burning the pyrites, and seventy-two leaden chambers, about fifteen feet high, where sulphuric acid is condensed by steam,—the gases being passed from one chamber into another, while the condensed acid falls into the bottom of the chambers. I saw some fine specimens of soda crystals. In another place are the Gay-Lussac towers, where nitro-sulphuric acid is formed. In another, Glover's towers, where the nitro-sulphuric acid is deprived of its nitrous compounds. In another place is the salt-cake process, where sulphate of soda and hydrochloric acid are formed from common salt and sulphuric acid. Again, I had pointed out to me the cylinder process for making sulphate of soda and chloride of lime. Also, chloric stills where from manganese and hydrochloric acid are formed chlorine and chloride of manganese. In another part of the works were heaps of limestone, from which, after being burnt and slaked with water, hydrate of lime is formed. This latter being ground down and subjected to the action of chlorine, yields chloride of lime, or bleaching powder, and of this there are made at the rate of two hundred tons per week. I was particularly interested in the great crystallizing house, where there are no less than four hundred and fifty cast-iron crystallizing pans. Soda ash being dissolved in water, and the organic matter being allowed to settle, there runs off into these pans

a clear liquor, which, being allowed to crystallize, yields crystals of what is commonly called washing soda. There is also made caustic soda, which is used for cleansing yarn and making soap. I saw two stills or boilers made of platinum, a metal that resists the action of vitriol, and is, as my readers may be aware, not only heavier, but also more expensive, than gold. Bearing upon this point I may mention an anecdote I heard from a friend. A young gentleman, invited to dine with the late Mr. Charles Tennant, founder of the works, entertained the hope that he might be taken as a partner into the concern. Mr. Tennant asked him how much money he could put into the business. The reply was, five or ten thousand pounds. "Five thousand pounds! young man," was the response: "why, one of my boilers cost as much as that." The two stills or boilers referred to are, in the plating, of the thickness of a five-shilling piece; and they cost two thousand three hundred pounds, and one thousand nine hundred pounds, respectively. Another place of interest to me was the soap-house. Soap is formed from a mixture of oils, combined with soda and salt; which mass is boiled down to the proper consistency, put into moulds to harden, and then cut into bars. I noticed some bars with beautifully variegated marble-like veins running through them, which are caused by the presence of ultramarine blue added to the other components in their manufacture, in order to do away with the necessity of laundresses using the common Prussian blue for washing purposes.

THE QUEEN'S DOCK, GLASGOW.

THE progress that has been made in recent years in developing the capabilities of the river Clyde at Glasgow, and in extending the harbour, has been truly marvellous. And still the work goes forward with, if possible, increasing industry, ingenuity, and perseverance. I had the pleasure some time ago, under the guidance of one of the resident engineers, of going over the ground at Stobcross, where the Queen's Dock is at present being constructed. As it may interest some of my readers, I shall mention a few particulars with regard to this great undertaking. It is expected to cost one and a half millions sterling. A thousand men are employed on it. It is to extend over sixty acres (thirty-four of which will be covered with water), and is to yield three thousand three hundred yards of quayage. When completed it will give an immense impetus to the mineral traffic of the North British Railway, and greatly facilitate shipping and commerce with all nations.

On entering the grounds, I was surprised to see the great excavations—wide and deep—that were being made in the soil, and the large number of engines, cranes, and waggons, that were lying everywhere about. At one end of the dock there is a

swing-bridge, which can be lifted all in a piece three inches, and, poised in the centre, be swung across without resting on wheels or rollers. It is eight hundred tons in weight, and is worked by a horizontal engine of seventy-five horse power. There hangs from the top of the piston of this engine an iron weight of eighty tons, while water acts on the bottom of the piston with the enormous pressure of seven hundred pounds on the square inch.

The vast wall forming the outer boundary of the dock has a foundation at one place of rock, at another of hard sand, and at another of very tough boulder clay. The boulder clay is the first foundation reached, the sand is at a deeper level, and at a still deeper one is the solid rock. As there is great difficulty in building on such a shifting foundation as sand, cylinders are employed to facilitate the erection of the wall. Coffer dams (*i.e.*, water-tight enclosures of piling) are formed to shut out the water or mud, naturally accumulating wherever the soil is opened up. At intervals within these enclosures, and at a certain depth, is placed a cast-iron shoe or frame as the foundation of the cylinder. This cylinder is formed of eleven rings of concrete—a hard and durable substance, composed of mortar and gravel; and several iron rings are placed above it to increase its weight. An excavator or digger is then used. It is a pear-shaped instrument—hollow—having long narrow side-openings, weighs about one and a half tons, and is of the nature of a wedge. It hangs on a chain, is worked by powerful machinery, and goes down the cylinder

with great impetus. Each time it is projected downwards it brings up water and sand, the water being discharged through the side-openings, while the sand is thrown into a waggon and carried away. This displacement of water and sand causes the cylinder itself gradually to sink deeper and deeper in the earth; which downward motion is expedited by the superincumbent iron rings. When the cylinder has descended its entire length, and when the temporary superincumbent iron rings have been removed,—on the foundation thus formed of deep and powerful piles of concrete, the wall is built.

Two resident engineers superintend the operations; while the whole is under the able management and direction of Mr. James Deas, C.E., Engineer to the Clyde Trust.

A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

SWIFT as the fleetest steed,
Or swallow's wingèd flight,
Year follows year, in constant chase,
Into the realm of night.

The sun of life declines,
Longer the shadows grow,
And, in the advancing even-tide,
The billows widening flow.

The ship that bears our fate
Is hastening to the land:
Would that amid the waves and storms
We saw our Captain's hand

Guiding the helm aright,
Bracing each fluttering sail—
Till, cordage tight, and canvas set,
We catch the favouring gale!

Then would our trembling bark
Its forward path still keep,

Fearing no harm or sudden foe
Through trackless waters deep;—

Heaven's port in prospect sure,
With welcome from the Shore
To fill our weary longing hearts
With peace for evermore!

NOTES.

MUSIC: ITS ANALOGIES AND USES.

"*. . . . praise which He may justly claim from even inanimate creation.*" (Page 2.)

Only spiritual intelligences, and free moral agents such as man, can be said to render praise (in the usual acceptation of the term) to the Almighty. The power, wisdom, and goodness of God—so manifest in the works of creation—awaken in every renewed mind a feeling of gratitude which consummates itself in praise. And if these attributes of the Almighty are viewed in relation to the stupendous work of human redemption, and to the blessings and mercies which from day to day the hand of an over-ruling Providence is bestowing upon us,—how much more are they calculated to rouse within us such feelings as find their fullest expression in devoted homage and adoring gratitude and praise!

While it is allowed, therefore, that intelligent beings are in a special sense, and by the very constitution of their nature, made amenable to the law of gratitude, and capablo of showing forth God's praise; it may nevertheless be conceded that there may be associated with the motions and revolutions of the celestial bodies an inherent energy stamped upon them by the Almighty, and developing itself relatively to Him in harmonious sounds which may figuratively, if not really, be construed as praise.

When sin, with death as its penalty, shall have been expunged; when the soul is clothed with its resurrection dress; when the ear, now comparatively gross and dull like all the other

senses, shall have become quicker and stronger—more delicate, refined, and perfect; *then* it may be we shall be privileged to hear from the thick-clustering orbs of the sky hymns of praise as from a great harp, whose chords, touched by an unseen but almighty hand, ever vibrate and quiver with the melodious deep-toned sounds of ethereal music.

> "Look how the floor of heaven
> Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
> Such harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."
>
> *The Merchant of Venice, Act V., Scene I.*

"*. . . . we have rather an objection than otherwise to the organ.*" (Page 13.)

In speaking of the organ in connection with public worship, I intimate my impression that a good leader is better than any instrument. This impression—which, however, may be a mistaken one—I came to form from comparing the singing in one or two of the Churches in Glasgow, where no organ was used, with that of other congregations in this country and in England, where an organ was employed. This was about the time that instruments were first spoken of amongst certain sections of Presbyterians in this country, and were being introduced into their congregations. It may have been, however, that the leaders of psalmody were exceptionally good in the churches first noticed, and that the congregations therein assembled from Sabbath to Sabbath were more thoroughly trained than others in the art of music; and thus may be accounted for the impression left upon my mind of the superiority of the singing in these

churches. It may be said that there is a fulness and richness of melody attainable with the use of the organ, which is not experienced where this instrument is awanting: if such is the case, it would follow that it must be a considerable help in the service of praise. While I am not prepared to deny this, I think there will be but one opinion at any rate as to the advisableness of congregations making themselves acquainted with music theoretically, and giving a certain proportion of their time to its cultivation. It is possible to praise God while listening to music performed on an instrument, or by a choir,—in the same way as we worship Him by following the extempore prayer of a clergyman: nevertheless it is expected and required of us, that heart and voice should be united in the praises of the sanctuary.

TANNAHILL: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

"*. . . . . all of his that has ever been published.*" (Page 34.)

I have become aware, since writing the paper on Tannahill, that the poet wrote a pleasing pastoral drama entitled "Tho Soldier's Return." The scene is a farm-house among hills, with woods overhanging, and beneath the dwelling a glen with a burn running through it. The plot is simple, but pleasing. A mother, driven by selfish and worldly motives, determines that her daughter shall marry an old rich suitor; while the father, recognising the incongruity of such a match, tries to reason with his wife as to the impropriety of such a step, and at the same time strongly dissuades his daughter from it. She herself is quite averse to it, and takes every opportunity to show that she is so. At length Harry, a young soldier,—who had won the young woman's affections, when acting as a servant on her father's farm,—returns home; and the family are surprised one

day by a visit from him and the laird, or proprietor of the farm, who is himself also a soldier, and who had been saved by Harry from a watery grave when they were both engaged in war abroad. In gratitude to his deliverer, the laird offers to promote Harry's fortune. The young man declines any favour but this, that the laird should solicit for him from her parents the hand of his sweetheart in marriage. This request the laird now makes, and it is at once granted; while her old suitor is satisfied to marry one nearer his own age. There are four pleasing songs in the piece—one of which is an exquisite production of genius, viz., "Yon burn side;" while the drama throughout is characterised by quaint humour, graphic descriptions, sage reflections, and fine poetic fancy.

PHRENOLOGY.

"... *predisposition to evil courses was hereditary.*" (Page 57.)

It may be true that the criminal classes, as a general rule, present a low type of humanity. It may be also true that both body and mind become degenerated after a long and continued course of crime, so that the offspring of criminals are certain—according to a physical law that like produces like—to follow in the footsteps of their parents. It may be true that a predisposition to evil courses is more strongly marked in the case of the criminal classes than in the other classes of the community. Yet, while admitting all this, it must also be admitted that every one of us, criminal and non-criminal alike, is born into the world with a proneness or predisposition to wrong-doing; which is only another way of expressing the fact, that the nature of man is depraved. A child is born amidst the most unfavourable surroundings, he is left to grow up in ignorance, has no example of good set before him, is exposed on every hand to temptations:

is it a matter of surprise that he should go astray, pursuing evil courses, and in the end become hardened in crime? But let the same child have different surroundings, let him be brought under the influence of education, let a good moral and religious example be set before him,—and the same good fruits that in hundreds of similar cases have been produced, will become apparent in his case also. The time is not long gone by, when the children of the lower classes were allowed to grow up as chance or as circumstances might direct. A small amount of instruction might be imparted to them, or none at all,—according to the will or the caprice of the parents or guardians. For the most part they were left to run about wild, so long as they were too young to work; or, if at school, were taken from it and sent to work of some kind, before they had time to learn even the humblest elements of education. We may hope that before long—when the system of education, which is now being worked so well by the various School Boards throughout the land, shall have had time to tell upon the masses—the character and habits of the people will undergo a gradual process of elevation, and lives of crime be more and more reduced in number. We may not be able to eradicate crime altogether—any more than we may stamp out sickness, disease, and death; but we may be sure that our only hope of success in this direction is through means of education—secular and religious,—such being the true lever to raise us above the power of evil habits, and the true panacea against the multiform evils that ignorance ever brings in its train.

"*. . . . . and even guilty of murder.*" (Page 58.)

I refer to the case of Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter,—after his release from the Tower, where he had been during thirteen years detained a prisoner,—in order to repair his ruined fortunes, set out with the King's consent on an expedition to Guiana, to

form a settlement and work a gold mine which was believed to exist on the river Orinoco. Meanwhile the King informed Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador in London; and the Spaniards, thus forewarned, were, as a matter of course, prepared to offer resistance to Raleigh and his followers on their arrival. Raleigh undertook to make a peaceful settlement, and promised not to enter into hostile collision with the Spaniards. Above twenty years previous to this, he, on his first expedition, which preceded the arrival of the Spaniards, had nominally taken possession of the territory for the English Crown; and had thus established a claim prior to that of every other. On the present occasion, Raleigh ordered his followers not to molest any Spanish settlers; but the Spaniards aggressively attacked during the night a party under Captain Keymis, who retaliated by destroying the Spanish town of St. Thomas. In this action were slain Raleigh's valiant son, and the Governor of St. Thomas, brother to Gondomar. Of these events Raleigh was unaware, being confined to a sick-bed, at some forty miles' distance from the scene. Being afterwards severely upbraided by Raleigh on other grounds, Captain Keymis committed suicide. The expedition was then abandoned, partly owing to the severe and protracted sickness of Raleigh, who returned to England. Before his arrival, however, the Spanish Ambassador had complained of his conduct; and had threatened James with the hostility of the King of Spain if satisfaction were not given. James, in very abject terms, disowned Raleigh's proceedings; and promised that he should be punished, as King Philip might please, either in England or in Spain. Accordingly, notwithstanding the pleadings of many of the nobility, and though the legal authorities of the Crown showed that there were no grounds for a criminal charge against Raleigh, James, to gratify the Ambassador,—and because he expected an immediate alliance between his son Charles and the Infanta, along with a large sum of money,—basely, treacherously, and pusillanimously sacrificed one of his ablest and most valuable subjects. He gave orders for his execution; and he was beheaded upon Tower Hill, October 29, 1618.

ON SLEEP AND DREAMS.

". . . . *I would not shut out the supernatural in every case.*" (Page 194.)

Homer somewhere says, "For the dream also is from Jove." In the 2nd Book of the Iliad he represents Jupiter as despatching a dream-god as a messenger to Agamemnon.

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