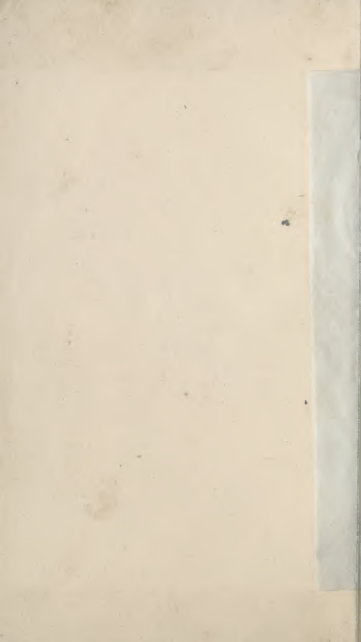


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DUNDER CONGREGOPIA.



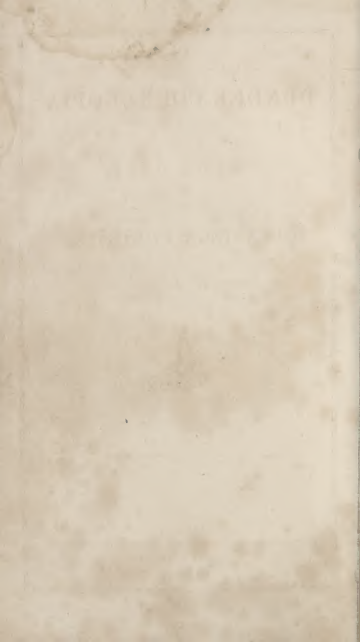
DUNDER
PUBLISHED BY JAMES W. WILKINS,
NEW-YORK.



THE
DUNDEE CORNUCOPIA.



Dundee:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES CHALMERS,
CASTLE STREET.
1843.



THE
DUNDEE CORNUCOPIA:

▲
MISCELLANY

OF

GLEANINGS, POETRY, &c.,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.



~~~~~  
"Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale  
Its infinite variety."—ARISTOTLE.  
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Dundee:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES CHALMERS, BOOKSELLER,
CASTLE STREET.

1843.



PRINTED AT THE HERALD OFFICE, DUNDEE.

A D D R E S S .

IN issuing this little Work from the Press, the Proprietors naturally feel considerable anxiety respecting the reception it is likely to meet with. It is the first Publication of the kind attempted to be established in Dundee, and this, as a matter of course, rendered the duty the more laborious; but an expectation is fondly entertained, that, as a whole, the Volume will be found neither discreditable to the Local Press, nor undeserving of encouragement in other respects. With these remarks, we consign our "NEW YEAR'S GIFT" to the care of a discerning public, in the confident belief that its merits, such as they may really be, will not be overlooked. The Proprietors propose continuing the Work annually, to be published at the same auspicious period of the year; and, as experience will naturally enable them to do more justice to it in every department in future, they anticipate the support of the lovers of this description of Literature.

The Proprietors fondly hope that the following extract from WASHINGTON IRVING will be found not inapplicable to this Volume:—"There was one dapper, little gentleman, in bright-coloured clothes, with a chirping, gossiping, expression of countenance, having all the appearance of an author on good terms with his bookseller. He made more stir and show of business than all the others; dipping into various books—fluttering over the leaves of manuscripts; taking a morsel out of the one, a sentiment out of another, and a quaint saying out of a third. The contents of his book seemed to be as heterogenous as the witches' cauldron in Macbeth—here a finger, there a thumb—toe of frog, and blind worms' sting;—his own cheerful gossip poured in, like baboon's blood, to make the medley 'stale and good!' SUCH IS OUR VOLUME."

DUNDEE, December, 1842.

GLEANINGS, ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.—One of our civic functionaries, whose jolly appearance gives ample indications of excellent "keep," happened lately to be enjoying the cool air on the beautiful promenade at the Barracks,—no doubt ruminating on the share he had in the management of the bustling world below. In his ramble to the westward, he came up to the sentinel at the powder-magazine. "Well," said he, "my good friend, can I get out by the west gate?" The sentinel, disposing of the question in a literal sense, replied—"I do not know, sir; but a cart-load of hay came through it this afternoon!"

A French "god," recently sitting in the theatre at Troyes, was thrown over into the pit. The audience thought he would be killed. Not so. Springing to his feet, he fumbled in his pockets, and exclaimed, "Diable! this is very unlucky!" Said some one, "You might have lost your life." "Bah!" he replied, "I wish that had been the worst of it; but I have lost from my pocket *four sous* (twopence)!"

THE MYLNEFIELD MOB.—Saunders Logan, of noted memory, before proceeding to the scene of conflict, very kindly gave his advice to his wife and children. "First Jock an' Meg. You, Jock Logan, protect yer mither, for your father is gaen to fight wi' the mighty; and you, Meg, be a dutifu' bairn to yer mither when Saunders is awa, an' his head happit." The turkey-cock at this moment uttered a terrible scream, on which the heroic Saunders roared out to his wife, "Protect yersel', Jean, for I maun rin!"

SAUNDERS AGAIN.—Saunders, on one occasion, starved himself for nearly a week, that he might get a real *gutsfu'* at an approaching christening. On the morning of the auspicious day, a waggish neighbour looked in, and told Saunders that the "affair" had been postponed,—advising him, at the same time, to relieve the necessities of his stomach with a plentiful supply of brose. Saunders accordingly did so before discovering the hoax, and thus rendered himself utterly unable to get more than a mere taste of the dainties.

A PREDICAMENT.—One day a slater, employed on the roof of a house in the Overgate, lost his hold, and was slowly descending to apparently inevitable destruction,—repeating to himself all the time—“O, sic a fa’s I *will* get! O, sic a fa’s I *will* get!” He certainly did fall to the ground, but was fortunately little injured. A man, not aware of the “dooncome,” happened to pass ere the poor fellow had well recovered his senses, and asked if he knew what o’clock it was? “No,” replied the slater; “but I guess it’s about denner-time, for I saw the folks busy suppin’ their kail i’ the garret as I cam doon the slates!”

HAIRY KAIL.—Sandy Cameron, one of Nature’s *daft wyllies*, acquired the above cognomen from the following ludicrous circumstance:—The *kail-pat* had been frequently plundered of the solid part of its contents, ere it was considered ready for family use, and Sandy, who was really guilty, was blamed for the theft. In order to shift the blame to another party, he one day seized upon “*puir pussy*” (an excellent thief, no doubt, in most cases, though innocent in this), lifted the *pat lid*, and thrust her in amongst the kail, carefully holding down the cover till the poor, unfortunate animal was quiet enough. On his mother’s return, he removed the cover, exclaiming—“See, mither—just look here! I was blamed for stealin’ the beef, but dere’s the tief!” at the same time pulling out “*puir pussy’s*” carcase.

DAFT WISDOM.—Daft Jock Imrie, who was well known in this locality, happening “once upon a time” to pass a grocer’s shop in the Murraygate, saw an uncovered quantity of oil standing in a conspicuous place close by the door. Jock stepped in apparently on business, and, having a pair of shoes in his hand which stood much in want of *greasing*, dropped them intentionally amongst the fat of the whale. On lifting out his shoes, Jock swore lustily at the shopkeeper for keeping “things sae muckle i’ the way!”

TIT FOR TAT.—“Jock Jack, the carter,” was another noted local character. Going one day into his byre with a grape in his hand, his cow gave him a good smart kick; on which the wretch actually drove the grape into the animal’s side. The poor creature moaned “boo, boo,” in extreme agony. “Boo, boo, again,” exclaimed Jock, “wha began’t first?”

A tourist in the north of Scotland, in 1746, says that the following inscription was then to be seen on a tomb-stone in the church-yard of Arbroath :—

" Heir lyes Alexander Peter *present* toum treasurer of Arbroath who died — day of January 1630

Sic a treasurer was not seen since nor yet before
For common warks calsaie brigs & schoir
Of all eithers he did excele
He deviced our skoil and he hung our bele"

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—Patriots stand out stoutly for "the Liberty of the Press," and condemn any encroachment upon it as a foul inroad on the people's liberties. We are much of the same mind, and remember of a kind of liberty which we sometimes took with "the press" in our young days, which was not very well relished by our mother ; but, rather than suffer any inroad upon which, we would have seen the whole public press of Britain destroyed. Those were amongst the best relished morsels we ever ate which we became possessed of by taking liberties with "the press."

HONOUR AT A DISCOUNT.—A number of years ago, as the present Earl of Camperdown was strolling through his plantations, he observed a boy perched aloft on a tree, intent on *harrying* a nest. His Lordship called aloud to him—"Come down, Sir; come down, instantly!" "Na, na!" replied the boy, "I'm feared you'll lick's." "Upon my honour," said his Lordship, "come down, and I'll not touch you." "I ken naething about your honour;" answered the sagacious youth, "but if you'll say as sure's death, I'll come down." His Lordship actually came under the necessary obligation, and the boy immediately descended, and was off in an instant.

PLUMP AND PLAIN.—"Noo, mind Willie—mind what I'm sayin'," faltered a dying woman to her husband; "you maun tak my body out to the Mains Kirk Yard; for, be sure, if ye dinna, I'll rise an' plague ye." "Deed, Tibbie," replied the distracted husband, "we'll just try ye in the Howff first, an' if ye dinna tak wi't, ye can just rise an' stap out bye yoursel'!"

An honest farmer, living near Morpeth, was asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper? "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many papers, and I haven't read them through yet."

UNANSWERABLE.—A friar in Italy, both clever and learned, was commanded to preach before the Pope at the time of the Jubilee, and went to Rome, before the appointed day, in order to see the manner of the Conclave, and adapt his sermon to the solemnity of the occasion. On the day he ascended the pulpit, and having finished his prayer, he exclaimed with a loud voice, "St Peter was a fool!" which he repeated three times, and then descended from the pulpit! The astonished Pope immediately questioned him on his strange conduct, when he replied, "If, Holy Father, a Cardinal can go to Heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, living at ease, wallowing in luxury, and seldom or never preaching, St Peter certainly was a fool, who took a hard way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching, abstinence, and humiliation." The Pope could not deny the reasonableness of the reply.

ANTI-CLERICAL FEROCITY.—One day a notorious fellow of a carter, who was no less famed for his wit than the cruelty he exercised towards the dumb animal under his charge, was trudging along the street with his cart, when the poor, overwrought, and under-fed quadruped, fell to the ground. While Willie was engaged in most unmercifully whipping the poor animal, with a view to compel it to regain its "all-fours," Dr D—— approached the spot, and challenged the biped for his cruelty; to which Willie retorted—"What business hae you wi'thebrute? He disna belong to your congregation!"

SAW-DUST *versus* BRAN.—The same worthy member of the "world's extended fold," happening to purchase a miserable hack from a countryman at the First Fair, put down before it a sumptuous supper of saw-dust. Though country-bred, the half-famished animal did not relish the repast, and turned up his nose thereat; on which our hero exclaimed—"Confound the brute! Wha wad hae thought a country horse wad hae kent saw-dust frae bran!"

Snuff-takers differ from all the rest of the world, for they turn up their noses at what they most admire.—Birds sing less in August than in other months—ladies chatter less in February. The former curious fact in natural history has some mystery about it; but the why and wherefore of the latter, may be found in the circumstance, that February is the shortest month in the year.

The young ladies in Vermont, it is said, though we do not believe it, still continue to kiss the lips of young temperance men, to see whether they have been tampering with toddy.

A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP.—A marriage took place lately, at Beaumaris, a small village in Wales, which caused much merriment, especially amongst the youngsters. It appears that the fair lady had been twice asked at church to another young man, and that preparations were being made to have the knot duly tied early in the ensuing week; when, on Tuesday evening, an old flame of the damsel, happening to enter the town, determined "to cook up the old broth," and accordingly lost no time in procuring a license. On the next morning, whilst the young man first spoken of was busied in his potatoe field, indulging doubtless in happy day-dreams of the future, intelligence was brought to him that he had been fairly jilted—his intended having been just married by the Rev. Curate at the church of St Mary. There is nothing, it seems, "like striking while the iron is hot."

CURE FOR A LADY'S SORE THROAT.—"Nobody can imagine," said an elderly spinster lately, in a public vehicle, "how much I am afflicted with sore throat whenever I get the least touch of cold." "I used to be very much troubled by the same complaint," said a gentleman present, "but have found out an effectual means of preventing it, and now my throat never troubles me." "Well, sir," said the lady, "will you oblige me by telling what means you use?" "O, Ma'am, it is a remedy you could never think of trying," rejoined the gentleman. "My dear sir," replied the lady, "I suffer so much with sore throat that I would try any remedy. Be so good, if you please, as tell me what you do to keep clear of it." "Why, then, Ma'am," said the wag, "I just allow my whiskers to grow beneath my chin." The afflicted lady of course made no further inquiries.

CURIOUS NOTICE.—The following curious notice recently appeared on Ludford Church door, Herts, and was previously read in the church:—"This is to give notice that no person is to be *buried* in this churchyard but those *living* in the parish; and those who *wish to be buried* are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

The praise of railway travelling was rather originally advocated by a companion of ours, whose admiration was chiefly excited by its putting an end to highway robberies. "Sir," said he, "it has extinguished one of the most extensive, dangerous, and worst species of crime. A footpad, sir, cannot put a pistol to the boiler and stop the train by threatening to blow its brains out, so that the passengers may be plundered at leisure."

"THE ENVY OF SURROUNDING NATIONS."—"In the olden time, our glorious country of England, my dears, must have been a pleasant place," said Mrs Tickletoby, in her Lectures on English History; "for see what numbers of people have taken a fancy to it! First came the Romans, as we have seen, and then the Saxons; and when they were comfortably established here, the Danes, under their Sea Kings, came gallantly over the main, and were not a whit less charmed with the island than the Saxons and Romans had been. Amongst those distinguished foreigners may be mentioned the Sea King, Swain, who came to England in the year nine hundred and something, landing at Margate, with which he was so pleased as to determine to stop there altogether, being, as he said, so much attached to this country that nothing could induce him to go back to his own. Wasn't it a compliment to us? There is a great deal of this gallantry in the people of the North; and you may have observed, even in our own days, that some of them, 'specially Scotchmen, when once landed here, are mighty unwilling to go home again."

"Father's dead," replied I. "Dead!" said the coxswain: "well, fathers do die sometimes: you must get on how you can without one. I don't think fathers are of much use; for, you see, mothers take care of you till you're old enough to go to sea. My father did nothing for me, except to help mother to lick me, when I was obstropolous."

CONDITIONAL VERDICT.—"Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed? What is your verdict?" "We find the prisoner not guilty, if he'll leave the town!"

A credulous person is like a pitcher—borne by the ears, empty of itself, but is apt to hold whatsoever is put into it.

Theodore Hook has left a novel—alas, his last!—in the hands of Mr Bentley, called "*Peregrine Bent., or Settled at Last.*"

A GARDENER'S PRIVILEGES.—The question was once asked by a very beautiful woman,—“Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?” The reply given was as follows:—“Because no man has more business on Earth, and he always chooses good Grounds for what he does. He commands his Thyme; he is master of the Mint; and he fingers Penny-royal. He raises his Celery every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him in a Plum. He meets with more Boughs than a minister of state; he makes more Beds than the King of France, and has in them more genuine Roses and Lilies than are to be found at a country wake. He makes Raking his business more than his diversion, but it is an advantage to his health and fortune which few others find it; his wife, moreover, has enough of Heart's-ease, and never wishes for Weeds. Disorders fatal to others never hurt him; he walks, and hustles, and thrives most in a Consumption; he can boast of more Bleeding-hearts than you can, and has more Laurels than the Duke of Wellington. But his greatest pride and the greatest envy of his companions is, that he can have Yew when he pleases.”

PRETTY SIMILE.—The favours which you pursue are like your own shadow. Follow them, you cannot catch them: turn away from them, they will follow you.

AN UNDOUBTED FACT.—“Mrs Hopkins told me that she heard Green's wife say that John Glacrie's wife told her that Fanny Hookins heard the widow Basham say that Captain Weed's wife thought Colonel Hodge's sister believed that old Miss Quin reckoned that Mrs Samuel Dunham had told Spalding's wife that she heard John Fink's daughter say that her mother told her that old Miss Jenks heard grandfather Cook declare that it was an undoubted fact.”

LORD BROUGHAM'S LIKENESS.—About a hundred yards beyond the third mile-stone, on the road leading from Brodick to Lamash, on closely noticing the top of the Ben-noos ridge of mountains, contiguous to Goatfell, there is strikingly observable the form and figure of a man lying on his back—the head, brow, eye-lids and lashes—nose, mouth, and chin—affording a most accurate likeness of Lord Brougham. The nose, especially, cannot be better imitated by the most eminent sculptor. The neck, shoulders, body, legs, and feet are also very distinct, well defined, and proportioned.

INCREDIBLE.—A bellman of a sea-port not one hundred miles from Whitby, in announcing a tee-total meeting to be held in the Temperance Hall at that place, said that the meeting would be addressed by six females “*who had never spoke before!*”

ENGLISH AND IRISH.—In a crowd two young women were frightened, and not knowing what they did, save that they sought protection, rushed into the arms of the two men who were nearest them. The first, an Irishman, clasped the *refugee* in his arms, and embraced her cordially. The second, who was an Englishman, instantly clapped his hands on his pockets to secure their contents.

SIGNIFICANT INSCRIPTION.—In Chatham churchyard is a stone with this upon it. A man had buried two wives; after stating the name and age of the first, was the following:—“The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.” In a few years his second wife died; and following her name and age is—“I called upon the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles.”

There are three families of the following names in Croydon, Surrey.—*Wildgoose, Sage, and Onion.*

FRANKLIN ON SPELLING.—Dr Franklin says, in one of his letters—“You need not be concerned in writing to me about bad spelling; it is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters. To give you an instance, a gentleman received a letter in which were these words—‘Not finding Brown at *hom*, I delivered your *messeg* to his *yf*.’ The gentleman called his wife to help him to read it. Between them they picked out all but the *yf*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid; ‘because Betty,’ says she, ‘has the best knack of reading bad spelling of any one I know.’ Betty came, and was surprised that neither of them could tell what *yf* was: ‘Why,’ says she, ‘*yf* spells wife—what else can it spell?’ And indeed it is a much better, as well as a shorter method than *doubleyou*, *i, f, e*, which, in reality spells *double-wifey*.”

The whole theory of primogeniture lies in a nut-shell. Its object is to keep the existing property of a family together in a single hand, that this hand may employ it vigorously in effecting the maintenance of the remaining branches at the public expense.

IRISH AND SCOTCH.—An Irish and a Scotch regiment advanced together to charge the enemy with the bayonet. The Irish flung away their knapsacks, and dashed on pell-mell, shouting like wild Indians as they rushed upon the foe. The Scots quickly and steadily followed on, but as they passed picked up the knapsacks which the Irish flung away, and fought unflinchingly, while they carried the Irishmen's knapsacks and their own too.

ADVANTAGE OF BEFRIENDING A NEIGHBOUR.—In 1811, George Wilson, of Biddick, in the county of Durham, emigrated to North America, having previously borrowed 20s. from Thomas Robson, a neighbour, to assist him in effecting that object, under a promise to remember him if ever he had it in his power. Robson was then a hanksman; but he had lately been employed pumping water in Cassop pit. A short time ago, he received a letter from the executors of Wilson, apprising him that that he had recently died at Philadelphia, United States, and bequeathed him money and property to the value of £7000 l. The party who has reaped this ample return for his generosity is now about 70 years of age; but—lucky woman!—about half a year since he married a woman not more than 40.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—A short time ago, an inhabitant of Nantes, who was supposed to be dead, was placed in his coffin for interment, but he suddenly gave signs of life on hearing the *de profundis* chanted, having been simply in a trance, and finally recovered. This happy recovery is about to give birth, says a Nantes journal, to a law-suit of a singular character, for the ex-deceased, after having received the sincere felicitations of his friends, and the extra-sincere ones of his heirs, has been presented by the cure, who superintended the funeral ceremony, with a demand for 219*l.* for the expenses of the funeral. The resuscitated gentleman, considering it rather hard to pay such a sum for a funeral which did not take place, refused to honour the cure's bill, on the ground that he had not been buried, and that if the cure thought he had, he had better apply to those who had commanded the ceremony. The cure, on the other hand, declares that if the interment had not taken place, it was not his fault, and that, therefore, as he had prepared all matters necessary for its proper execution, he should persist in his demand.

Not far from a neighbouring town the following very alarming notice is given:—"Persons committing *noncense* here will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law."

GOODNESS.—We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

A FEMALE SOLDIER.—A curious and peculiarly interesting discovery has just taken place at Bicetre. One of the patients who had been an inmate of the hospital many years, and who was known by the singular appellation of *Pere trois poils*, has recently died, and as it is the duty of the medical officers attached to the establishments to inspect and report to the Government authorities all the casualties that occur in the various public institutions, they found, on examining the body, that it was that of a maiden lady, who, strange as it may appear, had entered the revolutionary army in 1794, and had continued to serve until the final abdication of Napoleon in 1814. She was literally covered with wounds, being ever foremost in danger, and considered as an example for all young recruits. She would never, living, allow her chin (on which grew three solitary hairs, which acquired for her her peculiar cognomen), to be touched with a razor, and at her death, her so often expressed wishes were respected, and the chin remained uninjured. She was interred with military honours.

Christianity is gentle! Her voice, soft and halmy as the breeze in summer's eve, whispers in tender accents of peace and love, and speaks sympathy to the human heart. Her power, like that of woman, is meekness—her delicacy is strength. Mercy is on her lips, benevolence lights up her countenance—the beauty of disinterestedness characterises her whole form—her every movement is inexpressible grace. She asks nothing but love, and she gives that she may have. Amid the wrecks which the fierce passions of human nature have strewed up and down this world she moves with light step and ready hand to minister consolation. No pomp! She "cometh not with observation;" but there, where wretchedness, and anguish, and despair, she loves to sit down and wipe away the silent tear, and bind up the broken heart—to bless, to do good, to lessen man's woe, to augment his sources of joy, to be a pleasant companion to him, and a patient guide through the stormy scenes of life to immortality.

FALES OF NIAGARA.—The following graphic description is extracted from Mr Dickens' new work, "American Notes for General Circulation:"—"Between five and six in the morning we arrived at Buffalo, where we breakfasted, and being too near the Great Falls to wait patiently anywhere else, we set off by the train the same morning at nine.

* * * Whenever the train halted, I listened for the roar; and was constantly straining my eyes in the direction where I knew the Falls must be, from seeing the river rolling on towards them, every moment expecting to behold the spray. Within a few minutes of my stopping, I saw two great white clouds rising up slowly and majestically from the depths of the earth. That was all. At length we alighted; and then, for the first time, I heard the mighty rush of water, and felt the ground tremble underneath my feet. The bank was very steep, and was slippery with rain and half-melted ice. I hardly know how I got down, but I was soon at the bottom, and climbing with two English officers who were crossing, and had joined me, over some broken rocks, deafened by the noise, half blinded by the spray, and wet to the skin. We were at the foot of the American fall. I could see an immense torrent of water tearing headlong down from some great height, but had no idea of shape or situation, or anything but vague immensity. When we were seated in the little ferry-boat, and were crossing the swollen river immediately before both cataracts, I began to feel what it was; but I was in a manner stunned, and unable to comprehend the vastness of the scene. It was not until I came on Table Rock, and looked—great heaven! on what a fall of bright green water!—that it came upon me in its full might and majesty. Then, when I felt how near to my Creator I was standing—the first effect, and the enduring one—instant and lasting—of the tremendous spectacle was peace—peace of mind—tranquillity—calm recollection of the dead—great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness—nothing of gloom or terror. Niagara was at once stamped upon my heart an image of beauty—to remain there changeless and indelible until its pulses cease to beat for ever. Oh, how strife and trouble of our daily life receded from my view and lessened in the distance during the ten memorable days we passed on that enchanted ground! What voices spoke from out the

thundering water; what faces faded from the earth looked out upon me from its gleaming depths; what heavenly promise glistened in those angel's tears, the drops of many hues that showered around and twined themselves about the gorgeous arches which the changing rainbows made! I never stirred in all that time from the Canadian side, whither I had gone at first. I never crossed the river again, for I knew there were people on the other shore, and in such a place it is natural to shun strange company, to wander to and fro all day, and see the cataracts from all points of view; to stand upon the edge of the Great Horse-shoe Fall, marking the hurried water gathering strength as it approaches the verge, yet seeming, too, to pause before it shot into the gulf below; to gaze upon the river's level up at the torrent, as it came streaming down; to climb the neighbouring heights, and watch it through the trees, and see the wreathing water to the rapids hurrying on to take its fearful plunge; to linger in the shadow of the solemn rocks three miles below; watching the river as, stirred by no visible cause, it heaved and eddied, and awoke the echoes, being troubled yet far down beneath the surface by its giant leap; to have Niagara before me, lighted by the sun and by the moon, red in the day's decline, and grey as evening slowly fell upon it; to look upon it every day, and awake up in the night and hear its ceaseless voice: this was enough!"

BOZ'S IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA.—Canada has held, and always will retain, a foremost place in my remembrance. Few Englishmen are prepared to find it what it is. Advancing quietly; old differences settling down, and being fast forgotten; public feeling and private enterprise alike in a sound and wholesome state: nothing of flush or fever in its system, but health and vigour throbbing in its steady pulse; it is full of hope and promise. To me (who had been accustomed to think of it as something neglected and forgotten, slumbering and wasting in its sleep), the demand for labour and the rates of wages—the busy quays of Montreal—the vessels taking in their cargoes, and discharging them—the amount of shipping in the different ports—the commerce, roads, and public works, all made to *last*—the respectability and character of the public journals—and the amount of rational comfort and happiness which honest industry may earn

—were very great surprises. The steamboats on the Lakes, in their conveniencies, cleanliness, and safety, in the gentlemanly character and bearing of their captains, and in the politeness and perfect comfort of their social regulations, are unsurpassed even by the famous Scotch vessels, deservedly so much esteemed at home. The inns are usually bad; because the custom of boarding at hotels is not so general here as in the States, and the British officers, who form a large portion of the society in every town, live chiefly at the regimental messes; but in every other respect the traveller in Canada will find as good provision for his comfort as in any place I know.

UNION OF PEACE AND PLUG DOCTRINE.—During the late disturbances, a speaker at Todmorden concluded his harangue to the thousands who had assembled to hear him, in the following extraordinary manner:—"Now, lads, I've three questions to ax ye—will you be united?" "Aye, that we will," responded they. "Will ye be peaceable, and not brek t' law?" "Aye, for sure, w'd need," was the universal cry. "An' now I ax ye, *will ye pull t' plugs* [of the mill boilers] out?" "Aye, we'll do't for 'em," was shouted from all parts of the meeting, amidst tremendous cheering.

EPITAPH in a churchyard in the north of ENGLAND:

"Here lies (alas!) and more's the pity,
All that remains of JOHN NEW-CITY."

To which the following somewhat important *nota bene* is attached:—

"The man's name was *New Town*, which would not rhyme."

DISADVANTAGE OF A LONG NAME.—An Englishman riding one dark night among the mountains of Wales, heard a cry of distress, proceeding apparently from a man who had fallen into a ravine near the highway; and, on listening more attentively, heard the words "Help, master, help!" in a voice truly Cambrian. "Help! what—who are you?" inquired the traveller. "Jenkin-ap-Griffith-ap-Robin-ap-William-ap-Rees-ap-Evan," was the response. "Lazy fellows that ye be," rejoined the Englishman, setting spurs to his horse, "to lie rolling in that hole, *half-a-dozen of ye*; wby, in the name of common sense, don't you help one another out?"—*Lower on English Surnames.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The news columns and editorial columns of the journals are all very well in their way, but he who would know something of real life must con the advertisements sedulously. There he will learn what men want, and how they try to trick each other. The following, which has just caught our eye in the *Times*, is a whole history in itself—"A gentleman of independent fortune, residing at a flourishing and fashionable watering-place, is desirous, for the sake of employment, to undertake any respectable agency, whereby his time may be occupied and the interests of both parties promoted." They must have considerable faith in human nature who could intrust their "interests" to the agency of this volunteer. Here is as broad a caricature of shifts to keep up a genteel appearance as ever Smollett or Dickens imagined—"Wanted, a boy in an attorney's office, in which (if he could write a tolerable hand) he could have a good opportunity of improving his condition; but in such service he would be required to attend to the lamps, clean boots and knives, and make himself generally useful." A "tolerable hand" seems to be considered a good recommendation for higher and more delicate offices; for in the next column, a "Roman Catholic lady, about thirty years of age," wanting a situation as companion or housekeeper, intimates that "she will be particularly useful as an amanuensis to a professional man." Protestantism seems quite as saleable an article as Catholicism—"A young person, a native of Germany," begs to inform the public, that "she can dress hair in a superior manner; understands dress-making, millinery, and the getting up of laces; and is of the Protestant religion." The peculiar tastes evinced by persons in search of employment are sometimes not a little curious—"A gentleman, formerly on half-pay of the army," applies for employment "as librarian to a mechanics' institute," or "gate-keeper to any nobleman or gentleman."—"A young lady, highly recommended for activity in housekeeping, informs us that she "would be invaluable in a widower's family." These, however, are, after all, but the prose of advertising; one advertisement will often imply a whole romance; as, for example—"M. A. J.—Say where I can address a letter to you, and I solemnly promise no one shall molest you: it is respecting business: write immediately." Or—"A. B.'s

communication is gratefully acknowledged ; it is astounding ; he is earnestly requested to grant an interview without delay." Or—"J. L. L.'s communication has been received, and the parties it was addressed to would be glad to know his ideas of liberality." There are many people whose "ideas of liberality" one would like to know, as well as J. L. L.'s. It would almost appear that gentlemen begin to arrange affairs of honour through the medium of the press:—"Captain Egau is requested to communicate immediately with Mr J. T. R. on business of the most urgent importance, by the direction of G. G. D., Esq." The *Times* has long been celebrated for the facilities it affords the tender-hearted to "waft a sigh from Indus to the pole;" here is a specimen—"Why does Frederick come no more to St John's Wood?"

NOT BAD.—The Cockney shopkeepers are advertising in their windows—"Real Jamie Forrest Night-caps, warranted to procure sound and refreshing sleep."

GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT FROM A CHILD.—Washington visiting a lady in his neighbourhood, on his leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

THE ELEPHANT AND THE TURNPIKE GATE.—Some time ago, as Mr Van Amburgh's elephant was going to Wellington, ready for the next day's performance, on coming to the turnpike gate, which was shut, the gate-man refused to open the gate unless the conductor paid extra toll, which he refusing to do, went through the side wicket, saying to the elephant, "Jack, I must go without you." But it was not to be so ; for Jack would be as good as his master ; so, without any ceremony, Jack applied his proboscis to the gate, and just eased itself of the hindrance by prostrating the gate in the road, to the no small amazement of the gate-keeper. We understand there was some injury done to the gate, the expense of which the keeper cheerfully paid.

THE LATE THUNDER STORM.—A curious incident occurred in a crowd ; the finger of an individual suddenly became light, and was conducted with electrical velocity into another person's pocket, when, being attracted by the metal, it struck upon the whole of it, and then glided off, so that the *bolt* which usually follows was quite in another direction.

UMBRELLA STATISTICS.—The Statistical Society has been occupied for some time past with their usual diverting indefatigability, in a discussion as to “What becomes of all the umbrellas?” It appears, upon an average, that in bad weather, one umbrella in every three is left behind by the owner at some spot never recollected. Eleven persons out of twelve who borrow umbrellas on wet nights never think of returning them, and out of the said eleven, seven lose the safeguards thus kindly lent them by their friends, which finally come out after dusk, on other wet nights, at a shilling a-piece in Leicester-square and Tottenham-court-road. It is calculated, that if all the lost cotton umbrellas could be got together, a tarpaulin would be formed, in the shape of a vast dome, sufficient to roof in Vauxhall Gardens, and thus give the Royal property (so called from never having been of the least use to any body else) an ultimate chance of succeeding. The silk ones, rendered air-tight by varnish, would form a balloon, capable of landing a thousand troops in China in 24 hours. The direction of the wind would be of little consequence, as the balloon could either go over Europe or circumvent the brothers of the moon by the North American line of clouds. By this means, although the Chinese are up to various kinds of peculiarly cunning dodges, we could be down upon them at once, in the most conclusive manner. It is worthy the attention of Government.

CURIOUS DOCUMENT.—The following is a literal copy of a bill delivered by a shoemaker to a gentleman, who has the original framed and glazed:—

	s.	d.
“ ——— Esq. to John ———, Dr.		
Clogg'd up Miss.....	0	10
Mended up Miss.....	0	2
Heel-tapt Madam.....	0	11
Toe-tapt Measter.....	0	9
Twin'd up, clogged, and mended the Maid.....	1	4½
Heel-tapt Measter.....	1	0
Lin'd, bound, and put a piece on Madam.....	1	6
Soling the Maid.....	2	0
Tapping the Maid.....	0	8
Putting a piece on Measter.....	0	4
		<hr/>
Received the contents.....	9	6½

GEORGE'S LAST.—He of the jolly countenance, who *erst* drove his two-in-hand along leisurely, giving his passengers practical lessons in the virtues of patience at each stage, lately commenced to drive a heavy coach, which formerly had been dignified with guard as well as driver. "He's a fine gentleman yon that left us," quoth George to a passenger, referring to an *inside* that had left them at a previous stage; "really an uncommonly fine, civil man; I hae a great respect for 'um—civil, genteel man, he gied me twa *shullins* to mysel', and twa to the guard; and really I'm a' kin' o' sorry about it, I was sae very thrang at the moment, I couldna' get time to tell 'um *there was nae guard!*"

A CUTTING REPLY.—An indigent boy applied for alms at the house of an avaricious rector, and received a dry mouldy crust. The rector inquired of the boy if he could say the Lord's prayer, and was answered in the negative. "Then," said the rector, "I will teach you that." "Our Father"—"*Our Father!*" said the boy, "Is he *my* Eather as well as yours?" "Yes, certainly." "Why, then (replied the boy), how could you give your poor brother this mouldy crust of bread?"

PÆCOCIOUS GENIUS.—"Bible-dictionary class, come up," said our schoolmaster. "Who was Lot's wife?" "The pillow of salt what Moses laid his head on when he went up to Mount Sinai to offer his son Isaac up; cause he had no sheep but himself to do otherwise." "What is said about Jonah?" "Jonah swallowed a big fish, and was found the third day asleep, with a passel of James river leaf in his mouth, which he gave to the Queen of Sheba for mendin' his trousers, which he had bursted in strainin' to get out of the lion's den, wherè Daniel had been eatin' mince-pye and Brandreth's pills." "Go up to head."

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.—A Conservative lady called at the shop of a Scotch tradesman in Newcastle, one day lately, and said to him, in great trepidation, "Oh, Mr Mac—— I sad work with the people now-a-days! we shall all be plundered!" "Ah, Ma'am," ejaculated Saunders with a sigh, and a glance at his *Income-tax paper*, "I was just thinkin' sae mysel'."

"Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me," as the feller said ven he was a-trying to steal the goat.

I DON'T LIKE TO SEE—A dirty shirt covered with a clean dickey—a working man who has two hats, wearing the best every day—a woman's bootlace dangling loose—orange peels thrown on the footpath—good meat thrown to the dogs—a workhouse funeral nearly without attendants—a rich man's funeral blocking up the streets—a woman beating her child because it had nearly got run over—a servant waiting at the table with dirty hands—a woman slipping in at the back door of a public house with a little jug, at tea time—an old man of seventy and a young girl of seventeen going to the church to get married—a drunken coachman driving his horse at full gallop down a narrow street—clothes lying to be moth-eaten while there are so many backs without covering—a coach horse with bleeding shoulders—a dog in a poor man's house who gets relief from the parish—children's shoes unbottomed and stockings out at the heels—an umbrella on a windy day with two broken bones—a shop with dirty windows—a teetotaller coming out of a "Tom and Jerry" wiping his mouth.

The following mathematical toast is worthy of attention:—"The fair daughters of Britain"—may they add virtue to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination.

OPENING A BANKING HOUSE.—A New York paper states that a certain poor person was going to open a banking-house as soon as he could borrow—a crowbar.

A writer of a love tale, in describing his heroine, says, "Innocence dwells in the rich curls of her dark hair." A critic, commenting on this passage, says—"Sorry to hear it; because we think it stands a perilous chance of being combed out."

A SENSIBLE CHOICE.—"If you don't accept my challenge," said one gentleman to another, "I will gazette you; so take your choice." "Go a-head," said the other, "I had rather fill six gazettes than one coffin."

Lady Caroline Lamb, in a moment of passion, struck down one of her pages with a stool. The poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed—"Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."

A Teague, who had but one eye, met, early in the morning, one who had a crooked back, and said to him—"Friend, you are loaded betimes." "It is early, indeed," replied the other, "for you have but one of your windows open."

An Irishman was lately asked what he thought of the United Kingdom. "United!" says Teague, "And who was after telling you such a lie?—Why, honey, the sea parts them."

Napoleon's hat once fell off at a review, when a lieutenant stepped forward, picked it up, and restored it to him. "Thank you, *Captain*," said the Emperor. "In what regiment, Sire?" returned the Sub, quick as lightning. Napoleon smiled, passed on, and forthwith had the lucky youth promoted to the step of his ambition.

THE SNARER SNARED.—The facetious Watt Morrison, as he was called, was entreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sentenced to the halberts. The officer granted his petition, on condition that Mr Morrison should accord him the first favour he asked; this favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr Morrison desired Major —— to hold up the dog. "As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr Morrison, "I must proceed accordingly." Major —— said he asked no more. "Well, then, Major, I begin with the usual question: Do you acknowledge yourself father of this puppy?" The Major understood this joke, and threw away the animal. Thus Mr M. turned the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

A FAIR SHOT.—A newspaper reporter, engaged in chronicling a recent archery meeting in Wales, in which the ladies actively participated, perpetrates the following:—"The concession of this privilege to the ladies, however, gives them an unfair advantage over the "lords of the creation," considering that they are already well skilled in the archery of the eyes (those fatal quivers that send forth many a deadly shaft) and the doctrine of chance, that

'Many a shot at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant.'

Dear, delightful creatures! may Cupid instruct you in your every lesson, and may you never want arrows so long as you can find *beaux*!

SCENE IN LLANDAFF FAIR.—“Walk up here, walk up here, walk up and see the beautiful misrepresentation of Pharoah and his host a-chasing the Israelites across the Red Sea—the only one in the world, and all to be seen for the sum of one penny. This way, my little dears, look—[go away ye little ragged rascals, as got dirty noses, and hant got no money]—[pay first, please sir]—and come here, my pretty dears; now blow yer noses, and don't breathe upon the glass; look to the right, and there you shall see—[this way, young gentlemen, here is to be seen, I repeat it without any repetition]—the only living and true live lion, from Bengal the Vest Inges—that is, I mean to say, live picter of Pharoah and his host a-driving the Israelites across the Red Sea. Look to the right, and there you shall see a nice-looking man, with a mackintosh and green silk umbreller—that gentleman's Moses, and tberes Pharoah (and a shocking man he was), with a blue coat and brass buttons, and that's his host with a long wbip in his hand, and—[walk up, yer honour, only a penny to see all].” “Please, Mr Showman,” said an acute llttle querist, “vere's the Israelites?” “Oh, they passed over just afore you paid your penny, my dear. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see this here wonderful show—the performers is just going to commence.”

An Irish girl, who lived servant in an English family, being asked if she had cleared the pantry to prevent the mice getting the victuals, replied—“And to be sure I have, there's *everything* taken out and *the rest* covered over.”

MATRIMONIAL MODE OF PROVING INNOCENCE.—All who know young Sniffkins [of New York, of course] know, that he married old Miss Betty Blotchett for her money—that he cannot touch it till she dies, and that he treats her very badly on account of what he calls her “unjustifiable longevity.” The other day, Mrs Sniffkins, finding herself unwell, sent for a doctor, and in the presence of Sniffkins and the medical man, declared her helief that she was “pisoned,” and that he (Sniffkins) “had done it!” “I didn't do it,” shouted Sniffkins. “It's all gammon, she isn't pisoned. Prove it, doctor, open her upon the spot—I'm willing.”

There is a mute attached to Kensal-green Cemetery that has so lost the faculty of speech that if any one were to offer him a pot of beer he couldn't say “No” to it!

EMIGRATION BUBBLES.—We copy from Hood's Comic Almanac the following extract of a letter from a shareholder in a company forming "for the purpose of turning the tide of emigration towards the bottom of the sea." It is a palpable hit at certain joint-stock emigration schemes not a whit more feasible:—"If people can live under water, they ought not, from mere motives of pride, to be above it. There will, of course, be some difficulty in dealing with the natives, but we have taken the precaution to treat with an influential oyster, who, however, keeps extremely close, and if he will not manifest a little more openness, it is expected that war to the knife must be resorted to. We at first anticipated some hostility from the sharks, but, as we purposely abstained from bringing any lawyers among the first settlers, we have now very little fear of a collision on account of conflicting interests. There will be plenty of patronage at our disposal; and if we are allowed the appointment of a bishop, where can there be a finer *see* than that which is here open to him? A grand Oceanic Agricultural Association is to be established for the purpose of regularly ploughing the deep, and dividing the proceeds among the shareholders. As we know the sea has produced sea-weed, we may reasonably expect that other vegetable matter may be reared; and, as irrigation is the chief expense of agriculture, the saving in the article of water alone must keep the thing afloat—to say nothing of what will naturally flow into the coffers of the company."

A mechanician of a little town in Bohemia has constructed an automaton which imitates perfectly the human voice, particularly the soprano notes. It sings several difficult airs with the greatest accuracy. Shakes, runs, and chromatic scales, are all executed with surprising precision. This automaton, in singing, even pronounces certain words, so as to be easily understood. The inventor hopes to arrive at such a point of perfection as to bring his machine to pronounce all the words of the best operas.

"Where is your father?" said an angry master to the son of his tippling servant. "Down stairs, Sir," answered the lad. "Getting drunk, I suppose?" replied the master, with bitter sarcasm. "No Sir," said the boy, "he aint." "What then?" inquired the gentleman, snappishly. "Getting sober, Sir," said the son.

Counsellor Taylor defended a prisoner at the Bolton Session, one day. A witness for the prosecutor pointed out the initials "J. P." on a piece of documentary evidence. "Where are they?" said the Barrister, "cannot see them." "There they are," replied the witness, pointing; "yo'd see 'em fast enough if yo wur for t'other soide!"

WOFUL WIT.—Why does a feeling-hearted man and a cart-horse resemble each other? Because they both stop at the cry of "Wo!"

One who had formerly been rich, but had squandered away his estate, and left himself no furniture in the house but a sorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and some other odd things, seeing a parcel of thieves, who knew not his condition, breaking into his house in the night, he cried out to them, "Are you not a pack of fools, to think to find anything here in the dark, when I can find nothng by daylight."

A PRINTER'S EPITAPH.—An opulent printer of London, who had long been a "compositor," requested of his executors to have the following epitaph inscribed on his tombstone after his death:—

No more shall copy bad perplex my brain—
 No more shall type's small face my eyeballs strain;
 No more the proof's foul page create my troubles,
 By errors, transpositions, outs, and doubles;
 No more to overrun shall I begin—
 No more be driving out or taking in;
 The stubborn pressman's frown I now may scoff,
 Revised, corrected, finally worked off.

AN INCIDENT.—At the time Admiral Stopford commanded the Navy, at Norfolk (I think it was), happening to be conducting a number of ladies and gentlemen, who were visiting the yard, he chanced to see a little boy who had a basket full of chips, which he had gathered in the yard; probably to show his importance, he accosted him, and asked where he got the chips.—"In the yard," replied the boy. "Then drop them," said the brave man. The little boy dropped the chips as he was ordered, and after gaining a distance, turning round with his thumb to his nose, said, "That is the first prize you ever took, any how!"

"I say, Nym," said a person to the corporal, "I have got a musquito into my ear, and I am afraid he will get into my head!" "No matter," said the corporal, "he will find plenty of room."

SCRIPTURAL KNOWLEDGE.—The following, we have been credibly informed, passed between two old women in Devonshire, in the Diocese of that enlightened Prelate, the Bishop of Exeter. One of the crones had lately lost her grandson, when a poor neighbour called to console her:—"So, Betty, Jan's a dead." "Ees, Jane, he's gone to Belezebub's bosom." "Lor blesse, Betty, t'ant Belezebub's bosom—it's Yabraham's bosom." "Well, there, Jane, you do know more about these gentlefolks' names than I do." "And how are 'ee on your lig's this mornin'?" "Oh! Jane, I be very poorly: loik to die; I be a goin' to heaven." "Well, Betty, when you do get to heaven do'ee gie my love to Jan." "Lor-a-mercy, Jane, how do'ee think a poor old lame body as I be should go a ramblin' and a scramblin' about heaven to find our Jan."

SLIPPERY WIT.—A man, "a little the better for liquor," as poor Munden used to have it, was gliding his way along Gower-street, on Monday morning, the pavement being like a piece of glass. At length he fell down just as a policeman was approaching the spot, who said to him good-humouredly, "I say old fellow, I must take you *up* for *sliding* upon the pavement." To which he that was floored, said, with the greatest *sang froid*, "I vish you would, for I cannot get *up* by myself."

The *New Orleans Picayne* says, "There is a man in this city who has such a hatred to anything appertaining to monarchy, that he won't wear a crown in his hat!"

A CONFESSORIAL AWKWARDLY SITUATED.—In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the scandal of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point (which seems to have been discovered accidentally), until, at length, one listener, having had his curiosity somewhat over-gratified by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed.

Irishmen are proverbial for mistakes, but sometimes their wit turns off the blunder, however angry you feel. The following occurred some time ago:—A gentleman in Glasgow has in his employ an Irishman, and, when he goes out, always tells Pat to inquire the name of every one who comes in during his absence. A person came in, and not finding Mr C., Pat asked him his name? "Say Mr Mackerel called." When Mr C. returned, he asked his man if any one had been in? Pat was bothered, but he lighted up in an instant,—“Yes, Sir, Mr Fish.” Mr C. was acquainted with no one of that name, and supposed it some stranger. The thing was soon explained by the entry of the identical person. “A!” says Pat, “and there’s the gentleman himself.” “Why, you told me it was Mr Fish; that’s Mr Mackerel.” “By the powers, I did; but mackerel is fish in my country, any way.” After that it was useless to reason with Pat.

“Why do you not admire my daughter?” said a lady to a doctor. “Because,” he said, “I am no judge of *painting*.” “But surely,” rejoined the lady, not the least disconcerted by this rude reflection, “you never saw an angel that was not painted!”

“I suppose,” said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, “you think me a fool.” “Sir,” replied the sick man, “I perceive you can discover a man’s thoughts by his pulse.”

An Oxford scholar blowing his fire, it seems the nose of the bellows dropped off. “Faith,” says he, “I see ’tis cold weather, for *the nose of the bellows drops*.”

A town-crier delivered the following notice:—“Last night, between the hours of ten and twelve, was lost a black dog, all over with white spots. Whoever will bring him to the crier, shall have half-a-guinea reward. God save the king! I forgot to tell you he has lost his collar.” The next day a person meeting the same fellow, asked him, “Why he did not cry?” “I can’t,” said he, “my wife’s dead.”

In one of the late revolutionary battles in Ireland, a rebel hair-dresser ran up to the mouth of a cannon, to which an artilleryman was just applying a match, and thrusting his head into the mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms, “By Jasus, I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time.”

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS REVIVED.—The *Haro* of Caen tells, in all gravity, the following outrageously-absurd story:—“One of the most celebrated shots of Caen having for several days beat the country round without putting up any game, thought he would try the sea-side, in the neighbourhood of Ouistreham. As he was crossing the river Orne in a small boat, he saw two birds flying towards him, and, with his usual promptitude and certainty of aim, fired his gun, and one bird dropped into the river. While the sportsman was directing the boat towards it, the other bird alighted close to its dead companion, and would have soon suffered the same fate, had it not risen again, and come and alighted upon the gunner’s shoulder, and suffered itself to be taken by the hand. This was sufficiently surprising; but how much greater was his astonishment when he found them to be a pair of doves, each having a ring round its neck, set with diamonds, and having engraved on it, ‘Ale. Vic. and Al., 1840,’ and a heart pierced with two darts. Whence came this pair? Can the letters mean anything else than Alexandrina Victoria and Albert, and did not the birds belong to the Queen of England? Time may tell, but this is our opinion, which is confirmed by the value of the diamonds, for which a jeweller at Caen has, it is said, offered 12,000*l.*”

AN AMERICANISM.—A learned clergyman in Maine was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher, who despised education:—“Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?” “Yes, Sir,” was the reply. “I am thankful,” rejoined the former, “that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning.” “A similar event,” replied the latter, “took place in Balaam’s time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day.”

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.—An Englishman and a Scotchman walking together in the street, descried, behind the counter in a milliner’s shop, a young woman of singularly attractive appearance. The Englishman proposed to go in and buy a watch ribbon, in order to have a nearer view of the pretty milliner. The Scotchman said, “Hoot awa, man, let us gang in and ask twa saxpences for a shillin’.”

WOMAN.—A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

We much admire the churchwarden's wife who went to church, for the first time in her life, when her husband was churchwarden, and, being somewhat late, the congregation were getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she said, with a sweet condescending smile, "Pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen—I think no more of myself than I did before."

A maid-servant the other day (the joke is a fact) having been informed by her master that the cause of his lameness was in the *tendon Achilles*, on being asked, shortly afterwards, if Mr ——'s foot was getting better, replied—"Na, mem, it's no; and he is getting quite frightened about it—he says it has a *tendency to kill us!*"

SOMETHING LIKE AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—Old T—— was well known several years since on the Yazoo River, no less for his peculiar stutter than as a skilful player at "old sledge." He once managed to induce a gentleman to play with him, who on sitting down, pulled out two hundred dollars. It was not long before T—— was the owner of half of them, when his adversary rose for the purpose of leaving off. "Oh, don't g-g-g-go," said T——, "g-g-give me a ch-ch-ch-chance." "Chance the devil!" shouted the gentleman, "haven't you won a hundred dollars off me?" "Y-y-y-yes," replied T——, "but want a ch-ch-ch-chance for t-t-t-t-other hundred."

A HINT.—"Recollect, sir," said a tavern-keeper to a gentleman who was about leaving his house without paying the "reckoning"—"recollect, sir, if you loose your purse, you didn't pull it out *here*."

"This is hot work," as the pig said when the butcher was shaving his carcase.

At a butcher's, in Monmouth Street, London, a man asked the price of a leg of mutton. "Two-and-threepence," said the butcher. "Two-and-threepence, you varlet," replied the other; "why, I can buy a new one for that."

How to BOIL JACK.—Boil the fish; then take four yolks of eggs, some butter, flour, and vinegar, green onions, parsley, and alsprice; put this in some buillon over the fire, and serve it over the fish. In boiling the fish, you must use salt, whole pepper, a sliced onion or two, and a few bay leaves.

QUIZZING A QUAKER AND CATCHING A TARTAR.—Friend Aminidab was in from the country, and called at a bookstore where he wished to make some purchases. He could not find exactly the books he wanted, and was perhaps a little troublesome. So, at least, thought the salesman—a pert youngster in starch and buckram. “You are from the country, are you not, sir?” asked he, a little impudently, “Yes.” “Well, here’s an essay on the rearing of calves.” “That,” said Aminidab, as he turned to leave the store, “*thee had better present it to thy mother.*”

TEACHING A FOREIGNER TO SPEAK ENGLISH.—My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid me farewell before he quitted town, and on his departure, he said, “I am going at the country.” I ventured to correct his phraseology by saying that we were accustomed to say “going into the country.” He thanked me for this correction, and said he had profited by my lesson; and added, “I will knock into your door on my return.”

If the love of money is the root of all evil, what must the loss of money be?

DOUBLING THE CAPE.—One day the Hon. Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, was dining at the house of Mr William Creech, bookseller, who was rather penurious, and entertained his guests on that occasion with a single bottle of *Cape wine*, though he boasted of some particularly fine *Maderia wine* he happened to possess. Mr Erskine made various attempts to induce his host to produce a bottle of his vaunted *Maderia*, but to no purpose; at length he said, with an air of disappointment, “Well, well, since we can’t get to *Madeira*, we must just *double the Cape.*”

“Take this, with my compliments,” as the wet weather said when it presented a hale gentleman with a consumption.

SYMPATHY EXTRAORDINARY.—Counsellor Grady, on a late trial in Ireland, said he recollected to have heard of a relentless judge: he was known by the name of the “hanging judge,” and was never known to shed a tear but once, and that was during the representation of the *Beggar’s Opera*, when Macbeath got a reprieve! This same judge once asked Curran, at a dinner-table, whether the dish near him was hung beef; because, if it was, he would try it. “If you try it, my lord, it is sure to be hung.”

THE HISTORY OF JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.—

The fair subject of this song was a bonny lassie in Dunblane. Her family was of poor extraction, and Jessie herself was contented with a peasant's lot. When Tannahill became acquainted with her, she was in her "teens," a simple, dimple-cheeked, happy lassie; her hair yellow coloured and luxuriant, her eyes large and full, overflowing with the voluptuous languour which is so becoming in young blue eyes with yellow lashes. Tannahill was struck with her beauty, and, as in all things he was enthusiastical, became, forthwith, her ardent worshipper. But her heart was not to be won. Young, thoughtless, and panting to know and see the world, she left her poor amourante "to con songs to his mistress's eyebrows," while she recklessly rambled among the flowery meads of Dunblane, or of an evening sang his inspired verses to him with the most mortifying nonchalace. This was a twofold misery to the sensitive poet. A creature so sweetly elegant, so dear to him, so very lovely and innocent, and yet withal, so encased in insensibility as apparently neither to be conscious of the beauty of the verses trembling on her dulcet tongue, nor caring for the caresses of her lover, 'Twas too much,—to mark all this, and feel it with the feelings of a poet, was the acme of misery. But the "Flower of Dunblane" was not that unfeeling, unimaginative being which Tannahill pictured her. She was a creature all feeling, all imagination, although the bard had not that in his person or manners to engage her attention or to arrest her fancy. The young affections are not to be controlled. Love, all-mighty love, must be free, else it ceases to be love. Tannahill was plain in his person, and uncouth in his manners, and felt and expressed discontentment at the cruel disappointments which it had been his unhappy fate almost invariably to encounter. Jessie, on the contrary, looked upon the world as a brilliant spectacle yet to be seen and enjoyed—as a vast Paradise full of the beauty of heaven, and of earth, where men walked forth in the image of their Creator, invested with his attributes, and where woman trode proudly amidst the lovely creation, an angel venerated and adored. To express dissatisfaction under all these circumstances was to her mind the extravagance of a misanthrope, the madness of a real lover of misery, and a sufficient cause for her not to

respect him. Both viewed the world through a false medium; and their deductions, although at variance, gave colour to their minds, and accelerated their fate. Jessie could not comprehend what appeared to her the folly of her suitor. She relished not his sickly sentiments; and, as all woman-kind ever did, and do, she scorned a cooing lover. The bard was driven to despair, and, summoning up an unwonted energy of mind, departed, and left his adored to her youthful aberrations. Soon after this period, the song of "Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane," together with the music, was published: it became a public favourite; it was sung everywhere—in theatres and at parties; a world of praise was showered upon it from woman's flattering lips—men became mad to know the adored subject of the lay. In a short time, it was discovered. Jessie Monteith, the pretty peasant of Dumblane, was the favoured one. From all quarters, young men and bachelors flocked to see her, and her own sex were curious and critical. Many promising youths paid their addresses to her, and experienced the same reception as her first lover. Nevertheless, at last poor Jessie became really enamoured. A rakish spark, from Mid Lothian, adorned with education, being of polished manners, and confident from wealth and superiority of rank, gained her affections. She too credulously trusted in his unhallowed professions. The ardour of first love overcame her better judgment, and, abandoning herself to her love passion, she made an imprudent escape from the protection of her parents, and soon found herself in elegant apartments, near the city of Edinburgh. The song of neglected Tannahill was to his Jessie both a glory and a curse; while it brought her into notice, and enhanced her beauty, it laid the foundation of her final destruction. Popularity is a dangerous elevation, whether the object of it be a peasant or a prince: temptations crowd around it, and snares are laid on every hand. Who would be eminent, said a distinguished child of popularity, if they knew the peril, the madness, and distraction of mind to which the creatures of the popular breath is exposed? When the poet heard of the fate of his beloved Jessie, his heart almost broke with mental agony, and, working himself into the enthusiastic frenzy of inspiration, poured forth a torrent of song more glowing and energetic than ever before dropt in buruing ac-

cents from his tongue. It is to be lamented that, in a fit of disgust, he afterwards destroyed those poetic records of his passion and resentment. Ere three years had revolved their triple circuit after Jessie left her father's home, she was a changed woman. Her paramour had forsaken her. She was destitute in her splendid habitation. Her blue eyes looked pitiful on all things around her; the oval cheeks were indented by the hand of misery, and the face and person presented the picture of an unhappy, but amiable being. How changed was the figure, clothed in silk, which moved on the banks of the Forth, from the happy, lively girl in Dumblane, dressed in the rustic garb of a peasant! But this is a subject too painful to dwell upon: let us hasten to the catastrophe. It was on an afternoon in July, a beautiful sunny afternoon; the air was calm and pure. The twin islands of the Forth, like vast emeralds set in a lake of silver, rose splendidly o'er the shining water, which now and then gurgled and mantled round their bases. Fifeshire was spread forth like a map, her hundreds of inland villages and cots tranquilly sleeping in the sunshine. The din of the artisans' hammers in Kirkaldy and Queensferry smote the still air; and Dunfermline's aproned inhabitants scattered forth their whitened webs beneath the noontide sun. On the opposite shore, Leith disgorged her black smoke, which rolled slowly in volumes to the sea. Edinburgh Castle, like a mighty spirit from the "vasty deep," reared her grey bulwarks high in air; and Arthur's Seat rose hugely and darkly in the back ground. The choruses of the fishermen, like hymns to the great spirit of the waters, ascended over Newhaven; and down from Grangemouth, lightly booming o'er the tide, floated the tall bark. The world seemed steeped in happiness. But there was one, a wandering one, an outcast, wretched and despairing, amidst all this loveliness; her bosom was cold and dark, no ray could penetrate its depths; the sun shone not for her, nor did nature smile around but to inflict a more exquisite pang on the unfortunate. Her steps were broken and hurried. She now approached the water's edge, and then receded. No human being was near to disturb her purpose,—all was quietness and privacy; but there was an eye from above who watched all. Jessie Monteith,—how mournfully sounds that name at this crisis! But Jessie sat herself down,

and removing a shawl and bonnet from her person, and, taking a string of pearls from her marble-seeming neck, and a gold ring, which she kissed eagerly, from her taper finger, she cast up her streaming eyes, meekly imploring the forgiveness of Heaven on him, the cause of her shame and death. Scarce offering a prayer for herself, she breathed forth the names of her disconsolate parents, and, ere the eye could follow her, she disappeared in the pure stream.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD SAILOR.—On the grave of George Coysh, an old sailor, buried at Topsham, we find the following inscribed :—

“ TOPSHAM—

By the Grace of God,

Here lies moored in peace the hulk of

GEORGE COYSH.,

who was launched into the ocean of misery on the 18th of September, 1781, and who, after sustaining a variety of damage during a boisterous voyage through life, became at last so much impaired as to be rendered unfit for further service, and in consequence of his rotten and infirm state was, in pursuance of orders from aloft, brought to his moorings in this port on the 12th of November, 1840, in the sure and certain hope of a thorough refit through Him who hath said, ‘ Because I live ye shall live also.’ ”

REWARD OF MERIT.—“ John,” said a farmer to his servant, “ go and give the cows some cabbage, and give the most to the one that yields the most milk.” “ Yes, Sir,” said John, and straightway went and cut a quantity of cabbages—half of which he divided among the cows, and laid the rest on the pump.

AN UNWONTED COMPLIMENT TO THE LADIES.—Mr Young, who has invented the Patent Composing Machine, speaking of its working, says, “ I prefer women to men, for they do it *as well* for much lower wages, and are *far more regular and docile*.” The patentee, it will be seen, is “ a young man.”

CONSCIOUS BEAUTY.—As the sun in all his splendour was peeping over the eastern hills, a newly married man exclaimed, “ The glory of the world is rising.” His wife, who happened to be getting up, taking the compliment to herself, simpered out, “ what would you say, my dear, if I had my silk gown on ? ”

CONTENTMENT.—The captain of a whale ship, in allusion to the severe climate and various privations suffered by the inhabitants of Spitzbergen, told one of them that he sincerely pitied the miserable life to which he was condemned. “Miserable!” exclaimed the philosophic savage; “I have always had a fish bone through my nose, and plenty of train oil to drink; what more could I possibly desire?”

IMPORTANCE OF REFORM.—The following curious compound of letters, in which the sentence, “*Reform alone can save us now,*” beginning at the letter R in the centre, may be traced in 484 different ways:—

wonsuevasnacansaveusnow
 onsuevasnacecansoveusno
 nsuevasnaceñecansaveusn
 suevasnaceñonecansaveus
 uevasnacenolonecansaveu
 evasnacenolalonecansave
 vasnacenolamalonecansav
 asnacenolamrormalonecans
 snacenolamroformalonecan
 acenolamrofeformaloneca
 cenolamrofeReformalonec
 acsnolamrofeformaloneca
 nacenolamroformalonecan
 snacenolamrormalonecans
 asnacenenolamrormalonecans
 vasnacenolamafonecansav
 evasnacenolalonecansave
 uevasnacenolonecansaveu
 suevasnacenonecansaveus
 nsuevasnacenecansaveusn
 onsuevasnacecansaveusno
 wonsuevasnacansaveusnow

TEMPERANCE VILLAGE.—The *Georgia Enquirer* states, that there is a populous village not fifty miles from Columbus, in which not a drop of ardent spirits is sold during the whole year.—*Query*, could not the editor of the *Enquirer* say “not a gill?”

FULL AND EMPTY HEADS.—“Why do you not hold up your head as I?” inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a labouring farmer. “Squire (replied the yeoman), look at that field of grain: all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them stand upright like yours.”

GETTING AGATE.—Whilst the 11th hussars, or Prince Albert's Own, were stationed at Mount Vernon barracks, near Barnsley, one of the troop, an Emerald, just imported, was ordered to make a fire in the guard-room, and to do it immediately. Some delay taking place, he was reprimanded, and pleaded in excuse that he could find no wood. To this reasonable excuse the serjeant-major, a Yorkshireman, would not listen, but sharply ordered him to "get agate (that is, begin) immediately," and then left the room. Paddy, complying literally with his instructions, instantly went into a garden adjoining the Captain's, and took off the hinges of a small wooden gate, broke it into pieces, and lighted the fire with it. The serjeant-major having occasion to go again into the guard-room soon afterwards, he said, "Well, how did you manage to get so good a fire?" To which Paddy replied, "Faith, and you told me to get a gate, and so I went and fetched the garden-gate—it was the smallest I could find; the barrack gates, there, were too big." It is needless to say how the joke was enjoyed.

DUTCH JUSTICE.—"Prisoner, pe you guilty or not guilty?" Prisoner, "Guilty, your Worship." Justice, "Sigs monts in her hause of correction. Tudder prishner, pe you guilty or not guilty?" Prisoner, "Not guilty." Justice, "Den vat der duyvel did you come here for? Go 'poat your pusiness!"

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.—"Jim, does your mother ever scold you?" "No; something worse than that." "Does she whip you, Jim?" "No; she never whips me; but she washes my face every morning!"

HOW SMART!—A young lady, rather given to gossiping, was in the habit of complaining of a bad taste in her mouth every morning. She consulted a physician upon the matter. He told her it was because she went to bed every night with so much scandal in her mouth.—Well, then, doctor," said she, "if that is the case, I will be sure to let it all out before night, hereafter."

THE LAIRD AND HIS FOOTMAN.—"How had you the audacity, John, to go and tell some of the people of P——, that I was a low, mean fellow, and no gentleman?" "Na, na, sir, you'll no catch me at the like o' that, when I go to P—— I aye keep my thoughts to mysel."

BYRON'S FEELINGS TO LADY BYRON.—Byron has asked me to use my influence with Colonel M., to induce him, through the medium of his sister, who is the intimate friend of Lady Byron, to procure a copy of Lady B.'s portrait, which her lord has long wished to possess. This request has given me an opportunity of telling Byron, that Lady Byron was apprehensive that he might claim their daughter, or interfere in some way with her. Byron was greatly moved; and after a few minutes' silence, caused evidently by deep emotion, he declared, that he never intended to take any step that could be painful to the feelings of Lady Byron. "She has been too long accustomed to the happiness of a daily, hourly communion with our child," said he, "to admit of any interruption to it, without being made wretched; while I," and he looked more sad than I had observed him to do before, "have never known this blessing, have never heard the sound of Ada's voice, never seen her smile, or felt the pressure of her lip," (his voice became tremulous), "and can, therefore, better resign a comfort often pined for but never enjoyed." He has promised me to put his wishes on paper, that there may be no mistake or possibility of misconception. I have just got this letter, which I am to show to Col. M. I hope it may tranquillize Lady Byron's mind, and procure for her husband the portrait he so much desires to possess. He continually leads the conversation to Lady Byron, always speaks of her with respect, and often with a more tender sentiment, and has not yet learned to think of her with the indifference which long absence generally engenders. Byron's heart is by no means an insensible one; it is capable of gentle and fond affection; but his imagination is so excitable, and it draws such overcharged pictures, that the dull realities of life fade before its dazzling light, and disappoint and disenchant him, silencing the less powerful feelings of the heart. He has exercised his imagination more than his affections; and the consequence is, that the undue cultivation of one faculty, while others are allowed to remain dormant, has led to the same result in the moral, as it invariably does in the physical, system—an unhealthy activity, injurious to the sober reason which establishes an equilibrium in his mind.

The Boston Post says—"Marriageable ladies are called *waiting maids!*"

TRUE PRINCIPLES OF ORATORY.—The following advice of President Weatherspoon to his pupils might be a benefit to some orators of the present day:—"In the first place, take care that ye never begin to speak till ye ha' something to say; and, secondly, be sure to leave off as soon as ye ha' done."

"Repent and marry, Tom, my dear." "Nay, nay," says Tom, with laughter, "I'll marry first, and then, don't fear, but I'll repent soon after."

WONDERFUL.—The *Journal de Nevers* contains the following incredible statement:—"A young man, 27 years of age, who was playing with some companions, fell to the ground, having at the time an open table-knife in his mouth. In the fall he swallowed the knife, and was for some time seriously ill, with repeated vomiting. At length he recovered, although the knife had never been discharged, and he had almost forgotten the accident. Latterly, twenty months after the event, a swelling, attended with violent inflammation, took place in his side, and an abscess formed, which was in due time opened by the surgeons. A few days after wards, the point of the knife made its appearance, and at length the whole knife was drawn out. When it was swallowed it was six inches in length, but during its stay in his body the handle and the blade had both been reduced, so that the knife measured only four inches and a half. The young man is now perfectly well."

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.—The following statistics of the ages of the 121,525 women married in Paris in the course of the last 18 years, is given in one of the journals as having been verified by the registers of the *Etat Civil*:—Between 12 and 15 years old there were 811; at 16 years, 1920; at 17 years, 3959; at 18 years, 5816; at 19 years, 6957; at 20 years, 7610; at 21 years, 8047; at 22 or 23, between 7000 and 8000; at 24 or 25, upwards of 6000; but at 26, 27, and 28, they scarcely exceed 5000. This decreasing progression goes on, so that up to 31 years there were only 3651; thence to 41 years, 1798; at 42 years, 1015; at 43 years, 586; at 56 years, 226; at 60 years, 126; and during the 18 years there were 578 marriages of women aged 61 years and upwards. Another account shows, that out of 1,000,000 married in Paris, 521, 653—being more than one half—were married before the commencement of their 26th year.

DOING SOMETHING.—“I see in this world,” said John Newton, “two heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if by giving it another I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this.”

SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF IDIOTCY.—M. Seguin, a young philanthropist, who has devoted himself to the instruction of children afflicted with idiotcy, proposed to teach after his method a number of children taken from the hospitals. The *Conseil des Hospices*, on the report of M. Orfila, granted his request. He was entrusted with twelve children, from the age of eight to sixteen, who were living in the Hospital of Incurables, and who were certified to be idiots of incurability. Not one of them could read or write—others merely uttered a few inarticulate sounds—some were epileptic, and three or four had continual convulsive movements. After a year of assiduity, M. Seguin presented the children to a Commission composed of MM. Fouche, Halpher, and Orfila. It was found that they could all read, and that some could write copies—that almost all could speak distinctly, and that their answers were correct—some could add, subtract, and even multiply. They had also gained much physically, so that those children, who were before merely a burden to the house, are now of use to it. The Council, considering these results, has decided that M. Seguin—who previously was merely authorised to make trials—should have an express commission to continue them on a greater scale, and should be lodged, boarded, and paid by the Administration. A special credit will be asked for this purpose from the Council-General of the department. We do not doubt but that the Council will join in so interesting a work.

THE VALUE OF MARRIED MEN.—“A little more animation, my dear,” whispered Lady B—— to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. “Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma,” replied the provident nymph; “I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man.” “Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was.”

We extract a few rhymes, referring to this part of the country, from Chambers' "Popular Rhymes, Fireside Stories, and Amusements of Scotland":—

EASTERN COAST OF SCOTLAND.

'Tween the Isle o' May
And the Links o' Tsy
Mony a ship's been cast away.

A sad truth, briefly stated.

PROPHECY REGARDING THE TAY.

St Johnston ere long in the Highlands will be,
And the salt water scarcely will reach to Dundee;
Sea-covered Drumly will then be dry land,
And the Bell Rock as high as the Ailsa will stand.

MONTROSE, DUNDEE, FORFAR, AND BRECHIN.

Bonny Munross will be a moss,
Dundee will be dung down;
Forfar will be Forfar still;
And Brechin a braw burrows' toun.

KIRRIEMUIR—(*Forfarshire*).

Far are ye gae'n?—To Killiemuir!
Farre never ane weel fare,
But for his ain penny-fee.

GUTHRIE.

Guthrie o' Guthrie,
Guthrie o' Gaiggie,
Guthrie o' Taybank,
An' Guthrie o' Craigie.

This rhyme refers to the respectable old Forfarshire family of Guthrie, in its main line and principal branches. The following is the traditionary account of the origin of the Guthries:—One of the kings of Scotland, when on an aquatic excursion to his northern dominions, was overtaken by a storm, and driven ashore on the east coast, somewhere between Arbroath and Montrose. Getting in safety to land, the king, like the pious Æneas under similar circumstances, turned his thoughts upon the means of acquiring food wherewith to satisfy his own hunger and that of his attendants, both considerably sharpened by the sea-breeze. He had not, however, the good fortune of the Trojan hero, in seeing

———"tres littore cervos
——errantes;"

nothing appared on the bare Scottish coast but a poor fisherwoman, who was cleaning some small fishes she had just

caught. "Will you gut one to me goodwife?" said the monarch. "I'll gut three!" being her immediate answer, the king exclaimed, in rapture at her heartiness and hospitality—

"Then, Gut three
Your name shall be!"

and immediately put her family in possession of the adjoining lands, which yet continue to be the property of her descendant, the present *Guthrie of Guthrie*.

The Traditions of Forfarshire put the rhyme which follows into the mouth of a brownie, which, having been expelled by exorcisms from its favourite haunt, the old Castle of Claypots, near Dundee, spouted before departing a somewhat satirical enumeration of the neighbouring localities:—

The Ferry and the Ferry-well,
The Camp and the Camp-hill,
Balmossie and Balmossie Mill,
Burnside and Burn-hill,
The thin sowens o' Drumgeith,
The fair May o' Monyfeith;
There's Gutterston and Wallackston,
Clay-pats I'll gi'e my mallison;
Come I late or come I air,
Balemie's boord's aye bare.

A FORFARSHIRE EXECRATION.
Deitride to Thrin on ye,
For a lade o' sclates!

This may have originated in the circumstance of the Church of St Vigean's, Arbroath, having been covered with slates, which the poor people thereabouts are said to have been compelled by their spiritual superiors to bring upon their backs from the distant Quarry of Turin, near Forfar.

THE EWES OF GOWRIE.
When the Yowes o' Gowrie come to land,
The day o' judgment's near at hand.

A prophecy prevalent in the Carse of Gowrie and in Forfarshire. The Ewes of Gowrie are two large blocks of stone, situated within high-water mark, on the northern shore of the Firth of Tay, at the small village of Invergowrie. The prophecy obtains universal credit among the country people. In consequence of the deposition of silt on that shore of the firth, the stones are gradually approaching the land, and there is no doubt will ultimately be beyond flood-mark. It is the

popular belief that they move an inch nearer to the shore every year. The expected fulfilment of the prophecy has deprived many an old woman of her sleep; and it is a common practice among the weavers and bonnet-makers of Dundee, to walk out to Invergowrie on Sunday afternoons simply to see what progress the *Yowes* are making.

PLACES IN FORFARSHIRE.

The beggars o' Benshie,
The cairds o' Lour,
The souters o' Forfar,
The weavers o' Kirriemuir.

FORFAR.

Brosie Forfar.

Brosie implies the plethoric appearance arising from excess of meat and drink. The legal gentlemen of this burgh, who, from its being a small county town, are remarkably numerous in proportion to the population, are characterised as the "drucken writers of Forfar." The town is a good deal annoyed with a lake in its neighbourhood, which the inhabitants have long had in contemplation to drain, and which would have been drained long ago, but, the expensiveness of such an undertaking. At a public meeting held some years ago, for the discussion of this measure the Earl of Strathmore said, that he believed the cheapest method of draining the lake would be, to throw a few hogsheads of good whisky into the water, and set the *drucken writers* of Forfar to drink it up!

CARSE OF GOWRIE.

The Carles o' the Carse.

William Lithgow, the traveller, in his very singular book, referring to a journey through Scotland in 1628, calls the Carse of Gowrie an earthly paradise; but adds the following ungracious information:—"The inhabitants being only defective in affableness and communicating courtesies of natural things, whence sprung this proverb—the *Carles* (i.e. Churls) of the Carse" (p. 394).

Pennant records an ill-natured proverb, applicable to the people of the Carse of Gowrie—that "they want water in the summer, fire in the winter, and the grace of God all the year round." A landed gentleman of the Carse used to complain very much of the awkwardness and stupidity of all the men whom he employed, declaring, that if he were only

furnished with good clay, he believed he could make better men himself. This tirade got wind among the peasantry, and excited no small indignation. One of their class soon after found an opportunity of revenging himself and his neighbours upon the author by a cut with his own weapon. It so happened that the laird one day fell into a quagmire, the material of which was of such a nature as to hold him fast and put extrication entirely out of his own power. In his dilemma, observing a peasant approaching, he called out to him, and desired his assistance, in order that he might get himself relieved from his unpleasant confinement. The rustic, recognising him immediately, paid no attention to his entreaties, but past carelessly by, only giving him one knowing look, and saying, "I see you're *making your men*, laird; I'll no disturb ye!"

"NOT MUCH OF A SHOWER."—The nigger's equanimity in the foregoing is, of course, an illustration of the "sour grapes" moral—of which, however, there is a better, and one which is recommended by its antiquity, if not its authenticity. Noah asked a man to help him in the building of the ark, the reward to be admission when the Flood came—but the man declined the job. When Noah was sailing along in the ark, he passed near his lazy friend, standing on the top of a mountain up to the lips in the rising flood, and asked him tauntingly if he wished *now* that he had lent a hand. "Go along," said the fellow, as the water began to flow into his mouth—"go along with your old ark—I don't think it's going to be much of a shower!"

Matthews, the comedian, used to narrate in private an amusing anecdote:—He said that he once went to insert in a London morning journal an English Opera-House puff for Arnold, and that he heard a voice from the overseer's room scream down a pipe—communicating with the sub-editor's room—"More matter!" The redacteur returned for answer, *per pipe*, "what quantity?" The overseer replied, "about eight inches!" The sub-editor piped up, "There is a dreadful murder in Wapping." The overseer answered, "Confound you—we had that last week, and it is a lie!" The sub. shortly rejoined, with his mouth to the pipe-hole, "Then contradict it in eight inches I send up."

THE "KEY OF DEATH."—In the collection of curiosities preserved in the Arsenal of Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:—About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamoured of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her in marriage, and was, of course, rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed, that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned it discovered a spring, which, on pressure, launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered into the flesh, and buried itself there without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited, in disguise, at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished in a few days. The alarm which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal; every one feared for his own life. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will entreated to speak with her at the gate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her it had become odious (as though she had a presentiment of his guilt), and her reply was decisive in the ne-

gative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room, the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and, uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased; the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but, cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.

SYMBOLICAL EPITAPH.—In a recent number of the *Cambridge Chronicle* is the following typographical *morceau*:—
 “Death of a Printer.—George Woodcock, the * of his profession, the type of honesty, the † of all; and, although the ‡ of death has put a . to his existence, every § of his life was without a ||.”

SAMBO'S PHILOSOPHY.—An American nigger, to whom meat was a rare blessing, one day found in his trap a plump rabbit. He took him out alive, held him under his arm, patted him, and began to speculate on his qualities. “Oh, how berry fat! De fattest I ebber did see! Let us see how me cook him. Me roas' him? No; he be so fat, me lose all de grease. Me fry him? Ah, he be so berry fat, he fry himself. Golly, how fat he be! Den me stew him.” The thought of the savoury stew made the nigger forget himself, and, in spreading out the feast to his imagination, his arm relaxed, when off hopped the rabbit, and, squatting at a goodly distance, eyed his late owner with great composure. Sambo knew there was an end of the matter, so, summoning all his philosophy, he thus addressed the rabbit—“You long-eared, white-whiskered, red-eyed rat, you not so berry fat after all!”

A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if “kiss” was a common or proper noun. After some hesitation, she replied, “It is both common and proper.”

A CUTTING ARTICLE ABOUT CUTS.—This may be called the cut-age. Nothing but cuts will do now-a-days. A book illustrated with some hundred or two of them, no matter what may be the character of its literary matter, is sure to go ahead of anything else out. And it is just so with a newspaper—the one that has the greatest quantity and variety will have the most readers. New books and papers are filled with pictures. It is a new feature in the publishing world. All cuts, nothing but cuts. Men make cutting remarks and are cut in some tender spots in return. Some cut character, and some cut stick for Texas. Others cut papers, and get money to cut into an office, which others are obliged to cut out of. Many cut the feelings of their best friends out of mere malice. In chewing, nothing will do but “fine cut,” and in sleighing, cut-ter above all things; while in eating, a cut-let is a dainty cut. Many attempt, without means for so doing, to cut a swell, while some on a small hook attempt to cut a dash. Not a few, tired and disgusted with the world, cut adrift from the shores of life, cut the thread of life by cutting their throats, and sail away to another world. But we must cut this short for lack of room to cut in.

THIEVES WANTED!—A German writer observes, in a late volume on the social condition of Great Britain, there is such a scarcity of thieves in England that they are obliged to offer a reward for their discovery.

A gentleman was one day composing music for a lady to whom he paid his addresses. “Pray, Miss D., (said he) what time do you prefer?” “Oh! (she replied carelessly,) any time will do—but *the quicker the better.*” The company smiled at the rejoinder, and the gentleman took her at her word.

SWAPPING WIVES.—“John, I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses.” “Why so, Peter?” “I’d cheat somebody most shockin’ bad afore night.”

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EMPHASES.—An elderly gentleman being ill, one of his friends sent a messenger with the usual inquiry, which, however, he had not pronounced with due emphasis—“I’ll thank you, take my compliments, and ask *how old Mr W. is.*” The messenger departed on his errand, and speedily returned, saying, “He’s just 68, sir!

DONALD'S DILEMMA.—"Will it please the sgentlemen to buy this canary?" said a Highland boy, newly imported into Glasgow, but *assharp* as the north wind, while attempting some time ago to sell a canary to an English gentleman. "Is it a *he* one?" "Ou, sir," heitatingly replied young Donald, who was at a loss to know which of the sexes the gentleman would prefer—"Ou, sir, she's a kind of a *he*, and she's no *very he* neither!"

A CHAPTER OF CURIOSITIES.—It is a curiosity to find a person who does not think his own children possessed of more talents and accomplishments than those of his neighbours.—It is a curiosity to find a miss of fifteen who has not begun to think of getting a husband.—It is a curiosity to meet with a woman who stammers in her conversation.—It is a curiosity to find a physician who, having restored you to health, does not wish you to think he has performed a wonderful cure.—It is a curiosity to find a schoolmaster who does not wish to be understood that he knows more than any one else.—It is a curiosity to find an editor who does not know everything—and more too.—It is a curiosity to meet with a man who thinks less of himself than other people think of him.—It is a curiosity to find a man who places too low an estimate on his own abilities.—It won't be a curiosity to see this copied into some of our "exchanges."

THE WRONG WAY TO CORK.—Mr Kenny, the popular dramatist, in drinking a glass of wine, inadvertently swallowed a small substance which nearly choked him. A friend seeing his distress, and anxious to proclaim to his companions the sad state of the case, exclaimed, "It is cork gone the wrong way." "I don't know whether it is the wrong way to Cork," said a wag who was present, "but it seems a very likely way to kill-Kenny."

Have you improved in riding?—Not exactly: I have *fallen off* a great deal lately.—"I hope I give *satisfaction*," as the pistol-ball said to the wounded duellist.

The coats of the Irish reapers have been described as "*a parcel of holes sewed together*."

"Boy, whose pigs are those?" "The sow's, sir." "Well, then, whose sow is it?" "My father's, sir." "Well, well! who is your father?" "If you will mind the pigs I will run home and ask my mother."

CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.—This letter, to be properly understood, must be read two different ways,—the first reading to be straight on, and the second by omitting every second line—

Madam,

THE great love and tenderness I have lately expressed for you is false, and I now feel that my indifference towards you increases every day; and the more I see of you, the more you appear ridiculous in my eyes, and an object of contempt. I feel inclined, and in every respect disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me, I never had the least inclination to offer you my hand. Our last conversation has, I assure you, left a tedious and wretched insipidity, which, by no means, has possessed me with the most exalted opinion of your character. Your inconstant temper would make me always miserable.— If ever we are united, I shall feel and experience nothing but the fearful hatred of my parents, added to an everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have, indeed, a faithful heart to bestow, but, however, do not wish you to imagine that it is at your service; it is impossible that I could give it to one more inconstant and capricious than yourself, and one who is less capable to do honour to my choice, and to my family.— Yes, Madam! I beg and desire you will be persuaded, and I think sincerely, that you will do me the greatest favour to avoid me. I shall readily excuse your taking the trouble to give me an answer to this: Your letters are always full of nonsense and impertinence, and have not the least shadow of wit or good sense. Adieu! and believe, truly, that I am so averse to you, that it is impossible I should ever be,

MADAM,

Your affectionate Servant and Lover.

The days of chivalry are gone! and the *knights*, too, have gone with them; and a very fortunate “go” it is, for the peace and quiet of the present generation.

AN EXPLANATION.—“Come, my friend, tip us the rhino.” “What’s the rhino?” “Why, out with the dust.” “I don’t understand.” “Why, post the poney.” “Yes, shell out.” “Really, I am at a loss.” “Why, fork up.” “Inexplicable.” “Zounds, man, cash down.”

PAROCHIAL ECONOMY.—Among the contracts lately entered into by the Poor-law Union at Stafford, the following will not be set aside by the Poor-law Commissioners on account of its extravagance:—“The guardians have contracted with a barber to shave and cut the hair of the paupers at *two-pence-halfpenny per dozen!*”

THE RAINBOW.—How often has the young soldier fallen in the first of his fields! How often has the sun gone down at noon! Yet more frequently do the young die. We remember to have read the following anecdote, which was translated, I think, from the German, of a young boy and his early death:—One beautiful morning in summer, a little boy was playing on the green before his father's door. The dew, which had fallen thick during the night, was hanging in large drops upon the long grass, and on the flowers, and shining like little globes of pearl in the sun. The little boy was greatly delighted with the drops of the dew. He was called into the house. On coming out, the dew was dried up and gone. He asked his father whither it had gone. His father told him that the sun had chased it away. "Father," said the little boy, "was the sun angry with the dew-drops?" "No," replied his father. Shortly after there was a cloud, and a rainbow was seen reflected from its dark bosom. "My dear child," said the father, "you see yon rainbow? In that glorious bow are the dew-drops you admired. There they shine the jewellery of the skies, and the foot of man shall trample on them no more. Now, learn, my dear child, that what withers on earth shall bloom in heaven."

"I'm tarnation angry with you, Zekiel, for stealing them three kisses from me t'other night," said our little "*help*," Rebecca, to her sweetheart. "Ah!" says *Zekey*, "I'm darn'd afeared that I've been precious unhappy in my conscience ever since, and I'm come now for the 'dential purpose of giving every one on 'em back again."

A reverend gentleman, enlarging on the sin of swearing, said, "You never, my dear hearers, heard a dumb man swear:—then ought not you to be ashamed to swear, who are so much more highly favoured?"

"I guess," said the philosophical supercargo, Jonathan Downing, when he wrote home from Canton to his uncle the major, "that there really be but two sorts of good government, in the nature of things: bamboo, or the like as in China; and bamboozle, or the like, as in the old country; but we in the states use 'em both, and ours is the grandest government in the universe,—bamboo for the niggers, and bamboozle for ourselves."

TARANTULA AND SCORPION FIGHT.—On turning my eyes to the floor as I lay in bed, I saw an enormous tarantula marching majestically along. I began to fumble for my old sword at the bed's head, to put an end to his rambles; but, before I had obtained it, I saw a scorpion in full chase of him. Watching them still, I beheld, to my great amusement, the scorpion overtake the gentleman who was so cavalierly walking the course, and jostled up against him to provoke the caitiff to combat. No sooner was that done, than a deadly battle ensued, which must have been dreadful to the combatants. The tarantula worked his mandibles in fine style, and the scorpion slewed round his tail with wonderful agility. I could see that he whipped the sting into him so deep that it was almost beyond his strength to extract it: in the mean time, writhing with agony, but with uncommon strength, the tarantula tumbled him over and over savagely. I began to wonder which would gain the battle, when, lo! another huge black scorpion issued from a crack in the floor, and came up "nine knots an hour" to the field. I now saw the poor tarantula stood little chance. There came the fresh combatant, with his long tail erected over his back; and, in an instant, in went his sting like a pin into a pincushion, buried, in the body of the luckless tarantula; who, beholding the reinforcement, gave up the battle, for he was swollen to twice his natural size. The two worthies who had put him to death were walking off together to their cranny, when I entered the field, and, gently embracing the dear creatures, put them carefully, with the dead chief, into my *bottle of preserves*.—*Leigh's Voyage to South Australia.*

EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENTS.—Compliments may be offered in all sincerity, and yet have a very equivocal sound, as in the case of the city knights, unable to aspirate the letter H, who, being deputed to address William the Third, exclaimed, "Future ages recording your Majesty's exploits will pronounce you to have been a *Nero*." Not less honest and ambiguous was the negro's compliment to the great emancipator, "Goramighty bless Massa Wilberforce! He hab a white face, but he hab a black heart."

The adjutant of a volunteer corps, doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out, "All you that are without *arms*, will please to hold up your *hands*."

BLACK MAN'S DREAM.—A number of years bygone, a black man, in one of the towns in the west of Scotland, named Peter Cooper, happened to marry one of our fair town's-women, who did not use him with that tenderness that he conceived himself entitled to. Having tried all other arts to retrieve her lost affections in vain, Peter at last resolved to work upon her fears of punishment in another world for her conduct in this. Pretending, therefore, to awake one morning extravagantly alarmed, his helpmate was full of anxiety to know what was the matter; and having sufficiently, as he thought, whetted her curiosity, by mysteriously hinting that "he could a tale unfold," at length Peter proceeded as follows:—"H—ll of a dream last night. I dream I go to Hebben and rap at doa, and a gent'man come to de doa wid black coat and powda hair. Whoa dere? Peeta Coopa. Whoa Peeta Coopa? Am not know you. Not knowa Peeta Coopa! Look de book, sa.—He take de book, and he look de book, and he could'na find Peeta Coopa.—Den I say, Oh! lad, oh! look again, finda Peeta Coopa in a corna.—He take de book, and he look de book, an' at last he finda Peeta Coopa in lilly, lilly (little) corna.—'Peeta Coopa, cooke ob de *Royal Charlotte* ob Greenock.'—Walk in, sa. Den I walk in, and dere was every ting, all kind of vittal, collyflower too, an' I eat, an' I drink, an' I dant, an' I ting, an' I neva be done; segar too, by Gum.—Den I say, Oh! lad, oh! look for Peeta Coopa wife. He take de book, and he look all oba de book, many, many, many a time, corna an' all; and he couldna find Peeta Coopa wife. Den I say, Oh! lad, oh! look de black book; he take de black book, an' he look de black book; and he finda Peeta Coopa wife fust page.—'Peeta Coopa wife, buckra woman, bad to her husband.'"

A BOY HIS OWN GRANDFATHER.—There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter the old man; the widow was, therefore, mother to her husband's father, consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great grandmother. Now, as a son of a great grandmother must be either a grandfather or a great uncle, this boy was, therefore, his own grandfather. This was actually the case with a boy at a school in Norwich.

WILLIAM PITT.—Pitt, tall and slender, had an air at once melancholy and sarcastic. His delivery was cold, his intonation monotonous, his action scarcely perceptible: at the same time, the lucidness and fluency of his thoughts, the logic of his arguments, suddenly irritated with flashes of eloquence, rendered his talent something above the ordinary line. I frequently saw Pitt walking across St James's Park, from his own home to the Palace. On this day, George the Third arrived from Windsor, after drinking beer out of a pewter pot with the farmers of the neighbourhood; he drove through the mean courts of this mean habitation in a grey chariot, followed by a few of the horse-guards. This was the master of the Kings of Europe, as five or six merchants of the city are masters of India. Pitt, dressed in black, with a steel-hilted sword by his side, and his hat under his arm, ascended, taking two or three steps at a time. At home, this great financier kept no sort of order; he had no regular hours for his meals or for sleep. Over head and ears in debt, he paid nobody, and never would take the trouble to cast up a bill. A valet de chambre managed his house. Ill-dressed, without pleasure, without passion, greedy of power, he despised honours, and would not be anything more than William Pitt. In the month of June, 1822, Lord Liverpool took me to dine at his country-house. As we crossed Putney Heath, he showed me the small house, where lived the son of Lord Chatham, the statesman who had all Europe in his pay, and distributed with his own hand all the treasures of the world, and who died in poverty.

A COMPARISON!—An old woman called lately into a shop to purchase some oranges. In the course of conversation, she stated that she had just got off one of her daughters. On the shopkeeper congratulating her on the event, she gave a significant shake of her head, adding "I may weel be glad, sir, for they are just like thae oranges—they dinna dae to be lane keepit."

REPLY OF ARCHELAUS.—A garrulous barber, happening to be called to shave Archelaus, asked him "How shall I shave you, sir?" "In silence," was the reply.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" asked an amiable *cara sposa* of her loving husband. "Till he got a wife," answered the husband calmly.

GOING AND COMING.—Archie Campbell, a well-known city officer in Auld Reekie, was celebrated for his cunning and wit. His mother having died in Edinburgh, Archie hired a hearse and carried her to the family burial place in the Highlands. He returned, it is said, with the hearse full of smuggled whisky; and, being teased about it by a friend, he said, "Wow, man, there's nae harm done; I only took awa' the body and brought back the speerit."

A LONG NOSE AND NO MISTAKE.—Within a few miles of Wilsontown, there lives a merry cobbler, whose nose is so very long that when he takes snuff he is obliged to walk forward three paces to reach the point.—*Nor from an American Paper.*

The following neat and gallant compliment was paid the fair sex, at the celebration of the fifth anniversary of the Nashville Typographical Society:—"THE LADIES.—The specimen book of nature contains no *flowers* so lovely as those which bloom around our fire-sides."

"I cannot imagine," said an alderman, "why my whiskers should turn grey so much sooner than the hair on my head." "Because," observed a wag, "you have worked much harder with your jaws than your brains."

BURNS'S EARLY DAYS.—Burns, before his visit to Edinburgh, had, at all times and places, been in the habit of associating with the best men of his order, the best in everything, in station, in manners, in moral and intellectual character, such men as William Tell and Hoffer, for example, associated with in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Even the persons he got unfortunately too well acquainted with (but whose company he soon shook off) at Irvine and Kirk-Oswald, smugglers and their adherents, were, though a lawless and dangerous set, men of spunk, and spirit, and power, both of mind and body; nor was there anything the least degrading in an ardent, impassioned, and imaginative youth becoming for a time rather too much attached to such daring, and adventurous, and even interesting characters. They had all a fine strong poetical smell of the sea, mingled to precisely the proper pitch with that of the contraband. As a poet, Burns must have been much the better for such temporary associates; as a man, let us hope, notwithstanding Gilbert's fears, not greatly the worse. The passions that boiled in

his blood would have overflowed his life, often to disturb, and often to destroy him, had there never been an Irvine and its seaport. But Burns's friends, up to the time he visited Edinburgh, had been chiefly his admirable brother, a few of the ministers round about, farmers, ploughmen, farm-servants, and workers in the winds of heaven blowing over moors and mosses, corn-fields, and meadows, beautiful as the blue skies themselves; and, if you call that low company, you had better fling your copy of Burns's *Cottars' Saturday Night*, *Mary in Heaven*, and all, into the fire. He, the noblest peasant that ever trode the greensward of Scotland, kept the society of other peasants, whose nature was like his own; and then, were the silken-snooded maidens whom he wooed on the "lea-rig and 'mang the rigs o' barley," were they who inspired at once his love and his genius, his passion and his poetry, till the whole land of Coila overflowed with immortal song, so that now to the proud native's ear every stream murmurs a music not its own, given it by sweet Robin's lays; and the lark, more lyrical than ever, seems singing his songs at the gates of heaven for the shepherd's sake, as, through his half-closed hand he eyes the musical mote in the sunshine, and remembers him who "sung her new-awakened by the daisy's side," were they, the blooming daughters of Scotia, we demand of you, on peril of your life, low company and unworthy of Robert Burns?

ODD PEOPLE.—The passion for practical jokes upon a great scale, has long been extremely popular and predominant. A noble Earl, not many years dead, in order to divert himself and two or three chosen friends "at another's expense," used sometimes to invite to dine with him some six men, each minus an arm or a leg; on another day, half a dozen worthy personages, who were stone deaf; on another, half a dozen others, whose obliquity of vision happened to be exceedingly remarkable. One day, six bald men were asked; on another, three men six feet four high, with three men scarcely four feet six; on a third occasion, a neat half dozen of stutterers; and, on a fourth, an equal batch of sufferers under some nervous affection, which induced them to keep winking their eyes and twitching their noses at each other, during the whole of the repast, perfectly unconscious themselves of the oddity of the proceeding.

NOTIONS OF "HAPPINESS."—A gentleman, walking through Knightsbridge, sometime ago, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip into the country:—
 Woman—"Blow me, Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world this is! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now I am born I wish myself dead again." Man—"Why, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?" Woman—"Why, don't I tell yer I am as miserable as a rat?" Man—"Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you haven't had pretty near enough to-day. If that aint enough pleasure for yer I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth."

A Quaker in Philadelphia, wanting to buy some oysters, requested the oysterman to leave two or three bushels at his house. "Pray, sir," said the oysterman, "what might your name be?" "It might be Beelzebub," replied the friend, "but it isn't."

PROVIDING FOR A BILL.—A flock of birds flying over the heads of two city merchants, one of them exclaimed, "How happy those creatures are, they have no acceptances to pay!" "You are mistaken," replied the other, "they have their bills to provide for as well as we."

MELANCHOLY FATE OF A POOR STROLLING PLAYER.—In the year 1839, when autumn was fading into winter, and, in the words of the Scottish song,

"When the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'ing,

a poor strolling player, his wife, and two children—a fine boy and girl—arrived at Lairg, in the county of Sutherland. A more unpromising place for a theatrical exhibition can hardly be conceived; the inhabitants are literally "few and far between," separated on all sides by rugged mountains, which impart a feeling of utter solitude and seclusion to the scene. A cluster of cottages, however, lie about the manse, on the south side of Loch Shin, and there are huts scattered among the hills, which, though they at first elude observation, are rife with inmates. The player resolved to try a performance; but it being Saturday evening, he deferred

astonishing the simple people till Monday or Tuesday. He put up at the inn, and the respectable landlord, Mr Mackay, informed us that the intelligence and information of the man made a strong impression on all who conversed with him. The profession of an actor, even in its lower grades, is a sort of intellectual exercise; his conversation is usually lively and entertaining; and we can well conceive the sensation which would be made in a remote district by the appearance and the anecdotes of one of this "gay and hapless race." The poor wanderer, however, was destined not to gratify the people of Lairg by "fretting his hour" upon the stage. He set out towards Altnabarrow to rouse the country and collect an audience, taking with him his son, to bear him company over the mountains. Neither of them returned; the "play" was, of course, postponed; and day after day passed without bringing any tidings of the actor or his boy. The wife and daughter departed, and the circumstance was forgotten, when shortly since, on a solitary part of the farm of Shinesy, the bodies of a man and a boy were discovered, in a state of great decomposition. The occurrence was noised abroad, and the mouldering remains were identified by the people of Lairg as those of the unfortunate stroller and his son. It has been conjectured that they lost their way among the hills, and were overtaken by a storm, which they had not strength to resist. They had apparently sank down on the ground exhausted, and the boy's head was supported by his father, over which he had thrown a part of his coat, as a protection from the night, or the storm. The man's name and history are unknown; and thus perished the lone outcast of the drama, with his unfortunate son, in a land of strangers, amidst the wildest scenes of nature, and under circumstances as touching as any which ever drew tears or applause on the stage. What a contrast to the gay and crowded theatres in which the poor player had probably performed in his better days! After all his mimic representations, his bustling toils, and dreams of ambition, to be thus cut off—his boy dying or dead within his arms—under the inclement skies, and his wife and daughter vainly expecting his return.

"The angel of death in the desert had found him,
And stretched him unseen by the side of the hill."

"My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook-maid.

MARCOLINI—A TALE OF VENICE.—It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named. "Lovely Gulletta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blessed as thy Marcolini?" But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery—what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went, as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Gulletta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth! He turned by the Church of St Geminiano, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Sanitor Ranaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, everything served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo, in his flight, had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood—with blood not yet dry—it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and, when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still, there is in the innocent an energy and a composure—an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent—to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life, Gulletta her reason. Not many years afterwards, the truth revealed itself, the real criminal, in his last moments, confessing the crime, and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that has long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence has passed, "Ricordatevi del proverbio Marcolini!—Remember the poor Marcolini." Great, indeed, was the le-

mentation throughout the city; and the judge, dying, directed that henceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the Ducal church, for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for that purpose; and still is the mass sung in the chapel—still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution—the place where, on a scaffold, Marcolini breathed his last.

MAN AND HIS "RIB."—The woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam;—not out of his head, to top him—not out of his feet, to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal with him—under his arm, to be protected—and near his heart, to be beloved.

GRACE MAL-APROPOS.—A milliner's apprentice, about to wait upon a duchess, was fearful of committing some error in her deportment. She therefore consulted a friend as to the manner in which she should address this great personage, and was told that on going before the duchess, she must say, her grace, and so on. Accordingly, away went the girl, and on being introduced, after a very low curtsy, she said, "For what I am going to receive, the Lord make me truly thankful!" To which the duchess answered, "Amen."

THE LAST CASE.—Being that of a gentleman, who, in seeking to wind up his watch, wound up himself, and never perceived his mistake till his creditors objected to let him go on tick any longer.

HARD TO PLEASE.—A foot traveller in Scotland entered a village change-house, and called for a mutchkin of whisky. He had just tasted it, when the servant asked him if she should bring any water? "Water!—na, na, lassie," was the answer. "Ony ane wha is no' satisfied wi' the water that's in't already, maun be hard to please."

A POSER.—As a teacher of the "young idea" was employed the other day in his "delightful task" of learning a sharp urchin to cypher on a slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor:—"Whare dis a' the figures gang tae when they're rubb,t out?"

EXTRAORDINARY HUNGER.—A gentleman, who had eaten nothing for two-and-thirty days, happening to descry a dinner-table laid out for a party of huntsmen, actually walked into a leg of mutton, and has not been heard of since.

GOOD RETORT.—A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am only like the Prodigal Son—I shall reform by and by. "And I will be like the Prodigal Son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go to my father;" and according off she went.

A NEW READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.—While a slater in Perth was plying his vocation the other day on the top of a house in that place, a garrulous female took occasion to lecture him for choosing such a dangerous trade, adding that "the least puff o' wind might send him unprepared into eternity." "O, but do you no ken, gudewife," quoth he of the house top, "that I'm fulfilling the scriptures?" "Fulfilling the scriptures, James I that's impossible; for there's no ae word o' a slater in a' the Bible that e'er I heard or read o'." "I'm nevertheless right, though," was the reply; "did you never read in the Bible, 'That it is better to dwell in a corner of the house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.'" His apt quotation from the wisdom of Solomon effectually silenced the dame, who went away in no good humour.

The following is a verbatim copy of the direction of a letter which passed through the Post-office a few days since:—

Mr John King of
Montrayall is living with his
wife either there or elsewhere
his wife is Susan M'Cauley
and if they are not there you
will have to find them out Elsewhere.

A LAWYER'S LETTERS.—These disagreeable despatches are in general very laconic; it is only when Mr Latitat is paid by the page that he is verbose. If brevity be the soul of wit, the following is eminently attic:—"Sir,—I am desired to apply to you for twenty pounds due to my client, Mr Jones. If you send me the money by this day week, you will oblige me; if not, I will *oblige* you."

ROBERT BURNS.—Allan Cunningham, in his *Life of Burns*, has paraded the subscriptions of the nobility to the Edinburgh edition of the poet's works, and takes care to record the names of my lord this, or my lady that, who subscribed for half a dozen or a dozen copies, after the fame of Burns had been established by the universal voice of his own province; but Mr Cunningham records the names of none of the *farmers*, who bestowed the earliest, and, therefore, the most useful patronage, by subscribing to the Kilmarnock edition. The subscription of "Archibald Prentice, farmer in Covington Mains," for 21 copies—a number greater than that for which any of the aristocracy subscribed—is passed over in silence by the tuft-hunting biographer. It may be interesting to our readers to know something of Burns's first journey to Edinburgh. He borrowed a "pownie" from the brother of "Tam Samson," and rode the first day about half-way to Edinburgh, making Covington Mains his resting place for the night. Mr Prentice had been apprised by his relative, George Read of Barquharry (a descendant of Alexander Reid, the Covenanter), of Burns's visit, and he had invited all the farmers in the parish to meet him at dinner. A white flag, hoisted upon the top of a corn-stack in the barn-yard, was to be the signal of Burns's arrival, and it had scarcely waved two minutes in the breeze, when the invited were seen to issue from their houses, and converge towards the central point. The conversation was so delightful to the guests, that, although usually accustomed to go to bed at nine o'clock, they did not separate till after "the wec short hour ayont the twal."

A pugilistic encounter is thus announced—"Adam's great fight with Cain."

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic matter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my wits." "Well, you wont have far to go," said the phlegmatic man.

A FAIR RETORT.—A very loquacious female witness, whom the opposing counsel could not silence, so far kept him at bay, that, by way of browbeating her, he exclaimed, "Why, woman, there is brass enough in your face to make a a kettle!" "And sauce enough in yours," she instantly rejoined, "to fill it."

READY AND CHARACTERISTIC.—Some years ago, while a native of the Emerald Isle was seated by the way-side, in the parish of Balmaghie, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, he was observed to be dislodging some unwelcome company that annoyed him. A passer-by said, "I see, gudeman, that you are thrang." "Yes," said the aged, care-worn son of misfortune, "*my bosom companions have turned back-biters, and I'm turning them adrift to fend for themselves.*"

BURST OF TEE-TOTAL ELOQUENCE.—A staunch tee-total speaker thus emphatically addressed his attentive auditors at a late abstinence meeting in Stockton:—"Intoxicating drink," he exclaimed (duly suiting "the action to the word, and the word to the action"), "is nothing else, my friends, but liquid hell-fire, which was first compounded in the sulphureous laboratory of the infernal regions, and there invented by that most diabolical of all chemists, the Devil. Stick then—stick then—to water, my friends, as the cobbler sticks to his last; for you have no more occasion to swallow liquid hell-fire than a duck has for an umbrella on a rainy day."

RESPONSE TO A PARSON—NOT IN THE PRAYER-BOOK.—A country clergyman, by his dull, monotonous discourse, set all the congregation asleep, except an idiot, who sat with open mouth listening. The parson, enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot?" "Aye," quoth the natural, "and if I had not been a poor idiot I would have been asleep, too."

RANK AT ITS VALUE.—Many were the rencontres between Will Speirs and the Earl of Eglinton, who condescended to familiarity with him, and, in return, allowed the same latitude of expression to the wayward Will. The vagrant one day made a demand on his Lordship for a bottle of ale. "Deed, Will, gin ye kent it," replied the Earl, "I have not a farthing in my pocket just now; but just gang in there to Leezie Paterson's, and I'll tell her to gi'e ye't, and I'll return in a few minutes and help you to drink it." The Earl, faithful to his promise, returned in a short time and, taking a seat opposite to Will, "Ye may be a proud man this day, Will," said his Lordship. "An' for what?" queried the wit. "Sitting drinking wi' an Earl." "Hech, hech, man, great cause to be proud—sitting aside an Earl that hasna a bodie in his pouch to bless himsel' wi'!"

MORRISON'S PILLS OUTDONE.—A correspondent informs us, that, in the midst of the dreadful storm of Plough Monday, a chimney fell through the roof of a house in Monkwearmouth, and lodged on the floor of a bed-room, in which a bed-ridden old woman, deemed by the faculty incurable, had lain for the last twelve years. The poor creature, as if galvanized by the shock, sprung to her legs, and rushed down the stairs like a lamplighter; and, adds our informant, she has continued to this time in the enjoyment of good health!

JOCK'S WIT.—A Scotch farmer's wife called to her cow-herd—"Jock, come in to your parritch, or the flees 'ill a' drown in the milk!" to which the urchin roguishly replied, "There's nae fear; they may wade through't." His mistress, indignant at this aspersion on her liberality, exclaimed, "What, ye loon, that's saying ye dinna get enough." "O'ay," said Jock, "there's aye enough for the parritch."

CONSCIENCES AND BEARDS.—It is related of Judge Jeffries, that, taking a dislike to an evidence who had a long beard, he told him "that, if his conscience were as long as his beard, he had a swingen' one." To which the countryman replied, "My lord, if you measure consciences by beards, you have none at all."

The following resolutions are said to have been unanimously adopted by a body of Puritans in Massachusetts, as a justification for depriving an Indian tribe of its hunting grounds:—"Resolved, that the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof: Resolved, that the Lord hath given the inheritance of the earth unto the saints: Resolved, that we are the saints."

THE BENEFIT OF ADVERTISING.—A merchant, in a northern city, lately put an advertisement in a paper, headed "Boy Wanted." Next morning, he found a handbox on his door-step, with this inscription: "How will this one answer?" On opening it, he found a nice, fat, chubby-looking specimen of the article he wanted, warmly done up in flannel.

THE LAST CASE BUT ONE.—A very absent carpenter, being desired to fit new legs on a somewhat decayed chair, by a strange coincidence set his own thereon, and made a new pair for himself,—never awaking to a sense of his error, till the crazy piece of furniture sneezed, opened the door, and walked quietly and deliberately out of the room

"WE."—AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

SCENE—*The interior of a printing-office—thick-set, youngish man (the Editor of the High-Pressure Go-Ahead) seated on office-stool, behind desk.*

Enter, through office-door, a tarnation long Kentuckian, with the last number of the High-Pressure Go-Ahead in his hand, and about a cartful of mosquitoes in the expression of his face.

Kentuckian—I say, look here, you stranger, *du* you know anything about this here almighty lie, printed in this eternal sheet of trash and humbug?

Editor—We beg your pardon; but we should like to know if your are applying those terms to about the most traniferously elegant extract of a printed publication, that ever shed the lustre of its types and literature over a previously pretty-well-extinguished and benighted State?

Kentuckian—Tell e' I'm talking of this right-down 'arnest black snake's-nest of lies. Look here, you loafer, did you write this here?

Editor—We—perhaps we did—perbaps we didn't!

Kentuckian—I rayther reckon, if you don't come slick to the point, and say "Yes" or "No," you'll find yourself in about as onpleasant a fix as three in a bed, and two on 'em porkeypines. Just speak out at once—did you do it?

Editor—We really can't take upon *ourselves* the responsibility of giving the description of condensed answer you require.

Kentuckian—Look here, stranger; mind wbat you're about, you'll jist find me a whole team, and a horse to spare; tell 'e, I' am a buffalo, with a rattlesnake's tail and an alligator's bead—I've more teeth than hair, and bite almighty hard—so clear out, and give an answer, or I'll be down upon you like a sloth on a sucking bear—did you do it?

Editor—I did not, but we did!—there's your answer. And just look here, if you can whip your weight in wild cats, we don't happen to care the ten thousandth factional fraction of a bad cent about a whole settlement of such long-legged, stale-headed, eternal ugly, and uncivilised earth-encumbering varmints as you!

Kentuckian—Just you hold hard, you trade-winded, dirty ink-and-paper-spoiling rhinoceros—just bold hard, till I have

a turn, or I'll use you up like tarred tow in a furnace. Let's see the *we* that writes this!

Editor—With all my heart.

[*Editor whips off stool, snatches up a very unpleasant-looking supplejack—perches again on stool—raises himself to his full height—twirls the stick round his head, and brings it down on desk with a tremendous bang!*]

Editor—Here's *we*, here we are! You owdacious, discontented, uncurable stockfish, here we are; part us if you can! *We* wrote that—(*whack on desk*)—and *we'll* write more—(*another whack*)—and if you don't like us, you'd better leave us—(*whack third*)—we are nothing but hickory to the backbone—(*whack fourth*)—and if you don't clear out, *we'll* just try bow your wire-thatched skull will do for a drum, and send you to everlasting smash!—(*whack fifth and loudest*)—and before the plaintive echoes had ceased to reverberate the dying sound, the Kentuckian took to his heels, and suddenly absquatulated, leaving the redoubtable *we* master of the field (which was a counting-house), and undisputed conqueror of a man who was twice his size, but wouldn't fight.

FEARFUL TIMES.—Sometime ago, in Glasgow, a worthy old woman was laid upon her bed, sick and faint. She had been long troubled with a predilection for strong waters, and many plans and schemes did she try to obtain a small drop of these comforts. As a last and desperate resource, she sent her wee lassie to the public-house with her bible, and sundry explanations. The lassie came back as she went. "Hech, sirs," exclaimed the worthy old woman, "it's fearfu' times, when they will neither tak' my word, nor the word of God, for twa gills o' whisky."

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.—Oh! conceive the happiness to know some one person dearer to you than your own self—some one breast into which you can pour every thought, every gift, every joy! One person, who, if all the rest of the world were to calumniate or forsake you, would never wrong you by a harsh thought or an unjust word—who would cling to you the closer in sickness, in poverty, in care—who would sacrifice all things to you, and for whom you would sacrifice all—from whom, except by death, night or day, can you ever be divided—whose smile is ever at your heart—who has no tears while you are well and bappy, and your love the same.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—At the annual meeting of the Clockheaton (Yorkshire) Mechanics' Institute, a "native" made a speech in the West Riding dialect, descriptive of the ignorance of the population in his youthful days, illustrating his statements by an anecdote:—" Ther wor an ould man an' his woife woo hed a gurt hoblen lad, and they thout at thead let im hev a bit of eddicashon et he mite instruct 'm in their ould age. Ther gurt hoblen lad larnd the letters. Sooin after his fathur wor tain ill, an't mother got't lad to give his fathur some relidgus instruckshuns from what he had larned. The lad went ta the bed side an' began thus:— A, Fathur. God bless thee, lad. B, Fathur. I wish I wor B'd, for I av hed varrey little sleep this four neets. C, Fathur. I wish I cud see rather bettur, for om neerle blind. D, Fathur. Ah! ye retch, that's wat the muther an' thee wants!"

KEEPING LENT.—A high churchman was once asked what made his library look so *thin*? His reply was, "My books all keep *Leat*!"

THE SCOTSMAN'S CALL.—A young clergyman in Scotland, being about to quit the scene of his orthodox labour for another settlement, called on an old lady, belonging to his congregation, to say farewell, and to thank her for the kindness he had experienced from her. "And sae yere gaun to leave us," said the old lady; "weel, I wush ye God's blessing. Ye've been a sober, staid, discreet young man, and I doubt nae ye'll hae your reward; and whare are ye about to settle?" "The Lord has called me to labour in a distant part of the vineyard," replied the clergyman—"I have got the parish of —." "Aye," said the lady, "and may be ye'll get a little mair steepend where yere gaun?"—"Why, yes, I expect a small increase in emolument, certainly." "Atweel, I thought sae," retorted the old dame; "if it had nae been the case, the Lord might hae called lang and loud enough before you would have heard his voice."

A nice fellow is one that gives you as much credit as you want, and never calls upon you for payment. A good fellow is one that takes all your cuffs and buffetings, and never asks why you do so. An independent fellow is one who does as he has a mind to do, and in nine cases out of ten makes a fool of himself.

DEAN SWIFT AND BRADFORD THE TAILOR.—A fanatic, of the name of Bradford, tired of the shopboard, and seeing that shoemakers and others of different trades made more money by preaching than by working, pretended to have “a call” to teach the gospel, and, after a regular attendance for some time at a Methodist chapel in Dublin, he at length mounted the pulpit. Having abundance of cant, and a plentiful stock of scripture phrases, the ignorant multitude soon began to flock about him in great numbers. Elated with the success of his ministry, he began to find fault with the doctrines of the Dean of St Patrick, as not being evangelical, and took it in his head to attempt his conversion to the *true faith*. Swift, who was very easy of access, while sitting one morning in his study, heard a tap at the door, and presently the footman entered, conducting Mr Bradford, who had a great Bible under his arm, and, on being admitted, thus announced his purpose:—“I am come, by the order of Jesus Christ, to open your eyes, to enlighten you into the path of the true gospel, and to lead you to the right application of those talents which you have so long abused.” “Indeed, my inspired friend!” replied the Dean, who knew the tailor; “Well, this visit is very fortunate. I have no doubt but you are commissioned by heaven, as you came just at the right moment to release the perplexed state of my mind.” The tailor, rejoicing to hear this, already exulted in the certainty of success. “You are well acquainted, no doubt,” continued Swift, “with that passage in the Revelation of St John, where he describes a mighty angel coming down from heaven, with a rainbow on his head, a book open in his hand, and setting his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth. Now, I am quite at a loss to calculate the extent of such a stride; hut, I know, it lies immediately in the line of your trade to tell me—how many yards of broad cloth would make a pair of breeches for that angel?” The tailor’s confusion could only be equalled by the precipitancy of his retreat.

Judge a man by action—a poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a boxer by his sinews—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his coat—a tailor by his agility—a fiddler by his elbow—and, finally, a woman by her neatness.

MYSTERIOUS PROFESSION.—"Now, Tom," said the printer of a country newspaper, in giving directions to his apprentice, "put the 'foreign leaders' into the *galleys* and *loek 'em up*—let 'Napoleon's remains' have a larger *head*—*distribute* the 'army and navy in the case'—take up a line and finish the 'British ministers'—make 'the young Princess' to *run on* with 'the Duchess of Kent'—move 'the Kerry hunt' out of *the chase*—get your *stick* and conclude 'the horrid murder' that Joe began last night—wash your hands, and come in to dinner, and then see that all the *pie* is cleared up."

Councillor Lamb, being an old man when Erskine was in the height of his popularity, being opposed in some cause to Erskine, happened to remark that "he felt himself growing more and more timid as he grew older." "No wonder," replied the witty but relentless barrister, "every one knows the older a *lamb* grows the more *sheepish* he becomes."

IMPORTANT TO SOAKERS.—When you feel particularly desirous of having another glass, leave off, you have had *enough*. When you look at a distant object and appear to see two, leave off—you have had *too much*. When you knock over your glass, and spill your drink upon the table, or are unable to recollect the words of a song which you have been in the habit of singing for the last dozen years, leave the company—you are getting *troublesome*. When you nod in the chair, fall on the hearth rug, or lurch on your neighbour's shoulder, go to bed, you are *drunk*.

THE MIND OF MAN.—The higher a mind rises, the more it sees of the infinitude amid which it is living—the more it feels its distance from greatness and its alliance to littleness—it becomes incapable of inflating itself, or of insulting a littleness less than its own. It carries everywhere a divine aspiration, which lifts it above the petty pride of the world; but it also carries everywhere a sympathy, which draws it towards its kindred clay. These feelings keep real superiority benignly floating in the genial atmosphere of social and domestic life, as the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep the planets in their course: That self-esteem (for real or fancied merits) is "of the earth earthly," and may well, when overweening, be said to carry poison in the cup of life.

Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning a *yarn* among *silks* and *satins*, a man is sure to be *worsted*.

AULD ROBIN GRAY—ANCIENT BALLAD.

(From the Court Gazette.)

It is not many years since the touching and simple song of "Auld Robin Gray" was affirmed by most to be an ancient ballad of, at the latest, the sixteenth century, and the obscurity in which its origin was involved, led not only to warm disputations and frequently contests, but also to the offering of rewards to discover the author, who was asserted by Scott to be living. In the year 1825, however, Sir Walter Scott enlightened the members of the Bannatyne Club with a tract which contained an account of the fair author, and of the circumstances under which the song was written. This tract was exclusively circulated among the Club. It will be seen that the melody alone claims the title of ancient, and that the words were written by Lady Anne Lindsay, of Balcarras, who afterwards married Sir Andrew Barnard, and died in 1825, at an advanced age. We have purposely omitted the continuations of the song, which were in fact almost of another character, and far less effective.

"The beautiful and long-contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray,' was well known to the editor, from a very early period of his life, as the production of Lady Anne Lindsay, of Balcarras; in whose name it is now formally claimed. Mrs Russell, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Russell, of Ashesteil, and maternal aunt of the editor, was upon a visit at the house of Balcarras when it was written; and, as a most intimate friend of the fair authoress, was admitted to her confidence while it was in the course of being composed. Mrs Russell sang beautifully, and with much feeling; and it may easily be supposed that 'Auld Robin Gray' was often her choice. Whatever secrecy she might at first think proper to observe, the name of the real authoress was not withheld at a later period, when attempts were made to deprive her friend Lady Anne of her just fame. In fact, most of the domestic circle became acquainted with the particulars, and, amongst others, the present editor.

"This circumstance, joined perhaps to a continuance of regard which may be termed hereditary, induced Lady Anne to distinguish the editor, by imparting to him the following interesting account of the origin of 'Auld Robin Gray,' contained in a letter dated July, 1823; in which, after men-

tioning that the editor was the first person whom she had favoured with such an explanation, her Ladyship proceeds thus:—

“‘ Robin Gray,’ so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister, Margaret, had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scottish melody, of which I was passionately fond; —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy’s air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me—‘ I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father’s arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing. Help me to one.’ ‘ Steal the cow, sister Anne,’ said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fire-side, and amongst our neighbours, ‘ Auld Robin Gray ’ was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my *dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret.

“‘ Happening to sing it one day at Dalkeith House, with more feeling, perhaps, than belonged to a common ballad, our friend, Lady Frances Scott, smiled, and, fixing her eyes on me, said, ‘ You wrote this song yourself.’ The blush that followed confirmed my *guilt*. Perhaps I blushed the more (being then very young) from the recollection of the coarse words from which I borrowed the tune, and was afraid of the raillery which might have taken place, if it had been discovered I had ever heard such. Be that as it may, from one honest man I had an excellent hint. The Laird of Dalziel, after hearing it, broke out into the angry exclamation of

'O, the villain! O, the rascal! I ken wha stealt the poor lassie's coo—it was Auld Robin Gray himsel'! I thought it a bright idea, and treasured it up for a future occasion.

“ ‘Meantime, little as the matter seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries.

“ ‘Robin Gray’ was either a very ancient ballad, composed, perhaps, by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the ‘Ballet of Auld Robin Gray’s Courtship,’ as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure, while I hugged myself in my obscurity.

“ ‘Such was the history of the first part of it. As to my second, it was written many years after, in compliment to my dear old mother, who said ‘Anny, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jenny and Jamie ended.’ To meet her wishes as far as I could, the second part was written. It is not so pleasing as the first; the early loves and distresses of youth go more to the heart than the contritions, confessions, and legacies of old age. My dread, however, of being named as an authoress still remaining, though I sung it to my mother, I gave her no copy of it; but her affection for me impressed it on a memory which retained scarcely anything else. I wrote another version of the second part, as coming from Jenny’s own lips, which some people may like better, from its being in the same manner.

“ ‘I must also mention the Laird of Dalziel’s advice, who, in a *tête-a-tête* afterwards, said, ‘My dear, the next time you

sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing, 'To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,' say, to make it twenty merks; for a Scottish pund is but twenty-pence, and Jamie wasna such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line, whispered he, that tells me that sang was written by some bonny lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'

"I was delighted with the criticism of Dalziel; if it had occurred to the Antiquarian Society, it might have saved Mr Jerningham the trouble of his visit. But I have never corrected the error by *changing* the one pound, which has always passed in its present state.'

A JUVENILE JOKER.—A little boy, seeing a drunken man prostrate before the door of a publican, thrust in his head, and said to the proprietor, "See here, neighbour, your sign has fallen down!"

COMPASSION OF A JUDGE IN TEXAS.—A very learned and compassionate Judge in Texas, on passing sentence on one John Jones, who had been convicted of murder; concluded his remarks as follows:—"The fact is, Jones, that the Court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring, but the weather is very cold—our gaol, unfortunately, is in a very bad condition—much of the glass in the windows is broken—the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartments comfortable; besides, owing to the great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each;—to sleep soundly and comfortably, therefore, will be out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the Court, in the exercise of its humanity and compassion, do hereby order you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the Sheriff and agreeable to you."

Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence, that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.

NEW MAIL COACH.—As a farm-servant, during the drought of last summer, was driving water from the Tweed, at Kelso, to a place in the neighbourhood, sitting on the foreshore of the *red-painted barrel* which contained the water, with an old hack which was going at anything but the rate of ten miles an hour, he was thus accosted by one of those “boys” who come in such bands from the “Green Isle” to barvest here:—“Plase, sir, have you got any *letters* there for me?” “Letters for *ye!*” exclaimed the astonished driver; “an’ hoo, in a’ the world, was I to hae ony letters for ye?” “Sure, man,” responded Pat, “did’nt my ould father say as how he’d be writing me from Armagh?” “An’ whar,” asked the man, “was the letter to be direckit to?”—“Why, to Glasgow, *by Scotland!*” “But what makes ye think that I hae yer letter?” continued the driver, crested on the top of his *red barrel*, which had fairly bewildered the brain of our Irish youth. “What makes me think so? Ara, honey I isn’t that the *mail coach?*”

A HARMLESS SPECIFIC.—An old physician is now living in Paris, who, unlucky in practice, set about establishing a patent medicine. Restrained somewhat, if not by a sense of decency, by one of morality; he determined on using a remedy which, if it did no good, should at least do no harm—and therefore fixed on “distilled water,” which, under a grand name, was duly puffed; and became a medicine of very general requisition for an infinite variety of maladies. The certificates that poured in upon the surprised inventor, were beyond number, and spoke of cures the most marvellous, performed in the most marvellously short time. But the greatest wonder of all was, the revolution produced in the physician’s own opinion; for, after making an ample fortune by the medicine, he continues to sell it (after the need that led to its introduction is gone) in a conscientious belief that it is in truth a sovereign remedy, the salts and other foreign principles in the water in common usage, being now thoroughly believed by him to be the source of two-thirds of chronic maladies. M. Trousseau, who relates this anecdote, deduces from it a lesson of greater reliance on the curative powers of Nature, especially when untampered with—insinuating with the satirist, that our business in general is but to amuse the patient, while we allow Nature to cure him.

“RETURNING THANKS.”—On the occasion of a late rejoicing, not 50 miles distant from the capital of Carrick, the healths of a gentleman and his lady were proposed from the chair, and drank with the greatest enthusiasm. It was suggested that their farm-servant, a very worthy person, who was present, should be called upon to return thanks; and, after several urgent entreaties from various parts of the room, he at length stood up, and, to the indescribable amazement of his auditors, commenced, with becoming gravity, a grace “as lang’s his arm,” such as he was probably accustomed to repeat after an extra meal. The effect was too much for the company, who speedily brought the “thanks” to a close by an irrepressible burst of laughter.

CHINESE TEMPLES.—In China there are 1560 temples dedicated to Confusius alone! The offerings brought to the shrine during the spring and autumn gave rise to a consumption of 27,000 hogs, 2800 sheep, 2800 deer, and 27,000 rabbits, besides the use of an equal number of pieces of silk! This must certainly “make good for trade” in the Celestial Empire, whatever other effects such a system must have.

Under the head of marriages, we find the following paragraph in a certain number of the *Boston Centinel and Gazette*:—“We received, through the Post-office, last evening, a letter, containing a notice of a marriage, and a one-dollar bill of the Deadham Bank to defray the expense of inserting it. We have ascertained that the *money is good*, but the *marriage spurious*. The dollar will be expended for oysters, and the scoundrel who has attempted to impose upon us a fictitious marriage will remember the old adage—‘A fool and his money are soon parted.’”

DR RADCLIFFE.—Radcliffe was avaricious, even to spunging, and would never be brought to pay his bills. A pavier, after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just going out of his chariot at his own door, in Bloomsbury Square, and set upon him. “Why, you rascal,” said the Doctor, “do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work!” “Doctor,” said the pavier, “mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides.” “You dog you,” said Radcliffe, “are you a wit? You must be poor—come in;” and he paid him.

CATCHING A TARTAR.—One evening shortly since, a certain butcher in this town, not better known for the whiteness of his apron and the general goodness of his meat than for the high price which he usually demands, was standing in his shop, when a man in a smock-frock accosted him with "Can you cut me a beef-steak?" "Yes," replied the man of suet. The man then turned over the various joints, and after asking the price of this and that, the butcher felt his dignity rather insulted by the smock-frock gent., and significantly said, "Why don't you buy all in the shop?" and gave a wink to his boy. "What?" says the other. "Why," repeated the butcher, "don't you buy all in the shop?" "Well," replied the man, "what do you want for it?" The butcher said, with a sneer, "You shall clear the lot for five pounds!" "Agreed," said the other, and lifting up his smock-frock, produced a canvas bag from his pocket, counted out five sovereigns, and emptied the shop of all the meat it contained, including two gammons of bacon, and the contents of the suet drawer, to the amazement of the butcher and no less satisfaction of the man, who conveyed away upwards of ten pounds worth of meat, which he afterwards disposed of at from 2½d. to 4d. a pound amongst the "mobility," who wish they may have many more such chances of purchasing good meat at a low price.

AN INGENIOUS DEVICE.—A "gentleman" called at a public-house in King Street, North Shields, a few days ago, and requested to be supplied with a bottle of the best whisky. The landlady promptly attended to the wishes of her wholesale customer, and in a twinkling the bottle was deposited in his pocket. "The money," he coolly said, "he would call and pay to-morrow." The good dame replied, "that it was not her custom to trust strangers;" whereupon, with an air of offended dignity, he drew a bottle from his pocket, and returned it in a huff. The landlady, shortly after the departure of her insulted visitor, examined the bottle, and found that it was filled with water!

A dissenting minister, who was preaching at Preston, not long since, became indistinct of utterance, and inclined to whistle! His hearers wondered what was the matter with the parson, till he begged them to sing a hymn whilst he fastened his set of teeth.

SPEAKING WORDS WRANG SPelt!—Some time ago, as an itinerant total abstinence lecturer, from the "Green Isle," was expatiating on the baneful effects of intemperance to a motley group in the market-place of a Border town, a gentleman's lackey, who stood amongst the crowd, on hearing the lecturer's broad native dialect, lustily vociferated, "Did ony body ever hear sic a' ignorant man? he's speaking words wrang spelt!" The learned critic's announcement produced a general roar of laughter, in which the good-natured lecturer could not *abstain from imtemperately* joining.

A NOVEL INFORMER.—At a trial before the Correctional Tribunal of Montpellier, last November, that proverbially stupid animal, a mule, turned out to be a most sagacious witness. A cart coming one day into the town, drawn by this mule, and loaded with charcoal, it was discovered by the officers of the octroi, or town duties, that in the centre of each sack was a small barrel of brandy, intended to be thus surreptitiously introduced without payment of duty. The driver was arrested, but denied all ownership of the cart, or its contents, and pertinaciously refused to declare to whom they belonged. The officers having their suspicions, conceived the idea of verifying them by means of the mule. At night they led the animal to the entrance of the village of Laverune, a short distance from Montpellier, and there letting him loose, he at once galloped off gaily till he reached the door of a farrier named Palary, where he stopped a minute, and then walked quietly round to the stable. To strengthen this proof, the officers forced the animal from this spot, and he went to a watering-place in a retired spot at some distance, and having slaked his thirst, returned again to his stable. This evidence was so conclusive, that Palary was unable to resist it, and at length confessed his delinquency, in confederation with others, whose frauds were so extensive that they brought down upon them an assessment of fines amounting to upwards of 12,000*f*.

"You can't marry your grandmother;" but the papers tell of a man who "educated all his sons, and married all his daughters." What a wicked wretch he must have been!

A bill-sticker pasted a board, and stuck himself on instead of the bill. He didn't discover his mistake until the rain washed him off.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Digby fell down the other slippery morning. As he sat on the ground, he muttered "I have no desire to see the city burnt down, but devoutly wish the streets were laid in ashes."

ONE KIND KISS BEFORE WE PART.—A young lady having purchased an assortment of music at a warehouse situated in the western part of the metropolis, on returning to her carriage, recollected a piece she had neglected to buy. "Sir," said she, on re-entering the shop, "there is yet one thing which I had forgotten, and which I now request you to give me." "And what is that?" replied the young music-seller. "It is, sir, 'One kind kiss before we part.'" The gay youth, vaulting instantly over the table, saluted the fair stranger.

There is a man down east, rather a factious chap, whose name is *New*. He named his first child *Something*, as it was *Something New*. His next child was christened *Nothing*, it being *Nothing New*.

ANTI-MINISTERIAL!—A rev. divine of the olden time, residing in Hamilton, and still remembered there as the famous Dr S—, had occasion to travel to London frequently. On one of his journeys, he arrived at an inn where he had formerly "put up;" but was informed that the bed rooms were all occupied; and that, with exception of a bed in a double-bedded room, there was no accommodation. The rev. gentleman consented to take this bed; and, on retiring, was admonished by the house-keeper to keep himself very quiet as a lady occupied the other bed. The doctor, nothing daunted, proceeded to the room, and it being late in the night, silence reigned throughout the inn. Suddenly a shout from the worthy divine alarmed the house-landlord, scullions, and all, rushed half-naked to the scene. The shouting grew more distinct—"The lady's dead,"—"The lady's dead," distractingly uttered by the divine; was met by the jeering response of the landlord—"Who the d—l would have thought of putting you in the same room with a living one?"

"If I were so unlucky," said a military officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in company, calmly replied, "you think differently, sir, from your father."

SINGULAR LOVE AFFAIR.

The *Delaware Gazette* tells a good story of two persons saved from the wreck of the *Pulaski*, which we will endeavour to repeat in a few words.

Among the passengers was Mr Ridge, a young man of wealth and standing, from New Orleans, who, being a stranger to all on board, and feeling quite as much interest in his own safety as in that of any other person, was, in the midst of the confusion which followed the dreadful catastrophe, about helping himself to a place in one of the boats, when a young lady, who had frequently elicited his admiration during the voyage, but with whom he was totally unacquainted, attracted his attention, and he immediately stepped forward to offer his services, and to assist her on board the boat; but, in his generous attempt, not only lost sight of the young lady, but also lost his place in the boat. Afterwards, when he discovered that the part of the wreck on which he floated would soon go down, he cast about for the means of preservation, and, lashing together a couple of settees and an empty cask, he sprang in, and launched himself upon the wide ocean.

His vessel proved better than he expected, and, amidst the shrieks, groans, and death-struggles which were everywhere uttered around him, he began to feel that his lot was fortunate, and was consoling himself upon his escape, such as it was, when a person struggling in the waves very near him caught his eye. It was a woman; and, without taking a second thought, he plunged into the water and brought her safely to his little raft, which was barely sufficient to keep their heads and shoulders above water. She was the same young lady for whom he had lost his chance in the boat, and for a while he felt pleased at having effected her rescue; but a moment's reflection convinced him that her rescue was no rescue, and, unless he could find some more substantial vessel, both must perish.

Under these circumstances, he proposed making an effort to get his companion in one of the boats which were still hovering near the wreck; but the proposition offered so little chance of success that she declined, expressing her willingness, at the same time, to take her chance with him either for life or death. Fortunately, they drifted upon a part of the wreck, which furnished them with materials for strengthening

their vessel, and which were turned to such good account that they soon sat upon a float sufficiently buoyant to keep them above water; and when the morning dawned they found themselves upon the broad surface of the "vasty deep," without land, or sail, or human being in sight,—without a morsel to eat or drink, almost without covering, and exposed to the burning heat of a tropical sun.

In the course of the next day, they came in sight of land, and for a time had strong hopes of reaching it; but, during the succeeding night, the wind drove them back upon the ocean. On the third day, a sail was seen in the distance, but they had no means of making themselves discovered. They were at length, however, picked up by a vessel, after several days of intense suffering, starved and exhausted, but still in possession of all their faculties, which it seems had been employed to some purpose during their solitary and exceedingly dangerous voyage.

We have heard of love in a cottage—love in the deep green woods—nay, even love on the wild unfurrowed prairie; but love upon a plank, in the midst of old ocean, with a dozen frightful deaths in view, is still more uncommon; and yet it would seem that love, thus borne upon the bosom of the deep, cradled by the ocean wave, and refined under the fierce beams of an almost vertical sun, is, after all, the very thing. There is about it the true spice of romance—the doubts, the hopes, the difficulties—aye, and the deaths, too, to say nothing of the sighs and tears. Mr Ridge, must, therefore, be acknowledged as the most romantic of lovers; for there, upon the "deep, deep sea," he breathed his precocious passion, mingled his sighs with the breath of old ocean, and vowed eternal affection. Women are the best creatures in the world, and it is not to be expected Miss Onslow (such was the lady's name) could resist the substantial evidences of affection which her companion had given, and accordingly they entered into an "alliance, offensive and defensive," as the statesmen say, which has since been renewed on *terra firma*, and is ere long to be signed and sealed.

On reaching the shore, and recovering somewhat from the effects of the voyage, Mr Ridge, thinking that perhaps his lady-love had entered into the engagement without proper consideration, and that the sight of land and of old friends

might have caused her to change her views, waited on her, and informed her that, if such was the case, he would not hesitate to release her from such engagement, and added, further, that he had lost his all by the wreck of the Pulaski, and would henceforth be entirely dependent on his own exertions for his subsistence. The lady was much affected, and, bursting into tears, assured him that her affection for him was unchangeable, and as to fortune, she was happy to say she had enough for both. She is said to be worth two hundred thousand dollars.

During last harvest, a tag-rag specimen of the "finest pisantry in the world," with a reaping-hook in one hand and a stout shillelah in the other, made his appearance at the door of the farm-house of Park, situated at the base of Cowdenknownes' Hill, in Berwickshire, celebrated in Scottish song as rearing the "bonny broom," and begged of the domestic who answered the door, in many sweet words, to give him a "*drink*." In compliance with this request, the inmate immediately presented Pat with a flaggon of water, "fresh and pure," newly drawn from the well; but Paddy, who expected, or wished something better, refused the proffered beverage with disdain, exclaiming, "*There is plenty of wather in the bourne there!*"

Hood remarked of a gentleman, with very large curly whiskers, that he said nothing. "Poor fellow; don't you see he's *lock-jawed*?"

When Queen Elizabeth, in her progress through the kingdom, called at Coventry, the mayor, attended by the aldermen, addressed her Majesty in rhyme, in the following words:—

"We men of Coventry,
Are very glad to see
Your Royal Majesty;
Good Lord, how fair you be!"

To which her Majesty returned the following gracious answer:—

"My Royal Majesty,
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry;
Good Lord, what fools ye be!"

RETORT COURTEOUS.—“I wish you would give me that gold-ring on your finger,” said a village dandy to a country girl, “for it resembles the duration of my love for you; it has no end.” “Excuse me, sir,” said she; “I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you; it has no beginning.”

GUNPOWDER TEA.—On the occasion of the 30th depot firing a *feu de joie* in commemoration of the success of our arms in China, a gentleman accosted another in the street to inquire the object of the firing. “Don’t you know,” he replied, “that our old friend, Sir Hugh Gough, has compelled the Chinese to give us their Congou and Bohea teas in exchange for our gunpowder? and the 30th depot is just discharging their samples.”

PADDY AND THE ECHO.—“Patrick! where have you been this hour or more? you must not absent yourself without my permission.” “Och, niver more will I do the like, sir.” “Well, give an account of yourself; you seem out of breath.” “Fait, the same am I, sir; an’ I never was in sich fear since I came in Ameriky. I’ll tell ye all about it, sir, when I git my breath onst again. I heard ye telling the gentleman of the wontherful hecho, sir, over in the woods behind the big hill. An’ I thocht by what ye said uv it that it bate all the hechoes of ould Ireland, sir, and so it does, by the powers! Well, I jist ran over to the place ye was spaking of to converse a bit wid the wontherful crater. So, said I, ‘Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo!’ and sure enough the hecho said, ‘Hilloo, hilloo, hilloo! you noisy rascal.’ I thocht it was very quare, sir; and I said ‘Hilloo!’ again. ‘Hilloo yourself,’ said the hecho, ‘you begun it first.’ ‘What the devil are you made uv,’ said I, ‘that ye are nothing at all and speak like a Christian.’ ‘Shut your mouth,’ said the hecho. So said I, ‘ye blathering scoundrel, if ye was flesh and blood, like an honest man, that ye isn’t, I’d hammer ye till the mother of ye wouldn’t know her impudent son.’ An’ what do you think the hecho said to that, sir? ‘Scamper ye baste of a Paddy, said he, ‘or fait if I catch ye, I’ll break ivery bone in your ugly body.’ An’ it hit my head wid a big stone, sir, that was nigh knocking the poor brains out of me. So I ran as fast as iver I cud, and praised be all the saints, I’m here to tell ye of it, sir.”

AN UNFORTUNATE SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—A few days ago, a butcher in this neighbourhood who had always been considered “wide awake,” lost a shoulder of mutton; and having ascertained that it had been stolen by a dog belonging to a certain attorney, he lost no time in repairing to its owner, and accosted him as follows:—“Pray, sir, if a dog comes to my shop and runs away with a joint of meat, cannot I make the owner pay for it?” “Certainly,” replied the attorney. “Then, I will thank you for 3s. 9d., which is the cost price of a shoulder of mutton your pointer has just stolen from me.” The lawyer paid the money, and the “knight of the cleaver,” thanking him, and wishing him a good morning, was leaving the office; but the solicitor said, “Stay, sir, I must trouble you for my fee. You come to consult me, I give you my opinion, and the charge is 6s. 8d.” The butcher looked exceedingly “sheepish,” but instantly paid the amount, and returned home with the loss of his mutton and an additional 2s. 11d.

QUIDDITIES.—Why is the Welch language like the Maelstrom? Because it is not easily *sounded*. “I’m a rising young man, and a capital *prospect* before me”—as Sinbad the Sailor said when he was lifted into the air by the eagle. “I blush for you,” as the rouge-pot said to the old Dowager. “I shall never be able to make this passage out,” as Sir John Ross said when he couldn’t find his way to the North Pole. “Messages carefully delivered,” as the ear-trumpet said to the old maid. “Please to remember the name and address.” A disappointed playwright has had the malice to write over the door of the Dramatic Authors’ Society—“*Ici on parle Français*.” “With all thy faults I love thee still,” as the Alderman said to the decayed Cheste. “Your goodness overpowers me,” as the gentleman murmured to the champagne, when he couldn’t rise from his chair.

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—We find the following correspondence in a southern paper:—“Dear Son,—Come home; a rolling stone gathers no moss—LUCY MUGGINS.” To which he replied:—“Dear Mamma,—Come to Texas; a sitting hen never gets fat.—JOHN MUGGINS.”

A good estate—according to Solon—is one that is got without injustice, kept without distrust, and spent without repentance.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.—About the close of the 17th century, a young man of the name of Stevenson, a native of Mauchline, having joined the army, a profession much more honourable in those days in its lower grades than it is now, was quartered with his regiment in the town of Dundee. In the course of his residence there, he sometimes visited a female friend, who was in the service of a family nearly related to an individual celebrated in our country's annals—one whose character is drawn by different parties in such opposite colours—"Great Dundee," or "the execrable Claverhouse." The young soldier being distinguished for personal beauty, rendered more seductive by agreeable and insinuating manners, in the course of his visits accidentally attracted the notice and regard of a young lady of the house, a niece of Claverhouse, then in the bloom of beauty; and her susceptible heart, in spite of the difference in rank, soon felt for the young follower of Mars the most sincere attachment. Love, which laughs at the frail barriers that separate the various ranks of society, seemed here resolved to add another proof of his power of triumph over all prudential considerations. The stolen interviews, to lovers so sweet—the delicious interchange of protestations and vows, had been for some time indulged, when the regiment was ordered to the Low Countries. This was a sad blow to the ardent lover. The young lady saw the alternative now presented, either to be separated for an indefinite period, perhaps for ever, from one whom she loved with the fervour of a Juliet for her Romeo, or to abandon the comforts of the paternal roof, and follow his fortunes in the rough path of war, with all its privations and appalling scenes. The more hazardous and the more romantic course was adopted—the Rubicon was passed, and the sacrifices of her generous devotion, though mourned by her lover, were not altogether displeasing to him, it may be supposed, as proofs of the sincerity and strength of her love. After a prosperous voyage, they landed in Holland. Previous to embarkation, her friends, alarmed at her disappearance, and receiving some hints of the cause, had been in search of her at the vessel; but, through the connivance of the captain, she was kept concealed. On their arrival on the Continent no time was lost in procuring a legal sanction to their union, and never were marriage vows better kept.

Through vicissitude of fortune—and many were endured—the soldier never forgot the generous and confiding love which forfeited so much for him; and his care and tender solicitude for her comfort was marked and uniform. Neither was his cherished Helen's attachment to him of a transitory kind. During the whole period in which his regiment was engaged in active service, sick or wounded, whenever it was possible for her to attend him, she was his constant companion—his soother—his nurse—his ministering angel. Her superior education and industrial skill, rendered her respectable and useful, and even gainful to him. His steady attention to the duties of his profession procured him advancement, and, at the end of his term of enlistment, he retired from the service with a small but not incompetent pension. He returned to his native land, accompanied by his beloved wife, whose parents were now dead; and, as she had no wish to settle in Dundee, they took up their abode in his pleasant natal village, where, after the toils of war, they spent the closing years of their life together in matrimonial bliss. Latterly they removed to Kilmarnock, in the parish churchyard of which they lie interred. Their family was numerous, consisting of seven sons and one daughter, who all survived them. A great-grand daughter, well advanced in years, who is now residing in Kilmarnock, possesses some articles of furniture, which belonged to her progenitor. Among these are a table, a chair, and a pair of candlesticks of a very old fashion. These relics are carefully preserved as memorials of an ancestor so distinguished for the ardour of a love which gives probability to romance, and furnishes another proof of the strength and endurance of woman's attachment when meeting a reciprocal return.

CLAVERS VERSUS KNOX.—John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, commonly called "the bluidy Clavers," once remarked to a lady nearly a hundred years of age, that she must have seen many changes in her time. She answered, "Atweel no! langsyne we had just Knox deavin' us wi' his *clavers*, and now we have Clavers deavin' us wi' his *knocks*."

If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself;—all that runs over will be yours.

POETRY,
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

LESSON FROM NATURE.

Inscribed to the Gloomy.

BY W. G., DUNDEE.

See ye not that pearly drop,
Trembling on the flower?
Hear ye not that merry note,
Coming from the bower?
Tho' so bright the dewy gem,
And so sweet the song,
Neither of them shall be here
To delight you long.

For when the sunlight sparkles
Upon the floweret's cup,
The ardent beam, in thirsty haste,
Will drink the dew-drops up;
And when the spring is over,
And summer's joy is gone,
The music will have ceased to flow
From that bower so lone.

So are our moments fleeting,
Our hours upon the wing;—
Then let us not too heedless be
Of the joys they bring.
Little rays of gladness,
Now and then are gleaming,
Through this weary world of ours,
Like sun through forest streaming;

And if our eye they brighten,
And to our cheek impart,
The smile that is an index
To the gladness of our heart,—
Why should we seek the darkling path,
And mope in sullen gloom,
As if we scorned the boon of life
And wished but for the tomb?

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

In calm repose, an infant lay;
 She seemed no living child,—but clay
 Or chiselled marble seemed;—
 No trace of thought, no shade of care,
 Came dimly o'er her features fair,
 And yet that infant dreamed.

For, as I gazed, the crystal stream
 Which flowed from that seraphic dream
 Had filled her guileless heart,
 And, welling like a flood of bliss,
 Spread o'er her face its extacies,
 Then slowly, ebbing, did depart.

I wondered if her infant ear
 The angels' harpings still could hear;
 Or if the cherubim,
 To soothe her dreamy solitude,
 Around her humble cradle stood
 And sang their holy hymn.

If on her memory, still unstained,
 The gleams of glory yet remained,
 Of if, by heaven revealed,
 Through life's far vista, clad in light,
 She saw her coming pleasures bright,
 Her woes by mercy's robes concealed.

Alas! sweet child, whate'er it be
 Which brings the tide of joy to thee,
 'Twill in a few short years
 Depart; and, in its stead, shall grief
 Attend thy couch—thy sole relief
 Her proffered cup of tears.

Dundee.

EPIGRAM.

A Sober Cit, of Hymen's school,
 And yet no foe to pleasantry,
 Once wish'd that ev'ry *horned fool*
 Might be plung'd headlong in the sea.

His wife, a sleek, round, spicy dame,
 Replied, "My dear, I like your whim;—
 Yet ere you this advice proclaim,
 I'd have you *slily* learn to swim."

WARSAW'S WALLS.

WHITE was the plume in his cap of war,
 As in his cloak he fondly pressed me ;
 I sank on the breast of my lov'd hussar,
 And oft he kissed, and oft he blessed me !
 His hair so brown waved round his brow,
 (His eyes were bright, his cheek was ruddy,)
 It waves o'er Warsaw's ramparts now,
 In dripping ringlets dark and bloody.
 When first I came by Warsaw's town,
 Was ne'er a place so sweetly seeming,
 The white plume flaunted up and down,
 The white flags far and wide were streaming.
 When I came next by Warsaw's town,
 O'er it some demon seemed to hover ;
 The old men asked, with grief weighed down,
 " O ! maiden, seek you here your lover ?
 Here on my breast's a drop of blood,
 And two from his cheek my hair doth borrow ;
 And O, my tears, whate'er their flood,
 Can ne'er wash out these stains of sorrow !

THE PRINTERS' FESTIVAL.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAY, R.N.

WHILE July's sun is flaming high,
 And all is life and light ;
 The moon a crescent in the sky,
 Just mark the dubious night :
 Lo, CAMPBELL comes ! his ardent mind
 On no mean errand bent ;
 His love of lore, and human kind,
 Bespeaks his high intent.
 Warriors have crush'd the generous heart
 With blood-bestained swords :
 He comes to celebrate the art
 That sent forth "*winged words* !"
 Say what is LIBERTY'S broad shield
 When tyrants would oppress ?
 What weapon to her votaries wield ?
 " The Press ! the Press ! ! the Press ! ! ! "

TO THE BEE.

Oporous reveller in clover—
 Happy hummer England over—
 Blossom-kisser ! wing thy way
 Where the breeze keeps holiday.
 Thou art like the poet free :
 All sweet flowers have sweets for thee,
 Insect minstrel—blessed bee.

Sunburnt labourer, brisk and brown,
 Everywhere o'er dale and down ;
 Spring's blithe pursuivant and page ;
 Hermit holy ; Druid sage ;
 Pattering in a Foxglove bell,
 Cloister'd snug, as in a cell ;
 Fairy of the lonely dell.

Temples, nobler none, are thine,
 Where each flower thou mak'st a shrine ;
 Nor may any pilgrim bow
 More devotedly than thou :
 Gate-like petals, open-blown,
 Wide for thee, and thee alone,
 Where thou com'st as to a throne.

Ah ! how sleepy—thou, I ween,
 In the poppy's bloom hast been :
 Or art drunken with the wine
 Of flush'd rose or eglantine :
 Boundless revel-dost thou keep,
 Till o'ercome by golden sleep,—
 Tiny Bacchus ! drinking deep.

Cheery pilgrim—sportive fay—
 Wing and sing thy life away !
 Never pang thy course attends,
 Lack of love, nor feigning friends :
 In a blossom thou art blest,
 And canst sink to sweetest rest,
 Homed where'er thou likest best.

A SOLEMN TRUTH.

" Quills are a thing," quoth careless Tom
 Unto his careless scribbling brother,
 " That leave the 'pinions of one goose
 To spread the *'pinions of another !'*"

A RIDDLE.

I AM first in the last, in the lost I am found ;
 In the flower you will see me, though not in the ground ;
 In the lily, and lilac, and lotus I am hid ;
 Though not seen in the eye I am known to its lid ;
 In the castle I lurk, in the palace I am seen,
 Though banished, alas ! from the cot on the green ;
 Deep hid in the violet's bosom I dip ;
 Indeed, I am the very first thing on your lip ;
 Though not known to the river, I am found in its flow ;
 Unseen in the breezes, I'm still in their blow ;
 Not felt in the fire, yet I'm part of the coal ;
 And am aye the last thing that is found in the bowl ;
 When you turn to the right, tho' to me you're bereft,
 I'm the very first thing that you meet on your left.
 I always am heard at the toll of the bell,
 And I'm lying like truth at the end of a well.
 Is a lady without me don't deign to accost her,
 You'd find her a sad begging-letter impostor.
 You will certainly own that I'm present at lunch,
 Tho' absent when dinner or breakfast you munch ;
 And yet I am never away at your meals ;
 You have me alike in soles, salmon, and eels.
 In mutton, beef, chickens, although I am missed,
 Yet in veal, and in lamb, and in fowls I exist.
 Hid on your pillow, tho' not on your bed,
 Say, gentles, my name, for my riddle is read.

PRINTERS' KISSES.

Print on my lips another kiss,
 The picture of thy glowing passion ;
 Nay, this won't do—nor this—nor this—
 But now—aye, that's a *proof-impression*.

IMPROMPTU.

Our pastor contradicts himself—'tis plain,
 For he has warned me often and again
 Not to love Henry more ;
 Then, in a breath, he says the Scriptures tell
 Our duty is to love our neighbours well,
 And Henry lives next door.

FAIRY SONG.

I lightly dance in the dewy night
 On the earth so calm and fair,
 Or gaily skim o'er the mountain's height
 A gladsome spirit of air ;
 The earth has no resting spot for me,
 Thro' space I can glide along ;
 I list to the stars' strange melody,
 And join in their mystic song.

I love when the morn's rays kiss the stream
 In the star-girt joyous night,
 To skim along in some quivering beam
 A being of love and light.
 I pass the gay hours in the moonlit vale
 When heaven is bright with a smile,
 And catch the breath of the balmy gale
 That sports round my own green isle.

When earth's fair creatures are hushed to sleep,
 And the sky is pale and cold,
 A fairy elf I dance and sweep
 O'er mountain, stream, and wold.
 The earth has no resting place for me,
 Thro' space I can glide along ;
 I list to the stars' strange melody,
 And join in their mystic song !

O, WERE I KING O' FAIRY-LAND.

O, were I king o' Fairy-land,
 Here I wad mak my bower
 Beneath the coltfoot's spreading leaf,
 To fend me frae the shower—
 Or hide amang the primrose-leaves,
 Beside the crystal well,
 Where morn and e'en I'd constant wait
 To see thy bonny sel'.

The freshest fly's snawy breast
 Can ne'er wi' thine compare !
 Yon fleecy cloud, like winter's drift,
 It is na half sae fair.
 The cloudless beauty o' the lift
 Will never match thy een ;—
 O, were I king o' Fairy-land,
 Naeither wad be queen.

THE TERRIFIC LEGEND OF THE KILKENNY CATS.

O'Flynn she was an Irishman, as very well was known,
 And she lived down by Kilkenny, and she lived there all alone,
 With only six great large tom-cats as knew their ways about,
 And ev'ry body else besides she scrup'ulously shut out.

Oh, very fond o' cats was she (and whisky, too, 'tis said,)—
 She didn't feed 'em very much, but she comb'd 'em well instead;
 As may beguess'd these large tom-cats, they didn't get very sleek
 Upon a combing once a-day, and a "ha'porth" once a-week.

Now on one dreary winter's night, O'Flynn she went to bed,
 The whisky-bottle under her arm (the whisky in her head),
 The six great large tom-cats they sat all in a dismal row,
 And horribly glared their hungry eyes—their tails wagg'd to and fro.

At last one grim greymalkin spoke in accents dire to tell,
 And dreadful were the words which in his awful whisper fell—
 When all the other five tom-cats in answer loud did squall,
 "Let's kill her—and let's eat her—body, bones, and all!"

Oh, horrible! oh, terrible! oh, deadly tale to tell!
 When the sun shone in the window-hole, all there seem'd still and well;
 The cats they sat and lick'd their paws, all in a merry ring,
But nothing else within the place look'd like a living thing.

Anon they quarrell'd savagely, and spit, and swore, and hollo'd,
 Till at last these six great large tom-cats they one another swallow'd;
 And nought but one long tail was left in that once peaceful dwelling
 And a very tough one too it was—it's the same as I have been telling.

ON THE DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

BY THE LATE DR MOORE.

Adieu, sweet shade, whose gentle virtues wove
 Around thy parents' hearts a net of love!
 And through thy blameless life and last disease
 Was always pleased, and always sure to please.

Thy calm composure words can not express,
 Nor paint thy patience under deep distress;
 Heaven saw thy worth ere yet matured by years,
 And snatch'd its favourite from this vale of tears.

LINES-

A graceful form, a gentle mien,
 Sweet eyes of witching blue,
 Dimples where young Love nestles in,
 Around a "cherry-mou'."

The temper kind, the taste refined,
 A heart not vain or proud,
 A face the mirror of her mind,
 Like sky without a cloud-

A fancy fine as virgin snows,
 Yet playful as the wind—
 A soul alive to other's woes,
 But to her own resigned-

This gentle portraiture to frame
 Requires not Fancy's art:
 But do not ask the *LADY'S* name,
 'Tis hidden in my heart-

PRINGLE.

STANZAS.

The summer flowers are faded,
 The summer breeze is gone,
 The sun is cold and distant,
 Like the hopes that lured me on:
 The red leaf, sere and withered,
 Lies thick upon my way;
 Each omen round about me
 Speaks of ruin and decay,

One brilliant star was lent me
 To light life's dreary road:
 One gentle kindred spirit,
 To share my heavy load:
 The light is quenched—that spirit gone,
 And on my heart and brow
 A dark cloud rests, no sun can chase,
 And death were welcome now.

R. T.

Old Lucifer, both kind and civil,
 To every printer lends a devil;
 But, balancing accounts each winter,
 For every *devil* takes a *printer*.

SONG.

ALACK ! AND ALACK ! FOR OUR AULD SCOTTISH CLANS.

Y W. ALEXANDER.

ALACK ! and alack ! for our auld Scottish clans,
 How fast, ah ! how fast they're declining !
 To the East, to the West, to the North, to the South,
 Away and away they are dwining.

I say not 'tis right, nor say I 'tis wrong,
 We trust 'tis for better they sever ;
 But it cuts to the core of a true Highland heart,
 To think they are scattering for ever.

Oh ! what must he feel when, afar on the deep,
 The last look he takes of his mountains ;
 When he thinks of the friends he can never see more,
 Or the sun on his bright native fountains.

When he thinks of the shrine where so oft he hath knelt,
 Near the graves where his fathers are sleeping,
 And of *Aer*, her whose blessing yet rings in his ear,
 Who for him, even then, may be weeping.

But why need we sigh, since of Earth's every race,
 Whether fixed, or in tribes wildly wandering,
 Perchance there's not one now e'en known where the streams
 Of its first fatherland are meandering.

But still there's a something which binds us to home.
 Nor Fate's darkest doom e'er estranges ;
 How dread, then, the pause, while a scene such as this,
 In the drama of destiny changes !

Alack ! and alack ! for our auld Scottish clans,
 How fast, ah ! how fast they're declining !
 To the East, to the West, to the North, to the South,
 Away and away they are dwining.

ON COMMODORE SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

Will Wallace was a bra' chiel,
 For claymore or for rapier,
 But for rockets, bombs, and cannon-balls,
 Our Commodore has NAE-PEER.

S O N G.

She died in beauty ! like a rose
Blown from its parent stem ;
She died in beauty ! like a pearl
Dropp'd from some diadem-

She died in beauty ! like a lay
Along a moonlit lake ;
She died in beauty ! like a song
Of birds amid the brake-

She died in beauty ! like the snow,
Or flowers dissolved away ;
She died in beauty ! like a star
Lost on the brow of day.

She *lives* in glory ! like Night's gems
Set round the silver Moon ;
She *lives* in glory ! like the Sun
Amid the blue of June.

BYRON.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

The goddess Flora once, 'tis said, became,
In the discharge of her sweet offices,
Oppress'd with lassitude, and worn and faint,
Beneath a rose-tree's shade herself she threw--
Its cooling shade the tangled thicket gave,
While the rich fragraney new vigour pour'd,
With subtle skill, through her exhausted frame.
And she arose, rejoicing, and went forth
Renovate to resume her wonted tasks.
But, in departing, thus the goddess spake ;
" O queen of flowers ! thy grateful mistress tell
How best she may requite thy service bland,
Ask what thou wilt of me, and it is thine."
" Make me more beautiful," the flower replied,
" The boon thou cravest would seem impossible."
Said Flora, smiling ; " but it shall be done.
Still softer grace, still richer charm I give,
By partly veiling those already given."
Thus saying, round the delicate rose she cast
A mantle of green moss ; for well she knew
How modesty enhances every grace,
And makes e'en beauty's self more beautiful.

THE LEAF AND THE STEM.

A CHILD played with a summer leaf,
 Green was the leaf and bright ;
 Ne'er had he known a pang of grief,
 His merry heart thrilled light.

An old man gazed on a wither'd stem.
 The leaf's life all was gone ;
 'Twas Autumn's ghastly diadem—
 A tear-drop fell thereon.

Spring passed away—the child grew old,
 His pleasant scenes had fled ;
 The Winter's breath had left him cold,
 Now sleeps he with the dead.

The old man can no more be found—
 A heap of dust is there,
 Concealed beneath a grassy mound ;
 Where is life's light—say where ?

Ah! where art thou, my merry boy,
 And thou, my sombre man ?
 Childhood's thrill laugh of love and joy ?
 Say, Wisdom, if you can ?

Where is the emerald leaf of Spring ?
 Shrivelled on Autumn's breast,
 Death's Mother.—'Tis a fearful thing,
 That Youth on Age must rest.

 "PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door ;
 So he called upon Lucy ('twas just ten o'clock),
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double-knock.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss, when she hears a *rat-tat* ;
 So Lucy was up, and in two seconds more,
 Had questioned the stranger, and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss—but the parting was woe ;
 For the moment will come when such comers must go ;
 So she kissed him, and whispered—(poor innocent thing)—
 "The next time you come, love, *pray come with a RING.*"

A TWILIGHT THOUGHT.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

Upon the hush'd air silence sleeps,
 And calmness o'er the valley creeps ;
 The birds have ceased their tuneful song,
 And twilight steals the earth along,
 Like shadows o'er a maiden's face,
 That hide, but rob it not of grace ;
 And earth and skies confess the power
 That waits on twilight's gentle hour !

Fresh morn will soon awake the air,
 The skies their golden liv'ry wear ;
 And the gay birds, with matin song,
 And new-plum'd wings, will glide along
 The heather brakes and bushes green,
 And light and joy illumine each scene :
 And every bud, and tree, and flower,
 Welcome again morn's busy hour !

And sweet's the twilight hour of life,
 Remote from care and mental strife ;
 When warring passions of the mind
 Sink gently down, like summer's wind,
 After a day of storm and cloud,
 When evening's mists the valley's shroud :
 So worldly cares resign their power,
 In life's unfever'd twilight hour !

SONG, BY THE AUTHOR OF "RAMBLING RHYMES."

When the bee has left the blossom,
 And the lark has closed his lay,
 And the daisy folds its bosom
 In the dews of gloaming gray :

When the virgin rose is bending,
 Wet with evening's pensive tear,
 And the purple light is blending
 With the soft moon, rising clear ;

Meet methen, my own true maiden,
 Where the wild flowers shed their bloom,
 And the air, with fragrance laden,
 Breathes around a rich perfume.

With my true love as I wander,
 Captive led by beauty's power,
 Thoughts and feelings, sweet and tender,
 Hallow that delightful hour.
 Give ambition dreams of glory,
 Give the poet laurell'd fame,
 Let renown, in song and story,
 Consecrate the hero's name.
 Give the great their pomp and pleasure,
 Give the courtier place and power—
 Give to me my bosom's treasure,
 And the lonely gloaming hour.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.

How gracefully, how gracefully, our noble bark glides on,
 O'er fathomless profundity, all fearless and alone!
 Like a mighty spirit o'er the deep, her snow-white wings she spreads
 While myriads of the heavenly hosts are flitting o'er our heads.
 How peaceable, how peaceable, the moonlit ocean lies,
 All slumber and serenity, the mirror of the skies;
 There's scarce a sound or breath to break the silence of the deep,
 Save here and there a restless wave just murmur'ing in its sleep.
 How whisperingly, how whisperingly, the morning breezes rise,
 While wreaths of white and fleecy clouds are forming in the skies.
 The wakening waves with paleness are rising from their slumbers,
 And one by one, with whitening crests, are marshalling their numbers.
 How cheerfully, how cheerfully, our bark speeds on her way,
 And bends before the winds, and dashes through the spray,
 While blithely sings the mariner, as she plunges through the foam,
 "Success attend the merry breeze that drives us gaily home."
 But dismally, ah! dismally, the gathering storm comes on,
 And throws its shadows o'er the skies, that late so brightly shone;
 The ocean now, no longer calm, like a lion roused from sleep,
 Fierce rages in its billowy wrath—deep answering to deep.
 Yet gallantly, yet gallantly, our noble vessel braves
 The rushing of the mighty winds, the onset of the waves;
 And dauntlessly she rears her prow above the maddening tide,
 While threatening billows heave their foam in fury o'er her side.
 Now tremblingly, now tremblingly, her quivering topmasts bend,
 And the rushing blasts, in countless shreds, her bursting canvas rend;
 The mountain seas are sweeping o'er her proud and lofty deck,
 And, rudderless and masterless, she floats a helpless wreck!
 And vividly, how vividly, the forked lightnings play,
 And winds and thunder howl along her dark and desperate way;
 Another sea, and water-logged our shattered bark is laid;
 Now Heaven protect the mariner, for Heaven alone can aid.

THE OLD GREY STONE.

BY JAMES BRUNTON.

If the lady moon appears to-night
 Without a cloud upon her brow,
 And with her pale and peerless light
 She gladdens brooklet, bush, and bough,
 Then haste to me across the lea—
 But mind you come alone :
 You know the spot, though long forgot,
 Beside the old grey stone.

In happier hours we first met there,
 And plighted vows of love and truth ;
 And Hope her visions painted fair—
 Alas ! that they should end with youth !
 We'll snatch again from years of pain,
 The joys that long have flown—
 Of youth's glad prime, and that sweet time,
 Pass'd at the old grey stone.

THE AULD THORN-TREE.

In May, when the blossoms were fresh on the rose-buss,
 And the ha'-flourish covered the auld thorn-tree,
 And the wee birdies welcomed the simmer returning,
 And sang o' their loves, and my Willie and me ;
 O, wae is my heart, when I think o' the blythe hours
 We twa hae spent under the auld thorn-tree ;
 The time sped awa', I thocht ilk meeting shorter,
 Sae kind was my leal-hearted Willie to me.
 Now cauld winter has come, and has everything blasted,
 And bare are the boughs o' the auld thorn-tree ;
 The birds are a' mute, except wee robin chirmin',
 Who seems but to mourn for my Willie and me.
 Willie gaed o'er the seas to earn gowd for his Jeanie ;
 Kind was our partin' 'neath the auld thorn-tree :
 But now he lies cauld in a far distant country,
 And ne'er will return to Scotland and me.

STREET BEGGING.

" PITY my wounds," the patch'd impostor cried ;
 " I'm scarr'd from top to toe—do you but view me !
 Ah ! would that in the battle I had died !
 I'm quite a spectacle."—Yes—" I see through ye."

PHILOSOPHICAL LINKS.

BY A. PARK.

Flower,

Breathe perfume,
While in thy rosy bloom;
For soon shall come the blast,
And change the grandeur that thou hast;
When thy sweet beauty past,
Shall fall in gloom:
This is thy doom
At last!

Beauty,

Boast not
Of thy loved lot;
Though pure as forest snow,
And of bright vermilion glow.
The fairer that ye grow
Sooner may ye spot,
'Tis true, I wot,
'Tis so!

Maiden,

Fond and gay!
Be happy while you may;
Sadness, with cold grimace,
May clothe thy sweet and gentle face,
And thus unkindly chase
Pleasure far away:
Short is life's day,
Alas!

Sing,

As birds sing,
While on the wing;
With matin songs they rise,
Toward the empyrean skies,
With gladness in their eyes.
The fond harp bring,
And sweetly string
Its voice.

Love,

As flowers do,
The morn's bright dew;
Seek, as they do, the sun,
When his warm rays are but begun
Through the cold air to run,
Cheering and new;
Ever true
One!

Mildness

Suits best
Soft woman's breast;
For, to be sweet and kind,
Are the engaging beauties of her mind;
Wherefore, then, be blind
To joy so blest?
Sweet rest
Find.

Life

Flies along,
Like the sephyr strong;
From childhood up to man,
There seems but one short span.
Our hopes awhile we fan
With love and song,
Then mix among
The wan!

Death

Is most sure;
None can endure,
Though some have longer days
To live and hope to know and praise
The Almighty Mover of their ways.
The sting that will not cure,
Health pure
Allays.

Grave!

Ye get all,
Both great and small,
The false one and the just;
Down in the cold and sacred trust,
There enters no base lust:
In thy dark hall,
Alas! we fall
To dust.

THE KING OF THE AIR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

My home is made in the mountain land,
Where the chasms yawn, and the torrents leap;
Where no coward race can hold a place,
But hearts are as free as the winds that sweep.

Mine is the form no trammels can bind,
Mine is the course no foot can track;
There's no rein on my neck to chafe or check,
I bear no rider to gall my back.

Wide is my range and lonely my flight,
The vulture may pass, but he will not dare
To ruffle my feathers, or challenge my right,
For the eagle, the eagle is king of the air.

Let the dazzling sun ride clear and high
In the warmth and blaze of a southern day;
But the light that dwells in the eagle's eye
Can flash back again as fierce a ray.

When the storm comes on with its thunder load,
As the bird of Jove, I keep my fame;
For my broad wings flap through the blackest cloud,
And my talons cleave the bluest flame.

My speed is as fast as the hurricane's blast,
And curbless and wild as the ocean tide;
To the east to the west no hand shall arrest,
I'm free in my will and supreme in my pride.

Whene'er I take my place below,
No green or bloom-wreathed perch is mine,
For I rest on the pathless peak of snow,
Or swing on the dark and giant pine.

The shot or the barb may bid me die,
But I know the stroke and aim must be
From the strong arm and the steady eye,
That can only be found 'mid the bold and free.

I reign with glory, I fall with the same,
And though earth may have creatures all wondrous and fair-
Though the mighty and brave fill the wood and the wave,
They surpass not the eagle, the king of the air.

EVENING REPOSE.

THE herds are still browsing the hills along,
 The birds with each other are vying in song,
 Exulting the reaper's heart glows ;
 But soon comes the Evening—so silent, yet bright,
 In her train the still and the beautiful Night,
 And she sheds over Nature repose—
 Repose—Repose,
 A sweet and refreshing repose !

The glaciers reflect the Evening's red,
 And the valleys are wrapped in their cloudy bed,
 And the leaves of the flowers now close ;
 From alp to alp the glad horns resound,
 And the herds descend with joyous bound
 To the shadowy vale for repose—
 Repose—Repose,
 A sweet and refreshing repose !

And the stars they have mounted their thrones to run
 The course prescribed them since time begun,
 And they smile upon friends and foes ;
 And the elves dance around in the moon's pale light,
 On the velvet turf—so airy—so bright—
 Before they sink to repose—
 Repose—Repose,
 A sweet and refreshing repose !

ON A FADED VIOLET.

THE odour from the flower is gone
 Which, like thy kisses, breath'd on me ;
 The colour from the flower is flown,
 Which glowed of thee, and only thee.

A shrivell'd, lifeless, vacant form,
 It lies on my abandoned breast,
 And mocks the heart which yet is warm
 With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not !
 I sigh—it breathes no more on me !
 Its mute and uncomplaining lot
 Is such as mine should be.

SHELLEY.

LIGHTS OF THE PRESENT, NOT OF OTHER DAYS.

- 'Tis moonlight where the silver waters stray,
 'Tis safety light in the mines or caverns deep;
 'Tis waxlight at the dinner-party gay;
 'Tis rushlight in the room where mortals sleep.
- 'Tis candle light in many a parlour neat,
 Where father, mother, children sit at tea;
 'Tis gaslight in the office, shop, and street;
 'Tis twilight when the muffin-boy we see.
- 'Tis skylight in the high and vaulted dome:
 'Tis Bengal light where ships in danger toss;
 'Tis Bude light where the Pall Mall loungers roam,
 And it is Boccius light at Charing Cross.

THE ROSE.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
 A Queen for all their world of flowers,
 The Rose would be the choice of Jove,
 And blush the Queen of every grove.
 Sweetest child of weeping morning,
 Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
 Eye of flowrets, glow of lawns,
 Bud of beauty, nurs'd by dawns,—
 Soft the soul of Love it breathes,
 Cypria's brow with magic wreathes,
 And to the Zephyr's warm caresses
 Diffuses all its verdant tresses,
 Till glowing with the wanton's play,
 It blushes a diviner ray.

MOORE.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

No more, no more will I resign
 My couch so warm and soft,
 To trouble trout with hook and line,
 That will not spring aloft.

With larks appointments one may fix
 To greet the dawning skies,
 But hang the getting up at six
 For fish that will not rise!

SONG.

[To the old set of the air of "Dundee," as found in the Skene M.S.]

FARE-THRE-WHEEL, thou bonny river,
 Rowin' by my sin Dundee;
 Aft in days gane by for ever,
 Thou hast borne my love and me.
 Thou hast heard, in days departed,
 Vows that nane could hear but thee;
 Now thou seest me broken-hearted—
 Tay, adieu! adieu, Dundee!

On thy waves a light is fa'in',
 Ruddy as the rose in June;
 Some may trow it is the da win'
 Glinting frae the lift abune!
 But I ken thou'rt only blushing
 That a maid so false could be!
 Like thy springs, my tears are gushing—
 Tay adieu! adieu, Dundee!

T. S.

SONG OF THE BURMAN LOVER.

BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! come with me, in my little canoe,
 For the tide is high, and the sky is blue,
 And the wind is fair, and 'tis sweet to row
 To the isles where the mango-apples grow!

Oh! come with me, and be my love,
 And for thee the jungle depths I'll rove:
 I'll gather the honeycomb, bright as gold,
 And seek out the elk's most secret fold.

I'll chase the antelope over the plain;
 And bind the tiger cub with a chain;
 And a young gazelle, with silver feet,
 I'll bring to thee, for a playmate sweet!

I'll climb the palm for the bya's nest,
 And red peas I'll gather to deck thy breast;
 I'll pierce the cocoa for its wine,
 And twine thee posies, if thou'lt be mine!

Then come with me, in my light canoe,
 While the waters are calm, and the skies are blue;
 For, should we linger another day,
 Storms may arise, and love decay!

WOMAN'S CROWNING CHARM.

A CANZONET.

'Tis not a fair face with bright beauty beaming,
 'Tis not an eye with intelligence gleaming,
 'Tis not a cheek with young Love's blushes warm,
 That gives lovely Woman her Crowning Charm.

But 'tis the eye with sweet sympathy streaming,
 The heart all alive to each tender feeling,
 The arm ever prompt to shelter from harm,
 That gives lovely Woman her Crowning Charm.

Be in joy or sorrow, dishonour, or fame,
 Oh, Woman, fond Woman, is ever the same;
 The flowers, like the snow-drop, mid winter's alarm—
 'Tis *then* you discover her Crowning Charm. FEAR Oo.

THE LOST STAR.

A STAR is gone! a star is gone!
 There is a blank in heaven!
 One of the cherub-quire has done
 His airy course this even.

He sat upon the orb of fire
 That hung for ages there,
 And lent his music to the quire
 That haunts the nightly air.

Hear how his brother angels mourn—
 The minstrels of the spheres!
 Each chiming sadly in his turn,
 And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary sisters all
 Join in the fatal song,
 And weep their hapless brother's fall,
 Who sang with them so long.

From the deep chambers of the dome,
 Where sleepless Uriel lies,
 His rude harmonic thunders come,
 Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-born cherubim,
 The wandering eleven,
 All join to chaunt the dirge of him
 Who just now fell from heaven!

THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

SUMMER'S gone and over,
 Fogs are falling down,
 And with russet tinges
 Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled
 By the gusty thieves,
 And the Book of Nature
 Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,
 Swallows, as they fit,
 Give, like yearly tenants,
 Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,
 Weep by turns and laugh—
 Night and day together
 Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—
 Cold and most perverse—
 But the month that follows,
 Sure will pinch us worse.

THE PICTURE OF THE DEAD.

SUGGESTED BY AN ANECDOTE IN CATLIN'S TRAVELS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

A CHIEF from his distant forest came
 To the pale one's lonely tent ;
 And he bore such gifts as well might seem
 By an Indian monarch sent ;
 And " Bright may the sun on thy dwelling shine,"
 Said the warrior of the wild ;
 " O, stranger, the gifts which I bear are thine,
 Who hast given me back my child !

" My child, who passed to the spirit-land.
 In the sunrise of her years—
 I have look'd for her in our wood land band
 Till mine eyes grew dim with tears ;
 But she lives in her changeless beauty yet,
 Still sweet in my dwelling smiled ;
 And the hearth she left is not yet laid waste—
 Thou hast given me back my child !

" I laid her low in the place of graves,
 Where the ever-silent slept ;
 And summer's grass, in its greenness, waves
 Where an Indian warrior wept ;
 For bright was our star, though it early set,
 And we lost its lustre mild ;
 But she lives in her changeless beauty yet—
 Thou hast given me back my child !

" And say when our young, who loved her well,
 Like the pines, grow old and hoar—
 Will her youth still last, as theirs that dwell
 Where the winter comes no more ?
 When the early lov'd of her heart is low,
 Will she smile as she ever smiled ?
 O, safe from the withering hand of woe,
 Hast thou given me back my child !

" 'Tis well with those of thy eastern land,
 Though their lov'd ones may depart,
 The magic power of the painter's hand
 Can restore them to the heart,
 O, long may the light of their presence stay,
 Whose love hath thy griefs beguiled ;
 And blessings brighten thy homeward way,
 Who hast given me back my child !

PARTING.

CAN I forget the hours of bliss
 That I have spent with thee—
 Can I forget the parting kiss,
 Which sealed thy faith to me—

Can I forget the fond, fond sigh,
 That breath'd thy last adieu—
 The tear that gem'd thy soften'd eye,
 Like showers on violets blue ?

Tho' thou and I no more may meet,
 Nor be where we have been
 Yet, still to dear remembrance sweet
 Shall be our parting scene.

" Is my wife out of spirits ?" said John, with a sigh,
 As her voice of a tempest gave warning ;
 " Quite out, Sir, indeed," said her maid in reply,
 " For she finished the bottle this morning !"

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

BY T. HAYNES BAYLY.

THE matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face—aye, lovely, even now ;
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care ?
Why steals that tear across her cheek ?—She sees her first grey hair !

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace—
The touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face ;
Yet she might mingle in the dance where maidens gaily trip,—
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often marked by sorrow more than years—
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears—
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest ;—

But she hath been a happy wife ; the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth ;
A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd sleep ;
Her life hath been a cloudless one—then wherefore doth she weep ?

She looked upon her raven locks—what thoughts did they recall ?
Oh ! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or for ball ;
They brought back thoughts of early youth ere she had learnt to
check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seem'd to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow to leave a kiss of kindness there—
She seem'd to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feign'd to steal away the curls she priz'd so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair ! Oh ! deem it not a crime
For her to weep when she beholds the first footmarks of Time ;
She knows that, one by one, these mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease !

'Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane ;
Yet, though the blossom may not sigh to bud and bloom again,
It cannot but remember, with a feeling of regret,
The spring for ever gone—the summer sun so nearly set.

Ah ! lady, heed the monitor ! thy mirror tells the truth ;
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth ;
Go ! bind it on thy daughter's brow—in her thou'lt still look fair ;
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the first grey hair !

THE MOUNTAIN BREEZE.

BY W. G. BUNDEE.

Oh ! let me taste the mountain breeze,
 That circles far and wide,
 And list the song of mountain bird,
 By some fair streamlet's side ;
 The breeze, so pure, will health restore—
 The bird, so glad and free,
 Will nurse within my drooping soul
 The germ of liberty.

How nauseous is the city's breath,
 Its narrow streets within,
 Where house on house so huddled is,
 No air can enter in ;
 Where sickening sits on many a brow,
 And many a good heart aches ;
 And many a wealth-producer starves
 Amid the wealth he makes !

'Tis sickening to the soul to see
 Such misery all around,
 Where nought but happy homes should be,
 With peace and plenty crown'd ;
 The healthful look, the cheerful smile
 Of gladness, should be there,
 With many a comfort, pure and bright,
 That each and all should share.

But no ! great Mammon sits enthroned
 Within its proudest halls ;
 And lost on Mammon's worshippers
 Are Nature's loudest calls :
 Then let me Nature's temples seek
 As often as I may,
 And there enjoy the gifts of heaven,
 That man would throw away.

I love the mountain's fragrant breeze,
 The forest's gleesome song ;
 The sunny sky, and streamlet's gush
 The fresh-blown flowers among ;—
 These whisper of a better land,
 And life of perfect bliss,
 Yet bid us not unmindful be
 Of what will sweeten this !

THE GREY HILL PLAID.

Tho' cauld and drear's our muirland hame
 Among the wreaths o' snaw,
 Yet love here lowes wi' purer flame
 Than lights the lordly ha';
 For lka shepherd's chequered plaid
 Has room enough for twa,
 And coshly shields his mountain maid
 Frae a' the blasts that blaw.

Then hey the plaid! the grey hill plaid,
 That haps the heart, sae true;
 Dear, dear to every mountain maid
 Are plaid and bonnet blue!

What tho' we're few upon the muir,
 We lo'e each other mair?
 And to the weary wanderin' pair
 We've comfort aye to spare.
 The heart that feels for ither's woes
 Can ne'er keep love awa';
 And twa young hearts, when beating close,
 Can never lang be twa.

Then hay the plaid! the gray hill plaid,
 That haps the heart, sae true;
 Dear, dear to every mountain maid
 Are plaid and bonnet blue!

FAREWELL TO HOME.

BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

LET me now recall the pleasures
 That dwell around my native home;
 Let me count once more its treasures,
 Ere to distant lands I roam;
 If I pass yon Alpine mountains—
 If I cross yon parting sea,
 Or roam beside Italia's fountains,
 Still, home, dear home, I'll think of thee!
 Hark! the voice of honour calls me,
 Bids me join in yonder strife,
 There to meet whate'er befalls me,
 In the stern career of life!
 And in yonder field of glory,
 Where her sons immortal shine,
 Say, shall I, too, live in story—
 Shall a deathless name be mine?

Oh, should fame and fortune bless me
 With the joys that brightest be,
 Thy thought, loved home, shall still possess me—
 I'll prize them most for love of thee!
 And with fond and proud emotion
 I'll snatch their garlands from my brow,
 And bear them back with lov'es devotion
 To that dear home I part from now!

BONNY BESSIE LEE.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

BONNY Bessie Lee had a face fu' o' smiles,
 And mirth round her ripe lip was aye dancing sleet;
 And light was the footfa', and winsome the wiles
 O' the flower o' the parishin, our ain Bessie Lee!

Wi' the bairns she wad rin, and the schule—laddies paik,
 And o'er the broomy bras, like a fairy, wad flee,
 Till auld hearts grew young again, wi' love for her sake—
 There was life in the blithe blink o' Bonny Bessy Lee!

She grat wi' the waefu', and laugh'd wi' the glad,
 And light as the wind 'mang the dancers was she;
 And a tongue that could jeer, too, the little limmer had,
 Whilk keepit aye her ain side for Bonny Bessy Lee!

And she whiles had a sweetheart, and sometimes had twa—
 A limmer o' a lassie!—but, atween you and me,
 Her warm we bit heartie she ne'er threw awa,
 Though mony ane had sought it frae Bonny Bessy Lee!

But ten years had gane sin' I gazed on her last—
 For ten years had parted my auld hame and me;
 And I said to mysel', as her mither's door I pass'd,
 "Will I ever get anither kiss frae Bonny Bessy Lee?"

But Time changes a' thing, the ill-natured loon!
 War it ever sae rightly, be'll no let it be;
 But I rubbit at my een, and I thought I wad swoon,
 How the carle had come roun' about our ain Bessie Lee!

The wee laughing lassie was a guidwife growin auld—
 Twa weans at her apron, and ane on her knee;
 She was douce, too, and wiselike—but wisdom's sae cauld,
 I wad rather hae the ither ane than *this* Bessie Lee!

SCOTLAND.

Oh ! mountain-crested Scotland,
 I marvel not thou art
 Dear, as a gracious mother,
 Unto her children's heart—

I marvel not they love thee,
 Thou land of rock and glen—
 Of strath, and lake, and mountain,
 And more—of gifted men !

Oh ! wild traditioned Scotland,
 Thy briery burns and braes
 Are full of pleasant memories,
 And tales of other days.

Thy story-haunted wates
 In music gush along ;
 Thy mountain-glens are tragedies,
 Thy heathy hills are soog .

"The dowie dens of Yarrow,"
 "The Annan water, wan,"
 "The deep mill-dams of Binnorie,"
 Where sailed "The milk-white swan"—

The lovers' bloody meeting
 "On fair Kirkconnel lea"—
 We sing them to the slumbering child
 We cradle on our knee.

Thank God, we are one people,
 With but one heart, one aim ;
 For my bosom hath a warmer pulse
 To hear old Scotland's name !

THE STILLNESS OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

BY W. G. DUNDEE.

The moonbeams are sleeping on forest and hill,
 And the winds are at rest, and the waters are still ;
 Not a sound breaks the silence of Nature, so deep—
 Not a whisper is breath'd that could ruffle her sleep !
 Not a bird-warble rises among the green trees,
 Nor a sweet-murmured kiss of the leaves by the breeze ;
 And the clouds that repose on the breast of the sky
 Are like isles all asleep, in blue waters that lie .

Not a dew-drop is heard from the rose-leaves to fall—
 How profound is the quiet that broods over all!
 And am I the sole spirit that watching doth keep
 The eye from a slumber, so potent and deep?

Ah, no! there's an eye that for ever is bright—
 A spirit that sleeps not by day nor by night—
 An eye whose wide glance can the universe trace—
 A spirit of love that is boundless as space!

On the flower-bosomed earth, in the star-spangled sky,
 And farther than light-pinioned fancy can fly,
 That spirit is felt like a life-giving flame—
 That bright eye is beaming, for ever the same!

Then let me not deem, though all Nature's asleep,
 That alone in the silence my vigils I keep;
 For that eye on me, smiling in goodness, doth shine,
 And that spirit delights to hold converse with mine!

THE LOVERS' LEAP.*

BY J. A. WADE.

Oh! have you not heard of that dark woody glen,
 Where the oak-leaves are richest and rarest—
 Where Connal, the chief and the foremost of men,
 Lov'd Elly, of maidens the fairest?
 She plighted her faith, but as quickly withdrew
 At a story that slandered her lover;
 She left him in wrath—but how little she knew
 That her peace at their parting was over!
 He met her in vale, and he met her in grove,
 At midnight he roam'd by her dwelling;
 But he said not a word of the truth of his love,
 For his cheek the sad story was telling!
 He found her one eve by the rock in the glen,
 Where she once vow'd to love him for ever;
 He gaz'd, till she murmur'd "Dear Connal!" and then
 He leap'd from the rock to the river!
 The summer passed on, and the chief was forgot;
 But one night, when the oak-leaves were dying,
 There came a sad form to that desolate spot,
 'Neath which the brave Connal was lying.
 She gaz'd on the brown swelling stream 'mid the rocks,
 As she lean'd the wild precipice over—
 She look'd a farewell to the glen of the oaks,
 And Elly was soon with her lover!

* A romantic spot in the Dargle, county of Wicklow, so named from numerous traditions resembling the present.

THE LOVER'S PLEA.

ELIZA fair, sweet is the morn,
 When dew-drops sparkle flowers among ;
 When sky-lark on the breeze upborne,
 Pours sweetly down her matin song.
 And sweet, inviting sweet, the grove,
 When feather'd songsters chant their love ;
 And sweet in woodlands shade to rove,
 And hear the plaintive cooling dove-

And pleasing sweet the peaceful hour,
 When *Cynthia* sheds her ev'ning ray,
 To light fond lovers to the bower,
 Or laughing, 'mong the wavelets play.
 Eliza, sweeter far thy love,
 Than dewy morn, or matin song ;
 Than music groves, or cooling dove,
 Or smiling moon-beam waves among.

But thee, dear maid, have I offended ?
 And must I therefore joyless be ?
 For nature's charming beauties blended,
 Robb'd of thy smile, I joyless see.
 Again that sweet enchanting smile,
 Eliza fair, on me bestow ;
 Thus blest, my heart, through life the while,
 Shall love thee more in every throe.

But shouldst thou spurn thy *lover's plea*,
 And ne'er thy loving smile impart,
 Then he must ever choerless be
 And ever sad his faithful heart.
 Sweet nature's sounds will charm in vain,
 Though thousand tongues the chorus swell ;
 While, solemn, slow, thy lover's strain
 Will be—For ever, *fare thee well !*

MOUNTAIN MUSE.

"THE WISH OF THE WEARY."

O THAT I were on a mountain's side,
 Where the breezes so purely blow,
 Beneath me the rolling, gushing tide,
 And above me the realms of snow—
 To commune with God and Nature there,
 And feel within the spirit of pray'r !

O that I were in a deep, deep glen !
 With heaven's blue dome above me,
 Far, far removed from the haunts of men,
 With the few that truly love me—
 To hold sweet converse in Nature's halls,
 And gaze on beauty that never palls.

O that I were by a sheelin' low,
 With its garden roof of heather,
 The bairns and collies sporting below,
 Defying the wind and weather—
 To learn of the shepherd mountain lore,
 And feel a content unknown before.

O that I were, on a Sabbath morn,
 By village kirk on Tay's green side,
 Where towering trees the paths adorn,
 Through which blue bonnets slowly glide—
 To join in echoing praises there,
 And list to the pastor's deep low prayer :

O that I were, on a winter's eve,
 Sitting close to the thrice-beap'd fire,
 With those kindred souls I wept to leave,
 And whose presence could never tire—
 To mourn for the *Onc** whose transient day
 Of bright, bright promise soon passed away!

O would I were out of the city's din,
 Of mind and body grievous ban,
 All glitt'ring without, all dark within,
 Full of great works of little man—
 Where the poor man's cry is no man's care,
 And the House of God no house of prayer !

O would I were out of the city's glare,
 Where human kindness yields no milk,
 And the creeping tribe are ev'rywhere—
 Not silk-worms that spin, but worms in silk—
 Where the million cry for bread alone,
 And the pampered few that cry disown.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

* The late highly-gifted and exemplary Mr James Wilson, student of medicine in Edinburgh, who (distinguished by the Professors of his college, and beloved and respected by his fellow students) was cut off, in the midst of a successful and honourable career, by typhus fever, caught during the discharge of his duties.

A THOUGHT.

WHEN I have shuffled off, as Shakspeare says,
 This mortal coil, may my translation be
 To some bright land where there are verdant shades,
 Filled with sweet flowers and happy warbling birds,
 And water'd by fresh streams, that smoothly glide
 Through fragrant lawns, and groves of spicy breath ;
 Where not an icy grief can freeze the heart,
 Nor passion burn, nor withering care destroy
 Its holiest thoughts. There, with a few true friends
 Of kindred soul to share my bliss, would I
 Be happy as Heaven could make me.

W. G.

"LOOK ALOFT."

The following beautiful lines (says an American paper) were suggested by a thrilling incident which occurred on board a ship. A child five or six years of age, by his sprightly and fearless disposition, had become a universal favourite among the crew. At a time when she lay becalmed, in one of his venturesome moods, he had climbed to the utmost height of a tall mast, unobserved by any one on board, till the moment he was almost at the point of falling, when he was discovered at this dizzy height by his terrified father who, with an agonized voice, bid him "Look aloft!"—which doubtless saved his life. With his eye upon the blue firmament, he safely descended to his father's arms, who till this moment had retained his self-possession ; but, overcome with momentous excitement, he at this moment fell fainting upon the deck.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
 Are around and above, if thy footsteps should fail,
 If thine eyes should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
 "Look aloft" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
 With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
 Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array'd,
 "Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which home spreads in light to thine eye,
 Like the tint of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
 Then turn, and, through tears of repentance, regret,
 "Look aloft" to the Sun which is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—the loved of thy heart—
 The friend of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
 "Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
 To that soil "where affection is ever in bloom."

And, oh ! when death comes, in wild terrors, to cast
 His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
 In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
 And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart !

SABBATH MORNING WALK IN SPRING.

BY W. G. DUNDEE.

AGAIN the spring, from heaven's bright chalice, pours
 Ambrosial sweetness on the smiling hours,
 And birds their warbling energies resume,
 And tender buds are bursting into bloom;
 The silvery brooks with softer cadence run,
 And new-woke insects sparkle in the sun.

Lo! rosy Health is beckoning me to where
 The purple violet sweetens all the air;
 And primrosed banks are fresh with balmy dew,
 And trees are brightening into verdant hue;
 And she has roused her minstrels, to invite
 Her welcome guest with songs of soft delight.
 And shall Ingratitude my bosom move
 Unkindly to reject her proffered love?
 Forbid it heaven! For thou hast sent her forth,
 With thy own love, to bless the sons of earth!
 And he who scorns her happy smile to share
 Insults thy goodness, and disdains thy care!

'Tis Sabbath's hallowed morn, and Toil no more
 Forbids my eager footsteps to explore
 The woods and lawns, where Health and Pleasure dwell,
 And Joy and Love the kindling spirit swell
 I come, then, Health, from city's smoky maze,
 To bower and bush, where gentle Zephyr plays
 With the young blossoms, like an infant child,
 Whose cares are few, and easily beguiled—
 I come to quaff the fresh and fragrant air,
 And see diffused o'er all the landscape fair
 The sunny smiles of heaven; and hear the voice
 Of music, Love's bright language, and rejoice
 With all that is rejoicing; while the mind—
 Its nobler powers expanded and refined—
 On warm Devotion's halcyon wing doth rise,
 Wafting pure spirit-incense to the skies.

How sweet these winds breathe through my languid veins
 Their strengthening influence, and how quick regains
 Each sinew, toil-relaxed, its proper tense,
 And every nerve thrills with a finer sense.
 These budding flowers, that to the light unfold
 Their streaks of crimson and their tints of gold,
 How exquisitely beautiful they seem,
 Like angel-thoughts in Fancy's brightest dream!
 And yon small lark, that pierceth the blue skies,

And gladder sings as higher up he flies,
Is like some happy spirit burst away
From the dull earth, to meet eternal day !

Now other strains, deep, mellow, rich, and clear,
In mingled rapture, greet my listening ear,
Forth issuing on the soft air, like a flood
From all the green recesses of the wood,—
As if each verdure-loving tenant strove
Who would excel in melody and love.
Here let me enter ; Music hath a charm
That can the soul to sweetest transports warm—
Subdue its sterner feelings unawares,
Soothe all its woes, and soften all its cares—
Bid human-kindness unrestrained to flow,
And grateful Joy with holier influence glow ;—
Here, then, within this green delicious bower,
Let me enjoy the freshness of the hour ;
While *Meditation* seeks the blissful road
That leads to heaven, to happiness, and God.

TO THE WEST WIND.

Come, thou fragrant west wind, come,
Whisper of thy own sweet home ;
Tell the gladness of thy land,
Gently breathe it on our strand :
Haste thee, haste thee, do not stay,
Nor linger in thy sportive play ;
Greet the morn that comes with smiles,
To bless with thee our ocean isles ;
Tripping o'er the noisy sea,
Joy and Pleasure bring with thee,
Daughter fair of Liberty.

Sweetly whispering, come away,
Give thy softness to the day,
Wake the minstrels on the spray,
Mix thy sweetness in their lay.
O'er our meadows swiftly bound,
Touch with life the sleeping ground ;
Mildly kiss the blooming rose,
Break the violet's sweet repose.
O'er the mountain, on the lake,
Through the thick entangled brake,
All that feels to life awake !

J. C.

"THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS IS COME."

BY W. G., DUNDEE.

WHEN Winter is gone, and the bright young Spring
 Gives joy and gladness to every thing;
 When fresh buds are bursting all around,
 And new grass springs from the teeming ground,
 'Tis then that I love to hear the lay
 Of the sweet-songed skylark, far away;
 Which seems like the gentle voice of Love,
 Whisper'd by angels from Heaven above,
 To wile men's hearts from the backward way,
 And lead them on to eternal day.

How thrillingly sweet is that matin song,
 As the echoes of Heaven its notes prolong!
 How pure must the love be that gives it birth!
 And yet that Love is attached to earth.
 O say not then that the earth is curs'd,
 And nought but sin in its bosom is nurs'd;
 For each little warbler in bower and sky
 Refutes the impious calumny.
 Go forth to the woods and the meadows, where
 The music of Love makes vocal the air:
 And listen to all the precious tones
 Of the little happy feather'd ones;—
 And then, O then! if thou canst not feel
 Love's sacred influence o'er thee steal,
 And win to itself thy raptur'd heart,
 And its gush of tender joy impart,
 To thee the earth is curs'd indeed,
 And sorrow instead of joy thy meed;
 For joy smiles not on the heart that Love,
 With its soft magic, cannot move:
 And the heart where Love nor Joy doth dwell
 Is a dreadful place—is truly hell!

LINES BY A YOUNG LADY IN WANT OF A HUSBAND.

(From the Dundee Chronicle of November 28, 1839.)

IMMEDIATELY wanted, a youth about twenty,
 (In Dundee the people assure me there's plenty,
 Of whom, if he'll now and then bear admonition,
 A husband I'll make with all due expedition;
 And, to show that most serious is my intention,
 A few indispensables here I shall mention:—
 I'm indifferent to height, so he's perfectly straight,
 But perhaps should prefer him about five feet eight;

Well proportioned and muscular, walking with ease,
 Adding Belvidere's grace to the strength of Farnese;
 His nose must be prominent—prithce, mark that—
 I've a horrid aversion to one that is flat;
 His eyes must be dark, sharp, piercing, and keen,
 His appearance in general not fat nor too lean;
 His eye-lashes long, his teeth must be white,
 And lips invite kisses from morning till night;
 His hair may be black, and I whiskers allow;
 His cheeks must be ruddy, and arch'd be his brow;
 His manners be gentle, bewitching, and bland,
 And love's charming language he must understand;
 Be deep-read and accomplished, of course, too, polite,
 Sing delightfully well, and bewitchingly write;
 As women will plague him, and troublesome be,
 He may chat with them all, but love only me;
 Not too fond of retirement, nor given to roam,—
 When out, must be with me—when not, stay at home.
 No more strikes me at present;—I hate to be nice;
 To prudes and old maids I leave being precise,
 As I mean to be neither. Who fancies this letter
 May make his proposals,—the sooner the better.

ANSWER.

DEAR charming unknown, I fancy your letter,—
 Agree with your requisites—none could be better.
 My eyes are quite black, my eye-lashes long;
 I can dance a quadrille, or sing a good song;
 My hair's dark as the raven, but whiskers I've none,
 As I won't let them grow until past twenty-one;
 My nose it is prominent—aquiline, too;
 My lips invite kisses from one *gentle* as you;
 I have read many a story in prose and in rhyme,
 From Byron's "Childe Harold" to Pollock on "Time";
 Love's witching language, 'tis my delight,—
 I will talk it with you from sunrise till night;
 Accomplished, polite—I will leave you to say;
 Write a good hand I can, a better I may;
 I can bear admonition, when given in place;
 Always thought I could walk with some kind of grace,
 (Perhaps I am wrong, perhaps I am right);
 But as to my teeth, they are middling white.
 Now, lady, say if you think I might do,—
 You may find a better, but not a more true,
 Who will serve you so dearly, so kindly as I,
 So make up your mind—invite me to try.

December 3, 1839.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

THEY say there's a thorny path of life—
 In truth, I have seldom found it !
 I have shunned the scene of worldly strife,
 And the dangerous rocks around it ;
 I deem it a folly to seek for pain,
 On the mountain of pride, when there's peace on the plain !
 'Tis said that life is beset with briars—
 Indeed, I have rarely seen them !
 I limit my hopes and my own desires,
 And gather content between them.
 Full half the ills of life are nought :
 Unknown to man's bosom, except in thought !
 They tell me that life is a vale of sorrow—
 I deem it a vale of bliss !
 I have peace for to-day, I have hope for to-morrow,
 And what is there cheerless in this ?
 Yes, Providence gladness to all imparts ;
 May it give us the blessing of grateful hearts !
 So tell me no more of the gloomy time
 That man dwells in a vale of tears.
 When so buoyant with hope in his early prime,
 And so glad in his riper years.
 If the pathway of life will be chequered by sadness,
 Though one hour may bring sorrow, the many bring gladness.

THE CHEVALIER TO HIS SLEEPING BRIDE.

BY GEORGE ASPINALL.

Daybreak had hardly dawned upon our Chevalier's nuptial night, ere he was abruptly roused from his short-lived honey-moon of bliss by the clang of war, and the sound of the trumpet. The truce was broken, and the Chevalier summoned from the couch of his sleeping bride to the *soldier's camp* and the battle-field.

God bless thee, love, and prosper thee ;
 And may no ill betide
 While I am fighting far away,
 My own, my beauteous bride.

'Tis sweet to press thy pretty lips
 In extacy to mine :

'Tis sweet to gaze upon thee thus,
 And feel that I am thine.

'Twas bliss to share thy tender smile,
 And bless when thou did'st tell
 Thy husband, in the nuptial pledge,
 That e'en thou'dst love him well.

But hard it is to leave thee thus,
 All friendless and alone :
 To leave, without one parting tear,
 My boyhood's happy home.

Some danger, chance, may threaten thee,
 At some not distant day ;
 And insult force on thee the thought
 That I am far away.

No husband's arm to shield from ill,—
 No husband's hand for stay :
 What wilt thou do, my pretty one,
 When I am far away ?

'Tis hard to leave thee thus, to brave
 The world's derisive sneer ;
 And find, when most in need of him,
 Thy helpmate is not near—

'Tis hard ! But hold, for, throned in light,
 There dwelleth *One above*,
 Whose care for thee, my beautiful,
 Surpasseth my poor love.

He'll guide thee, guard thee, keep thee,
 From ev'ry vain alarm :
 Restrain thy fears, renew thy strength,
 And shelter thee from harm.

To Him I'll then commit thee :
 To Him, in trust, confide
 Thy innocence, and God will bless
 My own, my beauteous bride.

LOVE NEVER SLEEPS.

"Love never sleeps !" The mother's eye
 Bends o'er her dying infant's bed ;
 And as she marks the moments fly,
 While death creeps on with noiseless tread,
 Faint and distressed she sits and weeps
 With beating heart !—"Love never sleeps !"

Yet e'en that sad and fragile form
 Forgets the tumult of her breast :
 Despite the horrors of the storm,
 O'erburthened nature sinks to rest ;
 But o'er them both *another* keeps
 His midnight watch—"Love never sleeps !"

Around—above—the angel bands
 Stoop'd o'er the care-worn sons of men ;
 With pitying eyes and eager hands,
 They raise the soul to hope again ;
 Free as the air, their pity sweeps
 The storms of time !—" Love never sleeps !"
 And round—beneath—and over all—
 O'er men and angels, earth and heaven,
 A Higher bends ! The slightest call
 Is answered—and relief is given
 In hours of woe, when sorrow steps
 The heart in pain—" He never sleeps !"
 Oh, God of Love ! our eyes to thee,
 Tired of the world's false radiance, turn ;
 And, as we view thy purity,
 We feel our hearts within us burn ;
 Convinced that in the lowest deeps
 Of human ill, " Love never sleeps."

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Oh ! Time is sweet, when roses meet,
 With Spring's sweet breath around them ;
 And sweet the cost, when hearts are lost,
 If those we love have found them.
 And sweet the mind that still can find
 A star in darkest weather ;
 But nought can be so sweet to see,
 As old friends met together !
 Those days of old, when youth was bold,
 And Time stole wings to speed it,
 And youth ne'er knew how fast Time flew,
 Or knowing, did not heed it !
 Though grey each brow, that meets us now,
 For age brings wintry weather,
 Yet nought can be so sweet to see,
 As those old friends meet together.
 The few long known, whom years have shown,
 With hearts that friendship blesses ;
 A hand to cheer, perchance a tear,
 To soothe a friend's distresses ;
 Who helped and tried, still side by side,
 A friend to face hard weather ;
 Oh, thus may we yet joy to see
 And meet old friends together !

THE BEE'S MORNING EPISTLE

TO A PARTY OF THE LOVERS OF NATURE.

BY W. G., DUNDEE.

AWAKE ! arise ! and come away !
 How ye lose the prime of day !
 Long have I been ranging over
 Bowers of roses, fields of clover,
 Seeking sweets, and finding plenty,
 Feasting upon every dainty
 That the hand of Nature yields,
 In the fresh and bloomy fields.
 Hours ago, the lark was singing,
 And the sun his glory flinging,
 O'er green earth, and azure sky,
 From his bright and laughing eye.
 And ye are still upon your pillows,—
 What a set of lazy fellows !
 Drowsy mortals ! come and see
 Morning's merry jubilee !

Come ! and I will lead you where
 Blossoms scent the dewy air,
 And the ceaseless stream is heard
 Bubbling through the grassy sward ;
 And the Zephyrs' reeling cry,
 " We are drunk with melody !"
 O'er the mountain, through the dell,
 Where the fragrant lilies dwell ;
 Deep within the shady wood,
 Where the cushat rears her brood ;
 And the creeper scales the tree,
 Where the glossy beetles be ;
 Haste ! arise, and follow me !

I will lead you o'er the moor
 To the humble cottage door,
 Where the honeysuckles twine
 With the blossom'd eglantine.
 I will show you by the brook,
 In a lone sequester'd nook,
 Where the dipper has her nest,
 And the halcyon takes his rest ;
 Or along the reedy lake,
 Where the water-hen doth take
 From cool wave, and sunny ray,
 What felicity she may :
 You shall see the dragon-fly

Spread his wings, and mount on high,
 Glancing like a silver star,
 Or a meteor shot afar :
 And the fly, with golden wings,
 Seeking out all beauteous things ;
 Once a worm, but now bedight
 In the rainbow's glory bright,
 Glad to sip along with me
 Sweets from every flower and tree.

Come ! arise, and wander forth
 O'er the flowery-mantl'd earth ;
 Pleasures, thick as dew-drops, stand,
 Waiting you on every hand.
 Leave your slumbers,—what can they
 To the searching soul convey,
 But a few disjointed dreams—
 Landscapes upon troubl'd streams ?
 Come, and taste the banquet given
 By the ample hand of Heaven,
 To the diligent and wise,
 Who sweet health and pleasure prize.
 Through your casement, on your cheek,
 Feel ye not these sunbeams break ?
 Feel ye not these gentle airs,
 Stealing on you unawares ?
 In which soft and fragrant scent,
 Is with sweetest music blent !
 These are my companions ;—come,
 I will lead you to their home,
 Where, with Beauty, Goodness dwells,
 And her precepts Wisdom tells.

Haste ! O haste ! I must away,—
 My companions will not stay.
 Be wise,—take care !,—come with me !
 Your faithful monitor,

A BEE.

TO THE LACE-WINGED FLY.

BY W. G., DUNDEE.

BRIGHT fly ! thou recallest the sweet days of my childhood,
 When wandering alone thro' the green sunny wildwood,
 To pull the fresh cowslips all drooping in dew,
 And list to the ring-dove so plaintively coo,
 I there first beheld thee in happy repose,
 Thy pillow the half-opened leaves of a rose.
 How enraptured I stood ! and in silent surprise,
 Viewed thy fair pearly wings, and thy bright golden eyes ;

And how with delight my young bosom did glow,
 When thou mounted'st aloft to the cherry-tree's bough;
 And then in the wake of a clear sunny ray,
 Rose far in the blue sky, and vanish'd away!

And still, when I visit the woodland's green bowers,
 To quaff the rich breath of the gay summer flowers,
 And hear the sweet birds in their happiness singing,
 Till all the glad echoes with music are ringing,—
 I love to behold thee on rose-blossoms sitting,
 Or under the fragrant trees merrily sitting.
 Thy beauty, the pleasure thou seem'st to inherit,
 Impart a pure ray of delight to my spirit;
 For who can be sad while a creature like thee,
 With so fragile a form, yet so happy can be?
 Does He, who has clothed thee in vestments so fair,
 And fed thee, and watched thee, with tenderest care,
 Not watch over all with unwearying eye,
 And pour from a fountain that never runs dry,
 His kindness unbounded on great and on small,
 And his power and his love that sustaineth them all?

Then welcome, bright fly! for a teacher thou art,
 That can'st win, with thy gentle persuasion, my heart.
 No anger, no threatenings, thou usest to awe me;
 But with Love's silken cord dost more easily draw me,
 To willingly offer, at Gratitude's shrine,
 The spirit's pure praise to thy Maker and mine.

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#### INVOCATION TO MR J. D.,

*A Scottish Friend, in London, while suffering under Ill Health.*

AGAIN the Summer's gladdening smile  
 Beams upon our native isle;  
 And the fields are gay with flowers,  
 And amidst the verdant bowers  
 Love triumphant holds his reign,  
 While his voice, in joyful strain,  
 Makes the welkin ring again.  
 Wandering now in woodland green,  
 Where the rarest flowers are seen,  
 Hiding from the vulgar eye,—  
 Oft, my dearest friend, do I  
 Wish that thou my joy could'st share,  
 When I meet with blossom rare:  
 And, methinks, the air so bland,  
 Of thy healthful fatherland,  
 Might thy drooping powers restore  
 To their vigorous tone of yore.

If 'tis city's baleful breath  
 That hath brought thee nigh to death,  
 Why not leave it for a time,  
 And, in more congenial clime,  
 Breath the air that can renew  
 Steady pulse, and rosy hue?  
 Might'st thou not with me explore  
 Scenes thou never traced before;  
 Scenes of grandeur that impart  
 Lofty impulse to the heart;  
 And, amid the mountains hoar,  
 Listening to the cataract's roar,  
 Spend the happy July time,  
 Wooing Flora in her prime.  
 Might we not, from Ben Venue,  
 Gaze on Katrine's waters blue;  
 Or in Trosachs' rugged dell,  
 Seek the flowers thou lov'st so well?  
 Come! Ben Ledi's lofty brow,  
 Is with bloom encircled now;  
 And the sweetest breezes play  
 Round the lovely Loch Achray.  
 Come! the forests swell with sound  
 Of warbling love, and all around  
 Breadalbane's giant mountains rear  
 Their independent heads, and wear  
 Their summer robes of beauty bright;  
 And Flora's votaries invite  
 To banquet of supreme delight.

How happy could I climb with thee  
 Ben Vorlich's bold acclivity;  
 Or Lawers' loftier summit seek,  
 Where colder breezes fan the cheek;  
 Or fondly hotanizing stray,  
 Along the banks of clear Loch Tay;  
 Or spend the balmy evening hours  
 In Aberfeldy's birken bowers:  
 Where, in fragrant green recess,  
 You might hear the glad Moness,  
 Leap from rock to rock with glee,  
 Singing in his revelry,  
 Till the very echoes seem  
 Quite enamoured of his theme.  
 Come! while Flora o'er the land  
 Scatters, with a graceful hand,  
 Beauty, that can joy impart  
 To the sense, and to the heart.

'Ere the voice of music dies  
 In the woods, and sunny skies ;  
 Ere the rosy moments fly  
 To their home,—Eternity !  
 Haste thee northward once again,  
 Leave behind the southern plain ;  
 And on hill and mountain free,  
 Gather health and flowers with me.

W. G., D.

## THE OLD GREY MARE.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

SOME dozen long years had this famous old tit  
 Been grazing in meadows and champing the bit ;  
 And used as a roadster or rid in the chase,  
 She still went along at a famous old pace.  
 She had had from a colt but one master to please,  
 And had carried him well and yet done it with ease ;  
 And never was known in her lifetime to slack,  
 When her darling old rider was on her old back.  
 To market she'd fly, like a bounding young hind,  
 And leave half the nags of the village behind ;  
 Thro' rain or thro' sunshine, thro' fire, or thro' flood—  
 Not mattered a jot to this " old bit of blood."  
 At times her old rider would sleep on his way,  
 Worn out with the heat and fatigue of the day ;  
 And then, oh ! how gently she'd bear his old weight,  
 And neigh when she came to the old farm-yard gate.  
 Should a crack pack of hounds chance come opening by,  
 She'd prick up her ears at the merry old cry ;  
 And 'twas no wondrous thing for this mettlesome elf,  
 When loose in the fields, to go hunting herself.  
 No fence was so high but she over it leapt—  
 No thicket so bushy but through it she crept—  
 Nor wall, hurdle, quickset, nor any such check,  
 But she ventured to clear it, or break her old neck.  
 She was known to one of the best of old sorts,  
 By the veteran lovers of " old English sports ;"  
 And when breaking from cover, would echo the shout—  
 " Hark forward ! hie over ! the old grey is out !"  
 But Time, the destroyer of all that is rare,  
 Hath stiffened the limbs of the bonnie grey mare ;  
 And the spot is but known by an old heap of stones,  
 Where rest now for ever her aged old bones.  
 Her bardy old owner is yet living on,  
 And, since she dropped off, hath crossed many an one ;  
 But never will have it that ought can compare  
 With the speed and the pluck of " the old grey mare."

## THE POOR FIDDLER'S ODE TO HIS OLD FIDDLE.

*(From the Musical World.)*

Torn  
Worn  
Oppressed I mourn  
Bad  
Sad

Three-quarters mad  
Money gone  
Credit none  
Duns at door  
Half a score  
Wife in lair  
Twins again  
Others ailing  
Nurse a railing  
Billy hooping  
Betsy crouching  
Besides poor Joe  
With fester'd toe.

Come, then, my Fiddle,

Come, my time-worn friend,

With gay and brilliant sounds

Somesweet tho' transient solace lend.

Thy polished neck in close embrace

I clasp, while joy illumines my face.

When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,

My drooping spirit pants to rise;

A lively strain I touch—and lo!

I seem to mount above the skies.

There, on Fancy's wing I soar,

Headless of the duns at door;

Oblivious all! I feel my woes no more;

But skip o'er the strings,

As my old Fiddle sings,

"Cheerily, oh! merrily go!

"Passo! good master,

"You very well know

"I will find music,

"If you will find bow,

"From E, up in alto, to G, down below."

Fatigued, I pause to change the time

For some *Adagio*, solemn and sublime.

With graceful action, moves the sinuous arm;

My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,

Throbs equably; whilst every health-corroding care

Lies prostrate, vanquish'd by the soft mellifluous air.

More & more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow,

And Resignation mild, soon smoothes my wrinkled brow,

Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,

The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl;

But, by *Pol.*\* my old Fiddle's the prince of them all.

Could e'en Dryden return, thy praise to rehearse,

His Ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.

Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,

Till called again to pipe thy master's eye.

\*Apollo.



## THE GRAVE OF MY FRIEND.

J. T. CHIPCHASE.

THERE is a calm spot in the churchyard's lone scene,  
 Where the daisies grow wild in the midst of the green,  
 Where the ragged old trees spread their branches on high,  
 And nod to the zephyrs that float in the sky ;—  
 'TIS a spot that I love. In the church-yard around,  
 There is nothing so dear as that grass cover'd mound.  
 There often, in sorrow, I quietly wend,  
 For that beautiful spot is—"The grave of my friend."

When children, our moments together were spent,  
 To the very same school for instruction we went ;  
 On the very same green, by the very same tree,  
 We together have sported in innocent glee :  
 And in that very churchyard we often have stray'd,  
 To pluck the white daisies that grew in the shade,  
 Where now, all alone, in deep sorrow, I bend  
 To bedew with a tear drop—"The grave of my friend."

Thus in childhood the spark of affection was lit,  
 Till by friendship's strong ties we together were knit,  
 For 'twas not an acquaintance that children oft form,  
 Which lives but a season the bosom to warm ;  
 In youth and in manhood it still was a new ;  
 And the longer it lasted the finer it grew ;  
 But firm as it was, it is now at an end,  
 And nothing remains but—"The grave of my friend."

## LIGHT—A LIGHT SKETCH.

BY W. G., DUNDEE.

THE sun is appearing, I feel his warm ray,  
 And the night-clouds are sleepily wearing away ;  
 The sweet lark is singing his song in the sky,  
 And the grove with rich music is ringing hard by.  
 And so when bright reason illumines the heart,  
 The night-clouds of dark superstition depart ;  
 The soul a new morning of gladness espies,  
 With truth's lovely radiance adorning her skies ;  
 And she sings with delight that the darkness is o'er,  
 And the hope that its gloom may benight her no more.

## DYING ADDRESS OF WILL HARA'S HORSE.

O WILL, O Will! I greatly fear,  
 For thee or thine I'll toil nae mair ;  
 My bleeding back forbids to bear  
 Your ne'er-greased cart :  
 Ilk joint o' me is e'en richt sair,  
 And sick's my heart.

Just as the clock struck twal yestreen,  
 I swarfed outright, through fever keen,  
 Which made my twa time-blinded een  
 Stan' i' my head ;  
 I thought ere now I wad hae been  
 Baith stiff and dead.

Ye needna stan', an' Bidge, an' claw,  
 And crack your whip, and me misca' ;  
 'Tis just as true's ye gie me straw  
 Instead o' bran,  
 That my auld stumps forbid to chew,—  
 I'll die or lang.

Or, when I couldna eat sic trash  
 Ye coft, when ye waur scant o' cash,  
 Wi' hazel rung ye did me thrash,  
 On head and hip ;  
 But sune I'll save ye a' that fash,—  
 Lay up your whip !

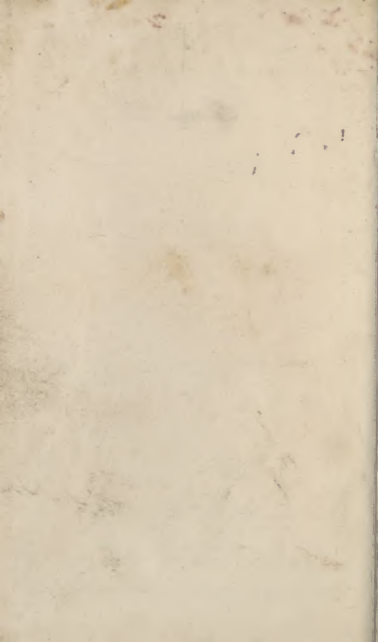
Gae, tell gleyed Pate, your wisest brither,  
 That Death on me has tied his tether ;  
 And syne come quickly, baith thegither,  
 My corpse to manage,  
 And tak' me whar they took my mither,—  
 Straucht to the tannage.

But, guldsake! telna brither Tam,  
 That shapeless semblance o' a man—  
 Wha's liker some ourang-outang  
 Than human being ;  
 Nor ane o' your horse-murdering clan—  
 Your auld mare's deein'.

Mak' haste now, Will, an gang awa,  
 For Pate an' his auld naig to draw  
 My pithless banes to Death's chill ha'—  
 A dreary scene !  
 For, ere you're back I'll lifeless fa'—  
 Amen, Amen !

JAMES GOW.





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