THE

AMARANTH;

A

POETICAL SELECTION

FROM THE

MOST ESTEEMEED BRITISH AUTHORS:

WITH

Notes, Critical and Biographical.

SECOND EDITION.

GLASGOW:

JAMES CAMERON, GALLOWGATE.

1824.

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TO

MR. ALLAN CUNNINGHAME,

OF GALLOWAY,

THIS

Specimen of British Poetry

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS SINCERE ADMIRER,

THE

COMPILER.

PREFACE.

The title to the present volume will, it is presumed, leave little explanation necessary on the part of the Editor. It is a matter of regret, that the high price of modern poetry has put it in a great measure beyond the reach of the mass of the people; and, but for selections like the present, the pathos of Campbell, the splendour of Scott, the vigour of Byron, the sprightliness of Moore, and the manly simpliclty of Cunninghame and Hogg, would be to many but "treasures sealed up."

A cheap collection, therefore, of poetry from popular and modern authors has a fair claim to the patronage of the public, if the selection be tastefully made—and this the patronage of the public will eventually decide. The differences of tastes, however, among the lovers of poetry, render a compilation like the present rather

a delicate and difficult task. The Editor has his own partialities, of course, and the partialities of all his readers to contend with; and it is hard to say but that, in his endeavours to please all, he may not succeed in pleasing one. Wherever the taste of the reader inclines, the want will be felt:—there may be too little of the sublime, or the pathetic, or the narrative, or the descriptive, or the contemplative, or the satiric, or the comic. The utter impossibility of avoiding such complaints will bear an excuse along with them to every candid mind; and the Editor hopes, that, on the whole, the AMARANTH will be found to combine as much variety and excellence as can be found in any volume of the same dimensions.

It will be seen, that the AMARANTH stands upon somewhat higher ground than a mere compilation. The biographical sketches and notes, scattered throughout, were written exclusively for it; and it is presumed that they will be found to add materially to its value.

The Editor cannot conclude without acknowledging his obligations to those friends who have assisted him in his labours, by furnishing him with copies of

celebrated pieces, and otherwise. All the flowers of British Poesy are by no means plucked. He has it yet in his power to gratify the wishes of his friends, in publishing a second volume, which, he doubts not, would be, in regard to the selections equally valuable with the present.

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THE

AMARANTH.

Invocation.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did aronnd thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Arous'd the fearful, or subdu'd the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress wake again!

A SCOTT.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

HECTOR M'NEIL.

HECTOR M'NEIL, was descended from an ancient and respectable family in Argyleshire: his father bore a Captain's commission in the 42d regiment, and served his country with distinguished bravery, till a pulmonary complaint obliged him to exchange the harassing duties of the camp, for the tranquillity and repose of a country life. With this view he purchased the beautiful estate of Rosebank, near Roslin; and here, on the 22d of October, 1743, our poet was born. It was not the fate of Capt. M'Neil to enjoy uninterrupted happiness in this delightful retirement; his hospitable disposition required an expenditure which his fortune was unable to support, and by persevering in this mode of life, he at length embarrassed his affairs in such a manner as obliged him to dispose of his estate, and retire to a small farm on the banks of Loch Lomond. Here, after enjoying a few years of peaceful repose, he was again doomed to encounter adversity: by the failure of some friend, for whom he had become security, he got entangled in a law-suit, and lost a considerable sum of money, which event embittered the remaining years of his life. While struggling with these untoward circumstances, Capt. M'Neil received a visit from a wealthy relation, who, taking a fancy for young Hector, and knowing the Captain's straitened circumstances, promised to provide for the boy; accordingly, after receiving some preliminary education, he was sent on a trial voyage to the West Indies; but the selfish and plodding character of a mercantile life had no charms for the aspiring mind of young M'Neil. He remained in the West Indies for about six years, when the news of his mother and sister's death, together with the precarious state of his father's health, determined him to return to his native country. His father died about 18 months after his arrival, by which event he became possessed of about L.80 per annum; but the failure of a person, entrusted with his money, laid him under the necessity of exerting himself to check the approaching ruin which threatened to overtake him. With his laudable intention he entered the Navy, and obtained the office of Assistant Secretary to Sir Richard Bickerton, with whom he was present in one of the indecisive actions with Admiral Suffrein. But notwithstanding his acknowledged merit, all his efforts to improve his situation proved unavailing, and after an absence of three years, he returned as poor as ever.

Disappointed in this instance, he retired to a small farm house near Stirling, and here he gave to the world the first specimen of his poetical powers; but as it was merely a description of local scenery, it completely failed in spreading the fame of its author. This disappointment was severely felt by M'Neil; and to relieve his mind from such gloomy contemplations, he again returned to the West Indies—was again unsuccessful in his schemes, and again returned in poverty to his native land. About this time he enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Graham of Gartmore, under whose patronage he published his poem of the "Harp." Fortune now cheered him with a fickle smile; for while experiencing the kindness

of Mr. Grahame, and about to enter into a matrimonial engagement with one of his near relations, some circumstances occurred which unfortunately produced a rupture between the two friends and broke off the other connexion at the same time. These accumulated disasters pressed heavily on the mind of the Poet, and at last brought on that scourge of sensitive minds, which is so often the distressing companion of superior genius—a nervous complaint. To relieve the anguish of this dreadful disorder he again applied to the Muses, and the result was the production of "Will and Jean." The flattering reception which it immediately met with from all classes, dispelled for a moment the gloom which had settled on the spirits of our desponding Poet; but it instantly returned with tenfold darkness, and reduced him to utter despair. As the only chance of recovery, he once more returned to the West Indies, and at last Fortune seemed willing to make him some recompense for her former persecution; he there found a generous friend who relieved his wants, and settled on him an annuity for life; along with whom he returned to Britain, with renovated health and spirits. Here he found that his fame had increased in his absence; and that the extensive sale of his works, with the legacies of two deceased relatives, added to the annuity of his friend, had raised him to a state of comparative affluence. From this date M'Neil was freed from the fears of pecuniary embarrassment, and for the last 15 years of his existence, he enjoyed uninterrupted happiness, when death put a period to his eventful life on the 15th of march, 1818.

Although the minor poems of M'Neil possess considerable merit, "Will and Jean" is the basis on which his poetical fame is most firmly established. The chief quality of this fine poem is a dignified and manly simplicity, which is sure to please the unvitiated tastes of all classes, and which the scholar and peasant can peruse with equal satisfaction. The characters and incidents are taken from low life; yet we detect little of either coarseness or vulgarity, in the language or sentiments; and it is, perhaps, the best proof of the author's genius that he was able to weave such a beautiful and interesting story from such simple materials. The events are of such common occurrence, that we see them take place every day; yet, though the narrative is modest, unassuming, and destitute of all adventitious aid, it is never heavy nor tedious, rather almost always lively and interesting. The descriptive parts, especially those of external nature, are enchantingly fine: take, for example, the ale-house of Maggie Howe, the stanzas beginning "Proud 'mang scenes o' simple Nature;" and above all, the close of day at Roslin.

The moral character of the poem reflects the highest credit on the taste and feelings of M'Neil: his laudable endeavour to reclaim his countrymen from pursuits, incompatible with their peace and happiness, is conducted in an amiable and philanthropic manner. He seldom uses an expression which can offend by its grossness, or wound by its bitterness or severity, but appealing to our best feelings, he exhibits to our view the picture of a husband and father; who, while enjoying as much felicity in each of these relations as falls to the lot of human nature, plunges himself and family into degradation and ruin, by gradually deviating from the strict rules of prudence and sobriety; thereby giving a most emphatic warning against the seductions of vice, and presenting the strongest inducement to perseverance in the cultivation of virtue.

SCOTLAND'S SKAITH;

OR THE HISTORY O'

Will and Jean.

WHA was ance like Willie Gairlace,
Wha in neebouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom was in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm!

Wha wi' Will could rin or wrastle,
Throw the sledge or toss the bar?
Hap what wou'd, he stood a castle,
Or for safety or for war.

Warm his heart, and mild as manfu',
Wi' the bauld he bauld could be;
But to friends wha had their handfu',
Purse and service aye war free.

Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie cou'd compare?—
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But war ony half sae fair?

Saft her smile raise like May morning,
Glinting owre Demaits'* brow;
Sweet! wi' op'ning charms adorning
Strivlin's† lovely plain below.

Kind and gentle was her nature;
At ilk place she bore the bell;—
Sic a bloom, and shape, and stature!
But her look nae tongue can tell.

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* One of the Ochil hills near Stirling. Gaelic, 'Dun-ma-chit' The hill of the good prospect. It is pronounced, 'De-myit.'

† The ancient name of Stirling.

Sic was Jean, whan Will first mawing
Spy'd her on a thraward heast ;
Flew like fire, and, just when fa'ing,
Kept her on his manly breast.

Light he hare her pale as ashes,
Cross the meadow fragrant, green,
Plac'd her on the new mawn rashes,
Watching sad her op'ning een.

Sic was Will, when poor Jean, fainting,
Drapt into a lover's arms ;
Waken'd to his saft lamenting ;
Sigh'd and hlush'd a thousand charms.

Soon they loo'd, and soon war huckl'd
Nane took time to think and rue :—
Youth and worth and heauty coupl'd,
Luve had never less to do.

Three short years flew hy fu' canty,
Jean and Will thought them but ane ;
Ilka day hrought joy and plenty,
Ilka year a dainty wean. .

Will wrought sair, but aye wi' pleasure ;
Jean the hale day span and sang ;
Will and weans her constant treasure,—
Blest wi' them, nae day seem'd lang.

Trig her house, and oh ! to husk aye
Ilk sweet hairn was a' her pride !
But at this time NEWS and WHISKY
Sprang nae up at ilk road side.

Luckless was the hour whan Willie,
Hame returning frae the fair,
Ow'rtook Tam, a neehour hillie,
Sax miles frae their hame and mair.

Simmer's heat had lost its fury ;
Calmly smil'd the soher e'en ;
Lasses on the bleachfield hurry,
Skelping harefit owre the green :

Labour rang wi' laugh and clatter,
Canty hairst was just begun,
And on mountain, tree, and water,
Glinted saft the setting sun.

Will and Tam wi' hearts a' lowping,
Markt the hale, but could nae bide;
Far frae hame, nae time for stoppin,—
Baith wish'd for their ain fireside.

On they travell'd, warm and drouthy,
Cracking owre the news in town;
The mair they crack'd, the mair ilk youth aye
Pray'd for drink to wash news down.

Fortune, wha but seldom listens
To poor merit's modest pray'r,
And on fools pours needless blessings,
Hearken'd to our drouthy pair.

In a howm, wha's bonny burnie
Whimprin row'd its crystal flood,
Near the road whar travellers turn aye,
Neat and bield a cot-house stood.

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Haflins seen and haflins hid.

Up the gavel end thick spreading
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back ower firs the high craigs cleeding,
Rais'd a' round a cozy screen.

Down below a flow'ry meadow
Join'd the burnie's winding line;—
Here it was that Howe, the widow,
That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvellin sees,
"PORTER, ALE, and BRITISH SPIRITS,"
Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake, Tam! here's walth for drinking!—
'Wha can this new comer be!'
'Hout!' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in thinking,
'Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

Nae mair time they took to speak or
Think o' ought but reaming jugs,
Till three times in humming liquor
Ilk lad deeply laid his lugs.

Slocken'd now, refresh'd, and talking,
In cam Meg, (well skill'd to please),
'Sirs, ye're surely tir'd wi' walking—
'Ye maun taste my bread and cheese.'

'Thanks,' quo' Will, 'I canna tarry,
'Pick-mirk night is setting in;
'Jean, poor thing's her lane, and eery—
'I maun to the road and rin.'

'Hout!' quo' Tam, 'what's a' the hurry?
'Hame's now scarce a mile o' gate—
'Come sit down—Jean winna weary:
'Lord! I'm sure it's no sae late.'

Will o'ercome wi' Tam's oration,
Baith fell to and ate their fill:
'Tam,' quo' Will, 'in mere discretion,
'We maun hae the Widow's gill.'

After ae gill cam anither—
Meg sat cracking 'tween them twa;
Bang cam in Mat Smith and's brither,
Geordie Brown, and Sandy Shaw.

Neebours wha ne'er thought to meet here,
Now sat down wi' double glee;
Ilk gill aye grew sweet and sweeter,—
Will gat hame 'tween twa and three.

Jean, poor thing, had lang been greetin;
Will, neist morning, blam'd Tam Lowes:
But ere lang an owkly meeting
Was set up at Maggie Howe's.

Maist things hae a sma' beginning,
  But wha kens how things will end?
Owkly clubs are nae great sinning,
  Gin folk hae enough to spend:

But nae man o' sober thinking,
  E'er will say that things can thrive,
If there's spent in owkly drinking
  What keeps wife and weans alive.

Drink maun aye hae *conversation*,
  Ilka social soul allows;
But in this *reforming nation*,
  Wha can speak without the NEWS?

News first meant for State Physicians,
  Deeply skill'd in courtly drugs,
Now, *when a' are politicians*,
  Just to set folk by the lugs—

Maggie's club, wha could get nae light
  On some things that should be clear,
Fand e'er lang the fau't, and ae night
  Clubb'd and gat the GAZETTEER.

Twice a-week to Maggie's cot-house
  Swith by post the papers fled;
Thoughts spring up like plants in hot-house
  Every time the news are read.

Ilk ane's wiser than anither,—
  'Things are nae gaun right,' quo' Tam;
'Let us aftener meet thegither—
  'Twice a owk's no worth a d——n.'

See them now in grave convention,
  To mak a' things square and even,
Or at least wi' firm intention
  To drink sax nights out o' seven.

'Mid this sitting up and drinkin,
  Gathering a' the news that fell,
Will, wha was nae yet past thinkin,
  Had some battles wi' himsel.

On ae hand, drink's deadly poison
Bare ilk firm resolve awa',
On the ither, Jean's condition
Rave his very heart in twa.

Weel he saw her smother'd sorrow;
Weel he saw her bleaching cheek;
Mark't the smile she strave to borrow,
Whan, poor thing, she could na speak!

Jean at first took little heed o'
Owkly clubs 'mang three or four,
Thought, kind soul, that Will had need o'
Heartsome hours whan wark was owre.

But whan now that nightly meetings
Sat and drank frae sax till twa;
When she found that hard earn'd gettings
Now on drink war thrown awa';

Saw her Will, wha ance sae cheerie
Raise ilk morning wi' the lark,
Now grow mauchless, dowf, and swear aye
To look near his farm or wark;

Saw him tyne his manly spirit,
Healthy bloom and sprightly ee;
And o' luve and hame grown wearit,
Nightly frae his family flee;

Wha could blame her heart's complaining;
Wha condemn her sorrows meek?
Or the tears that now ilk e'ening
Bleach'd her lately crimson'd cheek?

Will, wha lang had ru'd and swither'd
(Aye asham'd o' past disgrace)
Mark't the roses as they wither'd
Fast on Jeanie's lovely face!

Mark't, and felt wi' inward racking
A' the wyte lay wi' himsel,—
Swore neist night he'd mak a breakin—
D——n'd the club and news to hell!

But, alas! when habit's rooted,
Few hae pith the root to pu';
Will's resolves war aye nonsuited,—
Promis'd aye—but aye gat fu'.

Aye at first at the convening
Moraliz'd on what was right;
Yet on clavers entertaining
Doz'd and drank till braid day light.

Things at length drew near an ending;
Cash rins out; Jean quite unhappy,
Sees that Will is now past mending,
Tynes a' heart, and takes—a drappy.

Ilka drink deserves a posey;
Port maks men rude; Claret civil;
Beer makes Britons stout and rosy;
Whisky makes ilk wife—a devil.

Jean, wha lately bare affliction
Wi' sae meek and mild an air,
School'd by Whisky, learns new tricks soon,
Flytes, and storms, and rugs Will's hair.

Jean, sae late the tenderest mither,
Fond o' ilk dear dawted wean;
Now, heart-harden'd a' thegither,
Skelps them round frae morn till e'en.

Jean, wha, vogie, loo'd to busk aye
In her hame-spun, thrifty wark,
Now sells a' her braws for Whisky,
To her last gown, coat, and sark!

Rabby Burns, in mony a ditty,
Loudly sings in Whisky's praise;
Sweet his sang—the mair's the pity
E'er on it he war'd sic lays.

O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
E'er yet preed, or e'er will taste,
Brew'd in hell's black Pandemonia,
Whisky's ill will skaith her maist!

'Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace,
'Wha in neebouring town or farm?
'Beauty's bloom shone in bis fair face,
'Deadly strength was in his arm.

'Whan he first saw Jeanie Miller,
'Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
'Thousands had mair hraws and siller,
'But war ony balf sae fair?

See them now!—how chang'd wi' drinking!
A' their youthfu' beauty gane!—
Daver'd, doited, daiz'd, and blinking—
Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In tbe cauld month o' November,
(Claise and cash and credit out,)
Cow'ring owre a dying emher,
Wi' ilk face as white's a clout!

Bond and bill and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,
Now to pay the laird his rent.

No anither nigbt to lodge bere!
No a friend their cause to plead!—
He ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread.

'O' a' the ills poor Caledonia
'E'er yet preed, or e'er will taste,
'Brew'd in hell's hlack Pandemonia,
'Whisky's ill will skaith ber maist!'

END OF THE FIRST PART.

THE WAES O' WAR,

OR

THE UPSHOT O' THE HISTORY O'

Will and Jean.

Oh! that folk wad weel consider
What it is to tyne a name,
What this warl is a' thegither,
If bereft o' honest fame!

Poortith ne'er can bring dishonour,
Hardships ne'er breed Sorrow's smart,
If bright Conscience taks upon her
To shed sunshine round the heart:

But, wi' a' that walth can borrow,
Guilty Shame will aye look down;
What maun then, Shame, Want, and Sorrow,
Wand'ring sad frae town to town!

Jeanie Miller, ance sae cheerie,
Ance sae happy, good, and fair,
Left by Will, neist morning drearie,
Taks the road o' black Despair?

Cauld the blast,—the day was sleeting;
Pouch and purse without a plack!
In ilk hand a bairnie greeting,
And the third tied on her back.

Wan her face! and lean and haggard!
Ance sae sonsie, ance sae sweet!
What a change!—unhous'd and beggar'd,
Starvin—without claes or meat!

Far frae ilk kent spot she wander'd,
Skulking like a guilty thief;
Here and there, uncertain daunder'd,
Stupify'd wi' shame and grief:

But soon Shame, for bygane errors,
Fled owre fast for ee to trace,
Whan grim Death, wi' a' his terrors,
Cam owre ilk sweet hairnie's face!

Spent wi' toil, and cauld, and hunger,
Baith down drapt! and down Jean sat!
'Dais'd and doited,' now nae langer,
Thought—and felt—and bursting, grat.

Gloaming fast, wi' mirky shadow,
Crap ower distant hill and plain;
Darken'd wood, and glen, and meadow,
Adding fearfu' thoughts to pain!

Round and round, in wild distraction,
Jeanie turn'd her tearfu' ee!
Round and round for some protection,
Face nor house she could nae see!

Dark and darker grew the night aye;
Loud and sair the cauld winds thud:
Jean now spied a sma' bit lightie
Blinking through a distant wood.

Up wi' frantic haste she started;
Cauld nor fear she felt nae mair;
Hope, for ae bright moment, darted
Through the gloom o' dark Despair!

Fast o'er fallow'd lea she brattl'd;
Deep she wade through hog and burn;
Sair wi' steep and craig she hattl'd,
Till she reach'd the hop'd sojourn.

Proud, 'mang scenes o' simple nature,
Stately auld, a mansion stood
On a bank whase sylvan feature,
Smil'd out owre the roaring flood.

Simmer here, in varied beauty,
Late her flow'ry mantle spread,
Whar auld chesnut, aik, and yew tree,
Mingling lent their friendly shade:

Blasted now wi' Winter's ravage—
A' their gaudy liv'ry cast;
Wood and glen, in wailings savage,
Sugh and howl to ilka blast!

Darkness stalk'd wi' fancy's terror;
Mountains mov'd and castle rock'd!
Jean, half dead wi' toil and horror,
Reach'd the door, and loudly knock'd.

'Wha thus rudely wakes the sleeping?'
Cry'd a voice wi' angry grane;
'Help! oh help!' cry'd Jeanie weeping,
'Help my infants, or they're gane!

'Nipt wi' cauld! wi' hunger fainting!
'Baith lie speechless on the lea!
'Help!' quo Jeanie, loud lamenting,
'Help my lammies, or they'll die!'

'Wha this travels, cauld and hungry,
'Wi' youug bairns sae late at e'en?
Beggars!' cried the voice mair angry,
'Beggars! wi' their brats, I ween.

'Beggars now, alas! wha lately
'Helpt the beggar and the poor!'
'Fy! gudeman!' cry'd ane, discreetly,
'Taunt nae poortith at our door.

'Sic a night and tale thegither,
'Plead for mair than Anger's din:—
'Rise, Jock!' cried the pitying mither,
'Rise, and let the wretched in!'

'Beggar now, alas! wha lately
'Helpt the beggar and the poor!—
'Enter!' quo the youth fu' sweetly,
While up flew the open door.

'Beggar, or what else, sad mourner!
'Enter without fear or dread;
'Here, thank God, there's aye a corner
'To defend the houseless head.

'For your bairnies cease repining;
'If in life, ye'll see them soon.'
Aff he flew; and brightly shining,
Through the dark clouds brak the moon.

PART II.

HERE, for ae night's kind protection,
Leave we Jean and weans a while;
Tracing Will in ilk direction,
Far frae Britain's fostering isle!

Far frae scenes o' saft'ning pleasure,
Luve's delights, and Beauty's charms;
Far frae Friendship's social leisure,
Plung'd in murdering WAR's alarms!

Is it Nature, Vice, or Folly,
Or Ambition's feverish brain,
That sae aft, wi' melancholy,
Turns, sweet PEACE! thy joys to pain?

That, wi' a' thy charms enticing,
To the e'e and to the heart,
(Ilk endearing bliss despising),
Tempts weak man from thee to part?

Willie Gairlace, without siller,
Credit, claise, or ought beside,
Leaves his ance lov'd Jeanie Miller,
And sweet bairns to warld wide!

Leaves his native, cozy dwellin,
Shelter'd haughs and birken braes;
Greensward hows and dainty mealin,
Ance his profit, pride, and praise!

Deck't wi' scarlet, sword, and musket,
Drunk wi' dreams as fause as vain,
Fleech'd and flatter'd, roos'd and buskit,
Wow! but Will was wondrous fain!

But when shipt to toils and dangers,
Wi' the cauld ground for his bed—
Compass'd round wi' faes and strangers—
Soon Will's dreams o' fancy fled.

Led to Battle's blood-dy'd banners,
Waving to the widow's moan,
Will saw Glory's boasted honours
End in life's expiring groan!

Round Valenciennes' strong wa'd city,
Thick owre Dunkirk's fatal plain,
Will (though dauntless) saw wi' pity,
Britain's valiant sons lie slain!

Fir'd by Freedom's burning fever,
Gallia strack Death's slaught'ring knell;
Frae the Scheldt to Rhine's deep river,
Britons fought—but Britons fell!

Fell unaided!—though cemented
By the faith o' Friendship's laws;
Fell unpity'd—unlamented,
Bluiding in a thankless cause!

In the thrang o' comrades deeing,
Fighting foremost o' them a'
Swith! Fate's winged ball cam fleeing
And took Willie's leg in twa.

Thrice frae aff the ground he started;
Thrice to stand he strave in vain;
Thrice, as fainting strength departed,
Sigh'd and sank 'midst heaps o' slain!

Driven at last frae post to pillar,
Left by friends wha ne'er prov'd true;
Trick'd by knaves, wha pouch'd our siller,
What could worn-out valour do?

Myriads dark, like gathering thunder,
Bursting, spread owre land and sea;
Left alane, alas! nae wonder
Britain's sons were forc'd to flee!

Cross the Waal and Yssel frozen,
Deep through bogs and drifted snaw,
Wounded—weak—and spent, our chosen
Gallant men now faint and fa'!

On a cart wi' comrades bluiding,
Stiff wi' gore, and cauld as clay,
Without covering, bed, or bedding,
Five lang nights Will Gairlace lay.

In a sick-house, damp and narrow,
(Left behind, wi' hundreds mair.)
See Will neist, in pain and sorrow,
Wasting on a bed o' care.

Wounds, and pain, and burning fever,
Doctors cur'd wi' healing art;
Cur'd, alas! but never, never
Cool'd the fever at his heart.

For whan a' were sound and sleeping,
Still and on, baith ear' and late,
Will in briny grief lay steeping,
Mourning owre his hapless fate.

A' his gowden prospects vanish'd,
A' his dreams o' warlike fame;
A' his glittering phantoms banish'd
Will could think o' nought but hame.

Think o' nought but rural quiet,
Rural labour, rural ploys;
Far frae carnage, bluid, and riot,
War, and a' its murd'ring joys.

PART III.

BACK to Britain's fertile garden,
Will's return'd, (exchang'd for faes)
Wi' ae leg, and no a farden,
Friend or credit, meat or claise.

Lang through country, burgh, and city,
Crippling on a wooden leg,
Gathering alms frae melting pity,
See poor Gairlace forc'd to beg!

Plac'd at length on Chelsea's bounty,
Now to langer beg thinks shame,
Dreams ance mair o' smiling plenty---
Dreams o' former joys and hame.

Hame! and a' its fond attractions,
Fast to Will's warm bosom flee;
While the thoughts o' dear connexions
Swell his heart and blind his ee.---

'Monster! wha could leave neglected
'Three sma' infants and a wife,
'Naked—starving—unprotected—
'Them, too, dearer ance than life!

'Villain! wha wi' graceless folly,
'Ruin'd her he ought to save!
'Chang'd her joys to melancholy,
'Beggary, and—perhaps a grave!

Starting—wi' remorse distracted---
Crush'd wi' Grief's increasing load,
Up he bang'd; and, sair afflicted,
Sad and silent took the road.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin,
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
On a cart, or in a waggon,
Hirpling aye towards the North.

Tir'd ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the Southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sugh'd the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud:

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating;
Linties sang on ilka tree;
Frae the West, the sun, near setting,
Flam'd on Roslin's * tower sae hie:

Roslin's towers, and braes sae bonny,
Craigs and water, woods and glen,
Roslin's banks, unpeer'd by ony,
Save the muse's Hawthornden. †

Ilka sound and charm delighting;
Will (though hardly fit to gang)
Wander'd on through scenes inviting,
List'ning to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream, to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

'Soldier rise! the dews o' e'ening
'Gathering fa' wi' deadly skaith:
'Wounded soldier! if complaining,
'Sleep nae here and catch your death.

'Traveller waken!—night advancing
'Cleeds wi' grey the neeb'ring hill;
'Lambs nae mair on knowes are dancing—
'A' the woods are mute and still.'

'What hae I,' cry'd Willie, waking,
'What hae I frae night to dree?
'Morn, thro' clouds in splendour breaking,
'Lights nae bright'ning hope to me.

'House nor hame, nor farm, nor stedding,
'Wife nor bairns hae I to see!
'House nor hame, nor bed nor bedding,—
'What hae I frae night to dree?'

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* Roslin Castle.

† The ancient seat of the celebrated poet, William Drummond, who flourished in 1585.

'Sair, alas! and sad and many
'Are the ills poor mortals share!
'Yet, though hame nor bed ye hae nae,
'Yield nae, Soldier, to despair.

'What's this life, sae wae and wearie,
'If Hope's bright'ning beams should fail!
'See! though night comes, dark and eerie,
'Yon sma'. cot-light cheers the dale!

'There, though walth and waste ne'er riot,
'Humbler joys their comforts shed,
'Labour—health—content—and quiet—
'Mourner, there ye'se get a bed!

'Wife, 'tis true, wi' bairnies smiling,
'There, alas! ye need nae seek—
'Yet there bairns, ilk care beguiling,
'Paint wi' smiles a mither's cheek

'A' her earthly pride and pleasure
'Left to cheer her widow'd lot!
'A' her warldly walth and treasure
'To adorn her lanely cot.

'Cheer, then, Soldier, 'midst affliction
'Bright'ning joys will aften shine;
'Virtue aye claims Heaven's protection—
'Trust to providence divine.

PART. IV.

SWEET as Rosebank's * woods and river,
Cool, when summer's sunbeams dart,
Came ilk word, and cool'd the fever
That lang burnt at Willie's heart.

Silent stept he on, poor fallow!
List'ning to his guide before,
O'er green knowe and gowany hallow,
Till they reach'd the cot-house door.

* Rosebank, near Roslin, the author's place of nativity.

Laigh it was; yet sweet, though humble;
Deckt wi' hinnysuckle round;
Clear below Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers*, sae white and stately,
Dim by gloaming, glint to view;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red and lift sae blue!

Entering now, in transport mingle,
Mother fond, and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle:
Bleazing on a clean hearth-stane,

'Soldier, welcome!—come! be cheerie—
'Here ye'se rest and tak your bed—
'Faint, waes me! ye seem and wearie,
'Pale's your cheek, sae lately red!

'Changed I am,' sighed Willie till her;
'Chang'd nae doubt, as chang'd can be;
'Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
'Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?'

Hae ye markt the dews o' morning
Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', whan, without warning,
Rough blasts cam and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing
Drap, when pierc'd by Death mair fleet!
Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,
Senseless drap at Willie's feet!

After three lang years' affliction,
(A' their waes now husht to rest,)
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Tells him a' her sad, sad sufferings!
How she wandered, starving poor,
Gleaning Pity's scanty offerings,
Wi' three bairns, frae door to door!

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* Melville Castle, the seat of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas.

How she served—and toiled—and fever'd,
Lost her health, and syne her bread;
How that Grief, when scarce recover'd,
Took her brain, and turn'd her head.

How she wander'd round the county
Mony a live lang night her lane;
Till at last an angel's bounty,
Brought her senses back again!

Gae her meat—and claise—and siller;
Gae her bairnies wark and lear;
Lastly, gae this cot-house till her,
Wi' four sterling pounds a year!

Willie, hearkening, wiped his een aye!—
'Oh! what sins hae I to rue!
'But say, wha's this angel, Jeanie?'
'Wha,' quo' Jeanie, 'but Buccleugh!*

'Here, supported—cheered—and cherished,
'Nine blest months I've lived and mair;
'Seen these infants clad and nourished,
'Dried my tears, and tint despair:

'Sometimes serving, sometimes spinning,
'Light the lanesome hours gae round:
'Lightly, too, ilk quarter rinning,
'Brings yon angel's helping pound!

'Eight pounds mair,' cried Willie, fondly,
'Eight pounds mair will do no harm!
'And, O Jean! gin friends war kindly,
'Twall pounds soon might stock a farm.

'There ance mair to thrive by ploughin',
'Freed frae a' that peace destroys,
'Idle waste and drunken ruin,
'War and a' its murdering joys!

Thrice he kiss'd his lang-lost treasure;
Thrice ilk bairn—but could na speak;
Tears of luve, and hope and pleasure,
Streamed in silence down his cheek!

* The Duchess of Buccleugh, the unwearied patroness and supporter of the afflicted and the poor.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Written in 1746.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life;
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in every clime
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:

No strains, but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain,

O baneful cause! oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood,
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend.
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies,

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn.

SMOLLET.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

ALLAN RAMSAY.

ALLAN RAMSAY was born on the 15th of October, 1686, at Leadhills, in Lanarkshire. His father was superintendant of Lord Hopetoun's mines there, and his mother, Alice Bower, was the daughter of a gentleman in Derbyshire. All the education which Allan ever received was at his native parish school in Crawfordmuir, where it is probable he merely went through the common routine of instruction to be had at such seminaries. The death of his father in early life prevented him, it is to be supposed, from receiving any thing like a liberal education, and forced him to seek, while yet a youth, a means of livelihood in the Scottish capital. There he became bound as an apprentice to a *wig-maker*---an occupation which the greater part of his biographers are very anxious to distinguish from a *barber*, but with what degree of justice we know not, nor need we care to know. Allan himself, it would seem, was not ashamed of his trade, but continued in it long after his apprenticeship had ceased: nor did he abandon it for the more congenial pursuit of bookselling, untill he had held for some time a name in the poetical world. The exact period when he commenced bookseller we cannot ascertain; but he is said to have been the first who established a circulating library in Scotland. The library still exists; and is now perhaps the most extensive of the kind in Britain. His first shop, as we learn from the imprint of some of his books, was, "at the sign of the Mercury, opposite to Niddry's Wynd;" but in 1786, he removed to a house at the east end of the Luckenbooths, and, instead of Mercury, adopted for his sign the heads of Ben Johnson and Drummond of Hawthornden.—In 1720, he published a collection of his poems, in one vol. quarto, which was so liberally subscribed for, that he is said to have cleared by it four hundred guineas. The greater part of the pieces in this collection had previously appeared, at different periods, in the form of sheets or half-sheets; and so popular had their author become, that it was quite customary for the good people of Edinburgh to send their children with coppers for "Allan Ramsay's last piece."---In 1724, the first volume of "The Tea-Table Miscellany, a collection of Songs," appeared, which was soon followed by a second and third volume. The rapid sale of this compilation induced Ramsay to publish another, entitled, "The Evergreen, being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the Ingenious before 1600," which was equally successful. The liberty which he took, and, the carelessness which he showed, as an editor, in both these compilations, have been justly lamented by every lover of antiquity and of poetry. He lived at a time when many of the olden effusions of our country were still afloat, and when he might have given them in their genuine state, and redeemed them from the oblivion into which they have now sunk; but, so far from showing any anxiety on his head, he took the

utmost liberty with his originals---made it his boast how many *new words* he and "some ingenious young gentleman" had given to old airs---how many *alterations* and *improvements* he had introduced;---and thus helped to annihilate some of the finest ballads, perhaps, which this "Land of Song" has produced.---His next publication, however, established his fame upon a sure and lasting basis. In 1725, appeared "The Gentle Shepherd"---the best pastoral perhaps in any language. Its success was instantaneous and unprecedented: edition followed edition with great rapidity; and it was not long till it was known by every lover of poetry, and---what bespeaks a higher popularity---till it had taken a place on the shelf of almost every cottage in Scotland.---In 1728, a second quarto volume of his poems appeared; and in 1730, his "Thirty Fables," which concluded his public poetical labours. The "Fables" are undoubtedly the best of Ramsay's lesser productions. Among them stands "*The Monk and the Miller's Wife*;" a story which, although previously told by Dunbar, "would of itself," as a competent judge has remarked, "be Ramsay's passport to immortality as a comic poet."---He was now at the height of his celebrity; his acquaintance was courted by many distinguished individuals, and his shop was the common resort of the literary characters and wits of Edinburgh. An extract from a letter to a friend, which he wrote about this period, gives us a very enviable view of his latter years:---"Half a century of years have now rowed o'er my pow, that begins now to be lyart; yet, thanks to my Author! I eat, drink, and sleep, as sound as I did twenty years syne. Yes, I laugh heartily too, and find as many subjects to employ that faculty upon as ever. Fools, fops, and knaves, grow as rank as formerly; yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men, who are an honour to human life. . . . . My gude auld wife is still my bedfellow. My son, Allan,* has been pursuing your science [painting] since he was a dozen years auld," &c. . . . . "I have three daughters, one of 17, one of 16, and one of 12 years old; and no waly-draggle among them---all fine girls. These six or seven years past I have not written a line of poetry. I e'en gave over in good time, before the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years, should make me risk the reputation I had acquired."---In 1736, he took a principal part in the erection of a theatre in Carubber's Close, by which he came to considerable pecuniary loss; and it is remarked by his biographers, that this was perhaps the only unfortunate project in which he ever was engaged.---In 1743, his wife died, to whom he had been married above thirty years; and soon after this, with the idea of relinquishing his shop, he built a house on the north side of Castle-hill, in rather a whimsical style of architecture. Here he spent the last twelve years of his life in a calm and pleasant manner; although he did not give up his shop until within three years of his disease. He died on the 7th January, 1758, aged 72; and was buried in Greyfriars' Church-yard, where a monument to his memory has recently been erected.

The life of Ramsay is not one on which the mind can dwell with melancholy enthusiasm, as on those of his great successors, *Ferguson* and *Burns*; but it affords an excellent practical illustration of what may be done by industry, good behaviour, and talent. It is a simple and a chequered narration of one who was fortunate both as an author and a man of business; and yet it bears along with it throughout an evident cause of his good fortune---the combination of prudence and poetry---of

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* Who afterwards became a distinguished portrait painter, as well as an intelligent political writer. He died in 1784.

worldly-wisdom and a love of the Muses—of Mammon and Appollo. It was Ramsay's endeavour to

——— "prove to ilka Scot,
That *poortith's* no the poet's lot;"

and he certainly, in respect to himself, succeeded in doing so. But the necessary consequence of such an endeavour was—to lessen the fire and independence of genuine poetry—to lead him to study the taste and feeling of the public, instead of relying on his own—and to call forth from his pen many a sycophantic panegyric, on which the lofty heart looks with pity and disdain. There is, however, much fancy and love of nature, shrewdness, wit, and humour, scattered throughout his writings; and, although we may find little either of pathos or dignity in them—although we may be grieved, in many places, at his indelicacy, his flattery, or his egotism—we must always venerate him as the restorer of Scottish poetry—as the first who, after a hideous gap, revived our national literature, and struck a lyre, the vibrations of which still echo among our hills and our valleys.

THE

MONK AND MILLER'S WIFE.

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit o' wine;
An' you wha laughin' scud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, an' hear a tale.

An honest miller won'd in Fife,
That had a young an' wanton wife,
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest
To mak her man a twa-horn'd beast.
This lad paid mony visits till her;
An', to keep in wi' Hab the miller,
H' endeavour'd aft to mak him happy,
Whare'er he kent the ale was nappy.
Sic condescension in a pastor
Knit Halbert's love to him the faster;
An' by his converse, trouth 'tis true,
Hab learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wond'rous pleas'd,
The wife weel serv'd, the man weel eas'd:
This grunds his corn, an' that did cherish
Himsel' wi' dinin' roun the parish.

Bess, the gudewife, thought it nae skaith,
Sin' she was fit to serve them baith.
When equal is the night an' day,
An' Ceres gies the schools the play,
A youth sprung frae a gentler *pater*,
Bred at St. Andrews *alma-mater*,
Ae day gaun hameward, it fell late,
An' him benighted by the gate:
To lie without, pit-mirk did shore him,
He coudna' see his thum' before him:
But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
Whilk led him by the lugs theretill.
To tak the thread o' tale alang,
This mill to Halbert did belang;
Not less this note your notice claims,
The scholar's name was Maister James.
Now, smilin' muse, the prelude past,
Smoothly relate a tale shall last
As lang as Alps an' Grampian hills,
As lang as win' or water mills.
In enter'd James, Hab saw an' kend him,
And offer'd kindly to befriend him
Wi' sic gude cheer as he cou'd make
Baith for his ain and father's sake.
The scholar thought himsel' right sped,
An' gae him thanks in terms weel bred,
Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill
As yet;—but step ye west the kill
A bowshot, an' ye'll fin' my hame:
Gae warm ye, an' crack wi' our dame,
'Till I set aff the mill, syne we
Shall tak what Bessy has to gie.
James in return, what's handsome said,
O'er lang to tell; an' aff he gade.
Out o' the house some light did shine,
Whilk led him till't as wi' a line:
Arriv'd he knock'd, for doors were steekit;
Straight thro' a window Bessy keekit,

An cries, 'Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
At sic untimous time o' night?'
James wi' good humour maist discreetly,
Tald her his circumstance completely.
'I dinna ken ye,' quoth the wife,
'An' up an' down the thieves are rife;
Withiu, my lane, I'm hut a woman,
Sae I'll unhar my door to nae man;
But sin' 'tis very like, my dow,
Tbat a' ye're tellin' may be true,
Hae, tbere's a key, gang in your way
At the neist door, there's hraw ait strae:
Streek down upon't, my lad, and learn
They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn.'
Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
James fan' he coudna men' the matter;
An' sin' it might nae better be,
Wi' resignation took the key,
Unlock't the harn—clam up the mou,
Whare was an openin' near the hou,
Through whilk he saw a glint o' light,
That gae diversion to his sight:
By this he quickly could discern
A thin wa' sep'rate house an' barn,
An' thro' this rive was i' the wa',
A' done within the house he saw:
He saw (what ought not to be seen,
An' scarce ga'e credit to his een,)
The parish priest, of rev'rend fame
In active courtship wi' the dame—
To lengthen out description here,
Wad but offend the modest ear,
An' beet the lewder youthfu' flame,
That we by satire strive to tame.
Suppose the wicked action o'er,
An' James continuing still to glowr;
Wha saw the wife, as fast as able,
Spread a clean servite on the table,

Syne bring frae the ha' ingle ben
A pipin het young roasted hen,
An' twa gude bottles stout an' clear,
Ane o' strong ale an' ane o' beer.
But wicked luck, just as the priest,
Shot in his fork in chucky's breast,
Th' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,
Cried, "Bessy, haste ye ope the door."
Wi' that the haly letcher fled,
An' darn'd himsel' behint a bed;
While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,
That nought the cuckold might espy;
Syne loot him in,——but out of tune,
Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon:
'I come,' said he, 'as manners claims,
To crack an' wait on Maister James,
Whilk I sou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bizzy;
I sent him him here, gudewife, whare is he?'
'Ye sent him here, (quoth Bessy, grumling,)
Ken I this James? A chiel cam' rumling;
But how was I assur'd, when dark,
That he had been nae thievish spark,
Or some rude wencher gotten a dose,
That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?'
'An' what cam' o' him? speak nae langer,'
Cries Halbert, in a Highlan' anger.
'I sent him to the barn,' quoth she;
'Fy! gang an' bring him in,' quoth he.
James was brought in—the wife was bawk'd—
The priest stood close—the miller crack'd—
Then ask'd his sulken gloomy spouse,
What supper had she in the house,
That might be suitable to gie
Ane o' their lodger's qualitie?
Quoth she, ye may weel ken, gudeman,
Your feast comes frae the parritch pan:
The stov'd an' roasted we afford,
Are aft great strangers on our board.

'Parritch,' quoth Hab, 'ye senseless tawpie!
Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpie?
An' that his gentle stamock's maister
To worry up a pint o' plaister?
Like our mill-knaves that lift the ladin',
Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaidin'.
Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
An' sen' for ale frae Maggy Pickens.'
'Hout I,' quoth she, 'ye may weel ken,
'Tis ill brought butt that's nae there ben;
When but last owk, nae farder gane,
The laird got a' to pay his kain.'
Then James, wha had as guid a guess
O' what was in the house as Bess,
Wi' pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himsel' an' ease his friend,
First open'd wi' a slee oration,
His wondrous skill in conjuration;
Said he, 'By this fell art I'm able
To whup aff ony great man's table
Whate'er I like to mak' a meal o'
Either in part or yet the hale o',—
An' if ye please, I'll shaw my airt.'
Cries Halbert, 'Faith wi' a' my heart!'
Bess fain'd hersel',—cried, 'Lord be here!'
An' near hand fell a swoon for fear.
James leugh, an' bade her naething dread,
Syne to his conj'ring gaed wi' speed;
An' first he draws a circle roun',
Then utters mony a magic soun'
O' words part Latin, Greek, an' Dutch,
Enow to fright a very witch:
That done, he says, 'now, now 'tis come,
An' in the bole beside the lum;
Now set the board; gudewife, gae ben,
Bring frae yon bole a roasted hen.'
She wadna gang, but Habby ventur'd;
An' soon as he the amrie enter'd,

It smell'd sae weel he short time sought it,
An' wond'rin', 'tween his hands he brought it,
He view'd it roun', an' thrice he smelt it,
Syne wi' a gentle touch he felt it.
Thus ilka sense he did convene,
Lest glamour had beguil'd his een;
They a' in ae united body,
Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.
'Nae mair about it,' quoth the miller,
'The fowl looks weel, an' we'll fa' till her.'
'Sae be't,' says James; an' in a doup,
They snapt her up baith stoup an' roup.
'Neist, O!' cries Halbert, 'could your skill
But help us to a waught o' yill,
I'd be oblig'd t'ye a' my life,
An' offer to the Deil my wife;
To see if he'll discreeter mak her,
But that I'm fley'd he winna tak her.'
Said James, 'Ye offer very fair,
The bargain's hadden, sae nae mair.'
Then thrice he shook a willow wand,
Wi' kittle words thrice ga'e command;
That done, wi' look baith learn'd an' grave,
Said, 'Now ye'll get what ye wad have;
Twa bottles o' as nappy liquor
As ever ream'd in horn or bicker,
Behin' the ark that hauds your meal,
Ye'll fin' twa stan'in corkit weel.'
He said, an' fast the miller flew,
An' frae their nest the bottles drew;
Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted;
His father's neist,—an' a' the rest
O' his guid friends that wish'd him best,
Which were o'er langsome at the time,
In a short tale to put in rhyme.
Thus, while the miller an' the youth
Were blythely slock'ning o' their drouth,

Bess, frettin,' scarcely beld frae greetin',
The priest inclos'd stood vex'd and sweatin'.
'O wow,' said Hab, 'if ane might speir,
Dear Maister James, wha brought our cheer?
Sic laits appear to us sae awfu',
We hardly think your learnin' lawfu'.
'To bring your doubts to a conclusion,'
Says James, 'ken I'm a Rosicrucian;
Ane o' the set that never carries
On traffic wi' black deils or fairies;
There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deil,
That constantly aroun' us wheel.
There was a sage call'd Albumazor,
Whase wit was gleg as ony razor:
Frae this great man we learn'd the skill
To bring these gentry to our will;
An' they appear, when we've a mind,
In ony shape o' human kind:
Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
I'll gar my Pacelot appear.'
Hab fidg'd an' leugh, his elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd an' fain a sp'rit to view:
At last his courage wan the day,
He to the scholar's will gae way.
Bessy by this began to smell
A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell:
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
But meantime tipt young James a wink.
James frae his e'e an answer sent,
Which made the wife right weel content:
Then turn'd to Hab, an' thus advis'd,
Whate'er you see, be nought surpriz'd,
But for your saul move not your tongue;
An' ready stan' wi' a big rung,
Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
Be sure to lend him a soun' rout:
I bidna this by way o' mockin',
For nought delights bim mair than knockin'.

Hab gat a kent—stood by the hallan,
An' straught the wild mischievous callan
Cries, ' Radamanthus Husky Mingo,
Monk, Horner, Hippock, Jiuko, Jingo,
Appear in likeness o' a priest,
' No like a deil in shape o' beast,
Wi' gapin' chafts to fleg us a':
Wauk forth, the door stan's to the wa'!'
Then frae the hole whare he was pent,
The priest approach'd right weel content,
Wi' silent pace strade o'er the floor,
'Till he was drawin' near the door,
Then to escape the cudgel ran,
But wasna miss'd by the gudeman,
Wha lent him on the neck a lounder,
That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
Darkness soon hid him frae their sight,
Ben flew the miller in a fright:
' I trow!' quoth he, ' I laid weel on;
But, wow! he's like our ain Mess John!'

RAMSAY.

LINES

ON THE RECEIPT OF

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
' Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bless'd be the art that can immortalize,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.— Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return,
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation every day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight

Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blast drive devious tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By Contemplation's help not sought in vain,
I seem'd t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again:
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,

Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left. *

THE
TINKER AND MILLER'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE.

THE meanest creature somewhat may contain,
As Providence ne'er makes a thing in vain.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling tinker,
In fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,
Pass'd in some village near a miller's door;—
Where, lo! his eye did most astonish'd catch
The miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,
Deform'd, and monstrous ugly, to be sure.

Struck with th' uncommon form, the tinker *started*,
Just like a frighten'd horse or murd'rer carted,
Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope:
Turning his brain about, in a brown study
(For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy),
'Sbud! (quoth the tinker) I have now some hope;
'Fortune, the jade, is not far off, perchance'—
And then began to rub his hands, and dance.

Now all so full of love, o'erjoy'd he ran,
Embrac'd and squeez'd Miss Grist, and thus began:

'My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss Grist,
Now may I never mend a kettle more,
If ever I saw one like *you* before!'
Then 'nothing loth,' like Eve, the nymph he kiss'd.

* This beautiful tribute to departed worth is from the pen of Cowper. It was written on receiving his mother's picture from his cousin, Ann Bodham, an event which seems to have had a strong effect on the mind of the Poet, and to have awakened within him emotions of a very mournful yet pleasing description. The retrospective view of the affecting events of his juvenile years, is recorded with all the sensibility and feeling which characterized this interesting author; leaving us in doubt whether we should admire most the filial affection of the son, or the elegance of the Poet.

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist
Thought opportunity should not be miss'd;
Knowing that prudery oft lets slip a joy;
Thus was Miss Grist too *prudent* to be coy.

For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce,
To flout a swain when offers are but scarce.

She did not *scream*, and cry, 'I'll not be woo'd;
Keep off, you smutty fellow—don't be rude;
I'm meat for your superiors, tinker.'—*No*,
Indeed she treated not the tinker *so*.

But lo, the damsel, with her usual squint,
Suffer'd her tinker lover to imprint
Sweet kisses on her lips, and squeeze her hand,
Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,
And in love's plain and pretty language woo her,
Without a frown, or even a reprimand.

Soon won, the nymph agreed to join his bed,
And, when the tinker chose, to church be led.

Now to the father the brisk lover hied,
Who at his noisy mill so busy plied,
Grinding, and taking *handsome* toll of corn,
Sometimes indeed too *handsome* to be *borne*.

'Ho! Master Miller,' did the tinker say—
Forth from his cloud of flour the miller came.
'Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—
God's very kind'—the miller said the *same*.

'Now, miller, possibly you may not guess
At this same business I am come about:
'Tis this then,—know, I love your daughter Bess:—
There, Master Miller, now the riddle's *out*.

"I'm not for mincing matters, Lord! d'ye see—
"I *likes* your daughter Bess, and she likes *me*.'

'Poh! quoth the miller, grinning at the tinker,
'Thou does not mean to marriage to persuade her;
Ugly as is the devil I needs must think her,
Though, to be sure, 'tis said, 'twas *me* that made her.

'No, no, though she's my daughter, I'm not *blind*:
But tinker, what hath now possess'd thy mind;
Thou'rt the first offer she has met, by *Gad*—
But tell me, tinker art thou drunk, or mad?'

'No—I'm not drunk nor mad,' the tinker cried,
'But Bet's the maid I wish to make my bride;
No girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel.'
'Why, fool,' the miller said, 'Bet hath a *hump!*
And then her *nose!*—the nose of my old pump.'
'I know it,' quoth the tinker, 'know it well.'

'Her *face*,' quoth Grist, 'is freckled, wrinkled, flat;
Her *mouth* as wide as that of my Tom cat;
And then she squints a thousand ways at once—
Her waist, a corkscrew; and her hair how red!
A downright bunch of carrots on her head—
Why what the devil is got into thy sconce?'

'No devil is in my sconce,' rejoin'd the tinker;
'But, Lord! what's that to you, if *fine*, I think her?'

'Why, man,' quoth Grist 'she's fit to make a show,
And therefore sure I am that thou must banter!'
'Miller!' replied the tinker, 'right! for know,
'Tis for that *very thing*. a show, I want her.'

PETER PINDAR.*

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* Dr. John Wolcot, so long known by the fictitious name of PETER PINDAR, *Esq.*, was a native of Dodbrook, a small town near Kingsbridge, in Devonshire. He studied medicine first under his uncle at Fowey, in Cornwall, and afterwards under the ablest professors in London: and in 1768, through the interest of Sir William Trelawney, Governor of Jamaica, he was appointed Physician-General to that island. There he remained until the death of the Governor, when he returned to England, and practised medicine for some years in Cornwall. About 1782, however, he removed to the metropolis, and continued there during the whole of his long and agitating literary career. He died in 1819, at an advanced age.—There have been few poets who have excelled in the various and diversified walks of poetry to such a degree as Peter Pindar. Although satire was his principal *forte*, he was equally happy in the sentimental, the pathetic, and the ludicrous: and his collected works may very properly receive the appellation with which he has particularized one of his publications—*Tears and Smiles*—"It is a pity," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, whom we consider to be one of the best judges of English poetry in the present day,—"It is a pity that Peter Pindar had not a little more principle in his writings; for he has really a most original vein of hu-

THE

FLOWER GARDEN.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt every where;
And each flower and shrub on earth's dark breast,
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and tulip tall,
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Thro' their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth purple, white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense,

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mour,—such a mixture of Simplicity, archness, and power of language, with an air of Irish helplessness running throughout, as is irresistably amusing, and constitutes him a class by himself. He is the Fontaine of lampooners.—I know not," he adds, "whether any body ever thought of turning to him for his versification; but the lovers of the English heroic would be pleased, as well as surprised, to find in his management of it a more easy and various music than in much higher poets."

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath address'd,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mœnad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fury star, which is its eye,
Gaz'd thro' clear dew on the tender sky.

And the jessamine faint, and sweet tube-rose,
The sweetest flower, for scent, that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden, in perfect prime.

SHELLEY.

WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;—
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is?—it is!—the cannon's opening roar

Within a window'd niche of that high hall,
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smil'd because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And rous'd the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from our young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of War;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near the beat of the alarming drum
Rous'd up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Camerons gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and thrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils

The stirring mem'ry of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clans-
man's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure: when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
And low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent! BYRON.

THE
AULD MAN'S FAREWEEL
TO HIS
WEE HOUSE.

I LIKE ye weel, my wee auld house,
Though laigh thy wa's an flat thy riggin,'
Though roun' thy lum the souruck grows,
An' rain-draps gaw thy cozy biggin'.

Lang hast thou happit mine an' me,
My head's grown gray aneath thy kipple,
An' aye thy ingle cheek was free
Baith to the blind man an' the cripple.

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,
An' kept my little store increasin'?
The rich man never wish'd me ill
The puir man left me aye his blessin'.

Troth I maun greet wi' thee to part,
Though to a better house I'm flittin';
Sic joys will never glad my heart,
As I've had by the hallan sittin'.

My bonny bairns around me smil'd;
My sonsy wife sat by me spinnin',
Aye liltin' o'er her ditties wild,
In notes sae artless an' sae winnin'.

Our frugal meal was aye a feast;
Our e'ening psalm a hymn o' joy;
Aye calm an' peacefu' was our rest;
Our bliss, our love, without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear,
My auld storm-batter'd hamely shielin,
Thy sooty lum an' kipples clear
I better loe than gaudy ceilin'.

Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start
How damp an' cauld thy hearth will be!
Ah! sae will soon ilk honest heart,
That erst was blythe and bauld in thee!

I thought to cour aneath thy wa',
Till death had clos'd my weary een,
Then left thee for the narrow ha',
Wi' lowly roof o' swaird sae green.

Fareweel, my house, an' hurnie clear,
My bourtree hush, an' bonny tree;
The wee while I maun sojourn here
I'll never find a hame like thee.

HOGG.

PANEGYRIC ON SCOTLAND.

And last, to fix thy fate and seal thy doom,
Her bugle note shall Scotia stern resume,
Shall grasp her Highland brand, her plaided bonnet plume.
From hill and dale, from hamlet, heath, and wood,
She pours her dark, resistless, battle flood;—
Breathes there a race, that from the approving hand
Of nature, more deserve or less demand?
So skill'd to wake the lyre, or wield the sword,
To achieve great actions, or achiev'd, record;
Victorious in the conflict as the truce—
Triumphant in a Burns, as in a Bruce.
Where'er the bay, where'er the laurel grows,
Their wild notes warble, and their life blood flows;
There truth courts access, and would all engage;
Lavish as youth—experienced as age:
Proud science there, with purest nature twin'd
In firmest thraldom, holds the freest mind.
While courage rears his limbs of giant form,
Rock'd by the blast, and strengthen'd by the storm:
Rome fell: and freedom to their craggy glen
Transferr'd that title proud—the nurse of men—
By deeds of hazard high, and bold emprize,
Train'd like their native eagles for the skies,—
Untam'd by toil, unconquer'd till they're slain,
Walls in the trenches,—whirlwinds in the plain;
This meed accept from Albion's grateful breath
Brothers in arms! in victory! in death!

COLTER *

* These animated lines are extracted from "The Conflagration of Moscow," a poem published some years since, by the Rev. C. Colter. They contain, perhaps, the finest compliment ever paid to Scotia; and their value is certainly enhanced from the circumstance of their being written by an Englishman.

THE FAIR THIEF.

I TELL with equal truth and grief,
That little Kitt's an arrant thief;
Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the softnness æther pours
On primrose buds in vernal showers.
There's no repeating all her wiles;
She stole the Graces' winning smiles;
'Twas quickly seen she robb'd the sky,
To plant a star in either eye:
The cherry steep'd in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
These were her infant spoil: a store
To which in time she added more:
At twelve she stole from Cyprus queen,
Her air, and love commanding mein;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense, to charm the soul:
She sung---amaz'd the Syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd:
She play'd---the Muses from their hill,
Wonder'd who thus had stole their skill:
Apollo's wit was next her prey,
And then the beams that light the day;
While Jove, her pilfering tricks to crown,
Pronounc'd these beauties all her own;
Pardon'd her crimes, and prais'd her art,
And t'other day she stole---my heart.
Cupid! if lovers are thy care,
Revenge thy vot'ry on the fair:
Do justice on her stolen charms,
And let her prison be---my arms.

EARL OF EGREMONT.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen;
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or, 'midst the chase, on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life could charm no more,
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

COLLINS.

THE

MONK OF CAMBRAY.

THE Monk of Cambray was a wonderful man,
He turn'd his face to the nor'ward,
And saying a pray'r, with 'Amen' he began,
Reading backward instead of forward!
And mutter'd a spell,
So potent and fell,
Earth shook to its very foundation,
The sky turn'd black
And the sun drew back,
At the horrible incantation.

Loud thunder peal'd, yet unmov'd he stood,
Nor felt a spark of repentance,
But drew from his arm the boiling blood,
And scribbled a damning sentence;
Then onward he read,
Without any dread,
In his sins growing bolder and bolder,
Till he finish'd the pray'r,
And then was aware
That the devil look'd over his shoulder.

'Take this bond,' he cried, 'see the blood's still warm,
'Twas written without perturbation,
Three things at my bidding shalt thou perform,
Then enforce the obligation.'
'The request is thine,
And the bond is mine,
Ask and have, name thy will, I obey,'
Thus Satan spoke,
As the bond he took,
And instantly vanish'd away.

This Monk of Cambray was a poor starv'd elf,
And riches his order denied him,

Yet no mortal on earth, nor ev'n Lucifer's self,
For pride and ambition outvied him;
And his ends to gain,
He studied amain,
Dark volumes with purpose unshaken,
Chain'd the fiends to his will,
And exceeded the skill
Of Agrippa, or old Roger Bacon.

Now long had his envious eyes beheld
The Lord Abbot's exalted station,
Whose vassals, domains, pomp, and state far ex-
All laical computation. [cell'd
When his spells were brought
To the pitch he sought,
And his faith he had set at defiance,
'Hail, Satan! cried he,
'The Lord Abbot I'll be,
On my bond I demand thy compliance!'

The wish scarce exprest, when, O wonderful
The Monk to appearance external, [change!
Became the plump Abbot; nor was it less strange,
Since wrought by his highness infernal,
That the Abbot shrunk,
To the half-starv'd Monk,
Whose surprize 'tis in vain to pourtray;
The Monk he seem'd,
And as such were deem'd
The poor mad Monk of Cambray.

'Twas in vain that he loudly asserted his right,
He claim'd what his looks denied him;
And by all he was call'd a poor frantic wight,
Whilst some pity and some deride him.
'Twas study they thought
His distraction wrought,
And the doctors each symptom examine;
He was purged and bled,
And sparingly fed,
Till he look'd like the picture of famine.

Meanwhile the false Abbot's luxurious state
Increas'd beyond all calculation;
The revenue he held (though immensely great)
Was a trifle in his estimation.
He starved the poor,
Seiz'd the rich man's store,
Committed all manner of evil,
And follow'd this course,
Without shame or remorse,
Reposing his trust in the Devil.

Now it happen'd his Holiness came to Cambray,
Having heard of the Abbot's exactions,
Determin'd to punish, without delay,
The wretch for his many infractions.
But this crafty man,
Aware of his plan,
Thus set all his foes at defiance,
'Hail, Satan!' cried he,
'The Pope I'll be,
'On my hend I demand thy compliance!'

Sure the Romish church must thrive apace
With a Pope of the Devil's invention,
For just as he wish'd so the change took place,
To his holiness past comprehension;
But what was most strange,
By this second change,
The Lord Abbot, who hopeless lay,
His own shape redeem'd,
And his Holiness seem'd
The poor mad Monk of Cambray.

Then down on his knee the Lord Abbot sunk,
Crying, 'Father, I crave thy forbearance,
'Tis not I that have sinn'd but a wicked Monk,
Whom the Devil gave my appearance;
And hardships sore,
In his shape I bore,
Whilst he such excesses repeated;

Some hellish compact
Wrought the wond'rous act,
By your holy presence defeated.'

'You have shrewdly guess'd,' thought the seeming Pope,
'But I'll guard against detection;' [ing Pope,
Then loudly exclaims, 'He deserves a rope
Who holds with the Devil connexion!
Who his faith denies,
The apostate dies,
To the tree then hear him away.'
Thus his holiness came
To a scene of shame,
In the shape of the Monk of Cambray.

Two things were past, yet a third remain'd,
And now so well practis'd in evil,
The summit of all his ambition attain'd,
He bethought him to cheat the Devil.
His spells again,
In a bolder strain,
He utter'd without dread or pause,
Till man's sworn foe,
From his realms below,
Came, and frowning, demanded the cause.

'What need of thy spells to conjure me now?
Have I not to thy will attended?'
'Well hast thou perform'd thy part I allow,'
Cried the Monk, 'but 'tis not yet ended;
The third which I ask
Is an easy task,
Though in cunning 'twill prove I outvie thee;
'Tis my bond I crave,
And my bond I'll have,
Then Satan avaunt! I defy thee.'

He scowl'd at the Monk, not a word he spoke,
But threw down the bond and departed.
Loud thunders peal'd, for the charm was broke
As the Pope to the tree was carted;

Who, strange to tell,
When had ceas'd the spell,
Was restor'd to his former condition,
And the Monk in his stead,
To his fate was led,
And inwardly curs'd his ambition.

And just as they tied up his crazy trunk,
Cried the fiend, who appear'd to his view,
'Thou art damn'd for thy sins, apostate Monk,
So the Devil will have his due.'
Be warn'd then, ye wights,
Who study o'nights,
Led by spells and enchantments astray;
Nor strive to out-trick
The craft of Old Nick,
But remember the Monk of Cambray.

COLMAN, (the Younger).

ON THE DEATH OF

DR. ROBERT LEVET.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;
Nor letter'd arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hovering death prepar'd the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause nor left a void;
And sure the Eternal Master found,
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forc'd his soul the nearest way.

EPITAPH ON HOGARTH.

The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face.

DR. JOHNSON.

LIFE OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow, nearly opposite the College, in the year 1777. He was early brought into connection with genius, having been baptized by the venerable Dr. Reid. At the age of seven, he was sent to the Grammar-School of this city, and was taught Latin by Mr. Alison, a teacher long and highly reputed here for his successful method of teaching the classics, and for his kind behaviour to those who were entrusted to his care At twelve, young Campbell went to the University of Glasgow, and the following year became a candidate for the bursary on Bishop Leighton's foundation. In this affair he was opposed by a formidable rival in the person of a student nearly twice his own age: notwithstanding this great disparity, the genius of Campbell, after a hard contested trial, triumphed over the zeal and assiduity of his opponent, though considered one of the best Latin Scholars in the University. During a seven years' residence here, an academical prize bore every year an honourable testimony to his distinguished merit. These prizes were not always awarded for the performance of a task which lay within the compass of every individual's powers: on the contrary, they were often awarded for producing an exercise, the execution of which required a delicate taste, a sound judgment, and considerable learning. Campbell was most fortunate in Greek translation, having obtained the palm for his poetical version of several entire Greek plays of Aristophanes, Æschylus, and others. The Professor of Greek, in awarding the prize for one of the tragedies of the last mentioned author, accompanied it with this high compliment—"That, in his opinion, it was the best performance which had ever been given within the walls of the University." After studying the classics and philosophy with considerable assiduity and success, Mr. Campbell attended the lectures of Professor Millar, who at that time adorned Glasgow. The writings of Millar, though highly esteemed among a few readers of taste, have not by any means attained a celebrity proportioned to their merits. In the circle of his friends, the attraction of his private conversation and public oratory caused him to be nearly idolized. From him the subject of this memoir obtained that philosophical freedom of mind, and that ardent love of civil liberty, which distinguishes his writings and conversation.

After leaving College, Mr. Campbell took up a short residence in the mountains of Argyleshire; and here, while surveying the paternal estate of his fathers, the beautiful stanzas beginning with, "By the silence of twilight's contemplative sound," were first suggested. Shortly after this, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he was honoured with the notice of Stewart, Playfair, and other distinguished characters, and where at twenty he wrote, and at twenty-one published, "The Pleasures of Hope." This poem he unluckily sold for the paltry sum of Fifteen Guineas.

In the year 1800, Mr. Campbell travelled for about a twelvemonth through different parts of Germany, and, on his return, for the first time

visited London. He has continued in the metropolis or its neighbourhood ever since, having on his marriage in 1803, settled at Sydenham. In the beginning of 1809, he published his second volume of poems, containing "Gertrude of Wyoming," "Lochiel," "Hohinlinden," &c. Since which time, he has published his "Specimens of British Poets," a work which for candour and ability has drawn forth the praise even of his enemies, and became professed Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, to which, however, his contributions are "few and far between."

"Mr. Campbell," says an excellent poet and critic, whose opinions on this subject tally with our own, "seems to have hampered his better genius between the versification of others, and the struggle to express his own thoughts in their native language. I speak not of the Pleasures of Hope, which, though abundant in promise, is a young and uninformed production in comparison with his subsequent performances: but I am persuaded that nobody would have ever thought of comparing that poem with the Gertrude of Wyoming, or of undervaluing the latter in general, and regarding it as not answering the promise of his youth, if, in quitting the ordinary versification of the day, he had not deviated into another imitation, and got into the trammels of Spenser." "The choice of this style is the more to be regretted in Mr. Campbell, because his genius evidently points to the most attractive sympathies of our nature, and his great talent lies in the pathetic. Indeed it is observable, how inevitably his own taste leads him to forget the imitative turn of his versification, whenever he has to describe some particular scene, in which the affections are interested; but the present stock of readers, who have had their ears spoiled by easy versification, will not readily consent to exchange it for one of a less accommodating description with additional difficulties. Of several styles of imitation that come before them, they will inevitably prefer that which comes easiest to their old habits; and this is one great reason why the poetical productions of Sir Walter Scott, have outrun in popularity the coy loveliness of Gertrude of Wyoming—the first poem, in my mind, of any length, that has been produced in the present day, [1815.] While I have been palled with the eternal sameness of Scott, and disgusted with the puerilities and affectations of Southey, I have read over and over again the Gertrude of Wyoming, and have paid it that genuine tribute, which the pride of manhood and the necessary habits of adversity are not much in the custom of lavishing.—In speaking of Mr. Campbell, his smaller pieces must not be forgotten. Their merits are very unequal, and some of them, written perhaps in early youth, seem altogether unworthy of his pen; but Hohinlinden, and the two naval songs, The Mariners of England and Battle of the Baltic are noble pieces, beautifully dashed with the pathetic; and the Soldier's Dream is one of these domestic appeals, from which the fancy, after dwelling upon their tenderness, is suddenly glad to escape."

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Introduction.

At summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis Distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

INFLUENCE OF HOPE

IN

SITUATIONS OF DANGER AND DISTRESS.

ANGEL of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds. and Ocean's wildest shore.
Lo! to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields
His barks careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;
And waft, accross the wave's tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep.
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul:
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broom-wood blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields.
When front to front the banner'd bosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line;
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum.

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore.—
In horrid climes where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,

To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men,
Whose race unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!*

THE MANIAC.

HARK! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till memory fled her agonizing brain:—
But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that Truth can ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.
Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Pil'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

* Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

LOVE

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paus'd while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd;
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy!
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
O! what were man?—a world without a sun!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph ling'ring there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to sooth the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—

Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till *Woman* smil'd!

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

TRIM the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wint'ry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And hath in livid light the milky way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A gen'rous tear of anguish or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,*
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father bless'd his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the pray'r his bursting heart, and died,

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* Falconer in his poem *the Shipwreck* speaks of himself by the name of Arion.—See Falconer's *Shipwreck*, canto III.

HOPE AT DEATH.

UNFADING Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin
And all the Phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wand'ring tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
On Heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled!
Back to its heav'nly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driv'n
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heav'n,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On hick'ring wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heav'n's last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

CAMPBELL.

GATHERING OF M'GREGOR.

The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the clan has a name that is nameless to day—
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night, in our vengeful halloo—
Then halloo, halloo, halloo, Gregalich!

Glenorchy's proud mountains, Calchuirn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours—
We're landless, landless, landless, Gregalich!

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
M'Gregor has still both his heart and his sword—
Then courage, courage, courage, Gregalich!

If they rob us of name and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roof to the flames and their flesh to the eagles—
Come then, Gregalich, come then!

While there's leaves on the forest, or foam on the river,
M'Gregor despite them, shall flourish for ever:—
Then gather, gather, gather, Gregalich!

Through the depths of Loch Katrine, the steed shall career;
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,
E'er our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt:
Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Gregalich!

SCOTT.

GATHERING OF CLAN CONUIL.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil!
Come away, come away,—
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons!

Come from the steep glens an'
From mountains so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill plaid,
And true heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade,
And strong hand that bears one!

Leave untented the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd
The bride at the altar!
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges,—
Come with your fighting gear,
Broad swords and targes!

Come as the winds come
When forests are rended;
Come as the waves come
When navies are stranded!
Faster, come faster,
Come faster, and faster—
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master,

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle's plume,
Blended with heather.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set—
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

SCOTT.

THE NEAPOLITAN PRAYER.

THOU, who of old didst smite the Assyrian host,
Lord God of Israel! hear thy servant's prayer;
Oh! turn to shame the banded despots' boast,
And save the sons of Freedom from despair.

For, lo! they come, and in His sacred name,
Who quenched not flax, nor brake the bruised reed;
Would give our nation to the sword and flame,
And doom her sons in war, or chains, to bleed.

Oh! who could hear such blasphemy as this,
With heart unmoved, or hand unnerved to dare?
Far less shalt Thou, Great God of life and bliss,
The vaunting tyrants or their minions spare.

We ask no signal vengeance at thine hand,
Nor call destroying angels from on high;
But grant, O God! that in our new-born land
No slave may live, and Slavery's self may die.

Oh! grant that when their armies shall respire
Our air, too pure for slaves to breathe in vain,
Their hearts may glow with Freedom's brightest fire,
And every sword may find its sheath again!

But, if thy will should'st otherwise ordain,
And, for a time, the invader's arms prevail,
Then, Lord! do thou the patriot's heart sustain,
And leave his blood alone to tell the tale.*

M. R.

* Although the great disposer of events has, in his infinite wisdom, rejected this solemn and affecting supplication, yet the friends of liberty

BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

"But, see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fixed his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke.
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air;
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

should neither heave the sigh of regret, nor sink into a state of despondency. Although checked in this instance, the cause of freedom is spreading on every side, taking a deeper root and firmer hold on the minds of men. The miserable driveller who now degrades the throne of Naples—the tyrannical faction by whom he is upheld, and who have impiously assumed the title of Holy—may, for a season rejoice in their infamous success. But the day of retribution will assuredly come; they already quarrel among themselves, a circumstance which we confidently hope will promote the good cause, and accelerate that fulfilment of the poet's prediction.—

> Prone to the dust oppression shall be hurl'd,—
> Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world.

Long looked the anxious squires, their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the fresh'ning western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
  But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
  Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
  Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
  With Huntley and with Home.
Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanely broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied:
'Twas vain:—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
  The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew

Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale;
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:—
"By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare,
May bid your beads, and pater prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too;—yet staid,
As loth to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.
By this, though deep the evening fell;
Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
For still the Scots, around their king,
Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in vollies hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring:
The stubborn spear-men still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;—
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.

SCOTT.

THE
BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door,
Was sitting in the sun.
And by him sported on the green
His little grand-child Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
Who put the French to rout,
But what they killed each other for
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childling mother then,
And new born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body prais'd the Duke
Who such a fight did win,
But what good came of it at last?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

SOUTHEY.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

ALEXANDER WILSON.

UNLIKE the greater part of authors, the life of Alexander Wilson has a claim to our interest independent of his writings. Although he had never penned a line either in verse or prose, it would be worthy of recording, as affording an instance of perseverance, in a noble and immense undertaking, with which the history of man furnishes few parallels. He was born in Paisley, on the 6th July, 1766; and received the ordinary education that is bestowed upon children by parents of the middling class in this country. His father, indeed, intended to bring him up for the church; but was prevented by several untoward circumstances; and young Wilson, in his thirteenth year, was taken from the school to the loom, and bound as an apprentice to a trade to which he had always an aversion. He served out his apprenticeship, however, regularly; but he was not long master of himself ere he abandoned the weaving business, and became travelling-merchant or pedlar. This occupation gave him an opportunity of indulging his predominant passion—the love of Nature—and of viewing men and manners, but it served little to better his situation. Many of his poems had by this time been written; and, along with the pack, he carried proposals for their publication; but the subscriptions he obtained were by no means numerous—a thing indeed to be looked for, if we consider the influence which an author's worldly circumstances has upon the many. He recommended himself, however, to several literary gentlemen; and was in the habit of attending the Pantheon at Edinburgh, where a debating society held their meetings. Several of his longest pieces were written for that society, as answers to questions given out for discussion Among these are, "The Loss of the Pack," "The Laurel Disputed," and "Rab and Ringan." It was about 1792, that "Watty and Meg" appeared, anonymously; and from its merit was attributed at first to Burns. It is by far the most finished and popular production of Wilson; but a circumstance occurred, soon after its appearance, which prevented him from enjoying its popularity, and altered materially the pursuits of his after life. A misunderstanding had arisen between the manufacturers and weavers of Paisley; and Wilson naturally espoused the cause of the latter. One of the manufacturers, who was particularly obnoxious, he arraigned in a bitter satire; and being discovered as the author, he was prosecuted for a libel, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment, and to burn, with his own hands, the unlucky production at the public Cross of Paisley. This punishment, and his poverty, which he could never get above, chagrined him at himself and his country; and he determined on going to America, as a more favourable land, both politically and naturally, and presenting a

wider field for employment. Accordingly he embarked; and arrived at Newcastle, in the State of Delaware, on July 14th, 1794. "Every care was now forgotten," says his American biographer triumphantly, "in his transport at finding himself in the land of freedom. He had become indignant at beholding the influence of the wealthy converted into the means of oppression; and had imputed the wrongs and sufferings of the poor, not to the condition of society, but to the nature and constitution of the government. He was now free; and exulted in his release as a bird rejoices which escapes from the confinement of the cage." It would be going quite beyond the bounds of this brief notice, to follow Wilson through his various fortunes in the New World. For the first seven years of his residence there, he employed himself in various ways, particularly as schoolmaster. His leisure hours he devoted to drawing, and the study of ornithology. In 1805, he made a journey on foot of upwards of 1,200 miles, to view the falls of Niagara; and on his return to Gray's Ferry, on the river Schuylkill, where he resided, he wrote a poetical narrative of the journey, which appeared with the title of "The Forresters." About this time, he began to mention among his friends his intention of publishing an Ornithology of America. The difficulties he underwent in this engagement would have been to a common mind altogether insurmountable. But Wilson was possessed of no ordinary enthusiasm in the pursuit of his object. With little money—few friends—and a world of labour before him—he shouldered his gun, and travelled the wilds of America in search of the feathered tribes, laying himself open to the buffets of all weathers, the dangers of all tracts, whether from man or beast, (with which latter the unfrequented deserts which he trode abounded,) and, what was severest of all, the scorn or neglect of many cold and calculating individuals on whose assistance he counted. Of his travels he kept a private journal, in which many painful instances are recorded of men of importance in the States, who denied him even the small encouragement of becoming subscribers to his work. Independently, however, of all obstructions, he lived to see the ninth and last volume of his Ornithology in the press; and died on the 23d August, 1813, of a dysentery, and was buried in Philadelphia.

As a poet, Wilson has already taken his place among the second class; and it is unnecessary, perhaps, to say more. His "Watty and Meg" can scarcely be outmatched for strong and graphic description, and there is no doubt of it living as long as the language in which it is wrote. In "The Laurel Disputed," he shows the nice discrimination, as well as the feeling, of a poet, and in one or two of his lesser pieces there is great merit—particularly a humorous one, beginning,

"The bed of honour is a glorious spot.
For heroes to lie down and rot."

which is equal to any thing of Peter Pindar's.

WATTY AND MEG;

OR,

THE WIFE REFORMED,

A TALE.

KEEN the frosty winds were blawing,
Deep the snaw had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty, weary'd a' day sawing,
Daunert down to Mungo Bluc's.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,
'Come awa,' quo Johnny, 'Watty!
Haith we'se hae anither gill.'

Watty glad to see Jock Jabos,
And sae mony neibours roun',
Kicket frae his shoon the snawba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

Owre a broad wi' bannocks heapit,
Cheese, and stoups, and glasses stood;
Some were roaring, ithers sleepit,
Ithers quietly chewt their cud.

Jock was selling pate some tallow,
A' the rest a racket hell,
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow!
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane,
Watty, puffing out a mouthfu',
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

'What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
Trouth your chafts are fa'ing in!

Something's wrang—I'm vex'd to see you—
Gudesake! but ye're desp'rate thin!'

Ay,' quo Watty, 'things are alter'd
But it's past redemption now!
Lord! I wish I had been halter'd
When I marry'd Maggy Howe!

'I've been poor, and vex'd, and raggy,
Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
Them I bore—hut marrying Maggy
Laid the cap-stane o' them a'.

'Night and day she's ever yelping,
Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree,
When she's tir'd wi' perfect skelping,
Then she flees like fire on me.

'See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on
With her everlasting clack,
Whiles I've had my nieve, in passion,
Liftet up to break her hack!'

'O for gudesake, keep frae cuffets!'
Mungo shook his head, and said,
'Weel I ken what sort o' life it's;
Ken ye, Watty, how I did?

After Bess and I were kippled,
Soon she grew like ony bear,
Brak my shins, and, when I tippled,
Harl't out my very hair!

'For a wee I quietly knuckled,
But when naething would prevail,
Up my claise and cash I buckled,
Bess, for ever, fare ye weel.

'Then her din grew less and less aye,
Haith I gart her change her tune,
Now a better wife than Bessy
Never stept in leather shoon.

'Try this, Watty—When ye see her
Raging like a roaring flood,

Swear that moment that ye'll lea' her,
That's the way to keep her good.'

Laughin', sangs, and lasses' skirls,
Echo'd now out-thro' the roof,
'Done!' quo' Pate, and syne his erls
Nail'd the Dryster's wauked loof.

In the thrang of stories telling,
Shaking han's, and ither cheer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
'Mungo, is our Watty here?'

Maggy's weel kent tongue and hurry,
Darted thro' him like a knife,
Up the door flew—like a fury
In cam Watty's scawling wife.

'Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy, drucken sow!
Bringing wife and weans to ruin,
Drinking here wi' sic a crew!

'Devil nor your legs were broken!
Sic a life nae flesh endures,
Toiling like a slave to slocken
You, ye dyvor, and your 'hores!

'Rise, ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire:
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whisky i' the fire!'

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy fallow'd,
Flyting a' the road behin'

Fowk frae every door came lamping.
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clappet wi' her hands, and stamping,
Lost her bauchles i' the sna'.
Hame, at length, she turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,

Raging like a very devil,
Kicking stools and chairs about.

'Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you!
Hang you, Sir! I'll be your death!
Little hauds my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth.'

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Ey'd her whyles but durstna speak,
Sat like patient Resignation,
Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippit,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighing aften to himsel'.

'Nane are free frae some vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But thro' a' the hale creation
Is a mortal vext like me!"

A' night lang he rowt and gaunted,
Sleep or rest he cou'dna' tak;
Maggy, aft wi' horror haunted,
Mum'ling, started at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kist his weanies while they sleepet,
Wauken'd Meg, and sought fareweel.

'Fareweel, Meg!—And, O! may Heav'n
'Keep you aye within his care:
'Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
'Now he'll never fash you mair.

'Happy could I been beside you,
'Happy, baith at morn and e'en:
'A' the ills did e'er betide you,
'Watty aye turn'd out your frien'.

'But ye ever like to see me
'Vext and sighing late and air,

'Fareweel, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,
So thou'll never see me mair.'

Meg, a' sabbing, sae to lose him,
Sic a change had never wist
Held his hand close to her bosom,
While her heart was like to burst.

'O my Watty, will ye lea' me,
Frien'less, helpless, to despair!
O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
Never will I vex you mair.'

'Ay! ye've aft said that, and broken
A' your vows ten times a-week.
No, no, Meg! See! there's a token
Glittering on my bonnet cheek,

'Owre the seas I march this morning,
Listed, tested, sworn and a',
Forc'd by your confounded girning—
Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa'.'

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Gush'd afresh, and louder grew,
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yamour,
Round their sabbing mither flew.

'Thro' the yirth I'll wauner wi' you—
Stay, O Watty! stay at hame.
Here, upo' my knees, I'll gi'e you
Ony vow ye like to name.

'See your poor young lammies pleadin',
Will ye gang and break our heart?
No a house to put our head in!'
No a friend to take our part!'

Ilka word came like a bullet;
Watty's heart begoud to shake;
On a kist he laid his wallet,
Dighted baith his een and spake.

'If ance mair I cou'd, by writing,
Lea' the sogers and stay still,

Wad you swear to drap your flyting?'
'Yes, O Watty! yes, I will.'

'Then,' quo' Watty, 'mind be honest:
Aye to keep your temper strive;
Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise,
Never mair expect to thrive.

'Marget Howe! this hour ye solemn
Swear by every thing that's gude,
Ne'er again your spouse to scal' him
While life warms your heart and blood.

'That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me—
Ne'er put drucken to my name—
Never out at e'ening steek me—
Never gloom when I come hame.

'That ye'll ne'er, like Bessy Miller,
Kick my shins, or rug my hair—
Lastly, I'm to keep the siller.
—This upo' your soul you swear?'

'O—h!' quo'Meg, 'Aweel,' quo' Watty,
'Farewel! faith, I'll try the seas.'
'O stand still,' quo' Meg, and grat aye;
'Ony, ony way ye please.'

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
Swore to a' thing owre again:
Watty lap, and danc'd, and kist her;
Wow! but he was won'rous fain.

Down he threw his staff victorious;
Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon;
Syne below the blankets, glorious,
Held anither Hinney-Moon.

WILSON.

THE MANIAC.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge,
When lo! a wasted Female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tatter'd weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seem'd nought to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing:
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shriek'd, till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laugh'd when near they drew,
For then the lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly rung,
And then she wept, and then she sung—,
She sung!—the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now though strain'd and roughen'd, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

SONG.

"They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warp'd and wrung—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.

But were I now where Allan glides,
Or hard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That heaven would close my wintry day!

" 'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They bade me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile,
That drown'd in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream."—

" Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle grey,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."—
" 'Tis Blanch of Devon," Murdoch said,
" A crazed and captive lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick foray'd Devan-side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made.
And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—
Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:
" Now, if thou strikest her but one blow.
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitch'd a bar." [cried,
" Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac
And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.
" See the grey pennons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,

And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and briar in mid air stay'd,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."—

" Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"
" O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the lowland tongue.

" For O my sweet William was forrester true,
He stole poor Blanch's heart away!
His coat was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trill'd the lowland lay!"

" It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the clans-man, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye;
Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

" The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

" It was a stag, a stag of ten,*
Bearing his branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

" It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warn'd him of the toils below,
O so faithfully, faithfully!

* Having ten branches on his antlers.

" He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily,
He had a foot, and he could speed—
Hunters watch so narrowly."—

Fitz-Jame's mind was passion-toss'd
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.—
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
" Disclose thy treachery, or die!"—
Forth at full speed the clans-man flew,
But in his race his bow he drew,
The shaft just gazed Fitz-Jame's crest,
And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast.—
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife—
The forfeit death—the prize is life!
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couch'd upon the heathy moor;
Them could'st thou reach!—it may not be—
Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
—Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die;
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;

She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd;
Her wreath of broom and feathers grey,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to staunch the life-stream tried,
"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.—
Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimn'd its shine.
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head—
My brain would turn!—but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.
I waver still.—O God! more bright
Let Reason beam her parting light!—
O! by thy knighthood's honour'd sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong!
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell."—

SCOTT.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A MISTRESS.

SHE must be fair whom I could love,
But more in mind than form;
She must be pure whom I could love,
And yet her heart be warm.

She must be piteous, soft and kind,
A sufferer with the sad,
I could not love a maiden's mind,
For ever idly glad.

She may be wild, she must be gay,
In hours of youthful glee,
When calmer hours gives welcome way
To mirth and melody.

And she must nurse with loftier zeal,
That pure and deep delight,
Which warms and softens all, who feel
For nature's works aright.

She may have foibles—nay she must;
From such what mind is free?
Perfection, ill combin'd with dust,
Were sure no mate for me;

Yet she must nurse no bitterness,
Nor ought imagine meanly;
But err though venial found excess
Of feelings edg'd too kindly.

Such foibles, like the dewy sleep
That shuts the flowers at night,
With renovating shade will keep
Her bloom of feeling bright.

MICHAEL HALMER'S SONG.

Upon tbe bonnie mountain side,
Upon the leafy trees,
Upon the ricb and golden ficlds,
Upon the deep green seas,
The wind comes breathing freshly forth---
Ho! pluck up from the sand
Our anchor, and go sbooting as
A wing'd shaft from the land!
The sheep love Skiddaw's lonesome top---
The shepherd loves bis hill---
The throstle loves his budding bush---
Sweet woman loves her will---
Tbe lark love's heaven for visiting,
But green earth for her home;
And I love the good ship, singing
Tbrough the billows in their foam.

My son, a grey-bair'd peasant said,
Leap on the grassy land,
And deeper than five fathom sink
Thine anchor in the sand;
And meek and humble make thy hcart;
For ere yon bright'ning moon
Lifts her wond'rous lamp above the wave
Amid night's lonely noon,
There shall be shriekings heard at sea---
Lamentings heard ashore---
My son go pluck thy main-sail down,
And tempt the heav'n no more.
Come forth and weep, come forth and pray,
Grey dame and hoary swain---
All ye who have got sons to night
Upon the faithless main.

And wherefore, old man, should I turn?
Dost hear the merry pipe,
The harvest bugle winding
Among Scotland's corn fields ripe?
And see her dark-eyed maiden's dance,
Whose willing arms alway
Are open for the merry lads
Of bonnie Allanby?
Full sore the old man sigh'd---and said.
Go bid the mountain wind
Breathe softer, and the deep waves hear
The prayers of frail mankind,
And mar the whirlwind in his might;
His hoary head he shook,
Gazed on the youth, and on the sea,
And sadder wax'd his look.

Lo! look! here comes our lovely bride---
Breathes there a wind so rude
As chafe the billows when she goes
In beauty o'er the flood?
The raven fleece that dances
On her round and swan-white neck;
The white foot that wakes music
On the smooth and shaven deck;
The white hand that goes waving thus,
As if it told the brine---
Be gentle in your ministry,
O'er you I rule and reign;
The eye that looks so lovely,
Yet so lofty in its sway---
Old man the sea adores them---
So adieu, sweet Allanby.

A. CUNNIGHAM.*

* We strongly recommend this beautiful ballad to the attention of our readers: it is written by Allan Cunningham, an individual who, in the humble capacity of a journeyman mason, has given to the world specimens of literary talent which would do honour to a much more exalted station.

THE PATRIOT.

DOWNWARD the Peri turns her gaze,
And through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
  Alone, beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand,
  And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share,
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood,
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.
False flew the shaft though pointed well—
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!
Yet marked the PERI where he lay,
  And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
  Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!
  "Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,

We rejoice that the genius of this author has triumphed over the obstacles which poverty and a limited education threw in his way. He seems to possess a considerable portion of the grace and polish of modern writers, but much more of the strength and romance which distinguished the earlier British authors; there is a melody in his numbers, and a tenderness and simplicity in his style, which often renders his imitations of ancient ballads peculiarly happy. Before we had the pleasure of reading his works, we were informed they possessed uncommon merit; but our utmost expectations fell short of the pleasure which we enjoyed in the perusal. Fully sensible of this, we gratefully offer our humble testimony in their favour; and hope that the public will not neglect an author possessing so many claims on their countenance and support.

"My welcome gift at the gates of light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss.
Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere,
A boon an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the libation Liberty draws,
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

MOORE.

THE TROUBADOUR.

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame,
A Troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his Lady's window came,
And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head
And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung.
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar was deep,
With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
Mid splintering lance and faulchion-sweep
And still was heard his warrior lay;
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;

For love to die, for fame to fight,
Becomes the valiant Troubadour."

Alas! upon the bloody field
He fell beneath the foeman's glaive
But still, reclining on his shield,
Expiring sung the exulting stave:
"My life it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
For love and fame to fall in fight
Becomes the valiant Troubadour.

SCOTT.

A KING AND A BRICK-MAKER.

A TALE.

A KING, near Pimlico, with nose and state,
Did very much a neighbouring brick-kiln hate,
Because this kiln did vomit nasty smoke;
Which smoke—I can't say very nicely bred,
Did very often take it in the head [choke.
To blacken the great house, and try the king to

His sacred majesty would sputtering say,
Upon a windy day,
"I'll make the rascal and his brick-kiln-hop—
Pox take the smoke—the sulphur!—Zounds!
It forces down my throat by pounds—
My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop."

One day he was so pestered by a cloud—
He could not bear it, and thus he bawled aloud:
"Go," roared his majesty unto a page,
Worked, like a lion, to a devilish rage,
"Go, tell the rascal who the brick-kiln owns,
That if he dares to burn another brick,
Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,
I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones,"

Off set the page, and soon his errand told:
On which the brick-maker---a little bold,
Exclaim'd, "he break my bones, good master page!
He say my kiln shan't burn another brick,
Because it blacks his house, and makes him sick!
Go---Give my compliments to master's rage,
And say, more bricks I am resolv'd to burn;
And if the smoke his worship's stomach turn,
To stop his royal mouth and snout---
Nay, more, good page---his majesty shall find
I'll always take the advantage of the wind,
And dam'me, try to smoke him out."

This was a dreadful message to a king,
From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud;
Yet, though so impudent a thing,
The fellow's rhetoric could not be withstood.
Stiff as against poor Hasting, Edmund Burke,
This brick-maker went tooth and nail to work,
And formed a true Vesuvius on the eye:
The smoke in pitchy volumes rolled along,
Rushed through the royal dome with sulphur strong,
And then ascended darkened all the sky.

Thus did this cloud of darkness daily shade
The building for the Lord's aunointed made,
And blackened it like palls that grace a burying;
Thus was the man of mud and straw employed,
And, at the thought so wicked, overjoyed,
Of smoking his leige sovereign like a herring:

Of serving him as we do parts of swine.
Thought, with green peas, a dish extremely fine.
But lo! this baneful rogue of brick
Fell, for his sovereign, fortunately sick,
And ere the wretch could please his spleen and pride.
Of turning monarchs into bacon---died.

PINDAR.

A MOTHER'S

Dirge over Her Child.

FOUND IN A PORT-FOLIO.

BRING me flowers all young and sweet,
That I may strew the winding sheet,
Where calm thou sleepest baby fair,
With roseless cheek, and auburn hair!

Bring me the rosemary whose breath
Perfumed the wild and desart heath;
The lily of the vale, which, too,
In silence and in beauty grew.

Bring cypres from some sunless spot,
Bring me the blue forget-me-not,
That I may strew them o'er thy bier
With long-drawn sigh, and gushing tear!

Oh! what upon this earth doth prove
So stedfast as a mother's love!
Oh! what on earth can bring relief,
Or solace, to a mother's grief!

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie
With drowsy smile, and half shut eye,
Pillow'd upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest!

The grave must be thy cradle now;
The wild-flow'rs o'er thy breast shall grow.
While still my heart all full of thee,
In widow'd solitude shall be.

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within;
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring,
That aye around the altar sing.

Methought, when years had rolled away,
That thou wouldst be mine age's stay,
And often have I dreamt to see
The boy---the youth---the man in thee!

But thou hast past! for ever gone
To leave me childless and alone.
Like Rachel pouring tear on tear,
And looking not for comfort here!

Farewell my child, the dews shall fall
At mourn and evening o'er thy pall;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
And lark delight to fold his wing,
And roses pale, and lilies fair,
With perfume load the summer air!

Adieu, my babe! if life were long,
This would be even a heavier song,
But years like phantoms quickly pass,
Then look to us from Memory's glass.

Soon on Death's couch shall I recline;
Soon shall my head be laid with thine;
And sunder'd spirits meet above,
To live for evermore in love.*

* These verses contain a complaint more than usually mournful and pathetic: it is no less than the wailings of a broken heart—the language in which we give vent to our feelings on beholding the ruin of our best formed and fondest hopes. In depicting the utter hopelessness of despair, and the deep and fervent grief which only mothers feel in such distressing circumstances, this author has, we think, been eminently successful; nothing can be so afflicting to a tender mother as the death of a beloved child, in all the innocence and promise of life; and nothing can more na-

LEILA.

I CLASP—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila, yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not, so my arms infold
The all they ever wish to hold.
Alas! around a shadow press'd,
They shrink upon my lonely breast,
Yet still 'tis there! in silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright black eye—
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!
They told me, wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail;
If true, and from thine ocean cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow, that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart;
But shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!
Or farther with thee bear my soul,
Than winds can waft, or waters roll!

BYRON.

turally express the anguish of her wounded feelings than the language which the poet has put into her mouth; it is full of tender recollections—of contrasts which shew the certainty and extent of present misery, without the hope of future consolation—a disposition of mind which we always indulge in cases of extreme grief or extraordinary affliction.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

THE nymph must lose her female friend,
If more admir'd than she---
But where will fierce contention end,
If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene,
Appear'd two lovely foes,
Aspiring to the rank of queen,
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon redden'd into rage,
And, swelling with disdain,
Appeal'd to many a poet's page,
To prove her right to reign.
The Lilly's height bespoke command,
A fair imperial flower;
She seem'd design'd for Flora's hand,
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
The goddess chanc'd to hear,
And flew to save, ere yet too late,
The pride of the parterre:

Yours is, she said, the nobler hue,
And yours the statelier mien;
And, till a third surpasses you,
Let each be deemed a queen.

Thus, soothed and reconciled, each seeks
The fairest British fair,
The seat of empire is her cheeks,
They reign united there.

COWPER.

RICHARD AND KATE;

OR,

FAIR-DAY.

A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

'COME, Goody, stop your humdrum wheel,
Sweep up your orts, and get your hat;
Old joys reviv'd once more I feel,
'Tis Fair-day;—ay, *and more than that.*

'Have you forgot, KATE, prythee say,
How many seasons here we've tarried?
'Tis *forty* years, this very day,
Since you and I, old Girl, were *married!*

'Look out; the Sun shines warm and bright,
The stiles are low, the paths all dry;
I know you cut your corns last night,
Come; be as free from care as I.

'For I'm resolv'd once more to see
That place where we so often met;
Though few have had more cares than we,
We've none just now to make us fret.'

KATE scorn'd to damp the generous flame
That warm'd her aged partner's breast:
Yet, ere determination came,
She thus some trifling doubts express'd:

'Night will come on; when seated snug,
And you've perhaps begun some tale,
Can you then leave your dear stone mug;
Leave all the folks, and all the ale?

'Ay, KATE, I wool;—because I know,
Though time has been we both could run,

Such days are gone and over now;—
I only mean to see the fun.'

She straight slipp'd off the *wall* and *band*,
And laid aside her lucks and twitches:
And to the hutch she reach'd her hand,
And gave him out his Sunday breeches.

His mattock he behind the door
And hedging-gloves again replac'd;
And look'd across the yellow moor,
And urg'd his tott'ring spouse to haste.

The day was up, the air serene,
The firmament without a cloud;
The Bee humm'd o'er the level green,
Where knots of trembling cowslips bow'd.

And RICHARD thus, with heart elate,
As past things rush'd across his mind,
Over his shoulder talk'd to KATE,
Who snug tuckt up, walk'd slow behind.

'When once a giggling mawther you,
And I a red-fac'd chubby boy,
Sly tricks you play'd me not a few,
For mischief was your greatest joy.

'Once, passing by this very tree,
A gotch of milk I'd been to fill,
You shoulder't me, then laugh'd to see
Me and my gotch spin down the hill.'

'Tis true,' she said; 'But here behold,
And marvel at the course of time;
Though you and I are both grown old,
This tree is only in its prime!'

'Well, Goody, don't stand preaching now;
Folks don't preach sermons at a FAIR:
We've rear'd ten *boys* and *girls* you know;
And I'll be bound they'll all be there'

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,
From many a kind *Fair-going* face:

And many a pinch KATE gave away,
While RICHARD kept his usual pace.

At length arriv'd amidst the throng,
Grand-children bawling hemm'd them round,
And dragg'd them by the skirts along
Where gingerbread bestrew'd the ground.

And soon the aged couple spy'd
Their lusty *sons* and *daughters* dear:—
When RICHARD thus exulting cried,
'Did'nt I tell you they'd be here?'

The cordial greetings of the soul
Were visible in every face:
Affection, void of all control,
Govern'd with a resistless grace.

'Twas good to see the honest strife,
Which should contribute most to please;
And hear the long-recounted life,
Of infant tricks, and happy days.

But now, as at some nobler places,
Amongst the Leaders 'twas decreed
Time to begin the DICKY RACES;
More fam'd for laughter than for speed.

RICHARD look'd on with wondrous glee,
And prais'd the lad who chanc'd to win:
'KATE, wa'nt I such a one as he?
As like him, ay, as pin to pin.

'Full *fifty* years are pass'd away
Since I rode this same ground about:
Lord! I was lively as the day!
I won the High-lows out and out,

'I'm surely growing young again;
I feel myself so kedge and plump:
From head to foot I've not one pain;
Nay, hang me if I cou'dn't jump.'

Thus spoke the Ale in RICHARD'S pate,
A very little made him mellow;

But still he lov'd his faithful KATE,
Who whisper'd thus: 'My good old fellow,'

'Remember what you promis'd me;
And see, the sun is getting low;
The children want an hour, ye see,
To talk a bit before we go.'

Like youthful lover most complying,
He turn'd and chuckt her by the chin:
Then all across the green grass hieing,
Right merry faces, all akin.

Their farewell quart beneath a tree
That droop'd its branches from above,
Awak'd the pure felicity
That waits upon PARENTAL LOVE

KATE view'd her blooming daughters round,
And sons, who shook her wither'd hand:
Her features spoke what joy she found;
But utterance had made a stand.

The children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their *fairings* down the hill;
RICHARD with pride beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life sit still.

A Father's uncheck'd feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said;
'My boys, how proud am I to have
My name thus rouud the country spread!

'Through all my days I've labour'd hard,
And could of pains and crosses tell;
But this is Labour's great reward,
To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

'My good old partner, when at home,
Sometimes with wishes mingles tears;
"Goody", says I, "let what wool come,
"We've nothing for them hut our prayers."

'May you be all as old as I,
And see your sons to manhood grow;

And many a time before you die,
Be just as pleas'd as I am now.'

Then, (raising still his mug and voice,)
' An old man's weakness don't despise!
I love you well, my girls and boys;
God bless you all;'—so said his eyes—

For as he spoke a big round drop
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve;
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe.

Thou, FILIAL PIETY, wert there;
And round the ring, benignly bright,
Dwelt in the luscious half-shed tear,
And in the parting word—*Good Night!*

With thankful hearts and strengthen'd love,
The poor old pair, supremely bless'd,
Saw the sun sink behind the grove,
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.

BLOOMFIELD.

FARE THEE WELL.

FARE thee well! and *if for ever*—
Still for ever, *fare thee well*—
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bar'd before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
Which thou ne'er canst know again;

Would that breast, by thee glanc'd over,
Every inmost thought could show;
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow;

Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's wo.

Though my many faults defac'd me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embrac'd me
To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet---oh! yet---thyself deceive not---
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not,
Hearts can thus be torn away.

Still thine own its life retaineth---
Still must mine---though bleeding---beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is---that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead,
Both shall live---but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed!

And when thou wouldst solace gather---
When our child's first accents flow---
Wilt thou teach her to say---"Father!"
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee---
When her lips to thine are press'd---
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee---
Think of him thy love had bless'd!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see---
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults---perchance thou knowest---
All my madness none can know---
All my hopes---where'er thou goest,
Whither---yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride---which not a world could bow---

Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now.
But 'tis done—all words are idle—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will.—
Fare thee well!—thus disunited—
Torn from every nearer tie—
Sear'd in heart—and lone—and blighted—
More than this,—*I scarce can die.*

BYRON.

ON THE

MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

"O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

"No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Nor wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

"Th eir flag was furl'd, and mute their drum
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.

His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

" The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality!
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

" Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery!
The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloaked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
Far more than southren clemency.

" Long have my harp's best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
Their grey-hair'd master's misery.
Were each grey hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
' Revenge for blood and treachery!' "*

SCOTT.

* The melancholy event which the bard here bewails is perhaps the most attrocious, as it is the most unprovoked, " deed of blood," which stains the history of modern times:—all the meritorious actions of king William (and they were not few) are insufficient to obliterate the foul blot, which this most unprincipled transaction has thrown upon his memory. The following account, which we have extracted from the " Beauties of Scotland," will not, it is hoped, prove unacceptable to our readers:—" In the year 1691, as the Highlanders, who were fondly attached to the Stuart

family had not totally submitted to the authority of William, the Earl of Breadalbane undertook to bring them over, by distributing sums of money among their chiefs: and L.15,000 were remitted from England for this purpose. The clans being informed of this remittance, suspected that the Earl's design was to appropriate to himself the best part of the money; and when he began to treat with them, made such extravagant demands, that he found his scheme impracticable. He was therefore obliged to refund the sum he had received; and he resolved to wreak his vengeance, with the first opportunity, on those who had frustrated his intention. He who chiefly thwarted his negociation was Macdonald of Glencoe, whose opposition rose from a private circumstance, which ought to have had no effect upon a treaty that regarded the public weal. Macdonald had plundered the lands of Breadalbane during the course of hostilities; and this nobleman insisted upon being indemnified for his losses, from the other's share of the money which he was employed to distribute. The Highlander not only refused to acquiesce in these terms, but, by his influence among the clans, defeated the whole scheme, and the Earl in revenge devoted him to destruction. King William had by proclamation offered an indemnity to all those who had been in arms against him, provided they would submit, and take the oaths by a certain day; and this was prolonged to the close of the year 1691, with a denunciation of military execution against those who should hold out after the end of December. Macdonald, intimidated by this declaration, repaired on the very last day of the month to Fort-William, and desired that the oaths might be tendered to him by Colonel Hill, governor of that fortress. As this officer was not vested with the power of a civil magistrate, he refused to administer them, and Macdonald set out immediately for Inveraray, the county town of Argyle. Though the ground was covered with snow, and the weather intensely cold, he travelled with such diligence, that the term prescribed by the proclamation was but one day elapsed when he reached the place, and addressed himself to Sir John Campbell, sheriff of the county, who, in consideration of his disappointment at Fort William, was prevailed upon to administer the oaths to him and his adherents. Then they returned to their own habitations in the valley of Glencoe, in full confidence of being protected by the government, to which they had so solemnly submitted. Breadalbane had represented Macdonald at Court as an incorrigible rebel, as a ruffian inured to bloodshed and rapine, who would never be obedient to the laws of his country, nor live peaceably under any sovereign. He observed that he had paid no regard to the proclamation, and proposed that the government should sacrifice him to the quiet of the kingdom, in extirpating him, with his family and dependents, by military execution. His advice was supported by the suggestions of the other Scottish ministers; and the king, whose chief virtue was not humanity, signed a warrant for the destruction of those unhappy people, though it does not appear that he knew of Macdonald's submission. An order for this barbarous execution, signed and countersigned by his majesty's own hand, being transmitted to the Master of Stair, secretary for Scotland, this minister sent particular directions to Livingstone, who commanded the troops in that kingdom, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the sword, charging him to take no prisoners, that the scene might be more terrible. In the month of February, Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, by virtue of an order from Major Duncanson, marched into the valley of Glencoe, with a company of soldiers belonging to Argyle's regiment, on pretence of levying the arrears of the land-tax and hearth-money. When Macdonald demanded

whether they came as friends or enemies, he answered, as friends, and promised, upon his honour, that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury. In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were received with the most cordial hospitality, and lived fifteen days with the men of the valley, in all the appearance of the most unreserved friendship. At length the fatal day approached. Macdonald and Campbell having passed the day together, parted about seven in the evening, with mutual professions of the warmest affection. The younger Macdonald, perceiving the guards doubled, began to suspect some treachery, and communicated his suspicion to his brother; but neither he nor the father would harbour the least doubt of Campbell's sincerity: nevertheless the two young men went forth privately to make further observations. They overheard the common soldiers say they liked not the work; that though they would have willingly fought the Macdonalds of the glen fairly in the field, they held it base to murder them in cool blood, but that their officers were answerable for the treachery. When the youths hasted back to apprise their father of the impending danger, they saw the house already surrounded: they heard the discharge of muskets, the shrieks of women and children; and, being destitute of arms, secured their own lives by immediate flight. The savage ministers of vengeance had entered the old man's chamber, and shot him through the head. He fell down dead in the arms of his wife, who died next day, distracted by the horror of her husband's fate. The laird of Auchintrincken, Macdonald's guest, who had three months before this period submitted to the government, and at this very time had a protection in his pocket, was put to death without question. A boy of eight years, who fell at Campbell's feet, imploring mercy, and offering to serve him for life, was stabbed to the heart by one Drummond, a subaltern officer. Thirty-eight persons suffered in this manner, the greater part of whom were surprised in their beds, and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the divine mercy. The design was to butcher all the males under seventy that lived in the valley, the number of whom amounted to two hundred; but some of the detachments did not arrive soon enough to secure the passes, so that one hundred and sixty escaped. Campbell having perpetrated this brutal massacre, ordered all the houses to be burned, made a prey of all the cattle and effects that were found in the valley, and left the helpless women and children, whose fathers and husbands he had murdered, naked and forlorn, without covering, food, or shelter, in the midst of the snow that covered the whole face of the country, at the distance of six long miles from any inhabited place. Distracted with grief and horror, surrounded with the shades of night, shivering with cold, and appalled with the apprehension of immediate death from the swords of those who had sacrificed their friends and kinsmen, they could not endure such a complication of calamities, but generally perished in the waste before they could receive the least comfort or assistance."

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to see
One that would never discontented be,
But in a careless way to all agree;

He had a servant much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth. but sprightly mind:
" Humpus," says he, " I order that you find
Out such a man, with such a character,
He, in this paper now I give you here;
Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
For I will break your back and set you strait.
Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
Was safe, as having such a one in view,
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
Who solitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to say, who is't will go any where?
Says Humpus, " Sir, my master bid me pray
Your company to dine with him to day."
He snuffs; then follows: up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
But looking round him saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;
Close to the fire he draws an elbow chair,
And lolling easy does for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still,
Thinks, let them take the other chairs that will.
The master thus accosts him, " Sir, you're wet;
Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, if I do spoil it, need I care?
I see be has eleven more to spare.
Dinner's brought up, the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.
This is not very usual thinks the clown,
But is not all the family his own;
And why should I, for contradiction sake,
Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take!
If from his table she discarded be,
What need I care, there is the more for me.
After a while the daughter's bid to stand,
And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
Thinks he, the better from the fairer hand.

Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
And starve himself to see the booby dine.
He does't. The father asks, "What have you there?
How dare you give a stranger vinegar?"
"Sir, 'twas Champaigne I gave him; Sir indeed!"
"Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
Don't spare him for his tears nor age: I'll try
If cat and nine tails can excuse a lie."
Thinks the clown, that 'twas wine I do believe:
But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;
He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood!
And how know I but't may be for his good?
When the desert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the dismal scene of finding fault,
They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous stuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpus was ask'd who made 'em. Trembling he
Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave 'em me."
"I'll take care she'll no more poison give
I'll burn the witch; 'ti'n't fitting she should live;
Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by?"
Then smiling, says the clown, "Upon my life,
A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife!
And since that really is your design,
Pray let me just step home and fetch you mine."

KING

THE CONVICT.

WHAT plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu,
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;

Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus, (he cried) young Ellenore;
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
Th' immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away:
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuag'd by tears!

"Yet on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press th' uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert pil'd;
And when the dream of troubled fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will sooth thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world to factious guilt allied?

Ah! no; methinks the gen'rous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence for Mercy's sake!''

CAMPBELL.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

O MARINER, O mariner,
When will our gallant men
Make our cliffs and woodlands ring
With their homeward hail again?
Full fifteen pac'd the stately deck,
And fifteen stood below,
And maidens wav'd them from the shore,
With hands more white than snow;
All underneath them flash'd the wave,
The sun laugh'd out aboon,
Will they come bounding homeward
By the waning of yon moon?

O maid, the moon shines lovely down,
The stars all brightly burn,
And they may shine till doomsday come,
Ere your true love return;
O'er his white fore-head roll the waves,
The wind sighs lown and low,
And the cry the sea-fowl uttereth
Is one of wail and woe;
Lo! wail they on, I tell thee maid,
One of thy tresses dark,
Is worth all the souls who perished
In that good and gallant bark.

O mariner, O mariner,
It's whisper'd in the hall,
And sung upon the mountain side
Among our maidens all,

That the waves which fill the measure
Of that wide and fatal flood,
Cannot cleanse the decks of thy good ship,
Or wash thy hands from blood;
And sailors meet and shake their heads,
And, ere they sunder, say,
God keep us from Miles Colvine
On the wide and watery way!

And up then spoke he, Miles Colvine,
His thigh thus smiting soon,
By all that's dark aneath the deep,
By all that's bright aboon,
By all that's blessed on the earth,
Or blessed on the flood,
And by my sharp and stalwart blade,
That revell'd in their blood---
I could not spare them; for there came
My lov'd one's spirit nigh,
With a shriek of joy at every stroke
That doom'd her foes to die!

"O mariner, O mariner,
There was a lovely dame
Went down with thee into the deep,
And left her father's hame."---
His dark eyes, like a thunder cloud,
Did rain and lighten fast,
And, oh! his bold and martial face
All grimly grew and ghast:
I lov'd her, and those evil men
Wrong'd her as far we rang'd;
But were ever woman's woes and wrongs
More fearfully aveng'd?

A. CUNNINGHAM.

Oh! 'tis Sweet to Think.

OH! 'tis sweet to think, that where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear

And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near!*
The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
Let it grow, where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing,
It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something still, that is dear,
And to know when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near,
'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.

Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And, wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be doom'd to find something, still, that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We have but to make love to the lips we are near.

MOORE.

* "I believe it is Marmontel, who says, '*Quand on n'a pas ce que l' on aime, il faut aimer ce que l' on a.*'—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d' esprit* as this defence of inconstancy, to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them, that Democritus was not the worse physiologist, for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus, in any degree, the less wise, for having written an ingenious encomium on folly."

Oh! the Sight Entrancing.

Oh! the sight entrancing,
When Morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
When hearts are all high heating,
And the trumpet's voice repeating
That song, whose hreath
May lead to death,
But never to retreating!
Oh! the sight entrancing,
When morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and hlade,
And plumes, in the gay wind dancing!
Yes, 'tis not helm or feather---
For ask yon despot, whether
His plumed bands
Could bring such hands
And hearts as ours together.
Leave pomps to those who need 'em---
Adorn but Man with Freedom.
And proud he hraves
The gaudiest slaves,
That crawl, where monarchs lead 'em.
The sword may pierce the heaver,
Stone walls in time may sever,
'Tis heart alone,
Worth steel and stone,
That keeps men free for ever!
Oh! that sight entrancing,
When the Morning's beam is glancing
O'er files, array'd
With helm and blade,
And in Freedom's cause advancing!

MOORE.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

HIGH deeds achiev'd of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulder borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower
He sung as fell the twilight hour:

"Joy to the fair!---thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need
Save his good arms and battle steed;
His spurs, to dash against a foe---
His lance and sword, to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such---and the hope of Tekla's smile!

"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favour fir'd to feats of might;
Unnoted shall she not remain
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing and herald tell---
Mark yonder maid of beauty well.
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field of Ascalon!

"Note well her smile!---it edg'd the blade
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength, and Mahmoud's spell,
Iconium's turban'd soldan fell---
See'st thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades her neck of snow?
Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynim bled.

"Joy to the fair!---my name unknown,
Each deed, and all its praise thine own;

Then, oh, unbar this churlish gate,
The night dew falls, the hour is late.
Inur'd to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame!"

AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

I SAW THEE WEDDED.

[The following impassioned lines are extracted from an American newspaper, and are said to have been found upon the author, after his decease, wrapped round a miniature painting of the lady to whom they are addressed. The lady, it seems, had yoked herself to an individual of very uncongenial feelings, and did not long survive her marriage. Her lover,—who, like the tender *Viola*, "never told *his* love,"—after witnessing her marriage and subsequently her burial,—wandered about for some time in extreme despondency, and at last died literally of a broken heart,—a more common desease than the world is aware of.]

I SAW thee wedded:—Thou didst go
Within the sacred aisle;
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,
Betwixt a tear and smile:
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee;
But he it lov'd so fervently
Was faithless all the while:
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke!

I hid the love that could not die—
Its doubts, and hopes, and fears;
And buried all my misery
In secrecy and tears.
And days pass'd on—and thou didst prove
The pangs of unrequited love,
Even in thy early years:
And thou didst die—so fair and good—
In silence and in solitude.

While thou wert living I did hide
Affliction's secret pains;

I'd not have shock'd thy modest pride
For all the world contains:
But thou hast perish'd; and the fire,
That often check'd, could ne'er expire,
Again unhidden reigns;—
It is no crime to speak my vow,
For, ah! thou canst not hear it now.

Thou sleep'st beneath thy lowly stone
That dark and dreamless sleep;
And he, thy lov'd and chosen one,
Why goes he not to weep?
He does not kneel where I have knelt;
He cannot feel what I have felt—
The anguish, still and deep—
The painful thoughts of what has been—
The canker worm that is not seen.

But I, as o'er the dark blue wave
Unconsciously I ride,
My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,
My soul is by thy side.
There is one voice that wails thee yet—
One heart that cannot e'er forget
The visions that have died:
And aye thy form is buried there—
A doubt—an anguish—a despair!

BATTLE OF BUSACO.

Beyond Busaco's mountains dun,
When far had roll'd the sultry sun,
And Night her pall of gloom had thrown
O'er Nature's still convexity;

High on the heath our tents were spread,
The cold turf was our cheerless bed,
And o'er the hero's dew-chill'd head,
The banners flapp'd incessantly.

The loud war-trumpet woke the morn,
The quiv'ring drum, the pealing horn,
From rank to rank the cry is borne,
'Arouse for death or victory!'

The orb of day, in crimson die,
Began to mount the morning sky;
Then, what a scene for warrior's eye
Hung on the hold declivity!

The serried bay'nets glitt'ring stood,
Like icicles on hills of blood;
An ærial stream---a silver wood,
Reel'd in the flick'ring canopy.

Like waves of ocean rolling fast,
Or thunder-cloud before the blast,
Massena's legions stern and vast,
Rush'd to the dreadful revelry.

The pause is o'er—the fatal shock
A thousand thousand thunders woke;
The air grows sick—the mountains rock.
Red ruin rides triumphantly!

Light boil'd the war cloud to the sky,
In phantom towers and columns high,
But dark and dense their bases lie,
Prone on the battle's boundary.

The Thistle wav'd her bonnet blue,
The Harp her wildest war-notes threw,
The red Rose gain'd a fresher hue,
Busaco, in thy heraldy.

Hail, gallant brothers! wo befall
The foes that brave thy tripple wall:
Thy sons, O wretched Portugal!
Rous'd at their feats of chivalry.

HOGG.

THE HERMIT

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And Sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away;
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays;
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again.
But man's faded glory what change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you,
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save

But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

"'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
O pity, great Father of light, then I cried,
Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

And darkness and doubt are not flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn,
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See, Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

BEATTIE.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

O'H! weep for the hour,
When to Eveleen's bower,
The Lord of the valley with false vows came;
The moon hid her light
From the heavens that night,
And wept behind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame.
The clouds past soon,
From the chaste cold moon,

And heaven smil'd again with her vestal flame;
But none will see the day,
When the clouds shall pass away,
Which that dark hour left upon Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
On the narrow path-way,
When the Lord of the valley cros over the moor;
And many a deep print
On the white snow's tint
Show'd the track of his foot-step to Eveleen's door.
The next sun's ray
Soon melted away
Every trace on the path where the false Lord came;
But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's fame.

MOORE.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

MOORE.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

THIS ill-fated poet was born at Edinburgh, of humble but respectable parents, on the 5th of September, 1750. His father, although possessing some poetical talents, never emerged from under the cloud of adversity in which he was born; having lived and died in the servile employment of a clerk. Our young author had not only poverty and adverse circumstances in life to cope with: in his puerile years he was subject to disease of body, which, as well as penury, hindered him from improving his mind by a regular attendance at school. Such, however, were his abilities and inward desire of improvement, that he soon outstripped most of his companions. Though his frequent confinement and absence from school may be viewed as retarding his improvement in one respect, still it was beneficial in another; as it was in these hours and days of sickness that his disposition discovered itself, and an inclination to read made its appearance: nor was his time thus employed without success. The books he read were promiscuous, and such as he could obtain. The writings of the wise son of Livac were his chief favourite; and, as if possessing part of his wisdom in his earlier years, his interrogatories concerning various subjects often puzzled those of riper age and greater experience. Being originally intended for holy orders, after remaining four years at the grammar school of Edinburgh, and two at Dundee, his friends were so fortunate as to procure a bursary for him in the university of St. Andrews, where he became a student at the age of 13. Here he soon shone as a star of superior magnitude, and obtained, in a very particular manner, the favour of Dr. Wilkie, Professor of Natural Philosophy at that time. After a residence of four years at this University, being the expiration of his bursary, he returned home, and relinquished all thoughts of pursuing the study of Divinity. His turn of mind, and the seriousness naturally imposed by so sacred an office, did not agree; and he chose rather to be dependent on those talents nature had given him, than subject himself to the necessary restrictions of a clerical life. Having lost his father, his prospects were dark and lowering; and, although his education and high acquirements qualified him to act as tutor, still his mind could not brook dependence. He had an uncle in pretty affluent circumstances, who, he expected, would use some influence in procuring him a situation worthy attention; but after living with him some time, he allowed him to depart without countenancing him in any way whatever; which drew from our poet a letter replete with manly sentiments. The only effect of the letter was a small pecuniary assistance, which poverty obliged him to accept. He returned home; and, after a severe fit of illness, produced by fatigue and oppression of mind, he obtained employment in the Sheriff Clerk's office, Edinburgh, where he continued during the rest of his lifetime. His first appearance as a poet was in Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, a Miscellany to which he occasionally contributed; and the value of his pieces soon became to be understood and acknowledged:—people of all descriptions solicited and obtained his company; and, as he could accommodate his conversation to any society, serious or gay, he soon had a crowd of flatterers and admirers, who were as evanescent as the waves of the sea. Among them all he found no

real patron * to shelter him from the storms of adversity, which, on account of his conduct, were gathering thick around him. Towards the latter part of his short life, he neglected his business, became unhappy in his mind, and, as a temporary alleviation, had recourse to the society of dissolute companions; and the bowl became his frequent comfort. Although in moments of reflection he often formed resolutions of mending, he never carried them into effect. His dissipated habits had not taken such deep root in his mind, but that any solemn occasion, or religious conversation, brought to his recollection instructions of religious parents, and the many blessings he had despised. It was after an accidental conversation with a pious minister, which had taken a deep impression on his imagination, that he returned to his mother's house in all the agonies of religious horror, and sunk into a state of complete despondency. When his body was emaciated by disease, and his mind seemed to relapse into pristine infancy, he threw aside his favourite pursuits, and made the Bible his constant companion. Having experienced a kind of temporary relief from the horrors of his situation, he, on a visit to some of his relations, had the misfortune to fall down a stair, and received a violent contusion on his head, when he shortly after became so outrageous that it required manual force to keep him in subordination. His disconsolate mother being unable to procure the proper attendance, it became absolutely necessary to convey him to the public asylum, which some of his friends in a favourable moment accomplished. It was not till they had reached the place of destination, that the unhappy youth perceived where he was; upon which he raised a shriek of despair that was answered by the inmates of every cell, and thrilled with unutterable horror through the bosoms of all present. It was after a confinement of two months in this place of public misery, that he ended a life of hardships and adversities, on the 16th October 1774, and was interred in the Canongate Church-yard.

A tombstone was erected to his memory many years afterwards by his successor, Robert Burns, whom he too much resembled in a life, which should certainly be taken as a warning by all the offspring of the Muses.

Almost all Fergusson's pieces were composed before he had completed his twentieth year; and they necessarily are tainted with imperfections which more mature years would have corrected. It is surprising indeed, when we consider his extreme youth, and the hurry and carelessness with which he wrote, that they should be so complete and attractive as they are: and it certainly bespeaks a genius of the first order, that in his short and ill-fated life, he was able to establish a name, which has taken its place among our best Scottish poets. Although his English pieces discover marks of genius, it is upon his Scottish pieces that his fame as a poet depends. Their popularity is a strong proof of their intrinsic merit. They exhibit a sprightliness of thought, and a talent for the ludicrous, which has rarely been exceeded. The versification is easy and natural, smooth, and often highly melodious.

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* The only person who ever evinced any desire to serve our unhappy poet, was a Mr. Burnet, who was particularly captivated by his amiable manners; and who afterwards went to the East Indies, promising, that as soon as his own affairs were properly arranged, he would provide for his unfortunate friend; which promise he fulfilled, by remitting a draught of a hundred pounds, accompanied with an earnest invitation to come over to India. But, alas! before this first act of generosity arrived to a hopeless being, he had paid that debt to nature which we all owe.

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Et multo in primis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit. VIRG. BUC.

WHAN gloamin' grey out o'er the welkin keeks,
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre,
Wban Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door
An' lusty lasses at the dighting tire; [steeks,
What bangs fu' leal the e'enin's coming cauld,
An' gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain;
Gars dowie mortals look baith blythe an' bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a' the pourtith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse, an chant in hamely strain:

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divets theekit frae the weet an' drift,
Sods, peats, and heath'ry turffs the chimly fill,
An' gar their thick'ning smeek salute the lift.
The gudeman, new come hame, is blythe to find,
When he out o'er the hallan flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean;
For cleanly house loes he tho' e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife that the pleugbs require
A beartsome meltith an' refreshing synd
O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:
Sair wark an poortith downa weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks:
I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams;
The readied kail stands by the chimly cheeks,
An' haud the rigging het wi' welcome streems;
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this lat gentler gabs a lesson lear;
Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,

They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the day,
At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound,
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
Nor drogs their noodle an' their sense confound,
Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the hindmost wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun;
'Twas this that brac'd their gardies, stiff an' strang,
That bent the deidly yew in ancient days,
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang,
Gar'd Scottish thristles bang the Roman bays:
For near our crest their heads they doughtna raise.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er;
The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
O' simmer's showery blinks and winter's sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.
'Bout kirk an' market eke their tales gae on,
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;
An' there how Marion, for a bastard son,
Upo' the cutty stool was forc'd to ride,
The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to bide.

The feint a cheip's amang the bairnies now,
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
Aye maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
Grumble an' greet, an' mak' an unco mane.
In rangles round before the ingle's low,
Frae Gudame's mouth auld-warld tales they hear,
O' warlocks louping round the wirrikow,
Or gaists that win in glen and kirk-yard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shake wi' fear.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be
Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill:
That kye ha'e tint their milk wi' evil e'e,
An' corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill.
O mock na this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
An' dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
Tho' age her sair dow'd front wi runkles wave,
Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays,
Her e'ening stent reels she as weel's the lave.
On some feast-day, the wee things, buskit braw,
Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' caidgie that her head was up an' saw
Her ain spun cleathing on a darling boy,
Careless though death should mak' the feast her foy.

In its auld *lerrock* yet the *deas* remains
Whare the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease,
A warm an' canny lean for weary banes
O' lab'rers doil'd upo' the wint'ry leas:
Round him will baudrins an' the collie come,
To wag their tail, an cast a thankfu' e'e
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
O' kebbuck whang'd, an' dainty fadge to prie;
This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their morning counsel tak',
What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till,
How big a birn maun lie on Bassie's back,
For meal an' multure to the thirling mill.
Neist the gudewife her hireling damsels bids
Glowr thro' the byre, an' see the hawkies bound,
Tak' tent case Crummy tak' her wonted tids,
An' ca' the laiglen's treasure to the ground,
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begins to grien;
Their joints to slack from industry a while:
The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
Au' hafflin steeks them frae their daily toil;
The cruisy too can only blink an' bleer,
The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;
Tacksmen an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow;
Till wakened by the dawning's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman an' a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock an' cou'ter turn the gleyb!
An' banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May SCOTIA's simmers aye look gay an' green,
Her yellow har'st frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' bein,
Frae the hard grip o' ails an' poortith freed,
An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

FERGUSSON.

TO THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the wood,
Attendant on the spring!
How Heaven repairs thy vernal seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy wandering in the wood,
To pull the flowers so gay,
Starts—thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on its bloom,
Thou fliest the vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make with social wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

LOGAN.

IRISH MELODY.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her, sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps;
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd, awaking—
Ah! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sun-beams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!

MOORE.

HAROLD'S ROSABELLE.

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell:
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

—"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The Fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
Whose screams forbode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"—

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well;
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;

'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire the chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each Baron for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foilage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blaz'd battlement and pinnet high,
Blaz'd every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's Barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell:
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild wind
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle. [sung

SCOTT.

Shipwreck of the Abeona.

THE good ship Abeona
Unreefs her flapping sail;
And many a heart is aching,
And many a cheek is pale:

And now she heaves her anchor,
And now she cuts the wave;
O dismal was the parting,
And faint the shout they gave!

" Art thou, too, sad and weeping,
But yesterday a bride?
Cheer up, my bonny Mary,
'Tis William by thy side!

" Fear not yon foreign country,
He'll shield thee from alarms;
Fear not the tossing billows,
Thou'rt safe within his arms!

" I know thou'st left a mother,
But she has bairns beside,
Who'll cheer her, while thy William
Shall cheer his bonny bride."

Now swift across the ocean,
The good ship heaves her way,
Divides the dashing billows,
And tosses high the spray.

Long since to merry Scotland,
They've sighed their last adieu;
Even Europe's shores receding
Have faded from their view.

Beneath—around—above them,
Are the ocean and the sky;—
God shield thee, lonely vessel,
From any danger nigh!

" How swift we sail, my William!
How cool's this evening breeze!
How could I fear with thee, love,
To brave the roaring seas!

Now Mary smiles at danger,
Heeds not the tossing wave,
But views with hope yon country,
Where the treasures she will save.

Shall take her home to Scotland,
There in comfort to abide,
And long to bless the hour, love
Had made her William's bride;

But see! 'tis smoke ascending,
Thick rolling from below!
And, oh! this burning heat too!
And hark, those shrieks of woe!

See, the crew on deck all rushing!
Great Heaven! the flames pursue!
"O save me, save me, William,
Save thy Mary fond and true!"

Who shall paint the scene of horror?
Not a hope beneath the skies!
Like lightning to the mast head
The crackling flames arise!

They rise, and rage, and widen—
Hark! the shriek of wild despair,
The cry of bitter anguish,
The agony of prayer!

The boats!—too soon they're crowded!
Every mother, frantic, wild,
Forgetting self in danger,
Thinks only of her child!

Now God have mercy on you,
O! hapless orphan crew!
See their little arms extended!
See, they weep their last adieu!

God have mercy on you, mothers!
For slow they raise the oar;
Slow, sad, they strike the billows—
Ye will see your babes no more!

The crackling, blazing timbers
Crashing fall from side to side;
All around—the flames devouring;
All below—the rushing tide.

"O William, hope is over,
Thou can'st swim—I do not fear."
"What, leave thee, Mary? Never!
Cling, closer to me, dear.

"We'll trust the wave together,
Together live or die;
Oh, Mary, fear not danger,
For still thy William's nigh!"

They plunge---and long does William
Throw aside the dashing wave;
Love and hope his arm have nerv'd,
And the boat is nigh to save.

Now nearer yet, and nearer---
Almost he grasps the oar;
Another stroke---but William
Can stem the wave no more!

"O Mary,"---faint he whispers,
Pray to him who sits above:
Thou dost---O yes---together---
Together yet, my love!"

They sink---the roaring billow
Sweeps in thunder o'er their head---
But Thou wilt not forget them
When the "sea gives up her dead."

And thou art Dead.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth receiv'd them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:

It is enough for me to prove
That what I lov'd and long must love,
  Like common earth can rot:
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis nothing that I lov'd so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
  As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
  And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
  Nor falsehood disavow;
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
  The worst can be but mine;
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,
  Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
  Nor need I to repine;
That all those charms have pass'd away,
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower, in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd,
  Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd.
  The leaves must drop away;
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering leaf by leaf,
  Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade.

Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze (how fondly!) on thy face,
To hold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die,
Through dark and dread eternity,
Returns again to me;
And more thy buried lore endears
Than aught, except its living years.

BYRON.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Apostrophes.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Bless'd with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth,
Whose language breath'd the eloquence of Truth;
Whose life, beyond perceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by thee to fame consign'd,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From thee sweet Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

THE AFRICAN SLAVE.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
Mark the fix'd gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair!
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,
Go, view the captive barter'd as a slave!
Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resign'd,
Lo! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind:
Her dear delusions sooth his sinking soul,
When the rude scourge assumes its base controul;
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse
The full reflection of their vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore;
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew
The simple transports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,
And chant the rude, traditionary verse;
With those, the lov'd companions of his youth
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

THE MAD SCULPTOR.

BUT can her smile with gloomy madness dwell:
Say can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
Who from the quarried mass, like PHIDAS, drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!
Even now he claims the AMARANTHINE wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!

And whence these scenes, these images, declare—
Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair!

THE LOVERS.

THE beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review;
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face,
Forgot, when first a father's stern controul
Chas'd the gay visions of her opening soul:
And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell
Bursts thro' the cypres-walk, the convent cell,
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive
To love and joy still tremblingly alive;
The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong,
Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,
With JULIA'S spirit thro' the shadowy grove,
Gaze with delight on every scene she plann'd,
Kiss every floweret planted by her hand.
Ah! still he trac'd her steps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd
Half-viewless forms; still listen'd as the breeze
Heav'd its deep sobs among the aged trees;
And at each pause her melting accents caught,
In sweet delirium of romantic thought!
Dear was the grot that shunn'd the blaze of day;
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,
Murmur'd of JULIA'S virtues as it fell;
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,
In FLORIO'S ear breath'd language not its own,

Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY threw,
A charm that sooths the mind, and sweetens too!
ROGERS.

A MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy!
No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more bless'd than he.
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall sooth this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And sooth my parting spirit ling'ring near?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,
Muse on the last farewel I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murm'ring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,

Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

CAMPBELL.

THE LAUREL DISPUTED;

OR, THE MERITS OF

ALLAN RAMSAY AND ROBERT FERGUSSON CONTRASTED.

Delivered in the Pantheon at Edinburgh, on Thursday, 14th April, 1791, on the Question—"Whether have the exertions of Allan Ramsay or Robert Fergusson done more Honour to Scotch Poetry?"

BEFORE ye a' ha'e done I'd humbly crave
To speak twa words or three amang the lave,
No for mysel', but for an honest Carl,
Wha's seen right mony changes i' the warl',
But is sae blate, down here he durstna come,
Lest, as he said, his fears might ding him dumb;
And then he's frail—sae begg'd me to repeat
His simple thoughts about this fell debate;
He gied me this lang scroll; 'tis e'en right brown:
I'se let you hear't, just as he has't set down.

"Last ouk our Elspa, wi' some creels o' eggs,
And three fat eerocks fasten'd by the legs,
Gaed down to Embrugh, caft a new bane kame,
And brought a warl' o' news and elashes hame.
For she's searee out a day, and gets a text,
But I'm dung deaf we' clatter a' the next;
She'll tell a' what she heard frae end to en',
Her cracks to wives, wives' cracks to ber again;
Till wi' *quo' I's*, *quo' she's*, and *so's*, her skirl,
Sets my twa lugs a ringing like a gir'le.

"'Mang ither ferlies whilk my kimmer saw,
Was your print paper batter'd on the wa';

She said she kentna rightly what it meant,
But saw some words o' goud and poets in't.
This gart me glowr, sae aff sets I my lane
To Daniel Reid's, an auld frien' o' my ain;
He gets the news, and tauld me that ye'd hecht
A dawd o' goud, on this same Fursday night,
To him wha'd show, in clinking verses dress'd
Gin Ramsay's sangs or Fergusson's were best.

" Trouth I was glad to hear ye were sae kind,
As keep our slee-tongu'd billies in your mind;
And tho' our Elspa ca'd me mony a gouk,
To think to speak amang sae mony fouk,
I got my staff, put on my bounet braid,
And best blue breeks, that were but fern-year made;
A saxpence too, to let me in bedeen,
And thir auld spentacles to help my een;
Sae I'm come here, in hopes ye'll a' agree,
To hear a frank auld kintra man like me.

" In days when Dryden sang ilk bonny morn,
And Sandy Pope began to tune his horn,
When chiels rouud Lon'on chanted a' fu' thrang,
But poor auld Scotland sat without a sang!
Droll Will Dunbar, frae flyting then was freed,
And Douglas too, and Kennedy were dead,
And nane were left in hamely cracks to praise
Our ain sweet lassies, or our ain green braes.
Far aff our gentles for their poets flew,
And scorn'd to own that Lallan sangs they knew,
Till Ramsay raise. O blythesome, hearty days!
When Allan tun'd his chanter on the braes!
Auld Reekie then, frae blackest, darkest wa's,
To richest rooms resounded his applause,
And when the nights were dreary, lang, and dark,
The beasts a' fother'd, and the lads frae wark,
The lassies' wheels, thrang birring round the ingle,
The ploughman boring wi' his brogs and lingle,
The herd's wircs clicking o'er the ha'f-wrought hose,
The auld Gudeman's een haflins like to close,

The gentle Shepherd frae the bole was ta'en,
Then sleep I trow was banish'd frae their een,
The cankriest then was kittled up to daffing,
And sides and chafts maist riven were wi' laughing.

" Sic were the joys his cracks cou'd eith afford,
To Peer and Ploughman, Barrowman or Lord;
In ilka clachen, wife, man, wean, and callan,
Cracket and sang frae morn to e'en o' Allan.

" Learn'd fouk, that lang in colleges and schools
Ha'e sucket Learning to the vera hools,
And think that naething charms the heart sae weel's
Land cracks o' Gods, Greeks, Paradise, and De'ils,
Their pows are cramm'd sae fu' o' lear and art,
Plain simple Nature canna reach their heart;
But where's the rustic, that can, reading, see
Sweet Peggy skiffing o'er the dewy lea,
Or wishfu' stealing up the sunny howe,
To gaze on Pate, laid sleeping on the knowe;
Or hear how Bauldy ventur'd to the De'il,
How thrawn auld Carling skelpit him afiel';
How Jude wi's hawk met Satan i' the moss;
How Skin-flint gran'd his pocks o' goud to loss;
How bloody snouts and bloody beards were gi'en
To smiths and clowns at Christ's kirk on the green;
How twa daft herds, wi' little sense or havings,
Din'd by the road on honest Hawkie's leavings;
How Hab maist brak' the Priest's back wi' a rung;
How deathless Addie died, and how he sung;
Whae'er can thae (o' mae I needna speak)
Read tenty o'er, at his ain ingle cheek,
And no find something glowin' thro' his blood,
That gars his een glowr thro' a siller flood,
May close the beuk, poor coof! and lift his spoon,
His heart's as hard's the tackets in his shoon.

" Lang saxty years ha'e whiten'd o'er this powe,
And mony a height I've seen, and mony a howe,
But aye when Elspa flate, or things gaed wrang,
Next to my pipe was Allan's sleekit sang;

I thought him blyther ilka time I read,
And mony a time, wi' unco glee I've said,
That ne'er in Scotland wad a chield appear,
Sae droll, sae hearty, or sae confounded queer,
Sae glibly-gabbet, or sae bauld again,
I said, I swor't—but, deed, I was mista'en.
Up frae auld Reekie Fergusson begoud,
In fell auld phrase, that pleases aye the crowd,
To cheer their hearts whiles wi' an antrin sang,
Whilk, far and near, round a' the kintry rang.

" At first I thought the swankie didna ill—
Again I glowr'd to hear him better still;
Bauld, slee and sweet, his lines mair glorious grew,
Glow'd round the heart, and glanc'd the soul out-thro';
But when I saw the freaks o' Hallow Fair,
Brought a' to view as plain as I'd been there,
And heard, wi' teeth maist chattering in my head,
Twa kirk-yard Ghaists rais'd goustly frae the dead,
Daiz'd Sandy greetin' for his thriftless wife,
How camscheuch Sandy sud been fed in Fife,
Poor Will and Geordy mourning for their frien',
The Farmer's Ingle, and the cracks at e'en,
My heart cried out, while tears were drapping fast,
O Ramsay, Ramsay, art thou beat at last;

" Ae night the lift was skinkling a' wi' starns,
I cross'd the burn, and dauner'd thro' the cairns,
Down to auld Andrew Ralston's o' Craig-neuk,
To hear his thoughts, as he had seen the book,
(Andrew's a gay droll hand—ye'll ablins ken him—
It mak's na, I had hecht some sangs to lend him,)
Aweel, quo' I, as soon's I reek't the hallan,
What think ye now o' our bit Embrugh callan?
' Saf's man,' quo' Andrew, ' yon's an unco chiel,
He surely has some dealings wi' the de'il!
There's no a turn that ony o' us can work at,
At hame, or yet a-field, at kirk or market,
But he describes't, as paukily and fell,
As gin he'd been a kintra man himsel'.

Yestreen, I'm sure, beside our auld gudewife,
I never leugh as meikle a' my life,
To read the King's Birth-day's fell hurry burry,
How draigled Pussy flies about like fury;
Faith, I ken that's a fact—The last birth-day,
As I stood glowring up and down the way,
A dead cat's gut, before I cou'd suspect,
Harled thro' dirt, came clash about my neck,
And while wi' baith my nieves frae 'bout I took it,
Wi' perfect stink, I thought I wou'd ha'e bocket.

" 'His stories too are tell'd sae sleek and baul',
Ilk oily word rins jinking thro' the saul.
What he describes, before your een ye see't,
As plain and lively as ye see that peat.
'Tis my opinion, John, that this young fallow
Excels them a', and beats auld Allan ballow,
And shows, at twenty-twa, as great a giftie
For painting just, as Allan did at fifty.'

" You, Mr. President, ken weel yoursel',
Better by far than kintra-fouks can tell,
That they wha reach the gleg auld farrant art,
In verse to melt, and sooth, and mend the heart;
To raise up joy, or rage, or courage keen,
And gar ilk passion sparkle in our cen,
Sic chiels, (whare'er they ha'e their ha' or hame,)
Are true-blue bards, and wordy o' the name.
Sud ane o' thae, by lang experience, man
To spin out tales frae mony a pawky plan,
And set's a-laughing at his blauds o' rhyme,
Wi' sangs, aft polish'd by the hand o' time;
And should some stripling, still mair light o' heart
A livelier humour to his cracks impart;
Wi' careless pencil draw, yet gar us stare
To see our ain fire-sides and meadows there;
To see our thoughts, our hearts, our follies drawn
And Nature's sel' fresh starting frae his haun;
Wad mony words, or speeches lang, be needed,
To tell whase rhymes were best, were clearest headed?

"Sits there within the four wa's o' this house,
Ae chield o' taste, droll, reprobate, or douse,
Whase blessed lugs ha'e heard young Rob himsel',
(Light as the lamb that dances on the dell,)
Lay aff his auld Scots crack wi' pauky glee,
And seen the fire that darted frae his e'e?
O let him speak! O let him try t' impart,
The joys that then gush'd headlong on his heart,
When ilka line, and ilka lang-syne glowr
Set faes, and friends, and Pantheons in a roar!
Did e'er auld Scotland find a nobler pride
Thro' a' her veins and glowing bosom glide,
Than when your Muses' dear young fav'rite bard,
Wi' her haill strength o' wit and fancy fir'd,
Raise frae the thrang, and kindling at the sound,
Spread mirth, conviction, truth, and rapture round?

"To set Rob's youth and inexperience by,
His lines are sweeter, and his flights mair high.
Allan, I own, may show far mair o' art;
Rob pours at once his raptures on the heart.
The first by labour mans our breast to move;
The last exalts to exstacy and love.
In Allan's verse, sage sleeness we admire;
In Rob's the glow of faucy, and of fire.
And genius bauld, that nought but deep distress,
And base neglect, and want, could e'er suppress.

"O hard, hard fate!—but cease, thou friendly tear,
I darna mourn my dear lo'd Bardie here,
Else I might tell, how his great soul had soar'd,
And nameless ages wonder'd and ador'd,
Had friends been kind, and had not his young breath,
And rising glory, been eclips'd by death.

"But lest owre lang I lengthen out my crack,
And Epps be wearying for my coming back,
Let ane and a' here, vote as they incline,
Frae heart and saul Rob Fergusson has mine."

WILSON.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born at London, in 1608. His father was by profession a scrivener; and his mother's name was Sarah Caston. He had one brother named Christopher, and a sister named Anna. Christopher seems to have applied himself to the study and practice of the common law; and—not more unlike his brother in occupation than in disposition—to have been attached less to principles which were right and honourable than those which were lucrative. The subject of this short sketch had the good fortune to be placed at an early period of life under the eye and care of a domestic tutor, for the purpose of instruction. He is said to have been in his boyhood the peculiar object of the attachment and love of his father. When he had at length made due advances in years, and becoming progress in the different branches of an elementary literature at home, he exchanged a private for that of a public education; and was removed from the roof of his father's house to St. Paul's school—from his old instructor to Dr. Gill. After remaining a short time under the tuition of Dr. Gill, he became a member of Christ's College, Cambridge. There he continued until he attained to the degree of Master of Arts; and on his reception of that honour, he left Cambridge, and returned home. At Norton, his father's estate in Buckinghamshire, he prosecuted his studies for a considerable number of years, and until the decease of his mother. He had long wished to visit the various countries on the continent of Europe; and, on the death of his mother, his father gave him permission to take a temporary leave of England. He accordingly travelled through France and Italy; and was introduced, in the former kingdom, to the celebrated Grotius; and in the latter, to the Marquis of Villa, the patron of Tasso; where he also contracted a familiarity with many distinguished individuals in Rome, in Florence, in Genoa, and other cities. He is observed to have exposed himself, at one time, to imminent danger in Rome, by disputing there against the doctrine of her church, within the verge of the Vatican. It was his intention at his departure from England, to have journeyed over Greece and Sicily; but that design was unhappily frustrated; for the civil war in the reign of Charles I. was just breaking out; and he, abandoning all hopes, in the mean while, of further travel, returned to England. On his arrival, he took up his residence in the metropolis; and there educated young gentlemen, upon the plan, it is said, afterwards published by him, and inscribed to Mr. Hartlib. He married within a few years afterwards; but his wife deserted him in little more than a month after marriage—from what cause we know not. She returned to him,

however, shortly after. By her he had three daughters---the only children he had, although he was twice married afterwards. He now entered with eagerness and heart into the defence of the revolutionists, and the revolutionary cause, with his pen. Some years afterwards an adjutancy among them promised itself to Milton, but failed in the fulfilment. Cromwell, not long after the disappointment, appointed him Latin Secretary to himself and the Parliament. At the restoration of Charles II. he was divested of his office, and obliged to conceal himself till the act of oblivion had passed, and his pardon had been secured. Previous to this, his sight, from too much application of the pen, had been gradually leaving him, and at last was totally extinguished, by what is termed in the language of physic, a *gutta serena*, and by himself, a *deep suffusion*. In one of his sonnets on his own blindness, he beautifully consoles himself that his sight was lost in a good cause---liberty;---and triumphantly adds, that, with this idea to support him, he could wander through the wide world.

The more distinguished of Milton's poetical compositions were published in the following order:---His Comus, L'Allegro, and Il Penseroso first; his Lycidas next; then his Paradise Lost; afterwards his Samson Agonistes; and last of all his Paradise Regained. How the smaller and less dignified monuments above-mentioned of the mind of Milton met the public when they were first printed, we do not know. In all probability, they were secretly felt, though not openly allowed, to be agreeable and delightful. But no person not shamefully and singularly ignorant of the history of English poetry, has not heard or read of the disgust which the age of Milton in general avowedly entertained at his larger and nobler productions. The judgment of a great contemporary respecting his Paradise Lost is well known. It was remarkable, in his opinion, for nought but its *length* and its *irksomeness*! Before that a license for printing it could hardly be procured---nay, even after the piece had been licensed---it was beyond the efforts and power of the author to obtain for it the worthless recompense of *fifteen pounds*, without stipulating that payment of the sum should not be required before three numerous impressions had been sold. There is, notwithstanding, nothing in the fact strange or unaccountable, if we recall only to our recollections the state in which English society and English opinion were when Milton's great volume appeared. The author stood forth, in a political point of view, to the nation, as a man who had been one, at least, of the boldest foes of monarchy, and champions and bulwarks of republicanism. In a literary point of view, he appeared with an intrepidity equal to what he had displayed on former and different occasions---breaking down the wall of irrational and groundless prejudice, and asserting for the Epic Muse her true character and garb. In both cases, the principles of the mighty and fearless patriot and bard were unhappily held by the general and prevailing feeling to stand on the wrong side. The Scottish dynasty was then in the plenitude of renovated power, and the great bulk of the nation, remorseful for past conduct, and solicitous to make amends for former practices, endeavoured to pay court to their new monarch, by discountenancing all who had played the busiest parts in former years of confusion and bloodshed. The two chief and essential ingredients of poetry were, besides, then generally considered to be, in plain English, rhyme and obscenity. Milton remained a firm defender of the doctrines, with regard to civil rights, which he had at first adopted, and relinquished not his political creed, though both were opposite to those which were most prevalent; and was therefore left to say with Erasmus:---*Illud certe præsagio, de meis lucubrationibus qualescunque tunt candidius judicaturam posteritatem.*

The passions of Milton were warm; and, as is common to men, like him, of ardent hearts, easily roused, and easily calmed. His penetration was strong and clear; his apprehension was ready; his memory retentive; his wit versatile. In conversation he was easy, cheerful, and instructive. He delighted in music and works of imagination. A constant and vehement applicant he was for the acquirement of knowledge. His reading was, accordingly, extensive. His genius discovered itself at a very early period of life; and through the whole course of his studies it continued no less to distinguish its possessor.

Milton died of the gout, at Bunhill, near London, 1674, in the 66th year of his age.

Il Penseroso.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain;
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and bo
Hail divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue!
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
Or that starr'd Ethiope queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee, bright hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain:

Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sifting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation:
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholly!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear, thy ev'ning song:

And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through th' heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass.
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear;
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt:
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale;
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

MILTON.

ON THE

DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumphs ceas'd a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd pandoors, and her fierce hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er the van,
Presaging wrath to Poland, and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid:—
"O heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save,—
"Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
"Yet though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
"Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
"By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
"And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart heights array'd
His trusty warriors,—few, but undismay'd;—
Firm pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly;
Revenge, or death!—the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank, your volley'd thunders flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime,

Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell!
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below,
The storm prevails, the rampart yields away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the mouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of Bannockburn.

CAMPBELL.

ON A

PICTURE OF SATAN.

(By Sir Thomas Lawrence.)

"Satan dilated stood." MILTON.

PRINCE of the fallen! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep;

Above the low'rs the sullen fire;
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire;
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies!

But thou dost like a mountain stand;
Thy spear uplifted in thy hand,
Thy gorgeous eye a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne—
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Arm'd in despair, and scorning time!

On thy curl'd lip is thron'd Disdain
That may revenge but not complain;
Thy mighty cheek is firm tho' pale—
There smote the blast of fiery hail:
But war, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an arch-angel sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem,
The king is in thy eye-balls' beam!
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole chief of hell's dark multitude!
Thou prison'd, ruin'd, unforgiven,
Yet fit to master all but heaven!

CROLY.

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
And save his good broad sword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone;
So faithful in love,—and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;—

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:—
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
" O Come you in peace here, or come you in war,
" Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar."—
" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied,
" Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
" And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
" To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
" There be maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
" That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,—
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
" Now tread me a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume.
And the bride maidens whisper'd " 'Twere better by far

"To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."
One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

SCOTT.

Lady Byron's Answer

TO

LORD BYRON'S FAREWELL.

YES! farewell—farewell for ever!
Thou thyself has fix'd our doom,
Bade hope's fairest blossoms wither,
Ne'er again for me to bloom.

Unforgiving thou hast call'd me—
Didst thou ever say *forgive?*
For the wretch whose wiles beguil'd thee,
Thou alone didst seem to live.

Short the space which time had given
To complete the love's decay;
By unhallow'd passion driven,
Soon thy heart was taught to stray

Liv'd for me that feeling tender
Which thy verse so well can show,
From my arms why didst thou wander?
My endearments why forego?

Oh! too late thy breast was bared
Oh! too soon to me 'twas shown,
That thy love I once but shared,
And already it is flown.

Wrapt in dreams of joy abiding,
On thy breast my head hath lain,
In thy love and truth confiding,
Bliss I ne'er can know again.

That dark hour did first discover,
In thy soul the hideous stain—
Would those eyes had clos'd for ever,
Ne'er to weep thy crimes again!

But the impious wish, O heaven!
From thy records blotted be:
Yes, I yet would live, O Byron,
For the babe I've born for thee!

In whose lovely features, let me
All my weakness here confess,
Whilst the struggling tears permit me,
All the father's, I can trace:—

He whose image never leaves me,
He whose image still I prize,
Who this bitterest feeling gives me,
Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow rather,
When our child's first accents flow,
I will teach her to say, *Father*,
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.

Whilst to-morrow and to-morrow,
Wakes me from a widow'd bed,
On another's arms, my sorrow
Wilt thou feel, no tear will shed!

I the world's approval sought not,
When I tore myself from thee;
Of its praise or blame I thought not,
What's its praise or blame to me?

He so priz'd,—so lov'd,—adored,
From his heart my image drove,
On my head contempt has poured,
And prefer'd a wanton's love.

Thou art proud, but mark me, Byron,
I've a heart proud as thine own;
Soft to love, but hard as iron
When contempt is on it thrown.

But farewell!—I'll not upbraid thee,
Never, never wish thee ill,
Wretched tho' thy crimes have made me,
If thou canst, be happy still,

Remorse,

AND THE CONSEQUENCES OF A

CONTINUED COURSE OF PROFLIGACY.

HIMSELF he scorn'd, nor could his crime forgive,
He fear'd to die, yet felt asham'd to live:
Griev'd but not contrite was his heart; oppress'd,
Not broken: but converted, but distress'd;
Proud minds and guilty, whom their crimes oppress,
Fly to new crimes for comfort and redress;
So found our fallen youth a short relief
In wine, the opiate guilt applies to grief;
From fleeting mirth that o'er the bottle lives,
From the false joy its inspiration gives:
And from associates pleas'd to find a friend,
With powers to lead them, gladden, and defend,
In all those scenes where transient ease is found,
For minds whom sins oppress, and sorrows wound.

Of joy now eager, as before of fame,
And screen'd by folly when assail'd by shame,
Deeply he sank, obey'd each passion's call,
And used his reason to defend them all.

Shall I proceed, and step by step relate
The odious progress of a sinner's fate?
No—let me rather hasten to the time
(Sure to arrive) when misery waits on crime.

With virtue prudence fled; what Shore possess'd
Was sold, was spent, and he was now distress'd;
And want, unwelcome stranger, pale and wan,
Met with her haggard looks the hurried man:
His pride felt keenly what he must expect
From useless pity and from cold neglect.

Struck by new terrors, from his friends he fled,
And wept his woes upon a restless bed;
Retiring late, at early hour to rise,
With shrunken features, and with bloodshot eyes;
If sleep one moment clos'd the dismal view,
Fancy her terrors built upon the true;
And night and day had their alternate woes,
That baffled pleasure and that mock'd repose;
Till to despair and anguish was consign'd,
The wreck and ruin of a noble mind.

Now seiz'd for debt, and lodg'd within a jail,
He tried his friendships, and he found them fail;
Then fail'd his spirits, and his thoughts were all
Fix'd on his sins, his sufferings, and his fall;
His ruffled mind was pictur'd in his face,
Once the fair seat of dignity and grace!

Great was the danger of a man so prone
To think of madness, and to think alone;
Yet pride still liv'd, and struggled to sustain
The drooping spirit, and the roving brain;
But this too fail'd: a friend his freedom gave,
And sent him help the threat'ning world to brave;

Gave solid counsel what to seek or flee,
But still would stranger to his person be:
In vain! the truth determin'd to explore,
He trac'd the friend whom he had wrong'd before.
This was too much; both aided and advis'd
By one who shunn'd him, pitied, and despis'd;
He bore it not; 'twas a deciding stroke,
And on his reason like a torrent broke;
In dreadful stillness he appear'd a while
With vacant horror and a ghastly smile;
Then rose at once into the frantic rage,
That force controll'd not, nor could love assuage.

Then as its wrath subsided by degrees,
The mind sank slowly to infantine ease;
To playful folly, and to causeless joy,
Speech without aim, and without end, employ;
He drew fantastic figures on the wall,
And gave some wild relation of them all;
With brutal shape he join'd the human face,
And idiot smiles approv'd the motley race.

That gentle maid, whom once the youth had lov'd,
Is now with mild religious pity mov'd;
Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he
Will for a moment fix'd and pensive be;
And as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes
Explore her looks, he listens to her sighs;
Charm'd by her voice, th' harmonious sounds invade
His clouded mind, and for a time persuade:
Like a pleas'd infant, who has newly caught
From the maternal glance a gleam of thought;
He stands enrapt, the half-known voice to hear,
And starts, half-conscious, at the falling tear.

Rarely from town, nor then unwatch'd he goes,
In darker mood, as if to hide his woes;
Returning soon, he with impatience seeks
His youthful friends, and shouts, and sings, and speaks;
Speaks a wild speech with action all as wild—

The children's leader, and himself a child;
He spins their top, or, at their bidding, bends
His back, while o'er it leap his laughing friends;
Simple and weak, he acts the boy once more,
And heedless children call him *Silly Shore*.

CRABBE.

HERO AND LEANDER.

(From the Bride of Abydos.)

THE winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warned him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hailed above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedewed in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride,
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,

All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scie's rocky isle.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been,
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse to mourn,
To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes,
Be long my lot!—and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon which shone on his high theme;
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still,
Their flock are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow;
That mighty heap of gather'd ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round,
By nations raised, by monarchs crown'd,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!
Without can only strangers breathe
The name of him that *was* beneath:
Dust long outlasts the storied stone—
But thou—thy very dust is gone!
Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear;
Till then, no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.

Yes, there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken Ottoman
Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran:
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet,
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text;
Could smooth this life, and win the next;
And by her Comboloio lies
A Koran of illumin'd dyes;
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;
All that can eye or sense delight
Are gather'd in that gorgeous room,
But yet it hath an air of gloom.
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

BYRON.

TIME.

How slowly and how silent doth TIME
Float on his starry journey! still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.—
He rises with the golden Morning, calmly,
And with the Moon at night. Methinks, I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,

Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.—
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on—
To-morrow I may he a breathless thing—
But he will still be here; and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As if I were alive to welcome them.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

I saw a pauper once—when I was young—
Borne to his narrow grave. The hearers trod
Smiling to where the death-bell heavily rung;
And soon his bones were laid beneath the sod.
On the rough boards the earth was gaily flung:
Methought the prayer that gave him to his God.
Was coldly said.——Then all, passing away,
Left the scarce-coffin'd wretch to quick decay.

It was an Autumn evening;—and the rain
Had stopp'd awhile;—but the loud wind did shriek,
And brought the deluging tempest back again:
The flag-staff on the church-yard tower did creek
Along the sky there ran a lightning vein,—
And then the flapping raven came to seek
His home;—his flight was heavy, and his wing
Seem'd wearied with a long day's wandering.*

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* The above truly exquisite lines are from the pen of that distinguished individual who chooses to go under the name of BARRY CORNWALL. The present age has several great poets to boast of; but there is none, we are persuaded, who will shed a more lovely and abiding lustre on it than the one we have just named. His writings stand at a delightful medium between what are called the *Lake* and the *Cockney Schools*—combining the simplicity of the one, without its puerility, and the richness of the other, without its stiffness and affectation. They may not obtain the popularity of Scott's or Byron's, because they are not so generally addressed to the common passions of humanity; but they are always sure of being cherished by every real and unvitiated lover of poetry—and this, perhaps, is all the popularity worth envying.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found!
Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptred State,
From the Rebel's noisy hate;
In a cottag'd vale she dwells,
List'ning to the Sabbath bells!
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past employ
Memory, bosom spring of joy!

COLERIDGE.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

"OH! best of delights, as it every where is,
To be near the loved *one*; what a rapture is his,
Who in moonlight and music thus sweetly may glide
O'er the lake of CASHMERE, with that *one* by his side!
If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,
Think, think what a Heaven she must make of CASHMERE
So felt the magnificent son of ACBAR*

* Jehanguire was the son of the great Acbar.

When, from power and pomp and the trophies of war,
He flew to the valley, forgetting them all,
With the Light of the Haram, his young NOURNAHAL.
When free and uncrown'd as the conqueror roved,
By the banks of that lake, with his only beloved.
He saw, in the wreaths she would playfully snatch
From the hedges, a glory his crown could not match;
And preferred in his heart the least ringlet that curl'd
Down her exquisite neck, to the throne of the world!

There's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till love falls asleep in its sameless of splendour.
This was not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young NOURNAHAL gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies,
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;
Now melting in mist, and now breaking its gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint has of Heaven in his dreams!"

MOORE.

THE

Cotter's Saturday Night.

My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been,
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the muir, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things, todlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flitcherin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lispin' infant prattlin' on his knee,
Does a' his weary carkin' cares beguile,
An' mak's him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tenty rin
A cannie errand to a neebour town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparklin' in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
And each for others' weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents partial e'e their hopefu' years;
Anticipation forward points the view:
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel as new:
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their masters' an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An' mind their labours wi' an' eident hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
'An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
'An' mind your duty duly, morn an' night!
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might;
'They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebour lad came o'er the muir,
To do some errands and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e an' flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him hen;
A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye;
Blyth Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks o' horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi a woman's wiles, can spy [grave;
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae
Weel pleas'd to think her bairns respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found;
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
An' sage Experience bids me this declare:—
'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
'One cordial in this melancholy vale,
''Tis when a youthfu', loving, modest pair,
'In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.'

Is there in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting truth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food:
The soup their only hawkie does afford
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell;

An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it gude;
The frugal wifie, garrulous will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide:
The sire turns owre, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that ance did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
An' 'Let us worship God!' he says wi' solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise:
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warblin' measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name,
Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame,
The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd wi' these, Italian thrills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they wi' our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed:
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;

How he, who 'lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's ETERNAL KING,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace except the heart;
The Power incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul,
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then hameward all take aff their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them, and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God!'

And certes in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent;
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be bless'd with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part!
The patriot's GOD peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard

BURNS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS---the brightest name in Scottish poetry---was born on the 29th of January, 1759 at a small house about two miles from the town of Ayr, and near Alloway Kirk, the scene of one of his best poems. His father was a farmer, who had come originally from Kincardinshire, and taken a lease of land near Ayr, with the purpose of commencing nurseryman and gardener. He married Agnes Brown in 1757, and the poet was the first fruit of the marriage. At the age of six, Robert was sent to school; and up to his sixteenth year, his time was employed in receiving his education, and assisting his father on the farm. In his sixteenth year, he first committed, as he terms it, the sin of Rhyme, and first formed an attachment to Jean Armour, the future subject of many of his songs, and the future partner of his life. Previous to this, his father's affairs had become unsettled and precarious;---he had removed his situation more than once, but had not been fortunate enough to keep himself without the boundaries of poverty, and the hard gripe of assailing creditors. Robert and his brother Gilbert, who were now attaining to manhood, worked hard, and formed various schemes for the bettering of their condition. They became partners with their father in the farm of Mossgiel, on which they continued several years, but to no better purpose than before. The poet's views at this time were exceedingly gloomy. To the drudgery of farming he saw no reward; and when he looked forward, he saw no likelihood, in his present situation, of attaining to any thing like competence, or an ability to support a family. The West Indies was, he thought, his only resource; and a situation offering itself there, he resolved to push his fortune, and try what another clime would do. There were two bars to the execution of this resolution. His connexion with Jean Armour began to show itself in a way which could not be hid; and Burns was too noble-minded to desert the girl who had given such an unquestionable proof of her attachment to him. Accordingly, he proposed marriage, and left it with her to say whether he should go to the Indies, or struggle at home in the best manner possible. Her father was consulted; and he, whose family pride placed himself far above the fortunes of poor Burns, would not, even in the present delicate situation of his daughter, hear of such a connexion---considered it as making bad worse---as debarring his daughter from any future prospect of settlement---and therefore implored her to have nothing further to do with him. She tacitly consented; and the contemned poet saw that nothing but a redeeming of his fortunes would ever put it in his power to do justice to the object of his affections. The other bar to his leaving Scotland was, a want of money to pay his passage, and purchase necessaries for it. He had become known, by this time, as a writer of verses; and he was therefore advised to publish his poems, as the most likely way of acquiring a little money. He took the advice: and while his poems were printing at Kilmarnock, he was preparing to leave his native land. The result of the publication is known to almost every

one. When just on the eve of departure, a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend was shown the poet, which overturned all his schemes, and opened a new prospect of success, by printing an edition of his poems in Edinburgh. He set out for the metropolis in November, 1786; and was immediately introduced to all the circles of literature and of fashion there. An enlarged and improved edition of his poems was published, by which he acquired five hundred pounds, after defraying all expenses. He had it now in his power to indulge in a passion, which he had long cherished, of visiting some of the more celebrated parts of his native country; and accordingly he made three successive tours, in which he embraced the borders of Scotland, Northumberland, and a great part of the Northern and Western Highlands. After he had fully indulged himself, he returned home, with the determination of settling himself for life as a farmer. He generously * advanced two hundred pounds to his brother Gilbert, who was still struggling under many difficulties in the farm of Mossgiel; and with the remainder of his five hundred, he entered, at Whitsunday, 1788, upon the farm of Ellisland, six miles above Dumfries, on the banks of the river Nith. He now looked to the object of his first attachment; and although he was now in the eyes of the world far above her, he, with a principle of honour which he evinced in every transaction of his life, publicly gave her his hand, and placed her in a situation which the proudest lady in the land would not, perhaps, at that time have disdained. At the same time, he seriously resolved to abandon the giddy circle of gaiety and dissipation in which he had been of late involved, and to apply himself steadily to his undertaking; but, alas! the temptations held out against his resolution were too many almost for humanity to withstand, much less one of his free and generous disposition. So attractive was his company—such a fund of intelligence, and wit, and humour he possessed—that it was sought by persons of all descriptions; and he, yielding too readily to the sin that beset him, was daily seduced from his rustic labours, and the fabric on which he had built his resolution was daily and insensibly undermining. He found it impossible to pay the requisite attention to his farm—it did not succeed as he would have wished; and he naturally imbibed a dislike to it. As a last resource, he looked to the Excise as affording a sure means of livelihood; and, through the interest of Mr. Graham of Fintra, was appointed Exciseman of the district in which his farm lay. This transaction in his life has been a good deal wondered at, and brought on him not a little contempt from many of his countrymen. But it ill becomes *them* to censure a step which necessity drove him to,—it ill becomes those who

* We are happy at the present opportunity afforded us of recording an anecdote of Burns, which has never yet appeared, and which we have from an eye-witness of unquestionable authority. In the winter of ——, Burns passed, on horseback, through the village of New Cumnock, on his way to Dumfries. In something less than an hour he was observed to return to the village, with a man, apparently lifeless, placed before him, on his horse's neck. He stopped at the public inn, and halloed on the landlord. The landlord, landlady, and ostler, were out instantaneously. "Here is a poor mortal," said the poet, "whom I found perishing in the snow—Take him down—I cannot stop—but there's a crown, and see that you give him a warm supper and bed."—"We shall pay every attention, said the landlady, who knew not Burns,—and the poor fellow is certainly mightily obliged to your honour.—Who shall we say, sir, when he recovers, is he indebted to, sir?"—"Oh! *a good Samaritan*," cried the poet, laughing, and scampered off.

neglected him when alive---who suffered the brightest ornament of their country to languish in poverty, or at least, to earn his bread with the sweat of his brow---to struggle with difficulties for which his sensitive mind was not at all a match---it ill becomes *them* to cast a supercilious sneer over his ashes, and upbraid him for a step which *they* alone should have prevented. The blame, in our opinion, rests upon the country and the age, not upon the poet. Poor Burns judged well that his conduct would be a future subject of animadversion; and, in a letter which he wrote, he speaks regarding it in a manner that might, one would think, disarm the coldest-hearted of his censurers. "Reasons," says he, "of no less weight than the support of a wife and children, have pointed out mypresent occupation as the only eligible line of life within my reach. Still my honest fame is my dearest concern, and a thousand times have I trembled at the idea of the degrading epithets that malice or misrepresentation may affix to my name. Often in blasting anticipation have I listened to some future hackney scribbler, with the heavy malice of savage stupidity, exultingly asserting that Burns, notwithstanding the fanfaronade of independence to be found in his works, and after having been held up to public view, and to public estimation, as a man of some genius, yet, quite destitute of resources within himself, to support his borrowed dignity, dwindled into a paltry exciseman, and slunk out the rest of his insignificant existence in the meanest of pursuits, and among the lowest of mankind. Permit me to lodge my strong disavowal and defiance of such slanderous falsehoods. Burns was a poor man from his birth, and AN EXCISEMAN BY NECESSITY: but---I will say it---*the sterling of his honest worth poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit oppression might bend, but could not subdue.*"

In 1791, Burns, with his family, removed to the town of Dumfries, in consequence of his being appointed to that district; and it was during the following year that he was solicited by Mr. George Thomson to assist him in making a select collection of Scottish airs and songs which Mr. T. intended publishing. To this circumstance, we are indebted for some of Burns' best lyric compositions. With the exception of what he wrote for Mr. T.'s work, his muse, during the four last years of his life, produced nothing of importance. For a year before his death, Burns felt his constitution decaying. Although naturally athletic, he was subject, from his earliest days, to an interruption in the process of digestion, violent fevers, and headaches. In his last illness, he removed to the Solway Frith, to try the effects of sea-bathing---but to no purpose. He returned to his own house at Dumfries, on the 18th July, 1796, and expired four days after, at the early age of thirty-eight years, leaving behind him a wife and four sons. It is a melancholy fact, that on the day of the funeral of the poet, Mrs. Burns was delivered of her fifth son, who did not long survive his father. "Of the other sons, Francis Wallace, the second, died in 1803; Robert, the eldest, was, in 1804, placed as a clerk in the Stamp Office, London, where he still continues. William Nicol, the third son, and James Glencairn, the fourth, went out in 1811 and 1812, as cadets in the India Company's service, where they still remain, William on the Madras, and James on the Bengal Establishments. The conduct of all these young men has, hitherto, been creditable to themselves, and pleasing to those who take an interest in them."

THE POOR HINDOO.

'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee;
O then, best belov'd, farewell!
I forbear, lest I should grieve thee,
Half my heart-felt pangs to tell.
Soon a British fair will charm thee,
Thou her smiles wilt fondly woo;
But though she to rapture warm thee,
Don't forget thy Poor Hindoo.

Well I know this happy beauty,
Soon thine envied bride will shine
But will she by anxious duty,
Prove a passion warm as mine?
If to rule be her ambition,
And her own desires pursue,
Thou'lt recall my fond submission,
And regret thy Poor Hindoo.

Born herself to rank and splendour,
Will she deign to wait on thee,
And those soft attentions render
Thou so oft hast prais'd in me?
Yet, why doubt her care to please thee?
Thou must every heart subdue;
I am sure each maid that sees thee
Loves thee like thy Poor Hindoo.

No, ah! no!—though from thee parted,
Other maids will peace obtain;
But thy Solo, broken-hearted,
Ne'er, oh! ne'er, will smile again.
O how fast from thee they tear me!
Faster still shall death pursue:
But 'tis well—death will endear me,
And thou'lt mourn thy Poor Hindoo.*

MRS. OPIE.

* The above stanzas are said to have been composed and sung by an Hindustani girl on being separated from the man she loved. She had lived several years in India with an English gentleman to whom she was tenderly attached; but he, when about to marry, sent his Indian favourite up the country; and, as she is borne along in her palanquin, she is supposed to sing the above melody.

THE AFRICAN.

FAINT-GAZING on the burning orb of day,
When Afric's injur'd son expiring lay;
His fore-head cold, his labouring bosom bare,
His dewy temples, and his sable hair,
His poor companions kiss'd, and cried aloud,
Rejoicing, whilst in peace his head he bow'd:
"Now thy long, long task is done,
Swiftly, brother, wilt thou run,
Ere to-morrow's golden beam
Glitters on thy parent-stream,
Swiftly the delights to share,
The feast of joy which waits thee there!
Swiftly, brother, wilt thou ride
O'er the long and stormy tide,
Fleeter than the hurricane,
Till thou view those scenes again,
Where thy father's hut was rear'd,
Where thy mother's voice was heard!
Where thy infant brothers play'd
Beneath the fragrant citron's shade;
Where through green savannahs wide
Cooling rivers silent glide;
Or the shrill sigarras sing
Ceaseless to their murmuring;
Where the dance, the festive song,
Of many a friend divided long,
Doom'd through stranger lands to roam,
Shall hid thy spirit welcome home;
"Fearless o'er the foaming tide,
Again thy light canoe shall ride;
Fearless on th' embattled plain
Thou shalt lift thy lance again;

Or, starting at the call of morn,
Wake the wild woods with thy horn;
Or, rushing down the mountain slope,
O'ertake the nimble antelope;
Or lead the dance, 'mid blissful bands,
On cool Andracte's yellow sands;
Or, in th' embowering orange grove,
Tell to thy long-forsaken love
The wounds, the agony severe,
Thy patient spirit suffer'd here!

"Fear not now the tyrant's power,
Past is his insulting hour;
Mark no more the sullen trait,
On Slavery's brow, of scorn and hate;
Hear no more the long sigh borne,
Murmuring on the gales of morn!

"Go in peace—yet we remain
Far distant, toiling on in pain;
Ere the great sun fires the skies,
To our work of woe we rise;
And see each night, without a friend,
The world's great Comforter descend:

"Tell our brethren, when we meet,
Thus we toil with weary feet;
Yet tell them that love's gen'rous flame,
In joy, in wretchedness, the same,
In distant worlds was ne'er forgot;
And tell them that we murmur not.
Tell them, though the pang will start,
And drain the life-blood from the heart:
Tell them, generous shame forbids
The tear to stain our burning lids!
Tell them in weariness and want
For our native hills we pant;
Where soon, from shame and sorrow free,
We hope in death to follow thee."

BOWLES.

THE FELON.

OH! mark his wan and hollow cheek!
And mark his eye-balls' glare;
And mark his teeth in anguish clench'd,
The anguish of despair;
Know, since three days, his penance borne;
Yon felon left a jail,
And since three days no food has pass'd
Those lips so parch'd and pale.

"Where shall I turn?" the wretch exclaims;
"Where hide my shameful head?
How fly from scorn? Oh! how contrive
To earn my honest bread?
This branded hand would gladly toil;
But when for work I pray,
Who sees this mark, '*A Felon!*' cries,
And loathing turns away.

"This heart has greatly err'd, but now
Would fain revert to good;
This hand has deeply sinn'd, but yet,
Has ne'er been stain'd with blood;
For work, or alms in vain I sue;
The scorners both deny:
I starve! I starve!—then what remains?—
This choice; *to sin, or die!*

"Here Virtue spurns me with disdain;
There Pleasure spreads her snare:
Strong habit drags me back to vice;
And, urg'd by fierce Despair,
I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
To fly from shame in vain!—
World, 'tis thy cruel will, I yield,
And plunge in guilt again.

"There's Mercy in each ray of light
That mortal eyes e'er saw;
There's Mercy in each breath of air
That mortal lips e'er draw;
There's Mercy both for bird and beast
In God's indulgent plan;
There's Mercy for each creeping thing;—
But MAN HAS NONE FOR MAN!

"Ye proudly honest! when ye heard
My wounded conscience groan,
Had generous hand, or feeling heart,
One glimpse of Mercy shown,—
That act had made, from burning eyes,
Sweet tears of virtue roll,
Had fix'd my heart, assur'd my faith,
And *Heaven had gain'd a Soul!*"

M. G. LEWIS.

Marmion

ENTERING NORHAM CASTLE.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone;
The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height;
Their armour as it caught the rays,
Flash'd back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded as the fading ray

Less bright, and less was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming as he pac'd along,
Some ancient border gathering song.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle-bow;
Well by his visage you might know
He was a stalworth knight and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek reveal'd
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,
Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to ire;
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead by his casque worn bare,
His thick mustache, and curly hair,
Coal black and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-turn'd joints, and strength of limb,
Show'd him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage.

Well was he arm'd from head to heel,
In mail, and plate, of Milan steel;
But his strong helm of mighty cost,
Was all with burnish'd gold imboss'd;
Amid the plumage of the crest,
A falcon hover'd on her nest,

With wings outspread, and forward breast;
E'en such a falcon on his shield,
Soar'd sable on an azure field:
The golden legend bore aright,
"WHO CHECKS AT ME TO DEATH IS DIGHT."
Blue was the charger's broidered rein;
Blue ribbons deck'd his arching mane;
The knightly housings ample fold
Was velvet blue, and trapp'd with gold.

SCOTT.

Hafed's Impetuous Disclosure.

"——' Hold, hold,—thy words are death—'
The stranger cried, as wild he flung
His mantle back, and show'd beneath
The Gheber belt that round him clung—
'Here, maiden, look—weep—blush to see
All that my sire abhors in me!
Yes—*I* am of that impious race,
Those Slaves of Fire, who, morn and even,
Hail their Creator's dwelling place
Among the living lights of heaven!
Yes—*I* am of that outcast few,
To IRAN and to vengeance true,
Who curse the hour your Arabs come
To desolate our shrines of flame,
And swear before God's burning eye,
To break our country's chains or die!
Thy bigot sire—nay, tremble not—
He, who gave birth to those dear eyes
With me is sacred as the spot
From which our fires of worship rise!
But know—'twas he I sought that night,
When, from my watch-boat on the sea,
I caught this turret's glimmering light,
And up the rude rocks desperately

Rush'd to my prey—thou know'st the rest—
I climb'd the gory vulture's nest;
And found a trembling dove within;—
Thine, thine the victory—thine the sin—
If love has made one thought his own,
That vengence claims first—last—alone!
Oh! had we never, never met,
Or could this heart ev'n now forget
How link'd, how bless'd we might have been,
Had fate not frown'd so dark between!
Hadst thou been born a Persian maid,
In neighbouring valleys had we dwelt,
Through the same fields in childhood play'd,
At the same kindling altar knelt,—
Then, then, while all those nameless ties,
In which the charm of country lies,
Had round our hearts been hourly spun,
Till IRAN'S cause and thine were one;—
While in thy lute's awakening sigh
I heard the voice of days gone by,
And saw in every smile of thine
Returning hours of glory shine!—
While the wrong'd Spirit of our Land
Liv'd, look'd, and spoke her wrongs through thee,—
God! who could then this sword withstand?
Its very flash were victory!
But now—estrang'd, divorc'd, for ever,
Far as the grasp of Fate can sever;
Our only ties what love has wove,—
Faith, friends, and country, sunder'd wide;—
And then, then only, true to love,
When false to all that's dear beside!
Thy father, IRAN'S deadliest foe—
Thyself perhaps, even now—but no—
Hate never look'd so lovely yet!
No—sacred to thy soul will be
The land of him who could forget
All but that bleeding land for thee!

When other eyes shall see, unmov'd,
Her widows mourn, her warriors fall,
Thou'lt think how well one Gheber lov'd,
And for *his* sake thou'lt weep for all!
But look——'
With sudden start he turn'd
And pointed to the distant wave,
While lights, like charnel meteors, burn'd
Bluely as o'er some seaman's grave;
And fiery darts, at intervals,
Flew up all sparking from the main,
As if each star, that nightly falls,
Were shooting back to heaven again.—
'My signal lights!—I must away—
Both, both, are ruin'd, if I stay!
Farewell sweet life thou cling'st in vain—
Now—vengeance!—I am thine again.'
Fiercely he broke away, nor stopp'd,
Nor look'd—but from the lattice dropp'd
Down 'mid the pointed crags beneath,
As if he fled from love to death.
While pale and mute young HINDA stood,
Nor mov'd, till in the silent flood
A momentary plunge below
Startled her from her trance of wo."

MOORE.

WAR ELEGY.

COME, kill the mother, who her child has kill'd
Haste, righteous judges, and avenge the deed!
Yes, men of justice, I've for ever still'd
The raging famine, that I could not feed.
"Murderess!"—'Tis false, did *I* the murder do?
Say not 'twas *I*, that stain'd the walls with gore;
Ye hard, unmelting sons of wealth, 'twas *you!*
In vain I wept for succour at your door.

Ye would not let my little cherub live;
Rocks! ye refus'd to lend it longer breath;
A mother gave it all she had to give—
Gave it a beggar'd mother's blessing—DEATH.

Heavens! how I strove my innocent to save,
Till my worn spirit could no longer strive,
No more endure to hear the breath I gave
All spent in cries for bread I could not give.

For three long days my wondrous patience bore
Those ne'er to be forgot, heart-piercing cries;
Bore to behold the pining looks deplore—
Bore the dumb hunger of the hollow eyes.

Here what but wolves but fierce destroyers dwell?
They tore my husband from my helpless side,
And, when the father in their battles fell,
A little bread his famish'd babe denied.

When surfeit swells, while wasting thousands die,
When riot roars amidst surrounding groans,
Whence springs the patience of the quiet sky?
What keeps ye silent, ye unruffled stones?

Farewell, thou dreary scene of want and woe!
The poor to dust where hard oppressors grind;
Force seas of blood and seas of tears to flow,
And revel in the torments of mankind.*

* The above lines were written by Mr. Joseph Fawcett, and are a part of an elegy, which he composed on the following tragical account in the Cambridge (New England) Intelligencer for August 15, 1795:—"A poor woman, having lost her husband in the war, and having implored relief at several doors in vain, in the town of Liverpool, in a fit of desperation, took her child, about three years old, in the public street, and dashed its head against the wall. Immediately surgical aid was called, but in vain. Upon opening the body of the child, the surgeon gave it as his opinion, that its stomach had not received food for three days before. The miserable mother is committed to Lancaster castle." Such a description of individual sufferings will probably excite more sympathy and horror, than a pompous description of a battle, in which 20,000 men were slain, and twice the number wounded.

ROLAND GRÆME.

THE trumpet was rung on Hellvellyn side,
The bugle in Derwent vale:
And an hundred steeds came hurrying fleet,
With an hundred men in mail:
And the gathering cry, and the warning word,
Was—"Fill the quiver, and sharpen the sword."

And away they bound—the mountain deer
Starts at their helmets' flash:—
And away they go—the brooks call out,
With a hoarse and murmuring dash;
The foam, flung from their steeds as they go,
Strews all their track like the drifting snow.

What foes they chase, for I see no foe;
And yet all spurred and gor'd,
Their good steeds fly—say, seek they work
For the fleet hound or the sword?
I see no foe—yet a foe they pursue,
With bow and brand, and horn and halloo.

Sir Richard spurs on his bonny brown steed,
Sir Thomas spurs on his black;
There is an hundred steeds, and each
Has a Selby on its back;
And the meanest man there draws a brand,
Has silver spurs and a Baron's land.

The Eden is deep in flood—lo! look
How it dashes from bank to bank,
To them it seems but the bonny green lea,
Or the vale with brackens rank.—
They brave the water and breast the banks,
And shake the flood and foam from their flanks.

The winding and haunted Eske is nigh,
With its woodlands wide and green;

" Our steeds are white with foam; shall we wash
" Their flanks in the river sheen?"
But their steeds may be doom'd to a sterner task,
Before they pass the woodland Eske.

All at once they stoop on their horses' necks,
And utter a long shrill shout;
And bury their spur in their coursers' flank,
And pluck their bright blades out:
The spurned up turf is scattered behind,
For they go as the hawk when he sails with the wind.

Before them, not far, on the lilied lea,
There is a fair youth flying;
And at his side rides a lovely maid,
Oft looking back and sighing:—
On his bonnet dances the heron's plume,
And fans the maid's cheek, all of ripe rose bloom

" Now do thy best, my bonny grey steed,
And carry my true lover over;
And thy corn shall be served in a silver dish,
And heap'd and running over—
O bear her safe thro' dark Eske's fords,
And leave me to cope with her kinsmen's swords."

Proud look'd the steed, and had braved the flood,
Had it foam'd a full mile wider;
Turn'd his head in joy, and his eye seem'd to say,
I'm proud of my lovely rider:
" And though Selbys stood thick as the leaves on the tree,
All scaithless, I'd bear thee o'er mountain and lea."

A rushing was heard on the river banks,
Wild rung wood, rock, and linn—
And that instant, an hundred horsemen at speed,
Came foaming and fearless in.
" Turn back—turn back, thou Scottish loon,
Let us measure our swords, 'neath the light of the moon."

And an hundred horsemen leaped lightly down,
With their silver spurs all ringing;
And drew back as Sir Richard his good blade bar'd,
While the signal trump kept singing:
And Roland Græme down his mantle threw,
With a martial smile, and his bright sword drew.

With a measuring eye, and a measur'd pace,
Nigher they came, and nigher;
Then made a bound, and made a blow,
And the smote helms yielded fire:
December's hail, or the thunder's blast,
Ne'er flash'd so bright, or fell so fast.

"Now yield thee, Roland, and give me back
Lord Selby's beauteous daughter;
Else I shall sever thy head, and heave 't
To thy light love o'er the water."
"My sword is steel, Sir Richard, like thine,
And thy head's as loose on thy neck as mine."

And again their dark eyes flash'd, and again
They clos'd—on sweet Eske's side,
The ring-doves sprung from their roosts, for the blows
Were echoing far and wide:
Sir Richard was stark, and youg Roland was strong;
And the combat was fierce, but it lasted not long.

There's blood upon young Roland's blade,
There's blood on Sir Richard's brand;
There's blood shower'd o'er their weeds of steel,
And rain'd on the grassy land:
But blood to a warrior's like dew to the flower;
The combat but waxed still more deadly and dour.

A dash was heard in the moonlight Eske,
And up its banks of green,
Fair Edith Selby came with a shriek
And knelt the knights between:—

"Oh! spare him, Sir Ricbard!" she held her white hands,
All spotted with blood 'neath the merciless brands.

Young Roland look'd down on his true love, and smil'd.
Sir Richard look'd also and said,—
"Curse on them that true love would sunder,"
—he sheath'd
With his broad palm his berry-brown blade;
"And long may the Selbys, abroad and at hame,
Find a friend and a foe like the good gallant Græme.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say, what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight!
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright:
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day and night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play,
And could I always keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

CIBBER.

GENERAL MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard---not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beams misty light,
And the lanthorn dimly burning.---

No useless coffin inclos'd his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Both few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of to-morrow.

We thought as we hallow'd his scanty bed,
And smooth'd down his narrow pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

Scarcely half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe were suddenly firing.

Both slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carv'd not a line---we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was born, as his monument in Westminster Abbey informs us, at Fernes, in the Province of Leinster, in the year 1731. After having studied the classics at Mr. Hughes' school, he was admitted a sizer in Trinity College, Dublin, on the 11th of June, 1744; and consequently about the thirteenth year of his age. If, however, with his biographer in the British Plutarch, who declares that, for much of the life, he is indebted to one who was on very intimate terms with the Doctor, we refer his birth to the year 1729, he would then be about fifteen. At what time he left College we know not; but in the year 1749, (two years later than the usual period at which such honours are obtained) he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts; and the next place we find him is in Edinburgh, studying medicine, in the year 1751. Here he began to show a considerable inclination to poetry, and in some of his attempts, as is said, was not unsuccessful. Before this he had shown himself superior at nothing in the walks of literature; and this man, who has "left no species of writing untouched or unadorned by his pen," had passed through the routine of college education without signalizing himself, or giving one promise of his future greatness. What incitements to excel in college business are held out to the student in Dublin, we do not know; but we know, that in more places of education than one in our land, the youth is taught rather to look to a gilded book or a silver medal, to be given to him at some time of the year, as the ultimate end of all his labours of learning; than to the good effects the knowledge he is thus acquiring will produce on himself, or the glory to which it may bring him in the world. Such incitements might be properly used; but they ought always to be held out so as the learner's mind might be deeply impressed with the idea, that these are worthy, very worthy, of his ambition, but that the glory attending such success is but paltry, and not to be compared with what the knowledge he is thus acquiring will bring him. The fact is plain and obvious, that of those who come from such places of education, as many rise to eminence who have slipped unnoticed through their course, as those who retire covered with the badges of victory. With almost the whole of these eminent academic youths, the prize was what they laboured for: this they have got, and they sit down content, and must wait for new excitements to push them into the paths of manly glory. Of the poetical pieces composed by Goldsmith in Edinburgh, none seem to remain, except six lines entitled, "The Clown's Reply." It is a well-

pointed epigram. As in Edinburgh he first gave tokens of his future eminence, so here he first launched into that thoughtless generosity which encumbered him during the whole of his life. Having given security to one Barclay, a taylor, for a considerable sum of money due by a fellow-student, he found it necessary to leave Edinburgh and its tolbooth behind him. At Sunderland, near Newcastle, however, he was arrested, in 1754; but was relieved by Mr. Lauchlan M'Lane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college. On board a Dutch ship he went to Rotterdam, visited Brussels and a great part of Flanders; staid sometime at Strasburgh and Louvain, where he became Batchelor of Medicine, and then proceeded to Geneva, in company with an English gentleman. After what has been said about his setting out for the Continent, it is not likely the reader will be fancying him driving furiously from one town to another, and from one country to another, building himself up, like our young travelling gentry and nobility, that he was seeing and obtaining a knowledge of foreign nations, from seeing a few magnificent buildings and beautiful scenes, which all who take upon them the name of traveller have seen, and noticing the manners of innkeepers and their servants. He was poor, almost pennyless. They were the undisguised inhabitants of the countries with whom he came in contact. They had, or at least felt, no reason to disguise their sentiments or manners. He came under their roof as one that was helpless, and consequently, they would act to him without reserve. Many a scene of nature would he behold with admiration, which never meets the eye of our fashionable tourists. This would add to the enjoyment. The pleasure which arises from visiting what has often been visited, and seeing what has often been seen, is comparatively small. But Goldsmith travelled *through* these countries. He had means of *studying* the inhabitants as well as of *seeing* them. We are informed that he was indebted to his German flute, in a good measure, for subsistence; nor is it possible that his learning could not also stand in good stead, especially where convents and like establishments were to be found. From Geneva he set out as tutor to a young man who had just stepped into a large fortune. They did not long agree, and the reason assigned for this is the avarice of this young heir. Thus was Goldsmith again left to travel alone and poor. He followed out his rout, however, and arrived in London in the winter, 1758, unfriended, and with only a few coppers in his pocket. Nor did he for sometime fall in with any means of living, till a chemist, out of compassion, took him as a servant in his Laboratory. At last, having heard that his friend Dr. Sleigh was in London, he left the chemist, and went to reside with him, till he obtained the situation of assistant-teacher in Dr. Miller's academy. Encouraged, however, by the success of some critisms written by him for the Monthly Review, he left the academy, went to London, took lodgings in the Old Baillie, and commenced professional author. We will not go over all his works, or mention the dates of their publication. Of his poems only, shall we take a passing notice. The first he published was the Traveller, in 1765. Here we have some insight into the feelings under which he travelled. Here we see, how the spark of poetic genius he had begun to display, was nourished into a flame. The poet, desolate and dreary, yet discourses on the happiness and misery of nations; in that spirit of laudable selfishness with which our Maker has blessed us, rejoices in his own condition; pennyless, exclaims, "Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine." The memory of the critic now deservedly rots, who said, that the Traveller was "a flimsy poem, built upon false principles—principles diametrically opposite to liberty." His other poems coming out at various times, raised him high as a child

of song. Dr. Kenrick, too, in addition to his abuse of the Traveller, said, that the Deserted Village was a poem without fancy, dignity, genius, or fire. Surely neither judgment nor feeling could belong to one who could speak thus. The Hermit is a ballad of elegance and fine feeling. Like the other serious pieces of this author, it comes in its influence, by degrees, upon us. It does not overpower, for this was not what the Doctor pretended to: but leads us willing captives, rejoicing in our captivity. The Doctor's wit is displayed in his lesser poems. It is a playful, easy, pleasant wit; and it is the more efficient because it is so. To trace out the incidents of the Doctor's life in London, we think needless. We find him grown a gentleman, yet still blundering; rich, and yet, through thoughtless generosity, still poor: introduced to a Duke, and, like himself, while in waiting on his Grace, through ignorance addressing a servant instead of the master; decoyed by a bailiff to a place where he might get his hands upon him, in the hope of being introduced to a Lord, and relieved from the consequences of this ambitious simplicity by the kindness of Mr. Hamilton, Editor of the Critical Review, who, from a fear of some mishap arising from an adventure which he plainly saw to be foolish, had accompanied the Doctor to the place of appointment; caneing the bookseller who published Dr. Kenrick's letter; writing plays, and histories, and philosophy, just as he thought would be most profitable; squandering away hundreds as he has once did pence; and last of all dying in the year 1754, honoured by the world as a writer, and leaving upon the minds of his friends strong recollections of the goodness of his heart, and the clearness of his head; remembered for his jokes, and his fun, and his blunders; for his seriousness, and his sage remarks, and his integrity, and justifying the character given of him by Garrick in the following piece, entitled, "Jupiter and Mercury, a Fable," with which we will conclude this sketch:—

Here, Hermes, says Jove, who with Nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow;
Right and wrong shall be jumbled, much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross;
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turned to fictions;
Now mix these ingredients, which warmed in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking,
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail;
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail;
For the joy of each sex, on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester, and poet:
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be Goldsmith his name;
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him—to make us sport here.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go"

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here, to the houseless child of want
My door is open still:
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks, that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, Pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego:
All earth-born cares are wrong:

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And, now when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?

Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name?
A charm that lulls to sleep!
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
Where heaven and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;

And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humblest, simplest, habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had;
But these were all to me.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refin'd,
Could nought of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died!

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there, forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:

'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."
"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide;
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see,
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

GOLDSMITH.

Despair.

FAREWELL, my gentle harp, farewell!
Thy task will soon be done;
And she who lov'd thy lonely spell
Shall, like it's tones, be gone—
Gone to the place where mortal pain
Pursues the weary heart in vain.

I shed no tears—light passes by
The pang that melts in tears—
The stricken bosom that can sigh
No mortal arrow bears—
When comes the soul's true agony,
The lip is hush'd and calm the eye.

And mine has come!—no more I weep—
No longer passion's slave;

My sleep must be the unwaking sleep,
My bed must be the grave:
Through my wild brain no more shall move
Or fear, or hope, or joy, or love.

CROLY.

MAZEPPA'S PUNISHMENT.

"BRING forth the horse!"—the horse was brought;
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who look'd as though the speed of thought
Were in his limbs; but he was wild,
Wild as the wild deer, and untaught.
With spur and bridle undefil'd—
'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely but in vain,
In the full foam of wrath and dread
To me the desart born was led:
They bound me on, that menial throng,
Upon his back with many a thong:
Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
Away!—away!—and on we dash!
Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away!—away!—My breath was gone
I saw not where he hurried on:
'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,
And on he foam'd—away!—away!
The last of human sounds which rose,
As I was darted from my foes,
Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,

And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
Had bound my neck in lieu of rein.
And, writhing half my form about,
Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed:
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days:
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left,
Nor of its fields a blade of grass,
Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was:
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain,
When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank;
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night
Is chequer'd with the northern light;
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod:—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane;
But snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career:
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from agony
Increas'd his fury and affright;
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:

Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs ran o'er;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something firier far than flame.
We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nip the forest's foilage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierc'd each frozen cheek:
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chesnut stood,
The strong oak and the hardy pine;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear
My limbs; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire,
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:
Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
Nor left us with the morning sun;

Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
At day-break winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish---if it must be so---
At bay, destroying many a foe.
When first my courser's race begun,
I wish'd the goal already won;
But now I doubted strength and speed,
Vain douht! his swift and savage breed
Had nerv'd him like the mountain roe;
Nor faster falls the blinding snow
Which whelms the peasant near the door
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
Than through the forest-paths he past---
Untir'd, untam'd, and worse than wild;
All furious as a favour'd child
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still---
A woman piqued---who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
But chill the air, although in June;
Or it might be my veins ran cold---
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
And I was then not what I seem,
But headlong as the wintry stream,
And wore my feelings out before
I well could count their causes o'er;
And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
The tortures which beset my path,
Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
Thus bound in nature's nakedness:
Sprung from a race, whose rising blood
When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattle-snake's, in act to strike;

What marvel if this worn-out trunk
Beneath its woes a moment sunk?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground;
But err'd for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther: he who dies
Can die no more than then I died,
O'ertortur'd by that ghastly ride,

BYRON.

SONNETS.

LOVE is too young to know what conscience is
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side,
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

SHAKESPEARE

THE world is too much with us!—late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,

Little there is in nature we call ours:
We have given away our hearts—a sordid boon!
That sea which bares its bosom to the moon,
Those clouds that will be weeping at all hours,
And are upgather'd now like summer flowers,
For this—for every thing—we are out of tune!
THEY MOVE US NOT!—O God! I'd rather be
A Pagan, cradled in a creed outworn,
So might I—standing on this pleasant lea—
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn!
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Titron blow his many-wreathed horn.

WORDSWORTH.

THE

LORD'S MARIE.

THE Lord's Marie has kepp'd her locks
Up wi' a gowden kame,
An' she has put on her net-silk hose,
An' awa to the tryste has gane.
O saft, saft, fell the dew on her locks,
An' saft, saft, on her brow;
Ae sweet drap fell on her strawberry lip,
An' I kiss'd it aff I trow.

"O whar gat ye that leal maiden,
Sae jimpy lac'd an' sma'?
O whar gat ye that young damsel,
Wha dings our lasses a'!
O whar gat ye that bonnie, bonnie lass,
Wi' heaven in her e'e?
O here's ae drap o' the damask wine,
Sweet maiden will ye pree?"

Fu' white, white was her bonnie neck,
Twist wi' the satin twine,

But ruddie, ruddie grew her hawse,
While she sipp'd the bluid-red wine,
" Come here's thy health, young stranger dow,
Wha wears the gowden kame—
This night will mony drink tby health,
And ken na wha to name.

Play me up " Sweet Marie," I cried,
And loud the piper blew—
But the fiddler play'd ay *struntum strum*,
An' down his bow he threw.
" Here's thy kind health i' the ruddie red wine,
Fair dame o' the stranger land!
For never a pair o' een before
Could mar my gude bow hand."

Her lips were a cloven hinney cherrie,
Sae tempting to the sight;
Her locks, owre alabaster brows,
Fell like the morning light.
An' light on her hinny breath, heav'd her locks,
As through the dance she flew;
While luve laugh'd in her bonnie blue e'e,
And dwalt on her comely mou'.

" Loose hings ye're broider'd good garter,
Fair lady, dare I speak?"
She, trembling, lift up her silken hand
To her red, red flushing cheek,
" Ye've drapp'd ye've drapp'd your broach o' goud,
Thou Lord's daughter sae gay;"
The tears o'er-brimm'd her bonnie blue e'e,
" O come, O come away."—

" O maid, undo the siller ban',
To my chamber let me win."—
" An' tak this kiss, thou peasant youth,
I daurna let thee in.
And tak," quoth she, " this kame o' gowd,
Wi' my lock o' yellow hair,
For meikle my heart forebodes to me,
I never maun meet thee mair,"

A. CUNNINGHAM.*

* Few personages have been introduced in such a lovely manner, or in such an interesting situation, as the " Lord's Marie." The poem is gene-

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry!"—

ally attributed to Cunningham, and is one of the most successful imitations of ancient ballad writing ever attempted. It possesses all the irregularity and wildness, combined with the melting tenderness, the natural simplicity, and expressive sweetness, of these delightful compositions. The personal charms of the fair heroine, though portrayed with a delicacy and softness which only a great master could execute, are, nevertheless, rendered much more interesting by the singularity of the situation in which the poet has artfully placed her. Her hopeless attachment to the "peasant youth;" the effect which her charms produce on the different characters which surround her;—these circumstances, coloured by the vivid imagination, and expressed in the glowing language of the poet, present to our minds a picture of this paragon of love, beauty, and virtue, which the reader cannot contemplate without delight.

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking,
And in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"O! haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! Oh! my daughter!"—

'Twas vain! the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing—
The waters wild went o'er his child—
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

DIRGE OF WALLACE.

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim,—
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the death Song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here.
For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep;
The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed,
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

Oh! it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to the knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the sound of the huntsman's horn.

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought
field,
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd, or helmet, or shield,
And the sword that seem'd fit for arch angel to
wield;
Was light in his terrible hand.

But, bleeding and bound, though the Wallace
wight,
For his much lov'd country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than Wallace of Elderslie.
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unintomb'd shall with glory be palm'd
From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd

CAMPBELL.

THE WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall, shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heaven.

ROGERS.

OSSIAN'S HYMN TO THE SUN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt earth array,
King of the sky, and father of the day!
O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
For ever burning and for ever bright,
With heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
What awful beauty in thy face appears!
Immortal youth beyond the power of years!

When gloomy darkness to thy reign resigns,
And from the gates of Morn thy glory shines,
The conscious stars are put to sudden flight,
And all the planets hide their heads in night;
The Queen of Heaven forsakes the ethereal plain,
To sink inglorious in the western main.
The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
High in the Heavens, immortal and alone!
Who can abide the brightness of thy face,
Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?
The mountain oaks, like their own leaves decay;
Themselves, the mountains, wear with age away;
The boundless main that rolls from land to land,
Lessens at times and leaves a waste of sand;
The silver moon, refulgent lamp of night,
Is lost in Heaven, and emptied of her light;
But thou for ever shalt endure the same,
Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;
When Heav'ns wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;

When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder
rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles;
If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
Her wonted charm the face of nature wears;
Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
Looks from the sky and laughs the storm away.

LOGAN.

LANDING OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN.

DON RODERICK turn'd him, as the shout grew
loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.
From mast to stern St. George's symbol flow'd
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and
spear,
And the wild beach returned the seamen's jovial
cheer.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!
The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars.
Fast as the land the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions brightening all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal oars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are
dumb.
For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean
come.

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight;
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light;
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing Mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirled by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown—
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Her's their bold port, and her's their martial frown,
And her's their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the soldier with the laws.

And O! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave!
The rugged form may mark the mountain band;
And harsher features, and a mien more grave;
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid;
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid
Where lives the desperate foe, that for such onset' staid!

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughte
sings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern min
strelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round hir
flings,
And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank an
free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:
And He, yon Chieftain—strike the proudes
tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thin
own.

SCOTT

EPITAPH ON MR. GAY.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild:
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, even among the great;
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies GAY.

POPE

TAM O' SHANTER,

A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Boglis full is this Buke.
Gawin Douglas.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
An' drouthy neebors neebors meet;
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak' the gate;
While we sat bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, an' stiles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken bellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied, that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah! gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam loe'd him like a very brither;—
They had been fou for weeks thegither.

The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And aye the ale was growing better;
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious;
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be bless'd, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;

Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm,—
Nae man can tether time or tide:
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That deary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin' showers rose on the blast:
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
That night a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles hauding fast his gude blue bonnet;
While crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,
Lest hogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
And through the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And ne'er the thorn aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mother hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;

When glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil.—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim and large,
To gi'e them music was his charge:
He screw'd his pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round like open presses,
And shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the baly table,
A murderer's bains in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,

Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The gray hairs yet stuck to the heft:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd, amaz'd and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queens,
An' plump an' strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies;

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spaen a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie:
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear,)
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,

Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glower'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd, and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant a' was dark!
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke:
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldrich screech and hollow.

Ah! Tam! Ah! Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast you like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane * o' the brig;

* "It is a well-known fact, that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.---It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back."

There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie press'd,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think ye may buy your joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

BURNS.

LUBIN AND HIS DOG TRAY.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd's boy,
Who watch'd a rigid master's sheep,
And many a night was heard to sigh,
And many a day was seen to weep.

For not a lambkin e'er was lost,
Or wether stray'd to field remote,
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a trustier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow:
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beside the brook in vale below.

From him stern Winter's drifting snow,
Its pelting sleet, or frost severe

Or scorching Summer's sultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur nor a tear.

For, ah! the varying seasons had
To every hardship form'd his frame;
Though still his tender, feeling heart,
By Nature nurs'd, remain'd the same.

But whither shall the orphan fly,
To meet Protection's fostering power?
Oppression waits the future day,
When misery marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
No friend, no relative had he!
His happiest hour was dash'd with woe;
His mildest treatment—tyranny.

It chanc'd that o'er the boundless heath,
One winter's day, his flocks had spread,
By hunger urg'd to seek the blade
That lurks beneath its snowy bed.

And hous'd at eve, his fleecy charge,
He, sorrowing, miss'd a fav'rite lamb,
That shunn'd the long-persisting search,
Nor answer'd to its bleating dam.

With heavy heart he bent his way
And told so true, so sad a tale,
That almost pierc'd the marble breast
Of ruthless Rufus of the Vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had stray'd,
Own'd he had suffer'd them to go;
Yes, he had learn'd to pity them,
For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants
The unnipp'd neigbouring bound denied,
They sure had dropp'd—as surely too
The pitying shepherd-boy had died.

" Then die!" the unfeeling master said,
And spurn'd him from his closing door,
Which, till he found his favourite lamb,
He vow'd should ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waste
The whistling winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
With arrowy keenness, came the snow.

Yet thus he left his master's house,
And shap'd his sad uncertain way;
By man unnotic'd and forsook,
And follow'd but by—trusty Tray.

Unlike to worldly friends were they
Who separate in Fortune's blast,
They still were near when fair the sky,
But nearer still when overcast.

When Lubin's random step involv'd
His body 'neath the drifted snow,
Tray help'd him forth; and when Tray fell,
Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.

Benumb'd, at length, his stiff'ning joints,
His tongue to Tray could scarcely speak;
His tears congeal'd to icicles,
His hair hung clattering 'gainst his cheek.

As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
Give omen of approaching death,
Aurora, from her eastern hills,
Rush'd forth, and staid his fleeting breath

And show'd to his imperfect sight
The harmless cause of all his woe,
His little lambkin cold and stiff,
Stretch'd on his bed of glist'ning snow,

" 'Tis just," he said, " that where thou liest
The careless shepherd-boy should lie:
Thou diest, poor fool! for want of food;
I fall, for suff'ring thee to die.

" But oh! my master!" broken short,
Was every half word now he spoke;
" Severe has been thy constant will,
And galling sure thy heavy yoke.

" A warmer couch hast thou to press,
Secure from cramping frosts thy feet;
And couldst thou boast so free a breast,
Thou yet might'st die a death as sweet.

" My trusty dog—that wistful look
Is all that makes my poor heart heave;
But hie thee home, proclaim me dead,
Forget to think, and cease to grieve."

So saying shrunk the hapless youth
Beneath the chilling grasp of death;
And clasping poor Tray's shaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!

His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his master's clay;
And many a moan the creature made,
And many a thing he strove to say.

But not a sign of lurking life
Through all his frame he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his master did not sleep.

Great grief assail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid its victim low!
His master's cheek his pillow cold,
Their common bed the colder snow!

THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past
There liv'd a man—and *who* was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee!

Unknown the region of his birth,
The Land in which he died unknown,
His name hath perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph in his breast,
His bliss and woe, a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.
The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall,
We know that these were felt by him,
For *these* are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er,
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled,
Had friends—his friends are now no more,
And foes—his foes are dead.

He lov'd—but whom he lov'd, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
O she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main
Ere while his portion, life and light,
To him exist—in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee,
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—what thou shalt be!

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shade and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew!

The annals of the human race,
Their ruin since the world began,
Of *him* afford no other trace
Than this---THERE LIV'D A MAN.

MONTGOMERY.

The Battle of Hohenlinden.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night;
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade;
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.---

But redder yet that fire shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet, shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens---On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory and the grave,
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few,---few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's cemet'ry.

CAMPBELL.

Moonlight View
OF RYLESTONE HALL.

FROM cloudless ether looking down,
The moon, this tranquil evening sees
A camp, and a beleaguered town,
And castle like a stately crown
On the steep rocks of winding Tees;—
And, southward far, with moors between,
Hill-tops, and floods, and forests green,
The bright moon sees that valley small
Where Rylestone's old sequester'd hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neigbouring fields;
While from one pillared chimney breathes
The silver smoke, and mounts in wreaths.
---The courts are hush'd;—for timely sleep
The greyhounds to their kennel creep;
The peacock in the broad ash-tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,
He who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walk'd round, affronting the day-light;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perch'd, from yon lone tower
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.

—Ah! who could think that sadness here
Had any sway! or pain, or fear?
A soft and lulling sound is heard
Of streams inaudible by day;
The garden pool's dark surface—stirred
By the night insects in their play—
Breaks into dimples small and bright;
A thousand, thousand rings of light
That shape themselves and disappear
Almost as soon as seen:—and, lo!
Not distant far, the milk-white doe:
The same fair creature, who hath found
Her way into forbidden ground;
Where now, within this spacious plot
For pleasure made, a goodly spot,
With lawns, and beds of flowers, and shades
Of trellis-work in long arcades,
And cirque and crescent framed by wall
Of close-clipt foilage green and tall,
Converging walks, and fountains gay,
And terraces in trim array,—
Beneath yon cypress spiring high,
With pine and cedar spreading wide
Their darksome boughs on either side,
In open moon-light doth she lie;
Happy as others of her kind,
That, far from human neighbourhood,
Range—unrestricted as the wind—
Through park, or chase, or savage wood.

WORDSWORTH.

DESCENT OF THE WOLVES.

By wint'ry famine rous'd from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, hear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow,
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defeud,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from the breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But, if appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country he shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhumane to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrowded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts they howl.

THOMSON.

And wilt thou Weep.

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;

Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone,
My blood runs coldly through my breast;
And when I perish, thou alone
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet methinks a gleam of peace
Doth through my cloud of anguish shine,
And for a while my sorrows cease
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh, lady! blessed be that tear,
It falls for one who cannot weep;
Such precious drops are doubly dear
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm,
With every feeling soft as thine,
But Beauty's self hath ceas'd to charm
A wretch created to repine.

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?
Sweet lady! speak those words again;
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so,
I would not give that bosom pain.

BYRON.

ON SAILING

Past Cape Trafalgar in the Night.

HAVE you sailed on the breast of the deep,
When the winds had all silenced their breath,
And the waters were hushed in as holy a sleep,
And as calm, as the slumber of death.
When the yellow moon beaming on high,
Shone tranquilly bright on the wave,
And careered through the vast and impalpable sky,
Till she found in the ocean a grave,

And dying away by degrees on the sight,
The waters were clad in the mantle of night?

'Twould impart a delight to thy soul,
As I felt it imparted to mine,
And the draught of affliction that blackened my bowl,
Grew bright as the silvery brine.
I carelessly lay on the deck,
And listened in silence to catch
The wonderful stories of battle or wreck
That were told by the men of the watch.
Sad stories of demons most deadly that be,
And of mermaids that rose from the depths of the sea.

Strange visions my fancy had filled,
I was wet with the dews of the night;
And I thought that the moon still continued to gild
The wave with a silvery light.
I sunk by degrees into sleep,
I thought of my friends who were far,
When a form seemed to glide o'er the face of the deep,
As bright as the evening star,
Ne'er rose there a spirit more lovely and fair,
Yet I trembled to think that a spirit was there.

Emerald green was her hair,
Braided with gems of the sea,
Her arm, like a meteor, she waved in the air,
And I knew that she beckoned on me.
She glanced upon me with her eyes,
How ineffably bright was their blaze,
I shrunk and I trembled with fear and surprise,
Yet still I continued to gaze;
But enchantingly sweet was the smile of her lip,
And I followed the vision and sprang from the ship.

'Mid the waves of the ocean I fell,
The dolphins were sporting around,
And many a triton was tuning the shell,
And extatic and wild was the sound!
There were thousands of fathoms above;
And thousands of fathoms below;
And we sank to the caves where the sea lions rove,
And the topaz and emerald glow,
Where the diamond and sapphire eternally shed
Their lustre around on the bones of the dead.

And well might their lustre be bright,
For they shone on the limbs of the brave,
Of those who had fought in the terrible fight,
And were burried at last in the wave.
In grottos of coral they slept,
On white beds of pearl around;
And near them for ever the water snake crept,
And the sea lion guarded the ground,
While the dirge of the heroes by spirits was rung,
And solemn and wild were the strains that they sung.*

* A place so justly famed in naval warfare as Cape Trafalgar, might well awaken feelings even more interesting than those expressed above. Much as we abhor war in its general character, we cannot view the illustrious actions of Nelson without respect and admiration. He was the bulwark of Britain, and the terror of his enemies, while he lived; and before he died, he saw the last and greatest exertion of her enemies annihilated by his valour and perseverance. The following extracts from two distinguished travellers gives such an affecting account of the city of Cadiz, about this time, that we have been tempted to give it entire, although not exactly suitable to a work of this nature:—

"The united fleets of France and Spain," says Mr. Jacob, "sailed from Cadiz amidst the prayers and benedictions of the people, with the vain expectation of vanquishing the foe who had so long held them imprisoned within their own fortifications. The day they sailed all was expectation and anxiety. The succeeding day increased the suspense, and wound up the feelings to a state of frenzy. The third day brought intelligence that the hostile fleets were approaching each other with all the preparations of determined hostility. The ships were not visible from the ramparts, but the crowds of citizens assembled there had their ears assailed by the roaring of the distant cannon. The anxiety of the females bordered on insanity; but more of despair than of hope was visible in every countenance. At

this dreadful moment a sound louder than any that had preceded it, and attended with a column of dark smoke, announced that a ship had exploded. The madness of the people was turned to rage against England; and exclamations burst forth denouncing instant death to every man who spoke the language of their enemies. Two Americans, who had mixed with the people, fled and hid themselves, to avoid this ebullition of popular fury, which, however, subsided into the calmness of despair, when the thunder of the cannon ceased. They had no hope of conquest—no cheering expectation of greeting their victorious countrymen, nor of sharing triumphal laurels with those who had been engaged in the conflict—each only hoped that the objects of his own affection were safe; and in that hope found some resource against the anticipated disgrace of the country."

"The ensuing morning," says Mr. Semple, "being the 29th, I found several boats preparing to pass over to Cadiz, and accordingly placed myself in one of them, with my saddle and portmanteau. I had not been long there before a number of sailors, some with small bundles, others with nothing on them but a pair of trowsers and shirt, and others with their arms or heads bound up, came leaping, one after another, into the boat, until it was quite full, and we put off. They were French sailors, whose vessel, after escaping, had been shipwrecked on the coast; and of eleven hundred men who composed the crew on the morning of the battle, only ninety-four, by their own account, had ever again reached the land. Soon after leaving the little creek on which El Puerto de Santa Maria is situated, we open the whole bay, and some of the terrible effects of the late battle became visible. On the north-west side, between El Puerto and Rota, lay a large Spanish ship, the San Raphael, seventy-four, broadside upon the rocks bilged, and the waves breaking over her. At the bottom of the bay was a large French ship, the name of which I have forgotten, aground, but upright. In the centre, towards Cadiz, lay a group of battered vessels, five or six in number, bored with cannon shot; some with two lower masts standing, others with only one and a piece of a bowsprit, and one without a single stump remaining from stern to stern. 'That,' said the French sailors, 'was the ship of the brave Magon, and on board of which he was killed.' As the wind was contrary to our crossing over, the boat was obliged to make several tacks. In one of these we approached so near the shore, that we plainly discovered two dead bodies which the sea had thrown up. Presently one of a number of men on horseback, who for this sole purpose patrolled the beach, came up, and having observed the bodies, made a signal to others on foot among the bushes. Several of them came down, and immediately began to dig a hole in the sand, into which they dragged the dead. All this possessed something of the terrible; but in Cadiz, the consequences, though equally apparent, were of a very different nature. Ten days after the battle, they were still employed in bringing ashore the wounded; and spectacles were hourly displayed at the wharfs, and through the streets, sufficient to shock every heart not yet hardened to scenes of blood and human sufferings. When, by the carelessness of the boatmen, and the surging of the sea, the boat struck against the stone piers, a horrid cry which pierced the soul, arose from the mangled wretches on board. Many of the Spanish gentry assisted in bringing them ashore, with symptoms of much compassion; yet, as they were finely dressed, it had something of the appearance of ostentation, if there could be ostentation at such a moment. It need not be doubted that an Englishman lent a willing hand to bear them up to their litters; yet the slightest false step made them shriek out, and I even

BATTLE HYMN.

FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour
Thou know'st, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer,—'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame!—O, hear! God of eternal power.

yet shudder at the remembrance of the sound. On the tops of the pier the scene was affecting: the wounded were carrying away to the hospitals in every shape of human misery, whilst crowds of Spaniards either assisted or looked on with signs of horror. Meanwhile their companions who had escaped unhurt, walked up and down with folded arms and downcast eyes, whilst women sat upon heaps of arms, broken furniture, and baggage, with their heads bent between their knees. I had no inclination to follow the litters of the wounded; yet I learned that every hospital in Cadiz was already full, and that the convents and churches were forced to be appropriated to the reception of the remainder. If, leaving the harbour, I passed through the town to the point, I still beheld the terrible effects of the battle. As far as the eye could reach, the sandy side of the Isthmus, bordering on the Atlantic, was covered with masts and yards, the wrecks of ships, and here and there the bodies of the dead. Among others, I noticed a topmast marked with the name of the Swiftsure, and the broad arrow of England, which only increased my anxiety to know how far the English had suffered, the Spaniards still continuing to affirm that they had lost their chief admiral and half their fleet. Whilst surrounded by these wrecks, I mounted on the cross-trees of a mast which had been thrown ashore, and, casting my eyes over the ocean, beheld at a great distance, several masts and portions of wreck still floating about. As the sea was now almost calm, with a slight swell, the effect produced by these objects had in it something of a sublime melancholy, and touched the soul with a remembrance of the sad vicissitude of human affairs. The portions of floating wreck were visible from the ramparts; yet not a boat dared to venture out to examine or endeavour to tow them in, such was the apprehensions which still filled their minds of the enemy."

God! thou art merciful,—the wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of thy form;
The lightnings glancing through the midnight gloom
To faith's rais'd eye as calm, as lovely come
As splendours of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breezes plume,
When like cool incense comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sun-set burns afar.

God thou art mighty—At thy foot-stool bound,
Lie gazing on thee, Chance, and Life, and Death,
Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.
Wo in thy frown,—in thy smile victory!
Hear my last prayer!—I ask no mortal wreath;
Let but those eyes my rescued country see,
Then take my spirit all-Omnipotent to thee.

Now for the fight,—now for the cannon peal,—
Forward,—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire;
Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
The volleys roll, the rockets blasting spire;
They shake,—like broken waves their squares retire!
On them, hussars! now give the rein and heel;—
Think of the orphan'd child, the murder'd sire.
Earth cries for blood,—in thunder on them wheel,
This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph seal.* KORNER.

* This sublime piece is from the German of Korner, one of the gallant youths, who, on the raising of the Prussian volunteers, threw up their studies, and, with a noble enthusiasm, took the field against the invader of their country. The poem presents us with a fine picture of Korner's

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

(Translated from Homer.)

Of Bacchus let me tell a sparkling story.---
'Twas by the sea-side, on a promontory,
As like a blooming youth he sat one day,
His dark locks ripening in the sunny ray,
And wrapt in a loose cloak of crimson bright,
Which half gave out his shoulders, broad and white,
That, making up, a ship appear'd at sea,
Brushing the wine-black billows merrily,---
A Tuscan trim, and pirates were the crew;
A fatal impulse drove them as they flew;
For looking hard, and nodding to each other,
Concluding him, at least, some prince's brother,
They issued forth along the breezy bay,
Seiz'd him with jovial hearts, and bore away.

No sooner were they off, than gath'ring round him
They mark'd his lovely strength, and would have bound him;
When lo! instead of this the pondrous bands
Snapp'd of themselves from off his legs and hands,
He, all the while, discovering no surprise,
But keeping, as before, his calm black eyes.

chivalrous spirit. Every line breathes the purest and most devoted patriotism. The love of fame---of life, in short---the strongest feelings peculiar to ordinary minds---are lost in the great ruling passion. The Deity is invoked in a strain of deep and solemn piety which, by a sudden translation, imparts emphatic energy to the storm and fury of battle described in the last stanza. Every one will learn with regret that this accomplished hero did not live to witness the full consummation of what he so earnestly desired. After distinguishing himself in some of the desperate encounters of 1813, and obtaining a commission in the hussars as the reward of his bravery, he was mortally wounded in the battle of Juterbach; the engagement which saved Berlin, and gave the death-blow to French ascendancy in Germany; but even on his death-bed the spirit of Korner was unsubdued, and some of the finest German pieces of the present day were written by him in this affecting situation.

At this, the Master, struck beyond the rest,
Drew them aside, and earnestly addressed ;—
' O wretched as ye are, have ye your brains
And see this being ye would hold with chains ?
Trust me, the ship will not sustain him long ;
For either, Jove he is, terribly strong,
Or Neptune, or the silver-shafted King,
But nothing, sure, resembling mortal thing,
Land then, and set him free, lest by and by
He call the winds about him, and we die,'

He said ; and thus, in bitterness of heart
The Captain answer'd,—' Wretched that *thou* art !
Truly we've much to fear,—a favouring gale,
And all things firm behind the running sail !
Stick to thy post, and leave these things to men.
I trust, my friends, before we sail again,
To touch at Ægypt, Cyprus, or the north,
And having learnt meantime our prisoner's worth,
What friends he has, and wealth to what amount,
To turn this god-send to a right account.'

He said ; and hauling up the sail and mast,
Drew the tight vessel stiff before the blast ;
The sailors, under arms, observe their prize,
When lo ! strange doings interrupt their eyes;
For first, a fountain of sweet smelling wine
Came rushing o'er the deck with sprightly shine ;

And odours, not of earth their senses took ;
The pallid wonder spread from look to look ;
And then a vine-tree over-ran the sail,
Its green arms tossing to the pranksome gale ;
And then an ivy, with a flowering shoot,
Ran up the mast in rings, and kiss'd the fruit,
Which here and there the dipping vine let down ;
On every oar there was a garland crown.—
But now the crew call'd out, ' To shore ! To shore !'
When, leaping backward with an angry roar,
The dreadful stranger to a lion turn'd ;

His glaring eyes beneath the batches burn'd:
Then rushing forward, he became a bear,
With fearful change bewildering their despair;
And then again a lion ramping high,
From seat to seat, and looking horribly.
Heap'd at the stern, and scrambling all along.
The trembling wretches round the Master throng,
Who calmly stood, for he had done no wrong.
Oh! at that minute, to be safe on land!
But now, in his own shape, the god's at hand,
And spurning first the Captain from the side,
The rest leap'd after in the plunging tide;
For one and all, as they had done the same,
The same deserv'd; and dolphins they became.

The god then turning to the Master broke
In happy making smiles, and stoutly spoke:
'Be of good courage, blest companion mine;
Bacchus am I, the roaring god of Wine;
And well shall this day be, for thee and thine.'

And so, all reverence and all joy to thee,
Son of the sparkle-smiling Semele!
Must never bard forget thee in his song,
Who mak'st it flow so sweetly and so strong.

LEIGH HUNT.*

* It has been the fate of this excellent poet to undergo a bitter persecution, both for his political and poetical opinions—on the one hand, from an Attorney-General, and on the other, from an abusive periodical. With his politics we have nothing to do in this place; but he would advise those who may have been unguardedly influenced against his poetry, by the abuse that has been heaped upon him, to peruse calmly his "Story of Rimini," or his "Hero and Leander," where the theory he advances in his notes to the "Feast of the Poets," and elsewhere, is so beautifully exemplified; and we are persuaded they will rise from the perusal with different feelings—feelings of admiration, at the richness and vividness of description, taste, and pathos, displayed by the author.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL was born at Paisley, on the 3d of June, 1774. He was the son of an operative weaver there, and at an early period of his life he was bound an apprentice to that trade. All the education he was destined ever to receive, was at an English school, where he distinguished himself in no particular manner above his school-fellows. Before, however, the term of his servitude had expired, his infant Muse began to show itself; and it is still remembered by many of his youthful companions, how they used to gather round him, and listen with boyish admiration to the recital of his rude and occasional efforts. As he grew up, he gradually improved, and his admirers gradually increased, till at length he became known throughout his native town, and had opportunities of enlarging the circle of his friends, and raising himself somewhat above his original obscurity. With great difficulty, he was prevailed upon to send a copy of some of his verses to a periodical work in Edinburgh; and so flatteringly were they received by the editor of that work, and the poet's future communications so urgently solicited, that Robert's ambition was raised, and he became a constant correspondent. His life now passed on for some time in undisturbed felicity, till it became his turn to experience a love which he had previously repeatedly pictured and feigned. At a convivial party, he first saw the future god of his idolatry, who afterwards figured in so many of his songs. Being in a rank of life equal to his own, he found little difficulty in conveying to her the wishes of his heart, which were soon, to his infinite joy, mutually returned, and cherished for some time. But the worldly bars to an early consummation of the felicity of the pair, cooled at length the lady's love—who, as natural to her sex feared that the bloom of her youth would decay ere her settlement in life was attained, and that then it was exceedingly precarious. Another suitor came, and his addresses were not rejected. The pride and indignation of the bard were roused---and, after a long struggle between a thousand contending passions, he sent her an eternal farewell, in two stanzas of exceeding beauty and simplicity :—

"Accuse me not, inconstant fair,
Of being false to thee;
For I was true---would still been so---
Hadst thou been true to me.
But when I knew thy plighted lips
Once to a rival, press'd,
Love-smother'd independence rose,
And spurn'd thee from my breast.

The fairest flower in nature's field
Conceals the rankling thorn;
So thou, sweet flower! as false as fair,
This once kind heart hath torn.
'Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs
That slighted love can feel:
'Tis thine to weep that one rash act,
Which bids this long farewell."

The disappointment in this his first and only love, and a wish, perhaps of seeing somewhat more of the world, made him resolve to leave his native town and parental roof; and he accordingly went to England, where he remained two years, employed, we believe, in the trade he had acquired. He returned to Paisley in 1802, to witness the dying moments of his father. Filial duty was perhaps the strongest of all our poet's affections; and it is recorded to his honour, that the vow which he made in those energetic lines, beginning----

"Why heaves my mother oft that deep-drawn sigh?"

was kept to the last hour of his life with undeviating strictness. His popularity was, in the meantime, daily gaining ground, and his songs were to be heard in almost every corner of the kingdom. He composed the greater part of them upon his loom, to which he had a superficial writing desk affixed; and whenever he had arranged a stanza in his own mind he wrote it down, and resumed his labour. He was now enjoying the happiest period of his life: his poems had been published in a distinct volume---his songs were re-echoing from one end of the island to the other---and his acquaintance was solicited by many individuals of respectability. But amidst all his fame, there were some whose detractions sunk deeply and bitterly in the heart of the poet. With a soul by far too sensitive for this "working-day world," the slightest neglect or sneer of ignorance or of envy cut him to the quick---rendered his temper irritable---and occasioned that melancholy which soon was to bring his life to a deplorable end. It was in a fit of desperation at the real or imaginary insults which he had received, that he committed nearly a hundred of his original songs to the flames: and that disastrous doing was too soon followed up by one a thousand times more lamentable and fatal. On the 17th of May, 1810, he was found drowned in a tunnel of the Ardrossan and Paisley canal.

Although neither a great poet nor a great man, Tannahill has left some simple and tender songs, which promise to live as long as the language in which they are written. His other pieces are unequal, and not on the whole worthy of the author of "My Mary is a bonny lassie," "The Lass o' Arranteenie," "Clean Pea Strae," "The bonnie wood o' Craigie lea," "The Highland Plaid," &c. &c. There is a palpable appearance of *imitation* throughout the greater part of them, which wither the laurels his admirers may claim for him, of originality. It is evident, for example, had "The Gentle Shepherd" never existed, Tannahill would never have thought of writing "The Soldier's Return, a Scottish Interlude;" or had Burns' Poems never been published, Tannahill's---if written at all---would not have abounded with so many Epistles, Epigrams, and Epitaphs. While he imitated Burns in his song-writing, he was following Nature closely, and therefore was sure to succeed; but when he imitated Burns in his satires and witticisms, he stumbled as a blind man would do, who attempts to follow the hurried steps of an acute and shrewd observer. It is the

etting sin, indeed, of most of our minor Scottish Poets, who have tten since Burns, that they shackle their Muse in her free course, by cing her to tread the variegated and dangerous path in which he trod; d they seem to suppose, that their productions would be incomplete, e they not diversified into as many casts as are "The Jolly Beggars," he Cotter's Saturday Night," and "An Epistle to Mr. Graham of Fin- ." Hector Macniel, James Hogg, and Allan Cunningham, have wn, that it is possible to excel as a Scottish Poet, without at all follow- the footsteps of Burns; and we really might reasonably expect some- ng good from at least some of the rhymsters with which our villages und, could we only persuade them to give their genius its full scope, l not to *hamper* it by a sort of vague supposition, that, in order to be ts—they must be witty, and droll, and satirical, and jovial, and loose their manners and in their writings. We do not wish them to abate iota of their enthusiasm for Scotland's mightiest bard; but we do wish m to consider, that where he soared, they may sink, and that, if houghtless follies laid *him* low, and stained *his* name," how much low- must they lay *them*, who have not, perhaps, the same charm to throw r all that they do, and all that they write!

TOWSER,

A TRUE TALE.

"Dogs are honest creatures,
Ne'er fawn on any that they love not,
And I'm a friend to dogs,
They ne'er betray their masters."

y mony an instance, without doubt,
he *man* may copy frae the *brute*,
nd by th' example grow much wiser,
hen read the short memoirs of Towser.

With def'rence to our great Lavaters,
'ha judge a' mankind by the features,
here's mony a smiling, pleasant-fac'd cock,
hat wears a heart no worth a custock;
'hile mony a visage, antic, droll,
'er-veils a noble, gen'rous soul.
'ith Towser this was just the case,
e had an ill-faur't tawtie face,

His mak' was something like a messin,
But big, an' quite unprepossessin',
His master caft him frae some fallows,
Wha had him doom'd unto the gallows,
Because, (sae happ'd poor Towser's lot,)
He wadna' tear a comrade's throat;
Yet in affairs of Love or Honour,
He'd stan' his part amang a hun'er,
An' whare'er fighting was a merit,
He never fail'd to shaw his spirit.

He never girn'd in neighbour's face,
Wi' wild ill natur'd scant o' grace,
Nor e'er accosted ane wi' smiles,
Then, soon as turn'd, wad bite his heels,
Nor ever kent the courtier art,
To fawn wi' rancour at his heart,
Nor aught kent he o' cankert quarlin',
Nor snarlin' just for sake o' snarlin',
Ye'd pinch him sair afore he'd growl,
Whilk ever shaws a magnanimity of soul.

But what adds maistly to his fame,
An' will immortalize his name—
"*Immortalize!—presumptive wight!*
Thy lines are dull as darkest night,
Without ae spark o' wit or glee,
To light them through futurity."
E'en be it sae, poor Towser's story,
Though lamely tauld, will speak his glory.

'Twas in the month o' cauld December,
When Nature's fire seem'd just as ember,
An' growlin' winter bellow'd forth,
In storms and tempests frae the north—
When honest Towser's loving master,
Regardless o' the surly bluster,
Set out to the neist burrow town,
To buy some needments o' his own;
An' case some purse-pest soud way-lay him,
He took his trusty servant wi' him.

His bis'ness done, 'twas near the gloamin',
An' aye the king o' storms was foamin',
The doors did ring—lum-pigs down tumbled,
The strawns gush'd big—the synks loud rumbled;
Auld grannies spread their looves, an' sigh't,
Wi' "*O Sirs! what an awfu' night!*"—
Poor Towser shook his sides a' draigled,
An's master grudg'd that he had taigled;
But wi' his merchandizing load,
Come weel, come wae, he took the road.
Now cluds drave o'er the fields like drift,
Night flung her black cleuk o'er the lift;
An' through the naked trees and hedges,
The horrid storm redoubled rages;
An' to complete his piteous case,
It blew directly in his face.—
Whyles 'gainst the foot-path stabs he thumped,
Whyles o'er the coots in holes he plumped;
But on he gaed, and on he waded,
Till he at length turn'd faint and jaded;
To gang he could nae langer bide,
But lay down by the bare dyke-side—
Now, wife an' bairns rush'd on his soul,
He groan'd— poor Towser loud did howl,
An' mourin' couret down aside him,
But, Oh! his master couldna' heed him,
For now his senses 'gan to dozen,
His vera life-streams maist war' frozen,
An't seem'd as if the cruel skies
Exulted o'er their sacrifice;
For fierce the win's did o'er him hiss,
An' dash'd the sleet on his cauld face.

As on a rock, far, far frae land,
Twa ship-wreck'd sailors shiv'ring stand,
If chance a vessel they descry,
Their hearts exult with instant joy.
Sae was poor Towser joy'd to hear
The tread o' travellers drawing near,

He ran, an' yowl'd, and fawn'd upon 'em,
But couldna mak them understan' him,
Till tugging at the foremost's coat,
He led him to the mournfu' spot
Where cauld, an' stiff, his master lay,
To the rude storm a helpless prey.

Wi' Caledonian sympathy,
They bore him kindly on the way,
Until they reach'd a cottage bein,
They tauld the case, war' welcom'd in--
The rousin' fire, the cordial drop,
Restor'd him soon to life and hope;
Fond raptures beam'd in Towser's eye,
An' antic gambols spake his joy.

Wha reads this simple tale may see
The worth of sensibility,
And learn frae it to be humane---
In Towser's life he sav'd his ain.

TANNAHILL.

A BETH GELERT,

OR, THE

GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smil'd the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
'Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

'O where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race:

So true, so brave, a lamb at home—
A lion in the chase!'

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watch'd, he serv'd, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John:
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little lov'd
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty prov'd,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gaz'd with wild surprize,
Unus'd such looks to meet;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd,
(And on went Gelert too,)
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view!

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found
The blood-stain'd covert rent,

And all around the walls and ground
Witb recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied;
He searcb'd—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found tbe child!

'Hell-hound! by tbee my child's devour'd!
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plung'd in Gelert's side.

His suppliant as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To bear his infant cry!

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe:
'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deckt;

And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forrester, unmov'd;
Here oft the tear besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow prov'd.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell! *

SPENSER.

ELEGY;

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where thron'd on ice he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,

* The story of this ballad is traditional in a village at the foot of Snowdon, where Llewellyn had a house; the greyhound, named Gelert, was given him by his father-in-law, King John, in the year 1205, and the place to this day, is called Beth Gelert, or the Grave of Gelert.

Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their wither'd boughs;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plain,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as the western hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the green sward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love.
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato trac'd th' Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd Academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when Winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
Heaven gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now, Spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose light shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest,

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,

Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.
There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.
There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When Death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

THE GIFT.*

FROM clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The war fiend rais'd his hated yell,
And midst the storm that realms deplore,
Penn's honour'd tree of concord fell:
And of that tree, that ne'er again
Shall Spring's reviving influence know,
A relic, o'er the Atlantic main,
Was sent—the gift of foe to foe!
But though no more its ample shade
Wave green beneath Columbia's sky,
Though every branch be now decay'd,
And all its scatter'd leaves be dry;
Yet midst the relic's sainted space,
A health restoring flood shall spring,

* Written by Mr. Roscoe, on receiving from Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, a piece of the tree, under which William Penn made his treaty with the Indians, converted to the purpose of an Ink-stand. The tree had been blown down in 1812.

In which the angel form of Peace
May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.
So once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen
To swell with life through every pore,
And bud afresh with foliage *green*.
The wither'd branch again shall grow,
Till o'er the earth its shade extend,—
And this—the gift of foe to foe—
Become the gift of friend to friend.

My Boat is on the Shore.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But ere I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh for those I love,
And a smile for those I hate,
And whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for any fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
It still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were it the last drop in the well,
As I gasped on the brink,
Ere my fainting spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—"Peace to mine and thine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore."

BYRON.

To a Mountain Daisy,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem!

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckled breast—
When upward-springing, blithe to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd,
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore.
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He ruin'd sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrows weight,
Shall be thy doom!

BURNS.

The Lonely Isle.

"NOT faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away.
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;

Then, Stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

" High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battled line,
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
The honoured meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love's and friendship's smile,
Be memory of the lonely isle.

" But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that sooths a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy hap ere while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

" Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune chang'd,
On thankless courts, or friends estrang'd,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."—

SCOTT.

Fly to the Desert.

OH! you that have the charge of love,
Keep him in rosy bondage bound,

As in the fields of bliss above
He sits with flowers fetter'd around;—
Loose not a tie that round him clings,
Nor ever let him use his wings,
For even an hour, a minute's flight
Will rob the plumes of half their light,
Like that celestial bird,—whose nest
Is found beneath far eastern skies,—
Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,
Lose all their glory when he flies!

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without!

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there,
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely or sweet, nor lov'd the less,
For flowering in a wilderness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone;
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hast sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—

Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lap-wing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;---

Then, fare thee well---I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

MOORE.

The Prisoner of St. Helena.

PERCH'D on a rock and cag'd afar
From Europe's peace, or Europe's war,
Left to myself, to groan and smart,
But gifted with a marble heart;
I still can live---and, free from pain,
Dream all my battles o'er again.
Walk in the sun, and breathe the air,
Enjoy my bed and daily fare,
And having won and lost the earth,
Reflect how little it is worth.

Ye drivelling, wretched, rascal race,
Who gravely strut upon its face,
Ye shallow dolts, and half bred knaves,
Who for a time have been my slaves,
I have not grudg'd to make you bleed,
Nor spar'd the thinning of your breed.
Soon sprout up tares to fill the ground;
The wheat, alas! I've seldom found;
And if amongst you any grew,
'Tis better mown than mix'd with you.

To scourge your tribes I ne'er refus'd,
But *man* was all the scourge I used;

The hope of plunder mann'd my line,
And your ambition pimp'd for mine.
No kingdom did I overthrow,
But would have serv'd its neighbour so;
For peace no canting monarch sued,
But would have swagger'd if he could;
And that proud isle across the sea,
Wish'd, in her heart, to rule like me.*

Then fare you well! I scorn your hate,
Nor hear, nor care, for Europe's prate;
But men shall read in after days,
Who shook her gimcracks to the base,
Alone I did it!—for I rose
from nothing, against sceptred foes.

ELEGY.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE GIRL.

Fair was thy bosom, tender flower,
That open'd like the rose in May,
Though nurs'd beneath the chilly shower
Of fell regret for love's decay!

How oft thy mother heav'd the sigh,
O'er wreaths of honour early shorn,
Before thy sweet and guiltless eye
Had open'd on the dawn of morn!

How oft above thy lowly bed,
When all in silence slumber'd low,
The fond and filial tear was shed,
Thou child of love, of shame and woe!

* For the truth of this assertion, we need only refer our readers to the proceedings of the Holy Alliance, especially, the subjugation of Naples, the inroads on the French charter, and the invasion of Spain.

Her wrong'd but gentle bosom burn'd
With joy thy opening bloom to see,
The only breast that o'er thee yearn'd,
The only heart that car'd for thee.

Oft her young eye, with tear-drops bright,
Pleaded with heaven for the sweet child,
When faded dreams of past delight
O'er recollection wander'd wild.

Fair was thy blossom, bonny flower,
Fair as the softest wreath of spring,
When late I saw thee seek the bower,
In peace thy morning hymn to sing!

Thy little feet across the lawn
Scarce from the primrose press'd the dew,
I thought the spirit of the dawn
Before me to the green-wood flew.

Even then the shaft was on the wing,
Thy spotless soul from earth to sever;
A tear of pity wet the string,
That twang'd and seal'd thy doom for ever.

I saw thee late the emblem fair,
Of beauty, innocence, and truth,
Start tiptoe on the verge of air,
'Twixt childhood and unstable youth:

But now I see thee stretch'd at rest,
To break that rest shall wake no morrow;
Pale as the grave-flower on thy breast!
Poor child of love, of shame, and sorrow.

May thy long sleep be sound and sweet,
Thy visions fraught with bliss to be,
And long the daisy, emblem meet,
Shall shed its earliest tear on thee.

HOGG.

THE NEAPOLITAN'S APPEAL.

WHAT! can it be, the rights we've gain'd
Shall perish at a tyrant's word?
Once free, shall we anew be chain'd,
And wear the badge of slaves abborr'd?
Degrading thought!—No, quenchless liberty,
Once won by men, may sleep, but cannot die.

The banded bigots forge in vain
Their fetters for us—we have known
What freedom is—can we again
Crouch, worm-like, round a tyrant's throne,
And, fawning, stoop to lick the sordid dust,
In which we have been trampled, chain'd, and crush'd?

Our very hills and balmy sky,
The nerving airs which freemen breathe,
Look out, and murmur this reply,
"Go! rather seek the patriot's death."
Yes! death gives freedom even to the slave,
And free we *will* be, though but in the grave.

Despots may frown, yet shall we kneel?
'Tis but man's birth-right we demand,
That we have won—and won, dare seal
With the heart's blood—the patriot's brand.
Then welcome, welcome be the battle's strife!
A freeman's death be ours, or freeman's life!

Albion!—Columbia!—ye have nurs'd
The holy flame—say, shall its rays
Be dimm'd and quench'd, or shall they burst
Throughout the world in one wide blaze?
Ye struggled—and were victors—so will we,
Or glorious martyrs for our country be.

Brothers in freedom, elder born,
But not more ardent, shall it be
Our mother's banner shall be torn—
One branch lopp'd from her sheltering tree?

Her *youngest offspring* slaughter'd and the brave
Stretch not their hand to aid—to shield to save?

Immortal mind outspeedeth time,
An age's journey ours hath run,
Careering in young strength sublime,
Rapid as thought—Truth's goal is won,
Now Boemond's sons have woke from slumber.—
We
Brave as our Norman * sires, are mightier,—for
free.† PERCY YORKE.

ELEGY.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light
shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the vissionary sword?
Oh! ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in Heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods;

* The Neapolitans are descendants of Bohemond, or Boemond, as he is called by Tasso, Prince of Tarentum, whose father, and his Norman pirate followers, conquered for themselves a kingdom in Calabria in the 11th century. *See Hallam's Middle Ages, and Mill's Crusades.*

† We received the above verses from a gentleman of this city accompained with the following note:—

"The above piece was written at a time when no doubt existed of the Neapolitans making, at least, a *struggle* for the preservation of their newborn liberties. They have been found wanting in the hour of trial."

Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky,
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred-dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengence waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools the pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh! ever injur'd shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy descent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public show!
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests without a stone a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung;
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Even he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!*

POPE.

* There is an obscurity in these elegant lines which considerably impairs their beauty. Mr. Bowles, in his edition of Pope's works says, that it was told by Voltaire to Condorcet, and by him to a gentleman of high birth and character, by whom it was imparted to Mr. B. that the hopeless passion of the "unfortunate lady," was not for Pope, nor any other Englishman of inferior degree, but for a young French Prince of the blood, Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Berry, whom in early youth she had met in the court of France, 1710.

BYRON'S ODE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gildes them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneles now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled,
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come?"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the north,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to the battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determin'd hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like Leviathans, afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine:
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was Ten of April morn by the chime,
As they drifted on their path,
There was sileuce deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our Captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Breath'd a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
"Ye are brothers! Ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark blessed our Chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright,
O'er a veil'd and woful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.—

Now joy, Old England raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true;
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou;
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.—

CAMPBELL.

To Mr. James Purvis,

PURSER OF THE CASTLE-EDEN EAST INDIAMAN.

PURVIS, when on this Eastern strand
With glad surprize I grasp thy hand,
And memory's, fancy's powers employ
In the form'd man to trace the boy;
How many dear illusions rise,
And scenes long faded from my eyes,
Since first our bounding steps were seen
Active and light on DENHOLM's level green!

Playmate of boyhood's ardent prime!
Rememberest thou in former time
How oft we bade, in fickle freak,
Adieu to Latin terms and Greek,
To trace the banks where black-birds sung,
And ripe brown nuts in clusters hung,
Where tangled hazels twined a screen
Of shadowy boughs in DENHOLM's mazy DEAN.

Rememberest thou in youthful might
Who foremost dar'd the mimic fight,
And, proud to feel his sinews strung;
Aloft the knotted cudgel swung;
Or fist to fist, with gore embrued,
The combat's wrathful strife pursued,

With eager heart, and fury keen,
Amid the ring on DENHOLM's bustling green.

Yes, it was sweet, till fourteen years
Had circled with the rolling spheres---
Then round our heads the tempest sleet,
Of fretful cares began to beat;
As to our several paths we drew,
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Cold on each face---and hills between
Our steps uptowered, and DENHOLM's lovely green.

When the gay shroud and swelling sail
Bade each bold bosom court the gale;
The first that tried the Eastern sea
Was GAVIN---gentle youth was he!
His yellow locks, fanned by the breeze,
Gleam'd golden on the Orient seas:
But never shall his steps be seen
Bounding again on DENHOLM's pleasant green.

We both have seen the ruddy tide
Of battle surging fierce and wide;
And mark'd with firm unconquer'd soul,
The blackest storms of Ocean roll;
While many a sun-ray, tipt with death,
Has fallen like lightning on our path:
Yet, if a bard presage aright, I ween,
We both shall live to dance once more on DENHOLM's green.

JOHN LEYDEN.*

* These stanzas were written by Dr. Leyden, a gentleman to whom the lovers of poetry are much indebted. Besides assisting Sir Walter Scott in bringing forward the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, he was the author of a volume of Poems, which have been much and deservedly praised. He went to the East Indies in quality of military surgeon, and fell a victim to that noxious climate shortly after the taking of Java. It was in this region that he had the pleasure of unexpectedly meeting an old school-fellow, Mr. Purvis, then purser of the navy: this event awakened in the warm heart of the poet all the pleasing ideas connected with childhood and the far-distant place of his nativity; which feelings he has embodied in the above beautiful poem which he presented to Mr. Purvis a few days after their meeting.

THE DELUGE.

It comes! It comes! the clouds concentring swell,
And, like a rushing cataract, downward pour
Their mass of prison'd waters; as it fell,
A whirlwind swept the sea, and shook the shore;
While Ocean rose, and with reverbering roar
Dash'd its high billows o'er the rocky strand,
Responsive to the thunder-peal, that tore
The boundless Firmament, while Death's dark band,
Storm, Fire, Wind, Hail, went forth to work their Lord's command.

O then what prayers, and shrieks, and blasphemies
Rung mid the din of waters! while the glare
Of broad blue lightnings cleft the clouded skie
And answering thunders seem'd to crush prayer,
And bid the conscious criminal despair;
Bow'd in the dust, they dar'd not gaze on high:
They said, the angel of Destruction there
Urg'd his red car; around his presence fly
The arrows of his wrath; to mark him were to die.

Midst the wild scene of darkness and dismay,
A moment seek we for that maiden fair,
Who left her God for love's delusive ray,
And found too late it led but to despair---
Where too is he, whose proffer'd heart to share
She madly gave her hope---her heaven---her all---
In yon proud fane, while myriads mingle there
Seeking brief refuge, do they vainly call
On its unheeding Lord to aid them ere they fall?

Love was not chang'd to hatred, though in gloom
Its fairy dreams had vanish'd; for he knew
Himself the author of his hastening doom;
Not that unhappy Maid! to him most true,

Though to her God most faithless. And *she* too
In that wild hour of anguish, deeply proved
On her *own* head the cup of wrath she drew;
Nor keen remorse her shuddering bosom mov'd,
Him to arraign, whom yet, if love remain'd she lov'd.

Away! Away! the fatal word is given!
Flames flash---rocks quiver---earth and skies are blent
In strange confusion. If yon spacious Heaven
Were one vast thunder cloud, it had not rent
With shock like this the boundless firmament;
Yea, if the struggling mass of smouldering fire
From Nature's dawn in Ætna's caverns pent,
Had rent the rock to atoms in its ire,
It had not wrought a wreck so desperate and so dire.

With that stupendous crash his footstep reel'd,
And to a crag with maniac-gripe he clung
Like drowning seamen to their mast---congeal'd
The life-blood in his heart---deep echoes rung
In his stunn'd ear, as if some spirit sung
His dirge of death---then strangely stupified,
He sunk the shatter'd shivering rocks among,
Himself a thing as lifeless, and his bride
Torn from his straining arms, lay senseless by his side.

Long, long he slept, till, starting with a gasp
To consciousness of life and agony,
From that rude rock he scarce could loose his grasp
Bound as by grappling gyve---his vacant eye
Fell first on Adah, dull and dizzily,
As on a form unknown---but Love's true ray,
Though dimm'd, was not extinct---it could not die
While the fond heart yet beat---clouds pass'd away---
He saw where pale and cold his best beloved lay:

And hung distracted o'er her, till her breast
Heav'd with faint flutter, and her wan cheek glow'd
With passing hectic, while the hand he press'd
Feebly return'd his pressure. Strange tears flow'd,
And horror ceas'd an instant to forbode
Death's darker consummation, till the roar
Of waters smote his ear---he look'd abroad---
The City of the Plain was seen no more---
Beneath him roll'd alone a sea without a shore.

Now it is done. The swelling floods may rise---
None live to perish in the gulf profound;
Devouring flames may dazzle o'er the skies---
None hear to startle at the thunder-sound---
There are but clouds above and waves around!
The universe is ocean. One wide sea
Appears, without a barrier or a bound,
As though it ever was, and aye shall be
Ascending upward, upward through infinity.

Oh! there was terror in the storm's deep gloom,
And wrath and vengeance in the lightning-glare,
And in the thunder-peal the voice of doom:
And death in Ocean, and o'er Earth despair?
These, human eye and human heart might bear---
But the cold silence of that drear abyss---
Methinks the very Angels shudder *there*---
And pause an instant mid their songs of bliss
To weep---if Seraphs can---and mourn a scene like *this!**

DALE.

* These animated verses are taken from "Irad and Adah, or, a Tale of the Flood," a poem written by Mr. Dale of Cambridge. If we except "Paradise Lost," and "The Day of Judgment," it is the most lofty subject that has yet been attempted by a British Poet. The above extracts will give every reader of taste a favourable idea of the manner in which Mr. Dale has executed his arduous task.

Address to the Ocean.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean---roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin---his control
Stops with the shore;---upon the wat'ry plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,---thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,---thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him to earth:---there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,

And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak-leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which ma
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, chang'd in all save thee---
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:---not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play---
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow---
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempest; in all time,
Calm or convuls'd---in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving:---boundless, endless, and sublime---
The image of eternity---the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have lov'd thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers---they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshning sea
Made them a terror---'twas a pleasing fear,

For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane---as I do here.

My task is done---my song bath ceas'd---my theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit
Tbe spell should break of this protracted dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit
My midnigbt lamp---and what is writ, is writ,---
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That whicb I have been---and my visions flit
Less palpably before me---and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint, and low.

Farewell!---a word that must be, and hath been---
A souud whicb makes us linger;---yet---farewell!

Ye who have trac'd the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thougbt whicb once was bis, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such tbere were---with *you*, the moral of his strain!

BYRON.

THE FAREWELL.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending,
In twillight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.

Resume thy wizard-elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!
Yet once again forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.
Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the air has waked thy string
'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell---
And now, 'tis silent all!---Enchantress, fare thee well!

SCOTT.

THE END.